



Dizzy Headaches and Fainting Spells

Mrs. Lloyd Babcock, Hartington, Ont., writes: "Some time ago I was all run down in health. I had dizzy headaches, and suffered a great deal with fainting spells. I was advised to try Burdock Blood Bitters and after taking two bottles I felt like a new person."

Manufactured, for the past 51 years, only by The T. Milburn Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

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ANOTHER INVESTIGATION

Another investigation is to be held in connection with the fisheries of Canada with a view to enabling the government to consider what legislation if any shall be passed or regulations issued. This is one of a series that have been held from time to time, most of which have proved of little value.

CREDIT SYSTEM

The suggestion has been made that the credit system be abolished, especially in connection with purchases on long time payments. As we have mentioned before these systems are often abused and sometimes they affect financial conditions, yet it would be a pity to abolish them.

Some men have wives who cannot cook and others are poets and their wives have nothing to cook.

GOVERNMENT AND RADIO

Discussing the policy of the Bennett Government, the Winnipeg Tribune says that in only one subject was the Premier reticent and that was in regard to radio broadcasting. "He declared parliament would be asked to deal with the question at the next session, but the line of government policy remains his own secret."



Mme. Guepin, daughter of M. Dimitri Stranclloff, former Bulgarian minister in London, whose resemblance to Queen Neferititi, consort of King Akhenaten, early European ruler is remarkable

Morte Craig Tells of Vivid Dream in Which He Heard and Reproduced a Song Never Heard by Him Before

(By Morte Craig)

This article is very apt to cause a quick curl of the lip and a goon-natured snarl from nineteenth of the living world—from that infinite army of people who do not believe in the possible communion with, and receiving from, the spirit world tangible and positive impressions.

They are all nice men and women in their way, but completely absorbed in earning their bread, playing their little games, breeding, dying and going, well content in not knowing whither.

Four hundred years ago the candle came, and back of that four thousand years of torch and tallow dip. Within one hundred years the cook-stove came, then the dawn of creation and invention, slenderly unfolding coal-oil, the lamp, gas, the incandescent, until the very avalanche of wonderful creations within the thirty years just closed.

Is it not time to at least think about sitting up and taking no marvel? From whence come these marvels? All the wonders of the office, the drawing-room and daily life have been possible since the world began, and yet we find them all—all surging into existence within the space of fifty years!

Does it not appear within the range of reason that God has found us ready to receive them?

But all this is leading up to an experience which happened to me on the ocean, crossing over from Vancouver to Naples on board the motorship Cellina, on the night of December 28, 1930, after leaving Las Palmas, Canary Islands, and after we entered Gibraltar.

The night was warm. I had been reading late and for some unusual reason, I could not sleep. As one will, I found myself living over past events. Suddenly a night in Mexico flashed vividly upon the screen. It had been a rather memorable night and I was so deeply interested that I tried to recall the whole night even to certain things that were said in the language with which I was only partly familiar.

The fact that I had just spent an evening in Spanish Las Palmas, more than likely had fathered the retrospection. The night was back in 1896, when, in my capacity as a mining engineer, I was camped on the Mexican border in Arizona. With a gallon jug lashed to my saddle, I had gone over the border for some aquadiente which I had promised the boys for their Thanksgiving dinner.

It was a twelve-mile cross-country no-trail trip. When I arrived, a Spanish Fandango was on at the hacienda and I was invited to stay. During the dancing a tropical thunder storm brought down a terrific rain for several hours, and without moon or trail, I concluded to wait until morning. The house was filled with other guests who were also remaining and I arranged a hammock under the trees.

Many birds had taken shelter from the storm in the surrounding foliage and the serenade was simply wonderful; but the mocking bird's singing ranged high over all. And so it was that the night came back to me on the Mediterranean, thirty-four years later.

I have related this incident in all fairness, simply as the only possible conscious thought to urge the dream; and then only in the wild singing of the mock-birds, which can only be accepted as an exceedingly unreasonable hypothesis.

Finally I fell asleep, and sleeping dreamed of sitting in a palm-filled plaza in Las Palmas, surrounded by tropical flowers—the night air heavy with their perfume. Little round wicker tables were scattered through the garden under bright electric bulbs and filled with a noisy fun-loving people.

A wonderfully beautiful girl was with me drinking wine. Pretty soon a Spanish boy strolled by with some sort of a small harp under his arm, and the lady called to him in Spanish saying "Come here to me, my boy, and accompany me—I wish to sing."

She arose to her feet with the partly emptied glass in her hand, and in a voice as clear and lovely as the tones of a golden bell, sang a song—so exquisitely that the pack had gathered round our chairs, and seemed to be wanting breath for a moment—then broke into the wildest applause.

And when she had finished she

dropped the glass and threw her head upon her arms in an abandonment of grief.

The story is given you as one more link in the ever strengthening chain which proves the truth of inspiration. And what is inspiration but communication through one of the thin places in the dark veil that intervenes between the human and the spirit world—

Communicating with some unseen intelligence. What else could it have been in the case of my dream?

For see: I never wrote a word of music in all the days of my life, and so it cannot be attributed to me as having, however, unconsciously originated it.

I never heard the music in my life. I never heard the words before in my life. Mr. Paul Schweizer, a native of Biele, Switzerland, a very fine musician, homeward bound, wrote the melody on board his morning at my dictation.

In consequence of all of which, the words and music originated with the dreamland girl, who sang in Spanish, although the words came to my conscious mind in English.

The Song

"Long years ago in the garden of my girlhood, Strong arms around me in love's early life, Salling at midnight we clung to one another, He whispered his promise to call me his wife.

Now I'll tell you e'er we part All the love within my heart— Listen while I sing my song to you.

Then he sang a sweeter song Than mock-bird ever knew Long years ago.

