

## THE DAILY NEWS

### PRINCE RUPERT - BRITISH COLUMBIA

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H. F. PULLEN - Managing-Editor

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DAILY EDITION

Tuesday, October 21, 1930

## AN AMERICAN VIEW ON TARIFF

(Editorial—Current Saturday Evening Post)

The British are finding that a free-trade policy is a difficult one to maintain in the face of world-wide conditions today. It may be that out of the fury and excitement caused by the protectionist wing of the Conservative Party will come a reversion to a modified form of protection, in place of the traditional policy of the open door. Here in America, however, where our politicians seem to have entered into competition with the builders of skyscrapers, we are beginning to realize that the continual raising of tariff walls tends to create conditions that are far from ideal also.

The first effect of the tariff revision which was put over during the last session of Congress has been to stir the Canadian Parliament into retaliatory measures. That the Hawley-Smoot Tariff Bill played its part in the defeat of the Liberal Party in the recent Dominion election goes without saying, and it could be expected that the new government, firm in its adherence to the policy of high protection, would strike back aggressively.

The first schedule of tariff changes put into effect by the Dominion Government on September 17 cannot fail to react unfavorably on our Canadian trade. Canada is our best customer, and the raising of duties on so many of the lines which figure prominently in our trade with that country will inevitably cut into our volume. Nor is there any surety that the new schedule is the last word that we shall hear from Ottawa in this matter. It is within the power of the Canadian Government to put additional changes into effect by order-in-council, an elastic feature of the Canadian constitution which gives them a great advantage in any give-and-take tariff battle.

It may be, also, that out of the conference of Dominion premiers at London will be evolved some more general and substantial form of Imperial preference which will serve to make the Canadian markets still harder to reach with American goods. Although the new schedule was put into effect with all the official amenities which serve to mask its real purpose, we must accept the action of the Canadian Government as a measure of retaliation for the clauses in the Hawley-Smoot Bill which affected the Dominion adversely. Tariff raising is a game at which two can play.

It is unfortunate that the even tenor of our trade relations should suffer this interruption. Trade between the two countries has been so mutually advantageous that it will continue active no matter what obstacles may be erected by the politicians.

We are inclined to believe that even a continued tariff war would fail to cut too seriously into the volume of trade which flows back and forth, logically and inevitably, across the border. That our tariff sparring will serve, however, to create a less cordial feeling and to ruffle sentiment on both sides of the line into acrimonious exchanges is the more serious danger.

## HOW CITY WAS LOST

Observer Describes Hurricane in Santo Domingo—Residents Pray as Houses Smashed Like Cardboard

SAINT JOHN, N.B., Oct. 21.—Some details of the horror and ruin created by the recent hurricane in the city of Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic, are contained in an air mail letter received here from E. Moreland Robinson, a member of the Bank of Nova Scotia staff in Santo Domingo. The letter, written under date of Thursday, September 4, said in part:

"The city is ruined. The pictures I sent of our house were just taken in time. Two walls still stand in the bathroom. The rest of the house just 'ain't.' Our clothes and furniture are scattered to the four winds and here I sit in the office—barefooted, in a pair of pants and a shirt. Yesterday noon we had warnings, but we thought it was a case of wolf! wolf! At 1 o'clock it was a high wind that uprooted trees and the like. At 1:30 Hump, (Humphrey), Johnny and I decided to come downtown and sit it out. We got about three blocks from home and it began to look serious, so we started back. Then the storm broke. Whew! We sought shelter on the veranda of the nearest concrete house and were invited in. Our host was the editor of our biggest newspaper. As soon as we left the veranda it blew in.

"Then the other parts of the building started to go. From the main house we sought refuge in the kitchen—reinforced and topped by a low water tank. As we entered we heard a crash and saw that all the other walls of the house had fallen. We barricaded the two doors, and three men held each other, while the frightened wife, youngsters, grandmother and servants screamed and called on God to deliver them. Then the window blew in and we barricaded that. Next the back veranda fell and a four-foot square block of concrete smashed one of the doors, but remained there, blocking the entrance.

