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DAILY EDITION.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 22

THE TRUNK SEWER BY-LAW

In their forthcoming public statement about the trunk sewer scheme the Board of Public Works should make it clear that the resolution moved on Monday night is not binding on any future council. All that is binding is contained in the by-law, which makes the sewer terminate at manhole 28, some 600 feet above the Hay's Creek bridge.

The extension sewer mentioned in the resolution will have to be made the object of special expenditure by a future council.

To make the extension sewer part of the scheme, would mean a new by-law and two or three week's delay, and would take the letting of the contracts for the trunk sewer out of the present council's hands, and place it in the hands of the council who will have the carrying out of the scheme.

TABLOID EDITORIALS

The Empire was badly scooped yesterday. It had not a line about the new morning newspaper.

The hardware dealers of the city have arranged to close every evening except Saturday at 6 o'clock. Why not the boot stores, the groceries, the dry goods houses, etc. Trade would go on just the same, and we'd all have a chance to get to know each other this winter. It's a good idea. Get busy, you boot dealers, grocers, etc.

Who says Ald. Newton is lacking in a sense of humor. Notice how he published Ald. Clayton's letter about his "political martyrdom" alongside "The Land of Great Sorrows."

Is Commission Government Better Than the Old-style City Council?

A PUBLIC DEBATE

on the above question will be held in the Presbyterian Church

Wednesday Evening at 8 o'clock

Mr. J. S. Cowper, Editor of the Daily News will take the affirmative.
Ex-Alderman W. P. Lynch will take the negative.
This is a grand opportunity to hear this great question discussed

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THE Pillar of Light

By Louis Tracy

A waiter interrupted their joyous chatter. At its highest. He bent over Mr. Trill and discreetly conveyed some communication.
"I am delighted," cried the millionaire heartily. "Show him in at once."
He rose from his chair to do honor to an unexpected guest.
"You will all be pleased to hear," he explained, "that Mr. Brand is ashore, and has come to see us."
Mrs. Vansittart stifled the cry on her lips. The slight color which had crept into her pale cheeks yielded to the deathly hue. It chanced that the others were looking expectantly to the waiter who did not notice her.
Brand entered. In acknowledging Mr. Trill's cordial welcome he smilingly explained his presence.
"My superiors sent me emphatic orders to clear out," he said, "so I had no option but to obey. I conveyed Mr. Emmet to suitable quarters and hastened home, but found that the girls were playing truant. My housekeeper insisted that I should eat, else she would not be satisfied that I still lived, but I came here as quickly as possible."
At that instant his glance, traveling from one to another of those present, fell on Mrs. Vansittart.
He stood as one petrified. The kindly words of his host, the outspoken glee of the girls at his appearance, died away in his ears in hollow echoes. His eyes, frowning beneath wrinkled brows, seem to ask if he were not the victim of some unenvying hallucination. They were fixed on Mrs. Vansittart's face with an all-absorbing intensity, and his set lips and clenched hands showed how utterly irresistible was the knowledge that, indeed, he was not deceived—that he was gazing at a living, breathing personality, and not at some phantom product of a surcharged brain.
She, too, yielding before the suddenness of an ordeal she had striven to avoid, betrayed by her laboring bosom that she was under the spell of some excitement of overwhelming power.

She managed to gain her feet. The consciousness that Constance, Enid, Lady Margaret even, were looking at her and at Brand with amazed anxiety, served to strengthen her for a supreme effort.
"Mr. Stephen Brand—and I—are old acquaintances," she gasped. "He may misunderstand my presence here—to-night. Indeed—in this instance—I am not to blame. I could not—help myself. I am always—trying to explain—but somehow—I never succeed. Oh"
With an agonized sigh she swayed listlessly and would have fallen had not Pyne caught her.
But she was desperately determined not to faint—there. This was her world, the world of society. She would not yield in its presence.
Her eyes wandered vaguely, helplessly, from the face of the man towards the others. Constance had hastened to her assistance, and the knowledge that this was so seemed to stimulate her to a higher degree. With fine courage she grasped the back of a chair and summoned a wan smile to her aid.
"You will forgive me—if I leave you," she murmured. "I am so tired—so very tired."
She walked resolutely towards the door. Brand drew aside that she might pass. He looked at her no more. His wondering daughter saw that big drops of perspiration stood on his forehead.

