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DAILY EDITION.

MONDAY, NOV. 13

## AN APOLOGETIC WORD TO OUR READERS.

A good husband never takes his business troubles home to the bosom of his family. A good editor never takes his troubles to his readers, who in this case correspond to the bosom of his family. But at the present moment, it is due to Daily News readers and to the public at large to explain that the late appearance of the News has made on the streets of recent afternoons has been due to some mechanical difficulties, which have caused the entire staff a great deal of overwork and vexation—not to put too fine a point on it. Every day many items of local news that have been faithfully reported and written up have failed to see type. We have received no complaints from readers, but we fear that the non-appearance of certain items of local news on several occasions may have caused annoyance. They have caused double annoyance to the staff, who have had the mortification of failing to see in print, news that had been faithfully reported.

As the doctors well know, the work of getting out a daily newspaper ranks among the most physically exacting of all occupations. Even under the most favorable conditions, the grind and pressure of striving each day to excel the work of the previous day, makes the lot of the active newspaperman an arduous one. To have, as on Saturday, frozen plumbing, and a broken valve on our engine, in addition to the mechanical difficulties which have hampered the work of the News staff during the past month, made the task quite an heroic one. In this connection the News wishes to acknowledge its indebtedness to the Journal for aid in emergency, which made possible the issuing of Saturday's paper.

As we said at the beginning, neither good husbands nor good editors advertise their troubles, even at the family fireside. We would not have broken silence even now, were it not for information received by telegram from San Francisco that the new typesetting equipment especially built for the Daily News, is now on its way north, and in the ordinary course of events will be installed and in working order within a week or so. The plant comprises the latest and most complete multiple linotype machine to be made, the first of its kind to enter the Province of British Columbia.

The staff are all praying for the safety of the ship that is racing along with the News' new linotype machine. After it arrives there will be no occasion for apologies.

## THE Pillar of Light

By Louis Tracy

To cook and supply for eighty-one persons with utensils intended for the use of three, to divide each separate individual an utterly inadequate portion, so skilfully distributed that none should have cause to grumble at his or her neighbor's better fortune—here were culinary problems at once complex.

By adopting fantastic devices, bringing into service empty jam-pots and sardine-tins, they found it was possible to feed twenty at a time. This meant the preparation of four distinct meals, each requiring an hour's work. Long before the last batch, which included themselves, was sent to the absurd discrepancy between appetite and antidote in the shape of any thing to eat, the first was ravenous again.

The women complained the least. In the occupants of the two bedrooms the girls encountered a passive fortitude which was admirable. It was an extraordinary scene which met their eyes when they entered either of the stuffy apartments. Many of the rescued ladies had not given a thought to changing the demi-toilette of evening wear on board ship for more serviceable clothing when the hurricane overtook the vessel. They all, it is true, possessed cloaks or wraps of some sort, but these garments were still sodden with salt water and therefore unwearable, even if the oppressive warmth in each room rendered such a thing possible. Their elegant costumes of muslin, cotton, silk or satin, were utterly ruined. Lucky were the few whose blouses or bodices had not been rent into tatters.

Some of the worst sufferers in this respect were now the best provided. Blankets and sheets had been ruthlessly torn up and roughly stitched into articles of clothing. Mrs. Vansittart, for instance, who first suggested this via media, wore an exquisite Paris gown and a loose dressing-jacket arrangement of yellow blanket, the component parts of which she persuaded two other women to sew together on the model provided by her own elegant figure.

A few quick-witted ones who followed her example exhausted the available stock, and pillow-cases and rugs would have undergone metamorphosis in the same way had not Constance come to the rescue by impounding them, declaring that they must be reserved for the use of those sufferers who needed warmth and rest. The men passed their time in smoking, singing, yarning and speculating on the chance of the weather clearing. Ultimately, when the banging of the waves again made the column feel unsafe, a small section began to plan petty attempts to pilfer the provisions. It is the queer mixture of philosophy and beast in the average human being that makes it possible for the same man, in one mood, to risk his life quite voluntarily to save others, and in another, to organize selfish theft.

