

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, \$5.00 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—Puget Sound News Co.

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

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DAILY EDITION.



TUESDAY, OCT. 3

WANTED—A CIVIC WELFARE LEAGUE

The time is ripe and rotten ripe for change in Prince Rupert. People are sick of petty strife and personal bickerings. For party government in national affairs, where strong leaders and conflicting doctrines fight for supremacy, there is in our present stage of transition, a place. But there is no place for such in municipal affairs in a city like Prince Rupert. Our problems are too large and our men too few, to permit of division and strife.

It is superfluous to look to those who profit by fomenting party divisions to lead in the work of consolidating the citizens. That is a work that will have to be done, and perhaps can only be done by the best men of all parties agreeing to rise above party, and press forward the welfare of the city. Such a body of men organized as a Civic Welfare League pledged to a programme of reforms and progressive measures, would wield a moral force over the city that no council nor external authority however corrupt, could hope to stand against.

In New York, the Bureau of Civic Research, in Boston the Committee of Twenty, in London the Fabian Society have accomplished wonders in municipal reform, even against the great handicaps of working against evils long entrenched, and in communities where they were largely isolated from the crowd.

There are a score of leading men on both sides that the News could designate quite capable of combining together and lifting Prince Rupert out of the slough of petty factionalism towards which she is fast heading. The recent election so far as Prince Rupert was concerned showed that it was quite possible for our citizens to rise above party influence and appeals to race-hatred, in the effort to advance the city's commercial prestige.

Though denied the advantages of reciprocity by the will of the people of the East and the South, Prince Rupert cannot be denied the advantages of reciprocity and good will between her own citizens, if her own citizens desire it.

There is no need for anyone to desert his political party or stultify his political conscience. What is needed is for strong and clean men to combine, and agree to ignore outside influences that may work harm to our city, and work together to force upon a willing or an unwilling council, progressive measures for the welfare of Prince Rupert. How many good citizens capable of rising above party calls have we in Prince Rupert?

A UNITED STATES VIEW OF THE ELECTION

The New York Herald speaking of the recent election says: "The voters of Canada have spoken, and the result is as surprising as it is emphatic. This landslide means that, for the present at least, reciprocity between the United States and the Dominion is an impossibility. The large majority of the victors makes them independent of the Nationalist members, and will enable them to carry out any programme they may decide upon. And the chief article on any relations between the two nations.

"The result is a triumph for the protected interests of Canada, and is made possible by the failure of the agricultural element to rally to the cause that would have bettered their condition through opening the great markets of the United States to their products. The effect of the election on the future of Canada must be watched with interest.

"As for Sir Wilfrid Laurier, he may well feel that he met defeat fighting for the best interests of the Canada he has served so long and faithfully. To him, as to President Taft, the result must be disappointment. But time will vindicate his position. Canada needs our markets more than we need hers."

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Our good friend the Empire was much perturbed last night about a motto which decorates the wall of the News office, the leading daily newspaper. It reads "Don't believe it." Alas for our little friend. The motto refers to the copy of the Evening Empire upon which it is pasted.

There is no doubt about the goodness of Prince Rupert weather, despite the fables to the contrary. Every month the weather report of the Dominion Government meteorological observer proves it. The report for September is to hand. It shows that it was neither very hot nor very cold at any time, but a sensible mean temperature for the month of 54.2. There is nothing mean about 54.2 except the name.

The total precipitation for the month was 4.23 inches. Vancouver papers please copy.

Open an Account Today

Deposit a portion of your weekly earnings and you will be surprised how rapidly they will accumulate. We will add to your savings 4 per cent. interest on monthly balances. In a short time you will have saved enough to make a profitable investment. The accounts of ladies and children receive careful and courteous attention.

The Continental Trust Co. Second Avenue

A TENDERFOOT'S WOING

By Clive Phillips Wolley

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

Ever since Dan "broke that tree" the stalkers had been stalked without suspecting it. When the volley was fired Dick Rolt had his eye on the exact spot in which one of the red stars of light had burst. He had heard the bullet sing past him, and for a fraction of a second had seen the front figure of the man who fired the shot. But he had not replied to it.

The brilliance of the momentary flash had accentuated the darkness for him, and taken away from him all idea of locality, so that to have replied would only have been to waste a shot and betray his own hiding place. He was lying now behind the dead horse waiting to snap at the next star which should appear or to meet the rush which might have followed had the attacking party consisted of white men.

