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DAILY EDITION.



THURSDAY, NOV. 23

THE HEALTH OFFICER AND THE TRUNK SEWER

In their efforts to get the contracts let for \$75,000 worth of sewer without an outlet, the city council are making use of the report of the Health Officer to the effect that the discharge of sewage into Hays Creek will not be a menace to health.

The Health Officer's statement is negated by the fact that he had formerly declared that it was imperative in the interests of the public health that a sewer be constructed to drain sections 5 and 6.

If the sewage of sections 5 and 6 is a menace to public health while distributed over the whole sections, how does it come that the total accumulated sewage of the two sections is not a menace to Hays Creek residents when dumped into Hays Creek?

The Health Officer's statement that sewer contents are not dangerous when exposed to the open air is opposed to reason and commonsense. If an ignorant man made the statement he would be called a fool.

If sewer contents are not dangerous when exposed to the open air, why not save the \$75,000 for the sewer, and the scavenging fees, and pass a Health By-law making it compulsory for every one to distribute their sewage contents over their lots.

For the sake of the two or three weeks extra delay, it would be safer to vote against the by-law on Saturday, and have the Council bring in a proper By-law that ensures that the sewage will be taken to tide water.

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 & 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.

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THE Pillar of Light

By Louis Tracy

Brand stroked the weeping girl's hair.

"One does not cry, little one, when one is suddenly endowed with a wealthy and distinguished relative. Now, I did not spring this revelation on you without a motive. If a cleavage has to come let us, at least, face every consideration. Providence, by inscrutable decree, ordained that my wife and I should meet after twenty-one years. That cannot have been a purposeless meeting. In my careless youth, when I assigned all things their scientific place, I have scoffed at presentiments and vague portents of coming evils. I retract the immature judgment then formed. During the height of the hurricane, when I feared the very lantern would be hurled into the sea, I was vouchsafed a spiritual warning. I could not read its import. These things baffle a man, especially one whose mind leans toward materialism. Nevertheless, I knew, though not in ordered comprehension, that my life was tending toward a supreme crisis. As the storm died, so I became normal, and I attributed a glimpse of the unseen to mere physical facts. I was wrong. The coming of that ill-fated vessel was heralded to me. I lacked the key of the hidden message. Now I possess it. On board that ship, Constance, was your mother. How strange that her advent should be bound up also with the mystery of Enid's parentage!"

"Father, dear, if you can bear it, tell me of my mother. She knew me, and that is why she asked me to kiss her."

"She asked you to kiss her?" Each word was a crescendo of surprise.

"Yes. One night she came to me. Oh, I remember. She wished Mr. Pyne to telegraph to his uncle. When he quitted us to take the message she too—how weird it all seems now—admitted that she experienced something of the intuitive knowledge of the future you have just spoken of."

"I am not surprised. Poor Nanette! She was always a dreamer, in a sense. Never content, she longed for higher flights. She was a woman in ambition ere she ceased to be a child. When I married her, she was only eighteen. I was ten years older. My thought was to educate her to a somewhat higher ideal of life than the frivolities of a fashionable world. It was a mistake. If a girl harbors delusions before marriage the experience of married life is not a cure but an incentive. A less tolerant man would have made her a safer husband."

Constance would listen to nothing which would disparage him.

"I hate to be unjust to her even in my thoughts, but where could she have found a better husband than you, dad?"

"Millionaire indeed!" protested Enid, bracing in with her own tumultuous thoughts. "I would not exchange you for twenty millionaires."

"My methods cannot have been so ill-considered if they have brought me two such daughters," he said, with a mournful smile. "But I am only deluding myself into a postponement of a painful duty. My secret must out—to you, at any rate. When I married your mother Constance, I was an attaché at the British Embassy in Paris. Her maiden name was Madeleine Nanette de Courtray. Her family, notwithstanding the French sound of her name, was almost entirely English. They were Jersey people, recruited from British stock, but two generations of English husbands were compelled to assume the style de Courtray owing to entailed estates on the island. There is something quaint in the idea, as it worked out. The place was only a small farm. When we were married the stipulation lapsed, because it was more advisable for me to retain my own name. I was then the heir to a title I can now claim. I am legally and lawfully Sir Stephen Brand, ninth baronet, of Lesser Hambleton, in Northumberland."

"And you became a lighthouse-keeper?"

It was Enid who found breath for the exclamation. Constance braved herself for that which was to come. That Stephen Brand was a well-born man was not a new thing in their intelligence.