After an ingenious seaman had been detected in the attempt to pick the store-room lock, and when a tray of cold ham was deliberately upset whilst a football scrimmage took place for the pieces, Mr. Emmett stopped these ebullitions by arming the watch with assorted weapons from the workshop and issuing stern orders as to their use in case of need.

Here, again, the warring elements which form the human clay were admirably displayed. On duty, under the bonds of discipline, the coarse-grained foreman who had gobbled up the surreptitious lump of fat pig during the first successful scuffle, would brain the daring rascal who tried to better his condition by a similar trick a second time. Discipline, sometimes, converts a skulker into a hero.

When the state of the tide permitted, store-keepers were opened and a draught of air allowed to enter through the door. Then all hands eyed the sea with anxiety. The wind was strong and piercing, and the reef maintained its ceaseless roaring. Wherever a window opened towards the land there was a small crowd waiting to peep through it. At last, the sense of urgency gradually permeating the inmates of the lighthouse actually resulted in the formation of queues, with stated intervals for moving on. There was a momentary relief in looking at the land. The cliffs, the solitary white houses, the little hamlets half hidden in cozy nooks, seemed to be so absurdly near. It was difficult to imagine that help could long be deferred. The seaward passing of a steamer, carrying flowers from the Scilly Isles to Penzance for Covent Garden, caused a flutter, but the sight of a Penzance fishing-smack scudding under jib and close-reefed foresail between the rock and Guttenberg Point created intense excitement. Noah, gazing across the flood for the return of the dove with the olive branch, could not be more pleased than these castaways in their granite ark when the brown-sailed boat came within their view.

The window in the coal-cellar opened fair towards the Land's End, and the grimy occupants of the compartment could look their fill at the messenger of life. A rich New Yorker in vain offered a hundred dollars to any man who gave up his place in the line after he himself, by the operation of the time-limit, was remorselessly sent away from the narrow loop-hole. Dollars and pounds sterling have a curiously depreciated value under such circumstances.

The men of the watch were always questioned for news by the unemployed majority. They related the comings and goings of the Falcon, carried sympathetic inquiries from story to story—promiscuous passing to and fro being forbidden owing to the narrowness of the stairs—and seized every trifling pretext on their own part to reach the topmost height and feast their eyes on the extensive panorama visible from the storm-rigged gallery. Had they watched the coastline less and the reef more their observations would have had value.

Quite early in the day, the purser handed to the occupants of each room

a full list of passengers and crew, with the survivors grouped separately. In only three instances were husband and wife both saved. The awful scene in the saloon accounted for this seeming discrepancy. Dazed men and senseless women were writhed on each other's clasp either by the overwhelming seas or during the final fight for life at the head of the companionway. A wreck, a fire in the theatre, pays little heed to the marriage tie.

The third and last meal of the day was eaten in silence and gloom. All the spare lamps were diverted to the kitchen, because Brand, during a further detailed survey of the stores, made in company with Mr. Emmett and the purser, discovered that there was an alarming deficit of fresh water in the cistern.

In the hurry of the earlier hours a serious miscalculation had been made in transmitting cubic feet into gallons. It became an instant necessity to use every heating appliance at command and start the distillation of a drinkable fluid.

The Gulf Rock Light did not possess a proper apparatus. The only method that could be adopted was to improvise a coil from canvas sewn into a tube. The exterior was varnished, and wrapped in wet cloths to assist the condensation of the steam. Hence, every kettle and pot being requisitioned for this paramount need, cocoa could be supplied to the women alone, whilst the taste of the water, even thus disguised, was nauseating. No more potatoes could be boiled. Raw, they were almost uneatable. And potatoes happened to be the food most plentiful.

The genuine fresh water, reduced to a minimum in the cistern, was only a little better in condition unless it was filtered, and Brand decided that it ought to be retained for the exclusive use of those seriously ill. Patients were multiplying so rapidly that the hospital was crowded; and all fresh cases, as they occurred, perforce remained where they were.