He had no notion how close his fellows were. He could not hear them, nor see the outline even of the nearest. It was still pitch dark on the ground.

Suddenly a hand closed round his ankle, and a voice whispered: "We've got to wriggle out of this. Don't lift your head, but just slew round on your belly and snake it after me. There's no hurry. I'll go slow."

"But the horses?" asked Rolt. "Yours is dead, ain't it? If they want to shoot the others we can't stop 'em, blank them. Come," and Rolt who by this time had his head near old Al's heels, saw these draw quietly away from him.

Imitating his companion Rolt squirmed on his belly through the bush which closed over him, so that it was only with the utmost difficulty and half by instinct that he managed to follow Al, of whose tortuous progress he could see but little, even when he was within arm's length of him.

He knew that he was going down hill, and that the ground under him was growing softer and softer, until at last he might almost as well have been swimming, but he could see nothing.

"We're all right now," Al stopped to whisper, just when Rolt was beginning to wonder whether he would not rather be shot than go on any farther.

"I'm in the creek bottom."

"I could have guessed that."

"Pretty blanked cold, eh? Well, we'll cure that. We've got to move now like two-year-olds. Are you ready?" and he rose to a crouching position.

"Keep your head low till we're in the timber. Now come, and we'll beat them yet." And stooping as he ran the old frontiersman led his companion along the creek bottom under the shelter of his banks, into the heavy pine timber. There they threw themselves on the ground, soaked to the bone and panting heavily.

"What now? Are we going to fight them here?" asked Rolt at last, standing up to get some of the water drain out of him.

"Fight 'em in timber? Not much. We've another five minutes before they'll miss us, but the light's coming. They're getting impatient. Hear that?"

"That" was another volley poured into the hollow. "Hain't missed us yet, anyways. Are you good for another burst, Boss?"

"If it's not too far," Rolt's running days were over, and he was a heavy man, used to riding.

"No, it ain't far," and the old man began to run again as if he had been five and twenty. Tom and the other Indian loping along as easily as wolves, whilst Dick, the big-footed, sobbed wearily far behind.

At last on the extreme edge of the pine belt, Al paused. Beyond the timber the open country rolled down towards the Fraser and the dawn had come.

"It's our only chance and a slim one. It's got to be that cherry patch," Al said pointing out to the open. "There ain't another place in sight as would give us a show," and he set off running again at top speed for a little four-cornered patch of wild cherry bush, about a thousand yards from the timber.

It looked about as bad a place to have an enemy as you could imagine, lying as it did in a hollow and containing no timber big enough to serve as a shield against rifle bullets; but there was nothing better in sight, and it had just one thing in its favor.

For seven or eight hundred yards at least on one side, and for seven or eight miles on every other side, there was no cover of any kind larger than the thin bushes of sage brush and the patches of bunch grass. A coyote might have crawled through that unseen. It seemed impossible that anything else should.

Realizing that at any moment their enemies might reach the edge of the timber, Rolt and his companions raced over the space intervening between the pines and the cherry bush at headlong speed. When Rolt crashed into the edge of the cherry patch he had not another yard of running power left in him. With a feeling that he had not known since he had won the quarter at Rugby, he dropped where he was and lay still.

"Euchred them so far," panted Al, cheerfully, "and now I guess we'll take some killing. Out with your jack knives, boys, and I'll show you a trick as I learned of the Crees," and he began to hack down the boughs and young trees all round him, building with them a kind of "wicky up," or small circular booth, such as Indians use for bath houses. Over the top of this he threw his blanket, which he had carried strapped to his back until then, and over that again he piled loose soil and soda, keeping a nervous eye all the time on the edge of the timber.

"Chuck your coat over your sticks if you haven't got a blanket," he said to Rolt, "and then fix it this way," and he went down on his knees and began to scratch with his knife like a dog who is going to bury a bone.

All the earth he took out he piled upon the blanket, throwing with it moss and leaves and small boughs, until when he had finished with it it looked like a great ant heap just sufficiently within the cover of the brush to save it from detection.

Then he lent Rolt a hand with his mounds, ordering the boys to do the

same at their respective corners, and "Shove boys; shove like hell, if you ever want to eat bull beef any more. They ain't here yet, but they can't be long now."