"After about an hour of this hell, the sun came out and we sallied forth to find not a single house in Gascue had escaped. It was the most desolate looking scene you could imagine. Everyone homeless, and in most houses people were tearing at the debris looking for their dead.

"We delivered our 'host' and family into the care of a friend who had a hurricane cellar and looked around to see how our other friends had fared. The manager's house, 'The Mansion' had lost only one side of the roof and all were safe. Hump and I started for home to see how we had fared. I found our family picture floating in two feet of water and rescued it along with some clothes, and put all in my trunk. Then the storm came back.

"We sought the bathroom where the neighbors and their servants had gathered and crouched down. Gee, what a blow! All the walls started to fall one by one and the air was full of telephone poles, trees and galvanized iron. Hump ventured into the draft and was carried by the wind 100 yards away where he fell behind a horizontal telephone pole. He lay in a foot of water dodging everything for two hours while I tried to pacify the negroes in the bathroom. The walls were bulging and leaning with every gust of wind and I surely thought I'd eaten my last meal.

#### Negroes Frantic

"The negroes were all frantic—praying to God and to me to save them so I didn't have a chance to show how scared I was. When the storm slowed up a bit we waded and swam over to where the rest of the colony (bank) had gathered and I found them in a concrete kitchen—all windows blown in and two feet of water on the floor but otherwise intact while the rest of the house had fallen. We were about 20 there including two babies. Nothing to eat or drink and one table in the middle of the room. We spent the night there after boarding up the windows. We slept on our feet. Luckily we salvaged some coal from a ruined house across the street and had a little fire part of the night. It was the longest night I'd ever lived through. Then we started out at dawn. It was raining hard and there was nothing in sight but boards, tin, cement, iron, clothes, furniture and such like—no houses.

"We went to our own house and found things as we had left them, the bathroom alone standing. We salvaged a few knick-knacks and a can of tobacco—wet but worth a lot to us. We then came down town—what a sight! Everyone with gap-

ing wounds with maybe a shirt tied around them, and a steady parade in the centre of the street of dead being carried on beds, doors, anything. Everyone screaming and crying. Militia picking the dead from the ruins and everyone scurrying to find food.

"I got a bit sick with the smell—battered smell, I guess can classify it. In the suburbs the houses are completely demolished. Absolutely nothing left. In the city some of the older houses and churches stood, the walls, I mean—most of the roofs are gone—and are filled with hurt and dying people. Our office here escaped fairly well and we are living here now. Trying to get along until a relief ship arrives with food and clothing. They burned 289 bodies near here last night. Couldn't bury them and those that are being buried are being piled in eight and 10 to a grave. I think the dead will total at least 1,000.

"Friday.—The steamboat (mail) escaped to Porto Rico and a couple of relief men arrived last night by plane. They say we are the only city hit. A warship with nurses and doctors is on its way and will arrive maybe tonight.

"We slept in the office last night—four of us. Martial law was proclaimed. Anyone going on the street after 6 o'clock did so at his own risk. The shouting of the guards on this corner and frequent challenging by them kept us awake all night. You know newspapers do keep the cold out. The houses of all Europeans and foreigners are demolished and all are living in all sorts of places—garages, offices and churches. The new English church—almost completed—fell, burying quite a few negroes. We haven't the slightest idea how many. Everything is like that. The only bodies recovered have been those exposed in the ruins.

"We're surely glad to be alive today. The sun is out and people are trying to dry their clothes. The conversation is—the family; then comes the number hurt and thanks to God for the number saved."

The last ruse of summer is trying to make October feel like July.

## Man in the Moon

Jake says that English people should not give their children alphabet crackers. They mess up the floor so when they drop their h's.

"So you are really in society now."

"No, not exactly," replied the lady. "My husband still pays his bills."