Mr. Trill, no less astonished than the rest offered to conduct Mrs. Vansittart to her room.
"No," she said, "I will go alone. I am used to it now, after so many years."
There was a ring of heartfelt bitterness in her voice which appealed to more than one of the silent listeners.
As the door closed behind her, Brand seemed to recover his senses.
"I must ask your pardon, Mr. Trill," he said quietly. "I assume that the lady who has just left us did not expect to see me here to-night. It would be idle to deny that the meeting was a shock to both of us. It revived painful memories."
Mr. Trill, scarce knowing what he said, so taken aback was he, exclaimed hastily:
"Mrs. Vansittart claimed you as an old acquaintance. The odd thing is that you, at any rate, did not discover that fact earlier."
The lighthouse-keeper looked round the table. He saw pain in many eyes, but in Pyne's steady gaze there was encouragement.
"Mrs. Vansittart!" he said slowly. "Is that her name? I did not know. How should I, the recluse, hear of her? And in your first message to the rock you called her Etta. When I knew her name was Nanette, for the lady who calls herself Mrs. Vansittart was my wife, is yet for aught I know to the contrary."
"Father!" Constance clung to him in utmost agitation. "Do you mean that she is my mother?"
"Yes, dear one, she is. But let us go now. I fear my home-coming has brought misery in its train. I am sorry indeed. It was wholly unexpected. Poor Nanette! She ever deceived herself. I suppose she hoped to avoid me, as if fate forgot the tears in the comedy of life."
"Can I not go to her?" asked Constance white-faced and trembling.
"No, my child, you cannot. Has she claimed you? She cast you off once. I might have forgiven her many things—never that. Come, Enid! What need for your tears? We faced worse troubles together three days ago, and you, at any rate, can look forward to happiness. Good-by, Lady Margaret, and you, too, Mr. Trill. I will see you to-morrow, I hope. Forgive me for my unconscious share in this night's suffering."

CHAPTER XVII
MRS. VANSITTART GOES HOME
Stephen Brand and the two girls passed silently down the broad stairs of the hotel unaccompanied by any of the others. There was nothing incomprehensible in this, nor any savor of discourtesy.
In the first place, Mr. Trill was so profoundly shocked by the lighthouse-keeper's revelation that he collapsed into a chair and remained there, wordless, for many minutes. Both Pyne and Stanhope did not move towards the door, but Enid, watchful, self-sacrificing, eager to save those she loved from further pain, telegraphed an emphatic order to Stanhope to remain where he was, and Pyne murmured to him:
"Guess she's right, anyhow. We'll all feel a heap better in the morning."
The person who exhibited the clearest signs of distress was Lady Margaret. Her position was one of extraordinary difficulty. Three of the actors in the breathless scene which had been sprung on her with the suddenness of an explosion were absolute strangers in her life before that evening.
Brand she knew, indeed, but only by sight. She had met Constance and Enid occasionally, at arm's length, so to speak, regarding them truly as dangerous young persons whose marriageable sons were concerned. Enid had justified her suspicions, and her ladyship had yielded so far as to give her approval to an engagement she could not prevent.
Circumstances had conspired to force her hand. Stanhope, being an outspoken young man, had made no secret of his desperate resolve to rescue Enid, so the newspapers supplied the remainder of the romance, and even Lady Margaret herself had contributed to it under the magnetic influence of the hour.
It was one thing, however, to be the sister-in-law of the adventures of the rock-bound people, but quite another to figure prominently in connection with a social scandal of the first magnitude. She knew Penance too well to hope that the incident would sink into oblivion. Obviously, the matter could not rest in its present stage. She must expect disagreeable disclosures, significant head-shakings of those who know little and wanted to know more. All the tea-table artillery of a small town would be focused on her defensive position were she loyal to the girl whom her son had chosen as his helpmate.
This same son, too, after he had recovered from the amazement of Mrs. Vansittart's dramatic departure and Brand's admission, betrayed a composure that was distinctly irritating.
"You won't mind if we smoke, mother," he said. "The situation requires tobacco. Don't you feel like that, Pyne?"
"If Lady Margaret doesn't object, I admit that different sorts of tobacco might act as tonics," answered Pyne.
"Here, uncle, try a brandy and soda. Lady Margaret, a glass of champagne. I've been expecting a disturbance, but didn't look for it to-night."
"Why do you say that, Charlie?" asked Mr. Trill, rising and stretching his limbs as a man who tests his bones after a heavy fall.
"It was hanging around, just as one prophesies a storm after an electrical feeling in the air. Mrs. Vansittart recognized Brand, and made her calculations accordingly. Let us give her the credit due to her. As soon as she discovered him, the marriage project was off."
"I had that kind of impression myself. Glad I mentioned it to you, now."
"Of course you are. I'll bet any reasonable sum that Mrs. Vansittart intended to leave Penance to-morrow as soon as she had made you understand that she could not, under any circumstances, become my aunt."
A ghost of a smile flitted across Mr. Trill's face. His nephew's way of putting things was delightfully unequivocal.