When men are working for their lives it is marvellous how much can be done in a minute, and these men, knowing how much depended upon their speed, had their shovels finished, when "blast" from Al sent them all into their holes like rabbits into their burrows.

There was no sign of Indians that Rolt could see, but as Al lay motionless he imitated him, and for a full fifteen minutes almost held his breath in his burrow.

At the end of that time he heard a voice behind him and turning, saw Al lying at full length in the scrub, calmly whittling a pipeful of tobacco. "They can't see me here," he said. "I'm too far back in the scrub. Have you got your bury good and deep. Keep a whittling of it out so as you can lie low and the bullets'll go over your head. I'm agoin' out to take a passer and see if them tortifications look natural."

"Don't be such a fool," commanded the Boss. "I ain't no fool, Boss. No Injun ever hit a man at a thousand yards, and I've got to know how our little shovels will strike the gallery. Like I'm anxious to see if we have a full house," and so saying, he struck a match and wandered out into the open.

In the most unconcerned way in the world the old fellow strolled along straight towards the timber, smoking as he went, and looking back occasionally at his handiwork, and about these hundred yards he went un molested.

Then a shot was fired, the dry earth was kicked up a hundred yards in front of him, and his hat fell on the ground whilst his rifle went to his shoulder, and his own shot was echoed by two more from the cherry patch, under the cover of which tiny volleys had dashed back to his hair.

"All right," he said, as he crawled under his mound, "the seats is all took and the curtain's up. It's just three hundred yards to where I dropped my cap, and now I'm goin' to put in time diggin'." If I was you I'd do the same. It's goin' to be safer underground than up 'ere by and by," and after that for a long time the Boss saw no more of Al.

CHAPTER XX.

The Chinook wind which had been blowing before midnight had dropped, and in the last hours of darkness had been succeeded by a crisp clear air with more than a suspicion of frost in it, so that when the dawn came, it spread through skies of such rare lucidity as are never seen except in high northern lands.

Along the horizon the light grew gradually, until in the east the heavens were of a pale lemon color, so clear, so utterly fine and transparent, that the gloom of the rigid barrier of pines hurt the eye with its contrast of stiff solidity.

Even the pine belt itself was not quite proof against the dawn. The tops of it were touched with a pale glory, and though the gloom of the black boughs swallowed up the light that struck them, a bole here and there was caught by it and brightened with a wash of tenderest golden grey.

But the prairie welcomed the dawn, which flooded its frost-touched sage brush so that it rolled in sheets of sparkling silver, from the pines to the cherry patch and away beyond as far as the eye could see towards the still shadowy bed of the Fraser.

The dawn had made all things plain, had emphasized every outline: the peace of it called attention to every leaf, to every twig, to every break in the holy stillness of the waking day, and yet Rolt, listening in his burrow, could not hear so much as the breaking of a twig, or see a sign of life in the direction from which he had fled.

Most of the events to which we look forward in life (and probably in death), either with desire or dread, are curiously unlike our forecasts of them. A battle upon either a large or small scale is no exception to this rule. Men laugh in the crisis of a life and death struggle, and in the last South African war a volunteer, told off as one of the escort of a big gun, remembers only of Spion Kop that it was foggy.

So it was with Rolt, that the weather and the smooth grass slopes suggested pink parasols and picnic hampers; that there were funny little balloon-like puffs rising at intervals from the ridge opposite to that on which he lay; that the sun was warm and comforting, and that some confounding fellow was him up with the top of a service boot, while the battle was over and it was time to take the gun home.

It was with Rolt as it was with that yeoman. After Al's departure he worked feverishly at the making of his burrow, expecting every moment to hear the hum of bullets through the cherry over head, but no bullets came, and at last, even with his jack knife, he had managed to scrape out a hollow ample enough to contain his body.

Then he lay in it and watched, until the minutes grew into an hour, and the dawn into young day, without any sign of life showing itself upon the landscape, except a coyote, shadowy and utterly noiseless, who came stealing down from the hills, until he was nearly midway between the pines and the cherry patch.

There he checked sharply, his nose went up and his brush dropped, and wheeling in his tracks, he went back at a lope to the nearest rising ground, on which he stood awhile reconnoitering.

Something in the prostrated displeased him, and through a survey he hoped back the way he had come.

