

Robin Hood Rapid Oats

Best Because It's "FAN-DRIED"

THE DAILY NEWS.

PRINCE RUPERT - BRITISH COLUMBIA

Published Every Afternoon, Except Sunday, by Prince Rupert Daily News, Limited, Third Avenue
H. F. PULLEN - - - Managing-Editor

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By mail to all other parts of British Columbia, the British Empire and United States, paid in advance, per year	\$6.00
By mail to all other countries, per year	9.00
By mail to all parts of Northern and Central British Columbia, paid in advance for yearly period	3.00
For lesser periods, paid in advance, per month	.50
City delivery, by mail or carrier, yearly period, paid in advance	5.00
Or four months for	1.00
Legal notices, each insertion, per agate line	15
Transient advertising on front page, per inch	2.80
Local readers, per insertion, per line	.25
Transient display advertising, per inch, per insertion	1.40
Classified advertising, per insertion, per word	.02

Contract rates on application.

Advertising and Circulation Telephone 98

Editor and Reporters' Telephone 86

Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations

DAILY EDITION

Friday, February 5, 1931.

QUESTIONS OF CLIMATE

The climate of other places usually seems to be better than our own, no matter where we live. We have heard a great deal about the California climate yet a despatch received yesterday states that it has rained there almost all winter and rained hard. The climate of Southern Europe is also looked upon as about the finest in the world, yet Morte Craig, who has been visiting there, says that while he was in the south of France and in Genoa the climate was much like that in Prince Rupert at this time of year.

This has been a pleasant winter in Prince Rupert except for the extra supply of moisture. The coal bills have been kept down through the absence of cold weather and spring will be along in a few weeks.

THAT WORD "SWELL"

"Our idea of a swell novel" is the comment of the Chicago Tribune on a certain new book, says The Ubysey, the student publication of the University of B.C. Coming from a responsible and respected newspaper, the choice of language is somewhat startling. The prestige of the Chicago Tribune gives a certain weight to such radicalism and we hesitate before condemning it utterly.

One of the chief virtues of the English language is its flexibility and its power to adapt itself to changing conditions. New words are constantly being incorporated into the language as the need arises. The only question is, where to stop.

Up to the present "swell" has been considered a vulgarity used only by the uncultured. Apparently efforts are now being made to raise it to the dignity of established usage. The word's fitness for this position may be questioned but the final test rests with the function it performs. If "swell" fills a genuine gap in the vocabulary then one is reactionary, and indeed attempting the impossible, to deny it a place. If it is superfluous it will be so much deadwood and will soon be discarded. No harm, therefore, and possibly some benefit may result from the experiment.



Lady Austen Chamberlain, as she arrived in New York aboard Aquitania, shown with Mrs. M. R. Dundas, her sister-in-law, whom she is visiting

Morte Craig Visits Rome, Sees the Catacombs, Looks Into Crater of Vesuvius and Inspects Pompeii

(By Morte Craig)

Rome at last, everlasting, beautiful and eternal Rome! With her 800,000 people camped upon her storied seven hills, and with the rays of her passed splendor all scattered through her present beautifully paved and sumptuous streets—Rome! How often has the word thrilled boys and girls in the days of their Latin!

Hard boiled brokers would weep back home if they could only see the square on square of priceless property sifted all through the city, vacant, and yet there is much virtue in their madness. There never was a people who loved and venerated their dead like the Italians. You find it everywhere, but from a western standpoint of wasted values they let too much valuable land go idle. The city remains the mecca of the tourist and traveller who crowd the streets the year through, leaving tons of compensating gold. The hills outside the walls of the city are covered with delightfully detached private villas, stretching miles in every direction, and the magnificent buildings within the city will hold their own in all the modern world, with the intensely interesting addition of thousands of monoliths and marble statues of the old masters, stolen from Nero's Golden Palace and Gardens, and hundreds of patrician homes and buildings of days when ancient Rome was in her triumph and glory.