To make the narration intelligible, there were three quatrains, one of which I remember and can give. The missing verses told of a girl, a naval officer, a ship ordered to the front and lost in battle.

But I distinctly make record that the melody and words are not of human origin, unless it be proven that all inspiration is only human. Finally, it may be pertinent to mention that in old age, Beethoven states in his memoirs—

"I discredit myself of having written some of my finest rhapsodies—they came to me from the other shore."

(The music and words of the first verse were enclosed, but the music cannot be reproduced owing to lack of facilities.—Ed.)

Man in the Moon

One of the things that won't get you anywhere is thinking that the world is going to the bow-wows.

Another thing that won't get you very far is trying to gouge a living out of your neighbors without giving value in return.

Jones—How do you spend your income? Smith—About 30% for shelter, 30% for clothing, 40% for food and 20% for amusement.

Jones—But that adds up to 120%. Smith—That's right.

Dinah—Is you made all yo' rancements foh yo' wedding?

Mandy—not quite, I've got to buy a trooso, an' rent a house an' get my husband a job, 'an get some regula' washin' work to do. An' when them is done, Ah kin name de happy day.

Extremes meet on Broadway like a cat curled up before a log fire. When you buy tickets at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre an attendant escorts you into the darkened auditorium and invites you to assume a sitting posture in the particular chairs offered you for sale.

While down the street at the National Theatre, where "Grand Hotel," the hit of the season, is located, the girl in the box office says: "The best I got is two seats in the fifteenth row, two weeks from tomorrow night."

"You have no better'n 'at, eh?" "Yes," replies the attendant, "I can give you two in the fourteenth row—but that'll be three weeks from nex' Saturday."

John Williams, well known mining man of Usk, B.C., is a guest at the Royal George Hotel.—Edmonton Bulletin.

LUCE ON SALMON

Humorist of Vancouver Province Has Brain Wave on Subject

Because United States politicians won't play fair with the salmon treaty, a plan has been outlined to circumvent their little game, writes P. W. Luce, humorist of the Vancouver Province. At present, sockeye salmon breed in British Columbia at our expense, and get caught chiefly in American waters by American fishermen.

It is now suggested that the salmon be induced to abandon the Fraser River as a breeding ground, and made to take up their abode farther north in the Naas and Skeena Rivers, where they could travel in and out without crossing American waters. The modus operandi would be to collect the spawn dropped in the Fraser and ship it up north for hatching.

Times won't be quite so good for the American trap operators when British Columbia salmon remains forever British, but will times be any better for the salmon himself? A fair question, but not much weighty thought has been expended upon it.

Is this transplanting of sockeye spawn from the Fraser to the Naas to be undertaken without prayerful consideration? Is it fair? Is it honorable? Is it orthodox? Is it Christian?

The answer is in the negative.

A century and more ago there was a vile slave trade between Africa and the southern states of the American Republic, but what was that in comparison with this proposed interference with the life and liberty of the salmon? The nigger, after all, was only wanted for work. The sockeye is wanted for food.

The shipping of spawn to the cold waters of the northern rivers would be a colossal trek, an enforced migration without parallel in piscatory history. A migration? Say, rather, a deportation, a banishment, a drive of extinction!

What About Room?

Where, may we ask, will room be found in the tiny Naas and the little Skeena for all the fish that have crowded the 800-miles-long Fraser River? How will they adapt themselves to their restricted quarters, and how will they fare in these remote regions so different from the riffles that would have given them birth had all been well with the spawn their parents left behind them?

Bear in mind that these baby fish will have no papa and mamma to guide them when they hatch out on the frozen gravel beds of the Naas. The poor fish will feel deserted, lost, perhaps even humiliated. They won't even know for sure that they are native son salmon, and the pride of family may be lost to them forever and forever.

Let us remember that the sockeye, who was here thousands of years before the white man came, is greatly puzzled by international controversies over fisheries treaties. Try though he may, he hasn't yet been able to grasp the fundamental difference between a free-born American and a loyal Canadian, and he is apt to confuse one national anthem with another when the singers are none too sure of the words.

The salmon's brains are small, shallow, soft and usually inactive. Politics are beyond him, and vote-catching devices leave him cold. His life is guided by some dim instinct reaching back into the dark ages, and there is little hope that he will ever make any intellectual progress.

The sockeye is affectionate by nature, and his love of home is perhaps more strongly developed than that of any other lovely creature. For uncounted generations his motto has been "A Fraser River salmon I was spawned; a Fraser River salmon I will die," and right nobly has he lived up to it.

Extreme Youth

His extreme youth saw him venture forth from the riffles of the great river and drift down to the sea. His advanced age saw him swimming courageously against the swift current, striving, ever striving, to reach the gravel bed of his babyhood, there to love, to mate, to die.

The years of his adolescence and his maturity he spent in the vast depths of salty reaches unknown to man, leading a passive and prosaic existence until the mysterious urge of nature turned his face again to the sweet waters of his forefathers.

So it has been since the dawn of time. From Fraser River to Fraser River the cycle had been complete. But what of the future?

What of the hapless fish that

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Advertisement for twenty Years Ago. Includes text: "Between the various lines expected there will be seven in a week on the run between Vancouver and Prince Rupert... Chief McCarvell has appointed A. J. Phillipson to the post of sergeant of city police here."

Advertisement for Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada. Includes text: "For \$200... Can you equal this? For \$200 invested yearly, a young man can capitalize his youthful vigour and effectively prepare for life's contingencies through the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada."

Advertisement for Daily Mishaps and Zam-Buk. Includes text: "ZAM-BUK is a pure herbal ointment known all over the World for its wonderful soothing and healing properties. It quickly stops pain and irritation, allays inflammation and grows new healthy skin."