"Bridget, do you know anything concerning my wife's whereabouts?"

"Yes sir, I put them in the wash."

One Sunday morning a member of a church that could not boast of a new organ met a friend who belonged to a church that had just purchased one.

"I hear you've got a new organ," he said. "Now all you need is a monkey."

"And all you need is an organ," his friend answered with a smile.

Jake says he has no objection to voting at the civic election but he'll be darned if he's going up to the city hall to swear.

Policeman—Miss, you were doing sixty miles an hour.  
She—Oh, isn't that splendid. I only learned to drive yesterday.

Jake says he'd heard about this Rushin coal in Canada but what of it. They're rushin' everything in Canada.

"Is your husband much of a provider, Malindy?"

"He ain't nothing else, ma'am. He's gwine to get some new furniture, providin' he gets the money; he's gwine to get the money, providin' he goes to work; he's gwine to work, providin' the job suits him. I never see such a providin' man in all mah days."

## FIRESIDE CLUB HAS MEETING

Devotional Address By Ald. P. H. Linzey at Gathering Last Evening

At the weekly meeting last night of the Fireside Club of First Baptist Church a devotional address was given by Ald. P. H. Linzey. J. W. Plommer sang a vocal solo and a number of stunts were introduced. Miss Cathie Mussallem was in charge of the meeting, assisted by Mrs. Vic Houston. There was a good attendance.

## Successful Bridge Party Last Night

Queen Mary Chapter I. O. O. F. Holds Affair at Home of Mrs. A. T. Parkin

A successful bridge party was held last night by Queen Mary Chapter, Imperial Order, Daughters of the Empire, at the home of Mrs. A. T. Parkin, Borden Street. There were 14 tables in play and prize winners were: ladies' first, Mrs. P. W. Anderson; second, Mrs. Stamp-Vincent; men's first, Mrs. C. L. Monroe; second, Thomas Andrew. Miss M. Shiel was the winner in the raffle of a brass plate.

The hostess was assisted by Mrs. C. E. Cullin, regent, and other officers and members of the chapter.

## Bridge and Whist Played Last Night

Fortnightly Party of Ladies of Royal Purple—Mrs. A. Ross and Mrs. Skattebol Winners

In the fortnightly bridge and whist series by the Ladies of the Royal Purple last night, Mrs. Anna Ross was first prize winner in bridge and Mrs. H. A. Ross, consolation prize winner. In whist, the first prize was won by Mrs. H. Skattebol and consolation by Mrs. S. E. Alexander on a cut with Mrs. George Howe.

The committee in charge of the evening's proceedings consisted of Mrs. Angelo Astori, Mrs. Martin Miller, Miss Amelia Gurvich and Mrs. Frank Clapp, the last mentioned being cashier.

After cards, delicious refreshments were served.

#### LOTS TO COUNT

First Political Writer—Do you ever have trouble getting to sleep after a hard day's work?

Second—Not at all. I just count politicians straddling a fence.

#### SKENA ELECTORAL DISTRICT

Candidates' Receipts and Expenditures in recent Election

Candidates	Receipts	Expenditures
Olof Hanson	\$6,564.25	James Chas. Brady \$4,212.50
710.00	Expenditures	255.00
83.00	Hire of Premises	921.73
2,240.00	Services	321.73
307.97	Travelling	378.00
1,656.50	Goods Supplied	599.50
702.03	Advertising	1,005.40
482.00	Postage & Telegrams	602.18
	Paid Personally	450.00
	E. H. MORLANDER, Returning Officer	

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## How We Lost a Customer

(HE DIED)

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If we only dealt once with each customer we would soon go broke.

We have to deserve your trade to bring you back again and again.

We keep a good selection for a town of this size. We keep our prices within reason. We replace any goods not satisfactory.