As an example, I just came from a building with twenty-four life marble statues of passed emperors, heroes, gods, etc. decorating its outside walls. In sailing in on the blue Mediterranean I lost one of my illusions which I am sure has been shared by all the western world, and that was the weather. The south of France, Genoa, and the Riviera generally are very cold, and even Rome and Naples, hundreds of miles farther south, have been wearing heavy winter wraps during the four January days that I have been here, including Naples eight days, and both towns are full of prosperous looking fur-shops. In all honor the general climate north of San Francisco on the Pacific Coast is fully as mild as Rome.

There are only two kinds, or names for money in Italy and for that reason it is easily understood—the lire and the parts of a lire. The lire is the price mark on everything—even to property or diamonds worth tens of thousands and its value is five cents. Then it is divided up into copper and nickle pieces called centimes and it takes one hundred of them to make a lire, so that 5 centimes is worth in our money exactly one-twentieth of five cents and yet it has a buying power.

Sightseeing Tour

Let me tell you what I have done in my first four days in Rome. I arrived on January 13 and was met and placed in the Savoie Hotel by the American Express Co. who courteously meets you on request, looks after your baggage and every arriving detail, with no charge for their services and remembering the message of defiance which Spartacus, the gladiator, hurled at Rome: "I will pay thee back until the River Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled!" I honored it first and followed its beautifully walled - in course through the entire heart of the city, lined on both sides with massive ancient and modern buildings and ruins and bridged on every block by fine stone bridges carved and bearing marble statues. The next day, in a quaint little barouche, where the step dips low and the wheels are but two feet in diameter, drawn by a splendid horse, my guide and I visited the—to me—next place of importance, the Coliseum, a splendid ruin, saw the arena where they were crucified and where gladiators where the victims and lions were held, the entrances from them into the arena, the seats of the sacred vestals and the emperors and nobles, and seats for 50,000 of the populace, took in the sacred temple of the vestals where they lived and kept trimmed the never falling sacred lamps, Nero's famous Golden Palace and Gardens where he burned and crucified to entertain his guests, the vast and wonderfully constructed forum and many nearby palaces of the Roman nobles, saw the alleged footprints of Christ, when he materialized on the Applan Way and met Peter, who had suddenly acquired a couple of cold feet and was beating it out of Rome, when the Saviour said: "Domine, quo vadis?" Understand me, I do not question the meeting and things said, but the exact spot

of meeting, the building of the chapel over the roadway and the preserving of the footprints.....

The Catacombs

The next place of interest to me was the Catacombs—it is an experience to be remembered. The Frappist Monk will furnish you with a wax taper, for which you pay him three lire, and you will need it as much as you need the service of the Monk. As you descend into the subterranean galleries you could explore them for marvellous as it may seem, 600 miles, two or three of which was enough for me, and you will find the passages scarcely three feet wide with niches cut out of the solid rock for the bodies of the early Christians, and were begun in the life of the Apostles. We entered the home of Peter and Paul who undoubtedly lived down there, having secret entrances unknown to the authorities who believed the Catacombs to be the cemetery of the Christians and hence were never disturbed because the law of the Pagan Roman rulers respected the dead. An inspection of even a few of these galleries leaves one amazed at the industry of the early Christians. By the flickering light of our tapers one could see the bones. And in the chapel overhead are wonderful things on exhibit found in the underground chapels and homes also long wordy inscriptions undoubtedly written by the Apostles and Christians.

There is also an exquisitely grand statue of Saint Cecilia who Alma-chius ordered to be put in a boiling bath: to her it was only cool and refreshing; and they tried to behead her. The swordsmen failed in three strokes: and the law did not permit a fourth. The story of the recumbent statue is all there painted on a fresco. You also find down in the galleries symbolic paintings of the rock that Moses struck, the triumph of Daniel, the resurrection of Lazarus and many others dated Anno III-VII, and as early as that.

