

## The Daily News

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DAILY EDITION.

TUESDAY, NOV. 21

## TINKERING UP THE TRUNK SEWER

In precisely the same way that the Hydro-electric by-law was "tinkered up," the City Council last night tinkered up the trunk sewer by-law. They passed a resolution giving assurances that the city council will construct a temporary outlet to tide water, knowing that a resolution of that nature is not binding on any future council. They are trusting to the generosity of the next council not to queer the project, just as they are trusting to the Provincial Government, the Tsimpsean Power Co. and the citizens not to queer the hydro-electric scheme, until special legislation is put through to validate it.

While it is morally certain that no future council will take advantage of the fact that last night's resolution, not being embodied in the by-law, is not binding on them—any more than no one wants to upset the hydro-electric by-law—how much better it would have been to have done the work properly in the first place?

## THE MORNING JOURNAL.

Today The Journal which has hitherto been publishing as a semi-weekly evening paper, came out as a full fledged morning daily. This in the life of a newspaper is an auspicious occasion, and corresponds to that period in the life of a boy when he dons his first long pants.

Prince Rupert is not yet a Tom Tiddler's ground for newspapers, but in laying first claim to the morning field, The Journal is advancing to a place of increased usefulness in the community and ultimate profit. Welcome matutinal comrade.

## ...PREPARE FOR THE WINTER...

Great assortment of

## UNDERWEAR

for men, women, women and children

## ..Suits and Overcoats for Boys..

in many styles and fabrics that will please the little fellows and stand the wear and tear

## Raincoats

in all sizes, and many kinds for men, women and children

## Girl's Dresses

We have just received a large assortment that we will sell at special prices. Your dollars will go a long way at

## JABOUR BROS.

825 Third Avenue "THE HOUSE OF GOOD VALUES" Phone 243 Black

## CHRISTMAS BELLS

are sounding in the near distance, bidding us prepare for that happy time which brings joy and goodwill into the hearts of all. This is a time when your thoughts turn to gifts and giving and incidentally to the great gift house of Henry Birks and Sons, Ltd., Vancouver. This is British Columbia's store, therefore, your store. You will appreciate the opportunities our many gift lines offer. Search the pages of our illustrated catalogue, it is stored with Christmas gift suggestions. If one of these catalogues has not reached you, send us your name and address at once and one will be mailed free. Again we say, send your Christmas orders early.

## Henry Birks &amp; Sons, Ltd.

Jewellers and Silversmiths

HASTINGS &amp; GRANVILLE STS. - VANCOUVER

## 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 &amp; INSURANCE COMPANY

SELLING AGENTS

## THE Pillar of Light

By Louis Tracy

"Yes, miss," interposed a sailor at the door. "The skipper's orders are 'Women and children to muster on the lower deck'."

Then began a joyous yet strangely pathetic procession, headed by Elsie and Mammie, who were carried downstairs by the newly arrived lightness-men. The children cried and refused to be comforted until Pyne descended with them to the life-boat. The women followed in the terrible plight, notwithstanding the wrapps sent them on the previous day. Each, as they passed Stephen Brand, bade him farewell and tearfully asked the Lord to bless him and his.

Among them came Mrs. Vansittar. Her features were veiled more closely than ever. Whilst she stood beside the others in the entrance, her glance was fixed immovably on Brand's face. No Sybilian prophetic could have striven more eagerly to wrest the secrets of his soul from its lineaments. Nevertheless, when he turned to her with his pleasant smile and parting words of comfort, she averted her eyes, uttered an incoherent phrase of thanks for his kindness, and seemed to be unduly terrified by the idea that she must be swung into the life-boat by the crane.

She held out her hand. It was cold and trembling.

"Don't be afraid," he said gently patting her on the shoulder as one might reassure a timid child. "Sit down and hold the rope. The basket cannot possibly be overturned."

Pyne, helping to unload the tremulous passengers beneath, noted the lady's attitude, and added a fresh memorandum to the stock he had already accumulated.

"Who is that?" asked Brand from the pursuer, who stood beside him.

"Mrs. Vansittar."

Brand experienced a momentary surprise.

"She seemed to avoid me," he thought, but the incident did not linger in his mind.