"What we are apt to lose sight of," continued Pyne, "is the manner in which Brand received what must have been a staggering blow. He met his wife to-night after a separation of more than twenty years. And how he took it! When he spoke, it was really in her behalf. The thing is too amazing. Of course, now that the thunder and lightning have started, the sky will clear all the sooner."
"Unhappily, such affairs do not arrange themselves so readily," snapped Lady Margaret. She was becoming more angry with each wave of reflection. "Young men like you do not realize the effect of such—such unpleasant exposures on family life. How will the early history of her parents affect the future of Constance Brand? As for the other girl—"
Her ladyship threw up her hands in helpless abandonment. To her mind, the adoption of poor Enid, the seawolf, assumed a darker appearance when Brand's matrimonial adventures revealed sinister features.
Jack Stanhope caught her by the shoulder.
"Mother," he cried, "before you say another word let me tell you something you ought to know. Enid is Mr. Trill's daughter!"
Now this good woman loved her son dearly. All her thoughts were of him and for him. Her look of blank indifference yielded to the confirmation he saw writ on all three faces.
She burst into tears.
"Apparently I am the last person to be taken into anybody's confidence," she sobbed.
"Madam," said Mr. Trill, bending over her, "in this instance, at least you have no cause to feel aggrieved. Neither the girl herself, nor her sister by adoption, nor Mrs. Vansittart, to whom, until the past half-hour, I considered myself to be engaged, is aware of the undoubted fact which your son has just told you. Let me say that I, as her father, am proud to think she has won the affections of such a man as Stanhope. There is no reason why you, his mother, should not be equally satisfied with the pedigree and prospects of my daughter."

His calm assumption of a rank equal if not superior to her own was convincing to a woman of her temperament. Assuredly that evening was memorable one to her ladyship. The repose of Vere de Vere was rudely shocked for once. Nevertheless, the knowledge that her lifelong ambition had been realized in a way little dreamed of by any of those most concerned was in itself consoling. Mr. Trill, quite unconsciously, loomed large in the social eye of Penance, and the widowed lady had not been so long withdrawn from the wealth-worshipping world of London as to be wholly unacquainted with the worship of the golden calf.
So it was with quickened interest that she set herself to listen to the story of Enid's parentage, and, if her fear of local gossip-mongers shrunk as her perception of Enid's real social position increased, much may be for