The Trappist Monk is a mild voiced German. He said he had learned the English language in three weeks. (?) Now, I am fairly credulous and reasonably Christian but withal a trifle stupid and hardboiled. However, these wonderful statements should not be sprung on me all in a heap. I have got to have time to "hear, ponder and digest," and you know, a—on, well, our language is a pretty hard nut for a German Monk of the present epoch to crack in three weeks, so I just sit on the fence.

He was very nice though, and told us some very interesting stories as he interpreted endless inscriptions but some way you are haunted by the uncanny effect which your flickering torch has on your nerves and you are glad to get back again into God's fresh air and sunshine.

Looking Into Hell

This hurried description is hardly intelligible, one could take the matter of the Catacombs and the Applan Way and leisurely write for hours and then not tell the half of an interesting story. Let me step back a moment and visit Naples, Pompeii and Vesuvius, and exhibit sufficient to lure one fully half way round the world.

The funicular railway takes you up within a few hundred feet. Take the path which leads you to the very lip of the crater and you will find yourself looking down into the half-mile mouth of Hell. It was a gloomy day, a cloud had settled below us, completely shutting out the world. The smoke and steam hung over us. You may boast, but there are certain moments in one's life when superstition gets him in spite of all. To read Pliny the Younger's description of the great eruption in A.D. 79 when Pompeii was completely covered with ashes, then followed centuries of forgetfulness. It had been the summer resort of the nobles of Rome. The remains now cover four square miles and under the wonderful rule of Mussolini the government is still excavating.

I saw great malled chests—now emptied—which were found full of enormous value in money and jewels, piles of kitchen utensils, stoneware, charred clothing and reproduced bodies of women and children. The heavy weight of ashes had covered them with so solid a

Don't fool with a Cold

When you feel a cold or a chill coming on, go to bed and drink Hot Bovril.

You may save yourself an attack of influenza and avoid the risk of serious illness.

BOVRIL

may save you weeks of weakness



DEPARTMENT OF TRADE AND COMMERCE
OTTAWA, CANADA

To Women,
Everywhere in Canada

Protect Your Breadwinner's Job!

Are you one of those whose lot in life consists in looking after the home?

If so, unless you happen to be among the fortunate ones who have means of their own, you are dependant upon some one—husband, father, brother, sister, son, daughter—to provide you every week with the money you must have to pay the grocer, the butcher, the baker, the milkman, the druggist, the dry goods merchant, and all the other dealers for the things you have to order from day to day.

It would be a terrible thing, wouldn't it, if next week your house allowance were suddenly to be shut off! Yet that is what might happen if your breadwinner were unexpectedly to lose his business, or his job!

Are you doing everything you could do—everything you should do—to spare yourself a misfortune of that kind?

Your breadwinner may be a professional man, or he may be in business as a merchant, or as a farmer. If so, he wants customers, more and more of them—the kind who pay their bills regularly in cash. Isn't there something you might be doing to help those customers, so that they in turn could do more business with him?

Some of them are probably growing or making things of the kind you have to order from day to day. So long as such things find a buyer, their jobs are secure. But if they should fail to find a buyer, for no better reason perhaps than that you and other women thoughtlessly allow yourselves to be sold articles that have been imported, they lose their jobs, in which event your breadwinner loses them as customers. And naturally you don't want that to happen!

Or perhaps your breadwinner is himself an employee. If he is, the safety of his job depends upon there being plenty of people, who are steadily employed at good wages, to whom his employer can cater. Obviously there will be more of such people, the more you and your friends see to it that for your daily needs you buy things that have been produced right here in Canada. Because when you forget and buy an article that has been made in some other country, you are depriving some one of a job in this country.

Other women, everywhere in Canada, are being urged to protect the job of your breadwinner by always giving a Canadian made article preference over one that has been imported. Won't you do the same for their breadwinners, and incidentally make your own income that much more secure?

Very sincerely yours,

H. H. Stevens
Minister of Trade and Commerce.

blanket that when their bodies had reproducing the expressions of paintings, bronze, marble sculptures etc. Leaves of charred bread- etc. Loaves of charred bread- and collapsed and dried up and all that. Most of the valuable things have been taken to the wonderful museum in Naples.