

The Daily News

The Leading Newspaper and the Largest Circulation in Northern B. C.

Published by the Prince Rupert Publishing Company, Limited

DAILY AND WEEKLY

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—To Canada, United States and Mexico—DAILY, 50c per month, or \$5.00 per year, in advance. WEEKLY, \$2.00 per year. All Other Countries—Daily, \$8.00 per year; Weekly, \$2.50 per year, strictly in advance.

TRANSIENT DISPLAY ADVERTISING—50 cents per inch. Contract rates on application.

HEAD OFFICE

Daily News Building, Third Ave., Prince Rupert, B. C. Telephone 98.

BRANCH OFFICES AND AGENCIES

NEW YORK—National Newspaper Bureau, 219 East 23rd St., New York City.
SEATTLE—Puguet Sound News Co.

LONDON, ENGLAND—The Clougher Syndicate, Grand Trunk Building, Trafalgar Square.

SUBSCRIBERS will greatly oblige by promptly calling up Phone 98 in case of non-delivery or inattention on the part of the news carriers.

DAILY EDITION.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 28

THE LOVE OF THE FIGHT

Last night two half naked men stood inside a roped ring in a local athletic club for several rounds and pounded each other in the many damaging ways that skilled boxers know. In their own way they enjoyed it. It was the love of the fight.

Around the ring some hundreds of Prince Rupert men gathered, and applauded first one man then the other as each scored a point or landed a blow on his opponent. They paid two and three dollars apiece for the privilege of witnessing the match. It was the love of the fight.

The preachers may talk till doomsday about "degrading spectacles" and "brutal exhibitions." They cannot eradicate the love of the fight that lies very close to the surface of our common humanity.

One of our most gleeful memories centres around a ministerial friend who interposed to stop a street fight, but getting hurt in the peaceful mission, suddenly forgot his sacred calling and turned in to clean up the crowd. A story about a very popular priest now in Prince Rupert—it may not be true, but it sounds like the truth—tells of a rough house at an election meeting in the old Kootenay days. As the excitement grew he leaned over to a friend and whispered, "As a priest I can't very well hit anybody, but I wish someone would hit me."

It has been pointed out by high-browed teachers of psychology again and again, that the phraseology of politics, of business, nay of evangelical religion itself is the language of the battlefield or the prize ring. All life is a fight.

"I've had no education. I've been a cow puncher since I was nine years old, but I've seen a lot of life, and I measure a man by the amount of punishment he can take without giving in. A man can't win at any game that can't fight," was the way another man sized up his philosophy of life a few nights ago, as he exchanged confidences during a long night ride in the teeth of a storm.

Sometimes women realise that the masculine love of a fight has a meaning in the race-development. Helen Macdonald, a clever British lady writer, some time ago told in M. A. P. of flouting the conventions and attending a boxing match in London. Her description is very novel:

"The fight began. They punched each other in the ribs, little punches, and the referee danced after them all the time to see that they punched fair. Just when I was getting interested, they suddenly stopped and retired to opposite corners and sat down on chairs.

"Presently blood came, and as I sat watching it, harassed between feeling very well and feeling that I ought not to do so, I began to understand how little I was realizing that these men were actually suffering physical pain. Nevertheless, it did not worry me a bit. The only thing I found and annoying and unpleasant during the match was an ugly trick one man had of jumping in with his mouth open. He looked as though he might bite.

"The man with the open mouth won. It was splendid to see the gameness of the loser. He went right through with it to the bitter end. His courage I could appreciate, even if my ignorance of boxing caused me to miss all the science of the blows.

"In the 'high-end-far-off times,' before we all became so civilized, courage and brute strength in her man made just the difference between life and death to a woman.

"They still count. Primitive instincts are hard to kill. I glanced at the poor physique of some of the sightseers as we left the place when the fight was over, and I thought of the men I had just seen in the ring. I think I understand why the most of them would rather their women didn't attend prize fights."

The men who gathered last night to witness and to take part in the contest of blows were obeying an impulse that antedates history, and that is still a dominant factor in the real work of life. To learn to give blows—above all to learn to take them; to hit straight and learn to take without bitterness or fear the blows that come is to learn the strong man's philosophy of life.