Neither Constance nor Enid felt the time hang heavily on their hands. The ordinary regard for the new ordinance regarding the food supply transferred their attention from active cooking to the replenishing of utensils which must be kept full of salt water at boiling-point.

Pyne was an invaluable assistant. In the adjustment of refractory canvas tubes over hot spouts, in the manipulation of the condensing plant so that it might act efficiently, in the trimming of lamps, and the stocking of the solitary coal fire, he insisted on taking to himself the lion's share of the work.

He always had a pleasant quip or funny story to brighten their talk. "You can conquer trouble with a grin," he said. "Worry doesn't cut ice."

Enid, of course chaffed him about his American accent, which, she protested, she would acquire after a week's practice.

"It is quaint to our ears," she went on. "I never before grasped the reason why Mark Twain makes me laugh. All he does is to act as a phonograph. Every American is a born humorist."

"There's something in that," admitted Pyne. "We do try to disguise our jokes. Say, have you girls ever heard how an English professor explained the Yankee drawl?"

"No," they cried.

"He said it represented the effort of an uneducated man to make a speech. Every time his vocabulary gave out he lifted his voice to show he wasn't half through with his ideas."

"Oh," said Constance, "that is neither kind nor true, surely."

"Well," agreed Pyne, slowly, "that is the view of a friend of mine took of the remark. So he asked the professor if he had a nice agreeable sort of definition, all ready for use, of the way Englishmen clipped their syllables. The other fellow allowed that he hadn't pondered on it. 'I guess,' said my friend, 'it represents the effort of an educated ass to talk English.'"

Though the laugh was against them they were forced to snigger approval. "I think," said Constance, "that our chief national failing is pomposity, and your story hits it off evenly. In one of our small Cornish towns we have a stout little Mayor who made money in cheese and bacon. He went to see the Paris Exhibition, and an Exeter man, meeting him unexpectedly at the foot of the Eiffel Tower, hailed him with delight. 'Hello, Mr. Mayor,' he began. 'Hush,' said the mayor, glancing around mysteriously. 'I'm ere incog.'"

None who heard these light-hearted young people yelling with merriment would have imagined that they had just dined off a piece of hard-baked bread made without yeast and washed down with water tasting of tar and turpentine.

"Now, Miss Enid, your turn," cried Pyne.

Her eyes danced mischievously. "Unfortunately," by the accident of birth, I am deprived of the sense of humor," she said.

"It seems to be in the family all right," he hazarded, looking at Constance.

"Alas!" said Enid, "I am an American."

"I'll smile now, if that is all," said Pyne.

"But, please, I am not joking a little bit. When you go ashore you will probably hear all about me, so I may as well take the wind out of the sails of gossip. I am a mere waif, who came sailing in out of the West one day in a little boat which must have come from the New World as no one appeared to have lost either me or it in the Old. Dad picked us both up and adopted me."

Pyne did not know whether to take her seriously or not, until he sought confirmation in a pair of tranquil eyes which he gazed into at every opportunity.

"Is quite true," said Constance, gravely. "I suppose that the mysterious affinity between parents and long-lost children which exists in story-books is all nonsense in reality. No family could be more united and devoted to each other than we are, yet Enid is not my sister, and my father is her's only by adoption. He found her half-dying, drifting past this very rock, and before he could reach her he fought and killed a dreadful shark. We are very proud of dad, Mr. Pyne. You see, he is our only relation. Enid knows neither her father nor mother, and my mother died when I was a baby."

"What Scott!" cried Pyne.

"He turned quickly towards the door. Mrs. Vansittart, very pale, with eyes that looked unnaturally large in the faint light, stood there. For an in-

stant he was started. He had not seen Mrs. Vansittart since they came to the rock, and he was shocked by the change in her appearance. He did not like her. His alert intelligence distrusted her. But it was not his business in life to select a wife for his uncle, as he put it, and he had always treated her with respectful politeness. Now, owing to some fleeting aspect which he could not account for, some vague resemblance to another which he did not remember having noticed before, he viewed her with a certain expectant curiosity that was equally unintelligible to him.