"Yes, a cleaner of lamps and transmitter of ship's signals. Have we been less happy?" A most vehement "No!" was the answer.

"Don't run away with the idea that I was, therefore, endowed with ample means. There are baronets poorer than some crossing-sweepers. The estate was encumbered. During my father's life, during my own until five years ago, it yielded only a thousand a year. Even now, after fifteen years of retrenchment—you both forget that whilst I was stationed at Flamborough Head I was absent for a few days to attend my father's funeral—it produces only a little over three thousand. Enough for us, eh, to enjoy life on?"

Enough to satisfy Lady Margaret's scruples, Enid, as to her son's absurd notion of matrimony? Enough, too, Constance, to mate you to the man of your choice, whatever his position?"

"Dad," murmured Constance, "there no hope of the old days coming back again?"

"Who can tell? These things are not in mortal ken. I need hardly say that my allowance of one-third of the family revenues was barely sufficient to maintain a junior in the diplomatic service. Yet I married, Heaven help me, in the pursuit of an ideal, only to find my ideal realized, after much suffering, on lonely rocks and bleak headlands. With strict economy, we existed happily until you were born. My wife, at first, was sufficiently delighted to exchange Jersey society for Paris and the distinguished circle in which we moved there. But you were not many months old until a change came. A Frenchman, a rich top, began to pay her attentions which turned her head. I do not think she meant any harm. People never do mean harm who accomplish it most

fatally. I did that which a man who respects himself loathes to do—I protested. There was a scene, tears, and wild reproaches. Next day the crash came. She endeavored to mislead me as to an appointment. God knows I only wished to save her, but it was too much to ask me to pass over in silence the schemes of a libertine, though he, too, was infatuated by her beauty. I discovered them in a clandestine meeting, and—my blood was hot and the country was France. We fought next morning, and I killed him."

Constance bent her head and kissed his right hand. Here, at least, was a lineal descendant of nine generations of border raiders, who held their swords of greater worth than musty laws.

Brand's eyes kindled. His voice became more vehement. The girl's impulsive action seemed to sanctify the deed.

"I did not regret, I have never regretted, the outcome of the duel. I was mortally wounded, and was carried to his house to die. I fled from Paris to escape arrest, but the woman in whose defence I encountered him behaved most cruelly. She deserted me, and went to him."

"And she was your English nurse at the time, Constance. It was she who brought you to England. I never met my wife again. I believe, on my soul, that she was innocent of the greater offence. I think she rebelled against the thought that I had slain one who said he worshipped her. Anyhow, she had her price. She remained with him, and her reward was his wealth. Were it not for this we might have come together again and striven to forget the past in mutual toleration. The knowledge that she was enriched with that man's gold maddened me. I could not forget that. I loathed all that money could give, the diamonds, the dresses, the obscene devices of society to pour out treasure on the vanities of the hour. By idle chance I was drawn to the lighthouse service. It was the mere whim of a friend into whose sympathetic ears I gave my sorrows. It is true I did not intend to devote my life to my present occupation. But its vast silences, its isolation, its seclusion from the petty, social, and dissipated life ashore, attracted me. I found quiet joys, peaceful days, and dreamless nights in its comparative dangers and privations. Excepting my loyal servant and friend, Mrs. Sheppard, and the agent and solicitors of my estate, none knew of my whereabouts. I was a lost man, and, as I imagined, a fortunate one. Now, in the last week of my service—for I would have retired in a few days, and it was my intention to tell you something, not all, of my history, largely on account of your love-making, Enid—the debacle has come, and with it my wife."

"Father," asked Constance, "is my mother still your wife by law?"

"She cannot be otherwise, or I am too young to judge these things, but she spoke of her approaching marriage with Mr. Traill in a way that suggested she would not do him a grievous wrong. She does not love him, as I understand love. She regards him as a man admirable in many ways, but she impressed me with the idea that she believed she was doing that which was right though she feared some unforeseen difficulty."

Brand looked at her with troubled eyes. It is always amazing to a parent to find unexpected powers of divination in a child. Constance was still a little girl in his heart. What had conferred this insight into a complex nature like her mother's?

"There is something to be said for that view," he admitted. "I recollect now that Pyne told me she had lived some years in the Western States. But he said, too, that her husband, the man whose name she bears, died there. My poor girl's, I do, indeed, pity you if all this story of miniature intrigue, this squallid romance of the law-courts, is to be dragged into the light in a town where you are honored. Enid, you see now how doubly fortunate you are in being restored to a father's arms."