The life-boat, rising and falling on the strong and partly broken swell, required the most expert management if the weary party on the rock were to be taken off in safety.

When Constance and Enid, followed by Stanhope, reached the boat after giving Brand a farewell hug, there was no more room. The crew pulled off towards the waiting vessel, and here a specially prepared gangway rendered the work of transhipment easy.

Mr. Traill was leaning over the bulwark as the life-boat ranged alongside. He singled out Pyne at once, and gave him a cheery cry of recognition. At first he could not distinguish Mrs. Vansittar, and, indeed, it must be confessed that he was staring most earnestly to discern one face which had come back to him out of the distant years.

When his glance fell on Enid, his nephew who was thinking how best to act under the circumstances, was assured that the father saw in the girl the living embodiment of her mother.

He thought it would be so. His own recollection of his aunt's portrait had already helped him to this conclusion, and how much more startling must a flesh and blood creation be than the effort of an artist to place on canvas the fugitive expression which constitutes the greatest charm of a mobile countenance.

Enid, having heard so much about Mr. Pyne's uncle, was innocently curious to meet him. At first she was vaguely bewildered. The sudden eyes that gave her a momentary sense of embarrassment. Luckily the exigencies of the hour offered slight scope to emotion. All things were unreal, out of drawing with previous experiences of her well-ordered life. The irregular sway of the boat and the sea seemed to typify the new phase.

Pyne swung himself to the steamer's deck before the gangway was made fast, thereby provoking a loud outcry from the deserted children.

Grasping his uncle's hand, he said: "Wait until you read Brand's letter. No one else knows."

So, Mr. Traill, with fine self-control, greeted Mrs. Vansittar affectionately, and handed her over to a stewardess, who took her to a cabin specially prepared for her. Her low-spoken words were not quite what he expected.

"Don't kiss me," she murmured, "and please don't look at me. In my present condition I cannot bear it."

Relatives of the shipwrecked passengers and crew, many of whom were waiting in Penzance were not allowed on board. This arrangement was made by Mr. Traill after consulting a local committee organized to help the unfortunates who needed help so greatly. The unanimous opinion was expressed that a few lady members of the committee, supplied with an abundance of clothing, etc., would afford prompt relief to the sufferers, whilst the painful scenes which must follow the meeting of survivors with their friends would cause confusion and delay on the vessel.

Pyne watching all these things, saw that Mrs. Vansittar did not meet his uncle with the eagerness of a woman restored to the arms of the man she was about to marry.

She was distraught, aloof in her manner, apparently interested only in his eager assurance that she would find an assortment of new garments in the cabin.

The millionaire himself was too flustered to draw nice distinctions between the few words she spoke and what he expected her to say. When she quitted him he walked towards the group of young people. They were laughing and exchanging news and banter as if all that had gone before were the events of a lively picnic. At last, he met Enid.

Pyne introduced his uncle, and it was a trying experience for this man to stand face to face with his daughter. In each quick flash of her de-

lighted eyes, in every tone of her sweet voice, in every winsome smile and graceful gesture, he caught and revisited long-dormant memories of his greatly loved wife of nineteen years ago.

Somewhat he was glad Mrs. Vansittar had not lingered by his side. The discovery of Enid's identity involved considerations so complex and utterly unforeseen that he needed time and anxious thought to arrange his plans for the future.

The animated bustle on deck prevented anything in the nature of sustained conversation. Luckily, Mr. Traill himself, whose open-handed generosity had made matters easy for the reception committee, was in constant demand.

Mrs. Sheppard had sent a portman-teau for Constance and Enid, so they, too, soon scurried below with the others.

The life-boat returned to the rock, where the four lightness-men sent to relieve Brand were now helping the sailors to carry the injured men down stairs and assisting the sick to reach the entrance.

As soon as this second batch was transferred to the tug, the vessel started for Penzance; the Trinity tender would land the others. A scene of intense enthusiasm when the steamer reached the dock. The vociferous cheering of the townspeople smothered the deep agony of some who waited there, knowing all too well they would search in vain for their loved ones among these whom death had spared.

The two girls modestly escaped at the earliest moment from the ship, and hid themselves in the private sitting-room where busy waiters were making preparations for dinner. Traill drew the younger man to the privacy of a window recess.