The Canadian General Electric Co., Limited

HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO FACTORIES: PETERSBOROUGH, ONT.

MANUFACTURERS OF EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL

The Canada Foundry Co., Limited - Toronto, Ont.

AIR COMPRESSORS
BOILERS
BOILER FEED PUMPS
CAST PIPE
COCHANE FEED WATER
HEATERS
CONCRETE MIXERS

DREDGES
GAS AND GASOLINE ENGINES
GAS PRODUCERS
HOISTS
LOCOMOTIVES
MATHER & PLATT TURBINE PUMPS

MOTOR DRIVEN TRIPLEX PUMPS
ORNAMENTAL IRON WORK
PILE DRIVERS
ROCK CRUSHERS
STRUCTURAL STEEL
UNDERWATER STEAM PUMPS

PRINCE RUPERT BRANCH Room 4 McIntyre Block Phone 245

GRAHAM KEARNEY, AGENT

The Graham Island Oil Fields, Limited

CAPITAL STOCK \$1,000,000

We are offering for sale a very limited amount of shares of stock at 25c per share; par value \$1.00. These shares are going quickly and will soon be off the market.

THE MACK REALTY & INSURANCE COMPANY

SELLING AGENTS

A TENDERFOOT'S WOOLING

By Clive Phillips Wolley

(AUTHOR OF GOLD, GOLD IN CARIBOO, ETC.)

CHAPTER XV.

"Well, I'm blanked! Protheroe! You infernal drunken fool, come back. Come back, I say. You'll drown, sure."

But Protheroe took no notice of Jim's frantic cry. In that roar of waters which was already about his waist, and seemed to be climbing to his ears, he could hear nothing from the shore which he had left, and if he had done so, he had sense enough to know that it would have been more dangerous to try to turn back than to go on.

Jim saw that himself, as the words left his lips, but it is the fashion of human beings in dire straits to cry for the impossible. And Jim was in a worse strait than the doctor. In the swirl at his feet there were two small objects, somewhat darker than the heaving darkness around them. They might well have been pieces of drift wood, being hustled down stream, but to Jim they would be in that dreary future in front of him, the horse he stole and the man he murdered.

And the unsteady lights of the Soda Creek shanties were dancing along the river's course coming down stream towards him, nearer and nearer, until he could hear the voices of those who carried them in spite of the noise of the waters.

With a curse he swung himself into the saddle, and wrenching the roan's head round viciously, he galloped up stream for fifty yards, over a chaos of slippery boulders.

Then he turned his horse's head towards the river, and drove his spurs home, but though the colt's spirit was broken by bitter hard work, his instinct recoiled from this new peril, and he rose fighting and pawing the air on the very edge of the flood.

It was in vain. The man's blood was up and the ice-coated boulders gave the beast no footing. With a crash the two went into the river, the horse on its side, whilst the man, thrown clear of his saddle, disappeared some feet down stream of him.

Twice the beast was turned over in the flood, and for a few moments the water swept over the man, but before either had been drifted to the level of Protheroe, Jim had regained his horse's head, and twisting the fingers of one hand in the beast's long mane, swam steadily on the down stream side of it.

Once he had his head above water, the colt swam superbly, driving against the current with all the energy of young life battling against death, so that before they had half crossed from shore to shore, Combe and his horse were level with Protheroe, and making some sort of a breakthrough for him.

But it was not enough. The doctor was still in the saddle, and Combe could see the pinto's head sinking lower and lower. If the doctor stayed where he was, the horse embarrassed by his weight, must drown, and in spite of his efforts Combe could not make his voice heard in that swirl of waters. On the bank, the noise was as the indistinct roar of a mob, but in mid-stream each voice became distinct, individual and hostile.

He heard the waves roaring at him, he could feel the undercurrents pulling separately at him, he knew what they wanted, and the fury, and the number of them daunted him.

His only chance was to cling to his horse; his only hope of saving Protheroe seemed to be to let go, and if possible, drag the doctor out of his saddle.

But at the last moment Protheroe seemed to realize what was required of him, and with a gasp, holding on to his horse's mane, and swimming as Jim swam.