"Oh, no, not!" wailed Enid. "Do not say that. It seems to cut us apart. What have you done that you should dread the word that can be said?"

And why should there be any scandal at all? I cannot bear you to say such things."

"I think I understand you, dad," said Constance, her burning glance striving to read his hidden thought. "Matters cannot rest where they are. You will not allow—my mother—to go away—second time—without a clear statement as to the future and an equally honest explanation of the past."

This was precisely the question he dreaded. It had forced its unwelcome presence upon him in the first moment of the meeting with his wife. But he was a man of order, of discipline. The habits of years might not be flung aside so readily. It was absurd, he held, to inflict the self-torture of useless imaginings on the first night of their home-coming after the severe trials of their precarious life on the rock.

Above all else it was necessary to reassure Constance, whose strength only he could rally. He raised his head, and Enid, whose highly strung temperament was on the borderland of hysteria.

He was still the arbiter of their lives, the one to whom they looked for guidance. He rebelled against the prospect of a night of sleepless misery for these two, and it needed his empire dominance to direct their thoughts into a more peaceful channel.

So he assumed the settled purpose he was far from feeling and summoned a kindly smile to his aid.

"Surely we have discussed our difficulties sufficiently to-night," he said. "In the morning, Constance, I will meet Mr. Traill. He is a gentleman and a man of the world. I think, too, that his nephew will be resourceful and wise in counsel beyond his years. Now we are all going to obtain some much-needed rest. Neither you nor I will yield to sleepless hours of brooding. Neither of you knows that, not forty-eight hours ago, I made myself a thief in the determination to save your lives and mine. It was a needless burglary. I persuaded myself that it was necessary in the interests of the Trinity Brethren, those grave gentlemen in velvet cloaks, Enid, who would be horrified by the mere suggestion of I refuse to place myself on the moral rack another time. In the old days, when I was a boy, the drama was wont to be followed by a more lively scene. I forbade further discussion. Come, kiss me, both of you. I think that a stiff glass of hot punch will not do me any harm, nor you, unless you imbibed freely of that champagne I saw nestling in the ice-bail."

They rose obediently. Although they knew he was acting a part on their account they were sensible that he was adopting a sane course.

Enid tried to contribute to the new note. She bobbed in the approved style of the country domestic.

"Please, Sir Stephen," she said, "would you like some lemon in the toddy?"

Constance placed a little copper kettle on the fire. Their gloom had given way to a not wholly forced cheerfulness—for in that pleasant cottage sorrow was an unwelcome guest—when they were surprised to hear a sharp knock on the outer door.

At another time the incident, though unusual at a late hour, would not have disturbed them. But the emotions of the night were too recent, their sublimity too artificially achieved, that they should not dread the possibilities which lay beyond that imperative summons.

Mrs. Sheppard and the servant had retired to rest, worn out with the anxious uncertainties of events reported from the lighthouse.

So Brand went to the door, and the girls listened in nervous foreboding. They heard their father say:

"Hello, Jenkins, what is the matter now?"

Jenkins was a sergeant of police whom they knew.

"Sorry to trouble you, Mr. Brand, but an odd thing has happened. A lady, a stranger, met me ten minutes ago and asked me to direct her to your house. I did so. She appeared to be in great trouble, so I strolled slowly after her. I was surprised to see her looking in through the window of your sitting-room. As far as I could make out she was crying fit to break her heart, and I imagined she meant to knock at the door but was afraid."

"Where is she? What has become of her?"

Brand stepped out into the moonlight. The girls, white and trembling, followed.

"Well, she ran off down the garden path and tumbled in a dead faint near the gate. I was too late to save her. I picked her up and placed her on a seat. She is there now. I thought it best, before carrying her here—to tell you—"

Before Brand moved, Constance ran out, followed by Enid. In a whirl of pain, the lighthouse-keeper strode after them. He saw Constance stooping over a motionless figure lying prone on the garden seat. To those strong young arms the slight graceful form offered an easy task.

Brand heard Enid's whisper:

"Oh, Connie, it is she!"

But the daughter, clasping her mother to her breast, said quietly:

"Dad, she has come home, and she may be dying. We must take her in."

He made no direct answer. What could he say? The girl's fearless words admitted of neither "Yes" nor "No."

He turned to the policeman.