She held out a scrap of paper.

"Mr. Trill is here," she said quietly.

"Here!" he repeated, wondering what she meant, and perplexed by her icy, self-contained tone, whilst he thought it passing strange that she had no other greeting for him.

"Well," she said, "that is the best word I can find. He is near to us, as near as a steamer can bring him. Mr. Brand has received a signalled message, he wrote it out and sent it to me by a man. I inquired where he were, and was told you were engaged in the kitchen."

For some reason Mrs. Vansittart seemed to be greatly perturbed. Her presence put an end to the gaiety of the place quite effectually.

The young man took the paper in silence.

He read: "Dear Madam—a signal just received from the Falcon runs as follows:—Mr. Cyrus J. Trill is on board and sends his love to Etta and Charlie. He will make every preparation for their comfort ashore and trusts they are bearing up well under inevitable hardships. Yours faithfully, Stephen Brand."

Pyne strode to the door.

"I must see if I can't get Mr. Brand to answer the old boy," he cried.

"Perhaps you have attended to that already."

She did not make way for him to pass.

"No," she said. "I came to seek you on that account. If not too late, will you tell your uncle that I do not wish to delay a moment in Penzance. He will please me most by arranging for a special train to await our arrival at the station."

"What's the hurry?" he demanded.

"A woman's whim, if you like, but a fixed resolve, nevertheless."

"Will you travel in that rig-out?" he asked quizzically.

"It is an easy matter to call at a shop if we reach shore by daylight. I can purchase a cloak and hat to serve my needs. Otherwise, it is matterless how I am attired. Will you do this?"

"Why, certainly."

She gave a little gasp of relief. In another instant Pyne would have gone, but Enid, who happened to glance through the window which opened towards the northwest, detained him.

"There's no hurry now for sure," she said. "The Falcon is half way to Carn du by this time. I do not suppose she will return until it is too dark to do more than signal important news very briefly."

"But this is important," cried Mrs. Vansittart shrilly. "It is of the utmost importance to me."

"Fraid it can't be helped ma'am," said Pyne civilly. "Anyhow we're not more yet, and I can't see that any time will be wasted."

The electric bell jangled in the room, causing Mrs. Vansittart to jump visibly.

"Oh, what is it?" she screamed.

"My father is calling one of us up," explained Constance. "It may be a message from Jack. You go, Enid."

Enid hurried away. She had scarcely reached the next floor before Mrs. Vansittart, who seemed to have moods in full compass, said sweetly:

"Convey my deep obligations to Mr. Brand, won't you, Charlie. Indeed, you might go now and write out the text of my message to your uncle. Some early opportunity of despatching it may offer."

"All right," he said in the calm way which so effectually concealed his feelings. "Shall I escort you to your room?"

"By no means. I came here quite unassisted. Miss Brand and I can chat for a little while. It is most wearying to be pent all day and all night in one little room. Even the change to another little room is grateful."

Pyne bowed, and they heard his tread as he ascended the stairs.

"Quite a nice boy, Charlie," said Mrs. Vansittart, coming forward into the kitchen, with its medley of queer-looking, hissing, steaming contrivances.

"Yes, we think he is exceedingly nice," said Constance. She wondered why the other woman seemed always to stand in the shadow, by choice. The strongest light in the darkened chamber came from the grate, and Mrs. Vansittart deliberately turned away from it.

"If all goes well he will soon be my nephew by marriage," went on the other. "I quitted New York yesterday week in order to marry his uncle in Paris. Rather a disastrous beginning to a new career, is it not?"

"I hope not, indeed. Perhaps you are surmounting difficulties at the commencement rather than at the end."

"It may be. I am so much older than you that I am less optimistic. But you did not grasp the significance of my words. I said I was to be married in Paris."

"Yes," said Constance, still at a loss to catch the drift of an announcement which Mrs. Vansittart seemed so anxious to thrust upon her.

"Well, the Chinook was wrecked last night, or rather early this morning. The name of the ship was not made known throughout the world until long after daybreak. It is quite impossible that Mr. Trill should have reached this remote corner of England from Paris in the interval."