By this time both horses had drifted below the level of the ferry, which was now crowding with men, gesticulating and apparently shouting to the two in the water, and some of the more sober among the lantern bearers having got the ferry out towards mid-stream, were endeavoring to let a rope down towards them.

But it was hopeless fishing. The line was not long enough, and the casting of it inaccurate. Neither Jim nor the doctor attempted to avail themselves of it.

Side by side, stunned by the noise around them, they battled with the Fraser, whilst though the farther bank seemed to come no nearer, the red lights of Soda Creek grew more dim and distant, and the figures on the ferry more indistinct.

Luckily for the swimmers there was even less ice in the river than there had been in the morning when Combe crossed it. The frost had not held in the upper country through which flow the tributaries that supply the Fraser with its first run of ice, but there was enough of it to add to their difficulties.

Suddenly the light of Soda Creek went out altogether, and the dancing lanterns of the ferry disappeared, and at the same time a new sound struck upon their ears, a dull, grinding noise, which grew louder and more distinct with every second that passed.

They had drifted past a bend in the river, and at the next, to which they were being hurried, the ice was packing. If they got into that pack before reaching the further shore, it would be the end of them. The horses, spent already, must go under in the churning and grinding ice.

Straining his eyes to the utmost, Combe thought that he could just distinguish the line of the farther bank, it was nearer than the ice pack which he could hear in the dark below him, but was it near enough? They were being carried down stream many yards for every foot which they made in the direction of the shore. It was just one of those positions in which death is made doubly hard by the temptation to struggle against it. Death itself is probably not so very dreadful. Nature is full of bogies to coerce her wilful children, and the last bogie of all, used mainly to make us play out our innings to the end, is possibly the most gentle fraud amongst them, but that struggle in the dark against the irresistible waters, with life and safety so near at hand, was bitter to bear, and at the very climax of it Jim's horse gave in and turned its head down stream.

In a moment they were racing towards their death. After all that long and stubborn fight against the stream, with the failure of the roan's courage and the failure of the man's courage, it was possible that Combe would have given in then and drifted down quietly to his death, rather than fight longer against the inevitable, but the sight of the other man still struggling, and obviously spent, roused him to one more effort.

It was useless to shout to the horse, but with his free hand he managed to strike it in the face, and drag his head almost under with the other, until in despair the beast turned up stream again. But it was too late. Jim knew it, for he could hear the ice teeth crashing almost at his heels, and he only struck out at a stubborn determination to fight to the last inch.

His reward exceeded his hopes. Since he plunged into the Fraser it had seemed to Combe that he and his horse by immense efforts had just managed to remain stationary upon a plane of sliding water which carried them towards the ice pack, but now for the first time the long, thin, pushing head bowed down upon him, pushing him always nearer and nearer to eternity, began to forge ahead. There was no doubt of it.

They had reached the eddy under the shore; the big boulders loomed up, grew clearer, and the roan struck bottom.

At the first touch Combe's knees seemed to give under him. All his strength had gone, and having gone through the devils he seemed likely enough to drown in the shallows. But for an immense effort of will that he braced himself sufficiently to stagger out of the eddy. He could have fallen where he landed, but a cry from the doctor found one last reserve of strength left in his companion, and calling upon that "last ounce," Jim blundered down the bank and into the water, falling against a great tooth of rock, which broke the force of the river at the bend.

By what seemed a miracle, the pinto held his head good, its footing on the very last point between it and the swirl which led to the ice bank, but the doctor was too spent to profit by his horse's good luck, and though Jim grabbed him as he was swept by, he could do no more.

For what seemed to him five of the longest minutes he had ever known, the water crashed him against that rock tooth, whilst his arm was racked with the pain of keeping his fingers crooked in the landing of wet clothing, which swayed with the current, but which he had not strength to drag back.

He could hold on to it, he would go with it rather than let go, but he could not find the strength needed to draw it to his own place of safety.

Jim felt his body slipping away from the rock which sheltered him. Gently, insistently, like an angler who puts all the strain he dare upon a lightly-hooked fish, the waters drew him from his rock, and then there came one of those strange chuckling sounds which water makes amongst the boulders.