The coyote's behavior was suggestive of suspicion, but a little broad-winged hawk which poised in the clear air or swung noiselessly overhead with a keen eye for mice or beetles, contradicted the habitually suspicious vagabond.

Rolt found it impossible to remain strung up to concert pitch for ever in such an atmosphere of peaceful beauty, just as the half alarmed buck does, when pitted against the everlasting patience of his hunter, and was actually dozing when a voice behind him asked:

"Have you got your Holland along with you to-day, Boss?"

Rolt started, but though only half

awake, had sense enough to lie still. "Yes," he said, without turning. "It's good for long shooting, ain't it?"

"It's sighted for five hundred yards."

"I guess that's good enough. Do you see that yallerish looking bunch of sage brush, the biggest in sight, away there to the right? Jest perforate it, will you?"

Rolt raised his rifle, and looked questioningly at old Al, whose head was now alongside his own.

The old man nodded, and Rolt adjusting his sights to the five hundred yards range, cuddled down on his rifle. "High or low?" he asked.

"I guess it's most solid near the bottom," chuckled Al.

Then Rolt drew a long breath, for a moment there was absolute silence, and then a little puff of dust, fifty yards beyond the sage brush, recorded the fact that the foresight had been taken too full. A few sprigs of the yellow weed fell, but otherwise there was no sign from the bush.

"Sits stiller nor a fool hen," commented Al. "Try her lower still, Boss."

Rolt took the same bead again, but this time he took it upon the very base of his target. At his second shot the bush which he had watched for an hour became alive. A horrid scream followed the impact of his bullet and in the place of the little fountain of gold-dust, a man's body sprang high into the air and then pitched headlong on the near side of the bush writhing and tying itself into knots amongst the branches of the withered sage brush.

"Must be quite a holler there; 'most as good as this one of ours. I seed him coming from the time he started. Holy smoke!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

LAND PURCHASE NOTICE

Skene Land District—District of Coast Range 5. Take notice that Hiram Roy McTavish of Winnipeg, Minn., occupation lumberman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted at the southwest corner of Lot 1116, Harvey's Survey Coast District Range 5, thence 20 chains south, thence 80 chains east, thence 60 chains west, thence 60 chains south to post of commencement containing 40 acres more or less. Dated Sept. 18, 1911. FRED W. BOHLER, Agent.

Skene Land District—District of Coast Range 5. Take notice that Lottie McTavish of Vancouver, B.C., occupation woman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted at the northwest corner 100 chains east and 40 chains north from N. E. corner of Lot 1116, Harvey's Survey Coast District Range 5, thence 20 chains south, thence 80 chains east, thence 60 chains south, thence 40 chains west to post of commencement containing 100 acres more or less. Dated Sept. 18, 1911. LOTTIE MCTAVISH, Agent.

Skene Land District—District of Coast Range 5. Take notice that Frank S. Miller of London, Eng., occupation engineer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted at the N. E. corner of Lot 28, thence north 20 chains, thence east 60 chains, thence south 20 chains, thence west 20 chains to point of commencement, containing 40 acres more or less. Dated Sept. 15, 1911. FRANK S. MILLER, Agent.

Skene Land District—District of Coast Range 5. Take notice that Herbert Macle of Pembroke, Ont., occupation lumberman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted on the left bank of the Zymoquitz or Zim-a-got-it River, thence east corner of Lot 1706, 80 chains north or less, to the northwest corner of said Lot 1706, thence westerly and southerly, following the left bank of said river, 80 chains more or less to point of commencement containing 160 acres more or less. Located August 10, 1911.

Skene Land District—District of Coast Range 5. Take notice that Peter Erickson of Prince Rupert, laborer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Williams Creek where the railway right-of-way crosses and 3 chains back from the creek bank, thence south 80 chains, thence east 40 chains to point of commencement. Dated July 17, 1911. PETER ERICKSON, Agent.

Skene Land District—District of Coast Range V. Take notice that I, John Evenson of Prince Rupert, laborer, intend to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted at the southeast corner of Lot 4415, thence north 80 chains, thence east 60 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 60 chains to point of commencement. Dated July 13, 1911. JOHN EVENSON, Agent.