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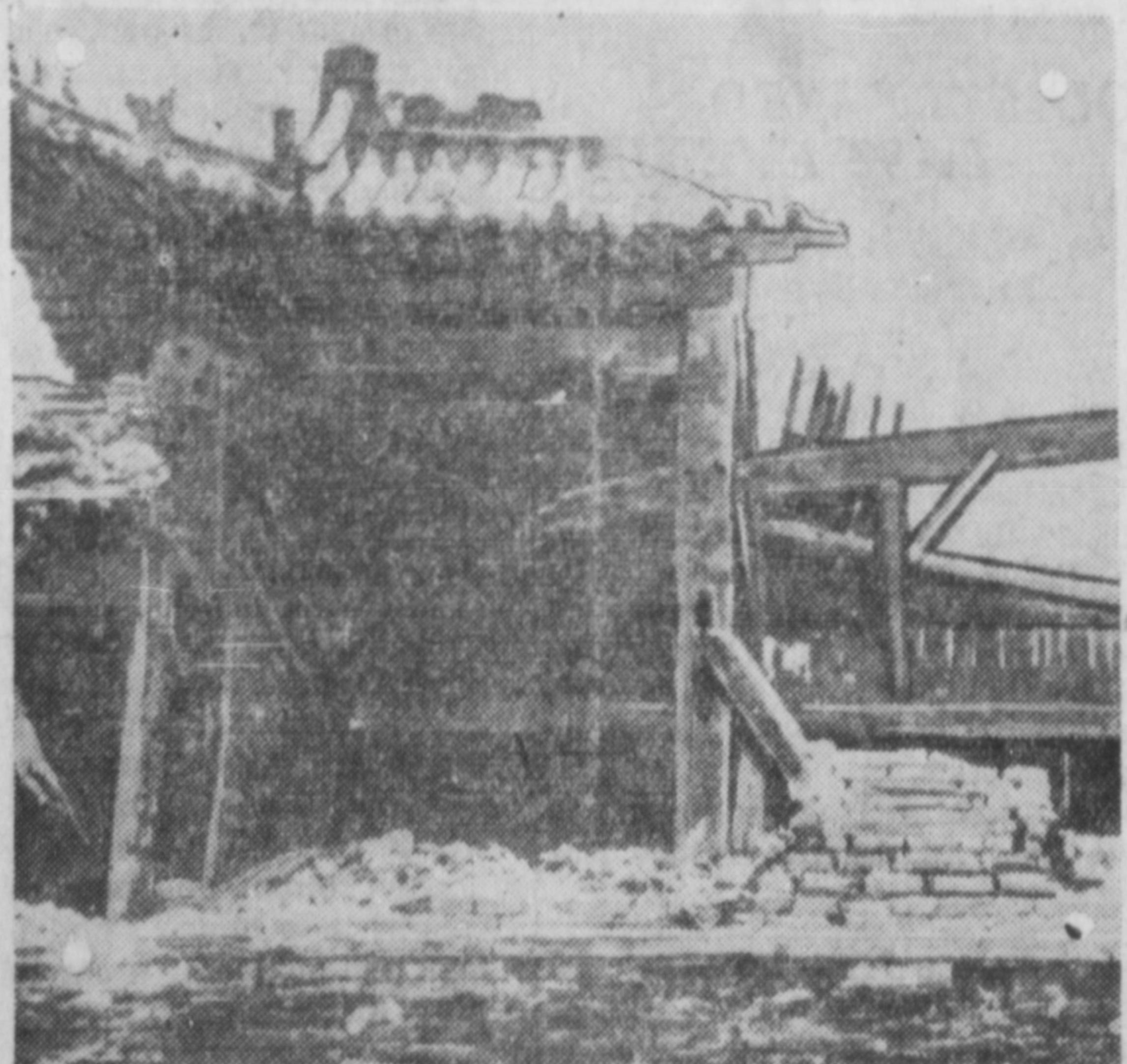
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Ruins of city gate of Chufu, China, home and burial place of Confucius, after shelling in recent civil strife.