In his light-headed condition it was to Combe the laugh of a devil who wins, and it touched some spring in his nature, of which for the moment he had lost control, the strength came back to his muscles, and with a last desperate effort he drew Protheroe to him; dragged him somehow to the river's brim, and dropped him there, where the waters lay over the first boulders of the dry land.

For a long pause there was silence, but for the ravings of the river, bawled of its prey, and the little wind, which whined like a wolf amongst the sage brush along the cliff's edge.

Utterly spent, the two men lay where they had fallen, as did the pinto. Only the roan stood upright, and even his strong knees were bent, his head hung, and his whole body was shaken with shivering fits.

Combe was the first to recover. Dragging himself to his feet, he went over to the doctor's horse.

"You've got to get up, old fellow," he said, "or you'll die on our hands, and we can't spare you yet," but the poor beast lay with head stretched along the ground and took no notice of him. It had made up its mind to die.

"Can you help, Doc?" Jim asked, but the doctor shook his head, and lay still, nor was it until nearly an hour later that Combe contrived to get his companion and the two horses up to the top of the cliffs, upon which he built a roaring fire, not only for the sake of comfort, but as a sign to any whom it might concern that they had survived the river crossing.

"And now, Doc, I guess you might as well get along towards the ferry. There'll maybe be someone there still, unless they've all given us up for dead. You will have had about enough for one while, I expect."

"What! Give up the run when I've jumped the big brook? Not much, Jim."

"Then you mean coming on?"

"I started to get there, and I'm going to get there with both feet, my son, as you would say in your picturesque fashion."

Jim pulled at his pipe in silence for some time, then in a shamed way he said:

"I owe you an apology, Doctor."

"For abduction? Yes, I believe that there is some trivial penalty attached to that form of amusement."

"No; not a blanked bit for that. You'd have done the same only I didn't know it. It's just for not knowing you; I'm sorry. I ought to have known you were a man."

"I was drunk. Anything is good enough for a drunkard."

"There ain't another man in Cariboo would have risked his life as you did, drunk or sober."

The doctor laughed.

"You did for one, and that is life anyway. Do you think that the loss of it would be such a terrible calamity? Think of it! No more whiskey—bad whiskey at that; no more graceful backage with the coy Kate Canyon; no more delicate jests with that fat-headed bar keeper; no more memory perhaps. If I believed that last, Jim, by heaven, I would not forgive you for pulling me out. But let's stop talking and get a move on, or those fools will be over to look for us."

"We shall have to walk, at first at any rate."

"It can't be helped. I suppose that we can get some feed for the horses at Brathwaite's."

"Yes, if we start now we should be there by sun up," and lighting their pipes, the two led their horses away towards the west.

CHAPTER XVI.

After Jim Combe's departure a strange quiet fell upon the life of the ranch. There were no galloping horses about the corral; there was no noisy cowboy chaff about the barn. The one thing necessary was that Frank Anstruther should be kept quiet. Any movement caused him excruciating pain, and was likely to disarrange the imperfect bandages in which his body was swathed, and though he took his punishment with set lips, never complaining of the pain, he was a bad patient, restless under restraint, and excitable to the last degree.

It was only a long as Kitty was in the room that they could keep him still. As long as she was in his sight he would lie hour after hour without stirring, only the eyes in his white face alive, and those so followed every turn of the girl's pretty head, that they frightened her.

She began to feel that those burning eyes could see through her into her heart, and for that she was by no means ready yet.

There was a picture in it upon which she was trying to pass judgment, a picture of a furious storm in which trees were crashing and roofs lifting and solid substances were being whirled about by some invisible agency, and in the middle of it all a great red roan reared and raged.

"Them's baby tricks," she quoted under her breath, and a proud smile spread over her face as she thought of the man who drove the great red devil into the heart of the storm to do her bidding.

"I wish that I could have seen Jim start."

The voice came from the bed, and Kitty flushed guiltily as she turned towards the speaker. He did then read her very thoughts.

"Why do you say that?"

"It must have been such a grand match between Jim and the stallion. I don't think Jim has his equal as a horseman."

"That's what they say about here, but I don't suppose that he would be any good in your country."

"Why my country and not yours?" and then with a generous impulse, "Jim would be good anywhere. The better the class the more he would shine in it. Sitting a fence isn't as hard as sitting a buck jumper. Seemingly is not worth anything compared to doing," and he pushed irritably at the bedclothes which encompassed him.