"I am much obliged to you, Jenkins," he said, "I know the lady. Unless, unless there are serious consequences, will you oblige me by saying nothing about her? But stay. When you pass the Mount's Bay Hotel, please call and say that Mrs. Vansittart has been seized with sudden illness and is being cared for at my house."

"Yes, sir," said the sergeant, saluting.

As he walked away down the garden path he wondered who Mrs. Vansittart could be, and why Miss Brand said she had "come home."

Then he glanced back at the house, into which the others had vanished. He laughed.

"Just fancy it," he said; "I treated him as if he was a bloomin' lord. And I suppose my notion is a better one than his. Anyhow he is a splendid chap. I'm glad now I did it for his sake and the sake of those two girls. How nicely they were dressed. It has always been a puzzle to me how they can afford to live in that style on the pay of a lighthouse-keeper. Well, it's none of my business."

CHAPTER XVIII.

ENID WEARS AN OLD ORNAMENT

Lady Margaret took her departure from the hotel at an early hour. Her son went with her. Their house was situated on the outskirts of the town, and, although Stanhope would gladly have remained with the two men to discuss the events of this night of surprises, he felt that his mother demanded his present attention.

Indeed, her ladyship had much to say to him. She, like the others, had been impressed by Mrs. Vansittart's appearance, even under the extraordinary difficult circumstances of the occasion. The feminine mind judges its peers with the utmost precision. Its analytical methods are pitilessly simple. It calculates with mathematical nicety those details of toilette, those delicate nuances of manner, which distinguish the woman habituated to refinement and good society from the interloper or mere copyist.

It had always been a matter of mild wonder in Penzance how Constance Brand had acquired her French trick of wearing her clothes. Some women are not properly dressed after they have been an hour posing in front of a full-length mirror; others can give one glance at a costume, twist and pull it into the one correct position, and walk out, perfectly gowned, with a happy consciousness that all is well.

Every Parisienne, some Americans, a few English women, possess this gift. Constance had it, and Lady Margaret knew now that it was a lineal acquisition from her mother. The discovery enhanced the belief, always prevalent locally, that Brand was a gentleman born, and her ladyship was now eager for her son's assistance in looking up the "Landed Gentry" and other works of reference which define and glorify the upper ten thousand of the United Kingdom. Perhaps, that way, light would be vouchsafed.

Being a little narrow-minded, the excellent creature believed that a scandal among "good" people was not half so scandalous as an affair in which the principals were tradesmen, or worse."

She confided something of this to her son as they drove homewards, and was very wroth with him when he treated the idea with unbecoming levity.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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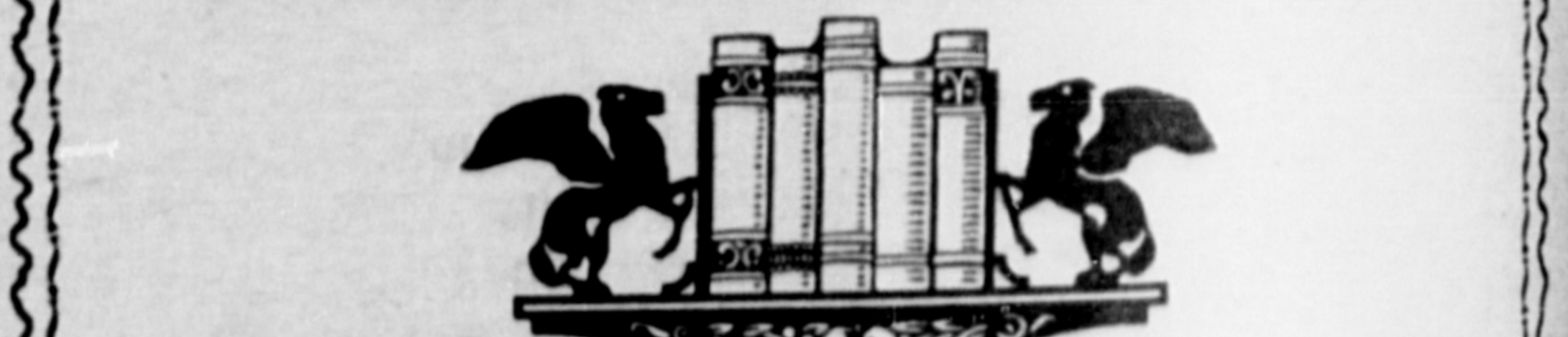
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