For one moment the girl was puzzled. Then a ready solution occurred to her.

"Of course, that is very simple. Mr. Trill was awaiting your arrival in Southampton, thinking to take you by surprise no doubt. That is sure to be the explanation. What a shock the first telegram must have given him!"

"How did he ascertain that his nephew and I were alive?"

"The very first thing father did was to telegraph the names of all the survivors. I know that is so because I saw the message."

"He is a man of method, I suppose. You are proud of him, I heard you say."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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## LAND LEASE NOTICE

## LAND PURCHASE NOTICES

Bella Coala Land District—District of Coast Range

Take notice that H. M. Cliff of Dundalk, Ireland, occupation gentleman, intends to apply for permission to lease the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted at the shore near the N. E. corner of Lot No. 3, thence north 40 chains, thence west 20 chains more or less to east boundary of cannery lease, thence following the said east boundary south 40 chains more or less to shore line, thence following said shore line easterly 80 chains more or less to point of commencement; containing 320 acres, more or less.

Dated August 31, 1911. H. M. CLIFF  
Pub. Sept. 30. William McNair, Agent

Bella Coala Land District—District of Coast Range

Take notice that H. M. Cliff of Dundalk, Ireland, occupation gentleman, intends to apply for permission to lease the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted at the N. E. corner of Lot 33, thence north 20 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence south 20 chains more or less to shore line, thence following the shore line east 40 chains, thence north 20 chains to point of commencement; containing 80 acres, more or less.

Dated August 31, 1911. H. M. CLIFF  
Pub. Sept. 30. William McNair, Agent

Bella Coala Land District—District of Coast Range

Take notice that H. M. Cliff of Dundalk, Ireland, occupation gentleman, intends to apply for permission to lease the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted at the N. W. corner of Lot No. 4, thence north 40 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 40 chains more or less to shore line, thence following shore line westerly 40 chains more or less to point of commencement; containing 80 acres, more or less.

Dated August 31, 1911. H. M. CLIFF  
Pub. Sept. 30. William McNair, Agent

Bella Coala Land District—District of Coast Range

Take notice that H. M. Cliff of Dundalk, Ireland, occupation gentleman, intends to apply for permission to lease the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted at the N. W. corner of Lot 25, thence south 40 chains more or less to northern boundary of lease No. 1 applied for by H. M. Cliff, thence following said boundary east 20 chains, thence north 20 chains to point of commencement; containing 80 acres, more or less.

Dated August 31, 1911. H. M. CLIFF  
Pub. Sept. 30. William McNair, Agent

Bella Coala Land District—District of Coast Range

Take notice that H. M. Cliff of Dundalk, Ireland, occupation gentleman, intends to apply for permission to lease the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted at the S. E. corner of Lot 251, thence south 40 chains more or less to northern boundary of lease No. 1 applied for by H. M. Cliff, thence following said boundary east 20 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence west 20 chains to point of commencement; containing 80 acres, more or less.

Dated August 31, 1911. H. M. CLIFF  
Pub. Sept. 30. William McNair, Agent

Bella Coala Land District—District of Coast Range

Take notice that H. M. Cliff of Dundalk, Ireland, occupation gentleman, intends to apply for permission to lease the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted at the S. E. corner of Lot 251, thence south 40 chains more or less to northern boundary of lease No. 1 applied for by H. M. Cliff, thence following said boundary east 20 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence west 20 chains to point of commencement; containing 80 acres, more or less.

Dated August 31, 1911. H. M. CLIFF  
Pub. Sept. 30. William McNair, Agent

Bella Coala Land District—District of Coast Range

Take notice that H. M. Cliff of Dundalk, Ireland, occupation gentleman, intends to apply for permission to lease the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted three miles east of the northeast corner of C. E. No. 472, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

AUSTIN M. BROWN, Lessor  
Located August 13, 1911.  
Pub. Aug. 13.

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## THE EMPRESS THEATRE

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