"Suffering is harder than either."

A quiet voice at his elbow. "Kitty, make Mr. Anstruther take this, and don't let him worry about Jim. Jim is quite able to take care of himself."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ITEMS OF SPORT

George Hackenschmidt has posted \$5000 at Chicago for a private return match with Frank Gotch.

Hack's offer was carried to Gotch and accepted, with the provision that the match be held within two months. This was not accepted by Hackenschmidt, saying that his injured knee would not permit his return to the ring in that time.

Detroit, Mich., Sept. 25.—The trotter of the grand circuit caravan which occupies the centre of the spot light at the present time is the homely chestnut gelding R. T. C., a graduate from breaking sod on a neastern farm to the position of the most talked about trotter on the big ring. He won two \$10,000 stakes within the space of one week, one at Kalamazoo and one at the Grand Rapids track, in addition to a purse race at Indianapolis.

Calgary, Sept. 20.—"We don't want bathing suits, do we girls," chirped the leader of a bevy of pretty chorus damsels from Calgary. They were up at the sulphur basin at Banff, and the attendant at the baths was performing the customary duty of handing out the bathing suits.

"Oh, pshaw, no. There's nobody but us here," was the unanimous verdict. "I never did like being hampered by a bathing suit," explained the leader. "It makes me feel so heavy." So they all disrobed and plunged in, and sported around displaying forms that would have turned some of the famous sculptors' models green with envy. They didn't object to being watched by the attendant either.

EMPLOY CEMENT TESTER

Latest Addition to the City Engineering Staff Arrived Yesterday.

Yesterday the members of city engineering department extended a welcome to their cement tester whose services will be much appreciated. The employment of a cement tester has been found necessary since the dispute in council recently over cement quality.

COAL NOTICE

Skene Land District—District of Queen Charlotte
Take notice that thirty days after date, I, C. E. Bainter, of Prince Rupert, B. C., by occupation bookkeeper, intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands for a licence to prospect for coal and petroleum on and under 640 acres of land on Graham Island described as follows:
Commencing at a post planted two miles north of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 13, marked S. W. corner C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 19, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to place of commencement.
Dated Sept. 11, 1911. C. E. BAINTER, Locator
Pub. Sept. 23.

Skene Land District—District of Queen Charlotte
Take notice that thirty days after date, I, C. E. Bainter, of Prince Rupert, B. C., by occupation bookkeeper, intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands for a licence to prospect for coal and petroleum on and under 640 acres of land on Graham Island described as follows:
Commencing at a post planted two miles north of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 15, marked S. W. corner C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 20, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to place of commencement.
Dated Sept. 11, 1911. C. E. BAINTER, Locator
Pub. Sept. 23.

Skene Land District—District of Queen Charlotte
Take notice that thirty days after date, I, C. E. Bainter, of Prince Rupert, B. C., by occupation bookkeeper, intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands for a licence to prospect for coal and petroleum on and under 640 acres of land on Graham Island described as follows:
Commencing at a post planted two miles north of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 21, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to place of commencement.
Dated Sept. 11, 1911. C. E. BAINTER, Locator
Pub. Sept. 23.

Skene Land District—District of Queen Charlotte
Take notice that thirty days after date, I, C. E. Bainter, of Prince Rupert, B. C., by occupation bookkeeper, intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands for a licence to prospect for coal and petroleum on and under 640 acres of land on Graham Island described as follows:
Commencing at a post planted two miles east of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 4467, marked C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 1, N. E. corner, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to place of commencement.
Dated Sept. 11, 1911. C. E. BAINTER, Locator
Pub. Sept. 23.

Skene Land District—District of Queen Charlotte
Take notice that thirty days after date, I, C. E. Bainter, of Prince Rupert, B. C., by occupation bookkeeper, intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands for a licence to prospect for coal and petroleum on and under 640 acres of land on Graham Island described as follows:
Commencing at a post placed five miles east of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 4467, marked C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 1, N. E. corner, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to place of commencement.
Dated Sept. 11, 1911. C. E. BAINTER, Locator
Pub. Sept. 23.