given to the motherly sentiment that no wife can be too good for an excellent son.
Meanwhile Brand and the sorrow-laden girls, ushered by obsequious servants to the entrance-hall, were constrained to comfort themselves with true British phlegm in view of the interest caused by their appearance.
The hour was not late, about half-past nine. Even whilst the hall porter was summoning a cab the news spread, within and without that the lighthouse-keeper and his daughters whose exploits filled the minds of all men, were standing near the door.
Several people, complete strangers, came to them and offered warm congratulations. A smart journalist pressed forward and wove his own complimentary utterances into an interview. A crowd gathered quickly on the pavement. Policemen, those marshals of every English demonstration, cleared a path for them through the throng. So, with smiling words on their lips and anguish in their hearts, they made a triumphant exit. How little could the friendly enthusiasts who cheered them realize that those three had been atrophied by the deadly malvolence of fate in the very hour when a great achievement had ended happily.
Enid suffered almost as keenly as Brand and his daughter. Their joys and sorrows were hers. The startling nature of Brand's avowal rendered it difficult for either Enid or Constance to piece together certain fragmentary memories of Mrs. Vansittart's odd behavior during her enforced sojourn on the rock. So thoroughly had she shattered those dimly outlined impressions by the quietly vivacious charm of her manner at dinner that they both experienced a jumble of sensations. A terrified woman, in wet and torn clothing, cowering in the gaunt interior of a storm-girt lighthouse, is a very different being when attired in expensive garments and surrounded by the luxuries of a first-class hotel.
It was a relief to drive to their cottage in silence, yet, so easily moulded is our human clay, it was a greater relief when the tension of the noisy rattle of the cab was relaxed. It cost some effort to assure Mrs. Sheppard, a busy, motherly soul of sixty or thereabouts, that they could not possibly eat any supper. The effort was forthcoming. They pleaded weariness, and at last they were alone.
Constance knelt by her father's side when he dropped listlessly into the armchair placed in his accustomed corner.
"Now, dad," she said, bravely unemotional, "there will be no more tears. Tell me all that I ought to know."
Enid drew a haddock to his feet and seated herself there, clasping her hands about her knees.
"Whatever she did I am sorry for her," said the girl decisively. "And she cannot have been a really bad woman, dad, or you would not have loved her once."
Brand sighed deeply. His strong will had deserted him for a little while. He shrank from the ordeal before him. Why should he be called on to sully the mirror of his daughter's innocence by revealing to her the disgrace of her mother?
Constance caught something of the dread in his soul.
"Don't tell me if it hurts you, dad. I am content to bear more than I have borne to-night if it lessens your sufferings," she whispered.
He placed an arm around each of them.
"It is God's will," he said, "that I should have to face many trials at a period when I expected nothing but some few years of quiet happiness."
"Nothing in this world can part us from you," said Constance.
"Oh, nothing," agreed Enid solemnly nestling closer. Her earnestness was helpful. He smiled wistfully.
"You forget, Enid, that there is a grave chance of you, at any rate, leaving me for another," he said. She blushed.
"That is the worst of girls getting married," she protested. "They are supposed to be delighted because they are going to live with strange people. Girls who are of that mind cannot be happy at home. If I thought that being married to Jack implied separation from you and Constance—"
"You would give him up and weep your eyes out." He pressed her pouting lips together as he went on:
"Now, my dear ones, I wish both of you to be prepared for very unexpected changes. Two most important events in your lives have taken place within a few hours. Constance, if you saw your mother to-night, Enid also saw her father. I have known for two days that Enid's father is Mr. Trill."
For an instant, it must be confessed, Constance and Enid alike feared that the mental and physical strain he had undergone had temporarily deranged him. It was not sheer incredulity but real terror he saw in their eyes. Somehow, their self-effacement in his behalf touched him more keenly than anything else had done during this troubled period.
He bowed his head. A strong man in agony cannot endure the scrutiny of loving eyes.
"Enid," he said brokenly, "my words to you must be few. Good fortune needs but slight explanation. The proofs of my statement I do not possess, but Mr. Trill's letter to me could not have been written by any man if he were not sure of his facts. Here it is. Read it aloud."
He handed her father's plain-spoken communication. Constance, incapable of deeper depths of amazement than those now probed, looked over her sister's shoulder. Together they deciphered the somewhat difficult handwriting of a man whose chief task for years had been to sign his name.
This drawback was good in its result. They persevered steadily to the end. Then Enid, the comforter, broke down herself.
"It cannot be true, dad," she cried. "I have been one of your daughters all my life. Why should I be taken from you now?"
"I believe it is quite true," said Brand quietly; and the need there was to console her was beneficial to him self. "Mr. Trill speaks of proofs. You have met him. I exchanged here a word, a glance, with him, but it is not believable that he would make these solemn statements without the most undeniable testimony."
"Indeed," Enid, murmured Constance. "It sounds like the truth, else he would never have spoken so definitely of my father's claim on you affectionately."
(TO BE CONTINUED)

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