Skene Land District—District of Coast Range V. Take notice that Benjamin A. Fish of Towson, Md., occupation merchant, intend to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted on the east boundary and about five chains from the southeast corner of Lot 4484, thence north 60 chains, thence east 30 chains, thence south 60 chains, thence west 30 chains to point of commencement. Dated July 25, 1911. BENJAMIN A. FISH, Agent.

Skene Land District—District of Coast Range 5. Take notice that Percy M. Miller of Prince Rupert, B.C., occupation Civil Engineer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted on the left bank of McNeil River at north west corner of lot 449 R.V., thence east 20 chains more or less to westerly boundary of timber limit 645 (old number) north of the following said westerly boundary of timber limit 60 chains more or less to north west corner of said timber limit, thence easterly 20 chains more or less to left bank of McNeil River, thence southerly following said left bank of McNeil River 60 chains more or less to point of commencement, containing 50 acres more or less. Dated June 19, 1911. PERCY M. MILLER, Agent.

Skene Land District—District of Cassiar. Take notice that I, Thomas Carter, of Prince Rupert, occupation carpenter, intend to apply for permission to purchase the following described land:

Commencing at a post planted about one mile south from the mouth of Falls creek and about 150 feet back from the beach, thence 80 chains north, thence 40 chains west, thence 80 chains south, thence east 40 chains to point of commencement, containing 320 acres more or less. Dated July 7, 1911. THOMAS CARTER, Agent.

Skene Land District—District of Coast Range V. Take notice that I, George Kime of Towson, North Dakota, U. S. A., farmer, intend to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted at the southwest corner of Lot No. 1733 vicinity of Lake Lakelse and marked Christopher J. Graham N. Corner, thence west 40 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north 80 chains to post of commencement; containing 320 acres more or less. Dated Sept. 22, 1911. 11.55 A.M.—Witnessed T. D. CHRISTOPHER JAS. GRAHAM, Locator.

Skene Land District—District of Coast Range 5. Take notice that I, Christopher James Graham of Prince Rupert, B. C., occupation locomotive engineer, intend to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted at the southwest corner of Lot No. 1733 vicinity of Lake Lakelse and marked Christopher J. Graham N. Corner, thence west 40 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north 80 chains to post of commencement; containing 320 acres more or less. Dated Sept. 22, 1911. 11.55 A.M.—Witnessed T. D. CHRISTOPHER JAS. GRAHAM, Locator.

Skene Land District—District of Coast Range 5. Take notice that I, John Rutherford Hearty of Prince Rupert, occupation engineer, intend to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted on the east shore of the Ekomukshu River, and being about two miles northerly from the mouth of the said Ekomukshu River, and which post is about forty chains north from a stake planted on the Ekomukshu River and known as "EP"; thence north 40 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 40 chains to the place of commencement, containing 480 acres more or less. Dated September 12, 1911. JOHN RUTHERFORD HEARTY, Agent.

TRY THE "NEWS" WANT AD. WAY OF FINDING

COAL NOTICE

Skene Land District—District of Queen Charlotte. Take notice that thirty days from date, I, C. E. Bainter of Prince Rupert, B. C., by occupation bookkeeper, intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands for a license 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. 17, marked N. E. corner C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 17, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to place of commencement. Dated Sept. 11, 1911. C. E. BAINTER, Locator.

Skene Land District—District of Queen Charlotte. Take notice that thirty days from date, I, C. E. Bainter of Prince Rupert, B. C., by occupation bookkeeper, intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands for a license 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. 12, marked N. W. corner C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 12, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to place of commencement. Dated Sept. 11, 1911. C. E. BAINTER, Locator.

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 license 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. 15, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to place of commencement. Dated Sept. 11, 1911. C. E. BAINTER, Locator.

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 license to prospect for coal and petroleum on and under 640 acres of land on Graham Island described as follows:

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Skene Land District—District of Queen Charlotte. Take notice that thirty days from date, I, C. E. Bainter of Prince Rupert, B. C., by occupation bookkeeper, intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum on and under 640 acres of land on Graham Island described as follows:

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Skene Land District—District of Queen Charlotte. Take notice that thirty days from date, I, A. T. Broderick of Prince Rupert, B. C., by occupation bank manager, intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands for a license 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 N. E. corner C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 15, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to place of commencement. Dated Sept. 12, 1911. A. T. BRODERICK, Locator.

Skene Land District—District