Skene Land District—District of Queen Charlotte
Take notice that thirty days after date, I, C. E. Bainter, of Prince Rupert, B. C., by occupation bookkeeper, intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands for a licence to prospect for coal and petroleum on and under 640 acres of land on Graham Island described as follows:
Commencing at a post placed five miles east of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 4467, marked C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 1, N. E. corner, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to place of commencement.
Dated Sept. 11, 1911. C. E. BAINTER, Locator
Pub. Sept. 23.

Skene Land District—District of Queen Charlotte
Take notice that thirty days after date, I, C. E. Bainter, of Prince Rupert, B. C., by occupation bookkeeper, intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands for a licence to prospect for coal and petroleum on and under 640 acres of land on Graham Island described as follows:
Commencing at a post placed five miles east of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 4467, marked C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 1, N. E. corner, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to place of commencement.
Dated Sept. 11, 1911. C. E. BAINTER, Locator
Pub. Sept. 23.

Skene Land District—District of Queen Charlotte
Take notice that thirty days after date, I, C. E. Bainter, of Prince Rupert, B. C., by occupation bookkeeper, intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands for a licence to prospect for coal and petroleum on and under 640 acres of land on Graham Island described as follows:
Commencing at a post placed five miles east of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 4467, marked C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 1, N. E. corner, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to place of commencement.
Dated Sept. 11, 1911. C. E. BAINTER, Locator
Pub. Sept. 23.

Skene Land District—District of Queen Charlotte
Take notice that thirty days after date, I, C. E. Bainter, of Prince Rupert, B. C., by occupation bookkeeper, intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands for a licence to prospect for coal and petroleum on and under 640 acres of land on Graham Island described as follows:
Commencing at a post placed five miles east of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 4467, marked C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 1, N. E. corner, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to place of commencement.
Dated Sept. 11, 1911. C. E. BAINTER, Locator
Pub. Sept. 23.

Skene Land District—District of Queen Charlotte
Take notice that thirty days after date, I, C. E. Bainter, of Prince Rupert, B. C., by occupation bookkeeper, intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands for a licence to prospect for coal and petroleum on and under 640 acres of land on Graham Island described as follows:
Commencing at a post placed five miles east of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 4467, marked C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 1, N. E. corner, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to place of commencement.
Dated Sept. 11, 1911. C. E. BAINTER, Locator
Pub. Sept. 23.

Skene Land District—District of Queen Charlotte
Take notice that thirty days after date, I, C. E. Bainter, of Prince Rupert, B. C., by occupation bookkeeper, intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands for a licence to prospect for coal and petroleum on and under 640 acres of land on Graham Island described as follows:
Commencing at a post placed five miles east of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 4467, marked C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 1, N. E. corner, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to place of commencement.
Dated Sept. 11, 1911. C. E. BAINTER, Locator
Pub. Sept. 23.

Skene Land District—District of Queen Charlotte
Take notice that thirty days after date, I, C. E. Bainter, of Prince Rupert, B. C., by occupation bookkeeper, intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands for a licence to prospect for coal and petroleum on and under 640 acres of land on Graham Island described as follows:
Commencing at a post placed five miles east of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 4467, marked C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 1, N. E. corner, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to place of commencement.
Dated Sept. 11, 1911. C. E. BAINTER, Locator
Pub. Sept. 23.

Skene Land District—District of Queen Charlotte
Take notice that thirty days after date, I, C. E. Bainter, of Prince Rupert, B. C., by occupation bookkeeper, intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands for a licence to prospect for coal and petroleum on and under 640 acres of land on Graham Island described as follows:
Commencing at a post placed five miles east of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 4467, marked C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 1, N. E. corner, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to place of commencement.
Dated Sept. 11, 1911. C. E. BAINTER, Locator
Pub. Sept. 23.

Skene Land District—District of Queen Charlotte
Take notice that thirty days after date, I, C. E. Bainter, of Prince Rupert, B. C., by occupation bookkeeper, intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands for a licence to prospect for coal and petroleum on and under 640 acres of land on Graham Island described as follows:
Commencing at a post placed five miles east of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 4467, marked C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 1, N. E. corner, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to