"Say, Charlie," cried his uncle, "I never heard you reel off a screw like that before. Now, if I didn't know you were a confirmed young bachelor, I would begin to have suspicions. Anyhow, here's the hotel."

Two hours later, when uncle and nephew were in the private sitting-room where busy waiters were making preparations for dinner, Traill drew the younger man to the privacy of a window recess.

"Charlie," he confided, "affairs are in a tangle. Do you realize that my marriage was fixed for to-day?"

"That's so," was the laconic answer.

"Of course the wedding was postponed by fax, and, to add to my perplexities, there is a new attitude on Mrs. Vansittar's part. It puzzles me. We have been friends for some years, as you know. It seemed to be a perfectly natural outcome of our mutual liking for each other that we should agree to pass our declining years together. She is a very beautiful and accomplished woman, but she makes no secret of her age, and the match was a suitable one in every respect."

"You can see as far through a stone wall as most people."

Pyne knew that his uncle's sharp eyes were regarding him steadily, but he continued to gaze into the street.

There was a moment's hesitation before Mr. Traill growled:

"You young dog, you have seen it, too. Mrs. Vansittar avoids me. Something has happened. She has changed her mind. Do you think she has heard about Edith?"

"Edith! Oh, of course—Enid must be christened afresh. No; that isn't it. It would not be fair to you to say that I think you are mistaken. But from what I know of the lady, I feel sure she will meet you fairly when the time comes."

"Ah, you agree with me, then?"

"In admitting a doubt—in advising the delay you have already suggested—"

"She told you what I had written?"

"More than that, she asked me if I was aware of its explanation."

"And you said?"

"Exactly what I said to you. You are both sensible people. I can hardly imagine that any misunderstanding can exist after an hour's talk."

Mr. Traill looked at his watch. A carriage stopped at the hotel.

"Here's Stanhope, and his mother," cried Pyne; so his uncle hurried off to receive his guests.

Lady Margaret was a well-preserved woman of aristocratic pose. But her serenity was disturbed. Although the lady was smiling in the face of her son's exploit and her mother's heart was throbbing with pride, there had been a struggle had she abandoned her hope that he would make a well-endowed match.

When Constance and Enid arrived she was very stately and dignified, scrutinizing with all a mother's incredulity, the girl who had caused her to capitulate.

But Enid scored a prompt success. She swept aside the almost unconscionable reserve with which Jack's mother greeted her.

"You knew," she murmured wistfully, "I did not. They would not tell us. How you must have suffered until the news came that he had escaped."

Lady Margaret drew the timid girl nearer and kissed her.

"My dear," she whispered, "I am beginning to understand why Jack loves you. He is my only son, but you are worthy of him."

Mrs. Vansittar's appearance created a timely diversion. She had obtained a black lace dress. It accentuated the settled pallor of her face, but she was perfectly self-possessed, and uttered a nice womanly compliment to the two girls, who wore white demit-toilette costumes.

He was not mistaken. She did not reply at once. When she spoke it was with a sigh of relief.

"I will not be very entertaining, I fear, but the young people will have plenty to tell you."

"For goodness' sake, Etta, don't class yourself among the old fogies," cried Mr. Traill. "Look at me, fifty five and lively as a grasshopper."

"Please," said Mammie, "me 'vited, too?" whispered Elsie to Pyne.

"You two chicks will be curled up among the feathers at eight o'clock," he told her. "Don't you go and worry about any dinner-parties. The sooner you go to sleep, the quicker you'll wake up in the morning, and then we're going out to hunt—for what, do you think?"

"Andies," said Mammie.

"Toys," cried Elsie, going one better.

"We're just going to find two of the loveliest and frilliest and pinkiest-checked dolls you ever saw. They'll have blue eyes as big as yours, Elsie, and their lips will be as red and round as yours, Mammie. They'll talk and say—and say all sorts of things when you pinch their little waists. So you two hurry up after you've had your supper, say your prayers and close your eyes, and when you open them you'll be able to yell for me to find that doll-store mighty sharp."

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## COAL NOTICE

**Skeena 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 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. 18, marked S. W. corner of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 18, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to place of commencement.  
Dated Sept. 11, 1911. C. E. BAINTER, Locator  
Pub. Sept. 23.

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