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THE DAILY NEWS. PRINCE RUPERT - BRITISH COLUMBIA

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VALUE OF MARKET

Donald Marvin, Royal Bank economist, pointed out in his monthly letter the value of the British market to Canada. About forty per cent of Canada's exports go there and the same amount to the United States but the British take large quantities of foodstuffs, the value for the past year being \$225,000,000. On that account, he points out, the farmer should be particularly interested in further development of that market.

TENDENCY OF THE TIMES

Mr. Marvin also makes some interesting comparisons in regard to the amount expended by Canada on churches. The amount spent for churches throughout Canada in 1937 was twenty-nine per cent of that expended for the same purpose in 1926 whereas theatres were 164 per cent. Hospitals were 104 per cent, public buildings 138 per cent. The comparison between churches and theatres is particularly striking. It is noted that Alberta is the only province in which churches have made large gains, the percentage being 388 of 1926.

It pointed out that since 1926 the population has increased twenty per cent but the expenditures on building are way down in comparison. So far as the discrepancy in church building is concerned, it may mean a lack of spirituality or it may be just a freak. So far as Prince Rupert is concerned, the city has more church buildings than congregations to fill them and this may be the case in other centres.

NOT DEPRESSION

Babson's bureau says that the recession in the United States is not a depression but simply a recession in business from which recovery will be rapid. During the second half of the year it is estimated that business conditions will have righted themselves and stocks will have climbed to the place they held and to new highs.

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SPORT CHAT

Detroit Red Wings won their first game in ten National Hockey League starts at Montreal Tuesday evening when they blanked Canadiens by a score of three to nil. The Americans and the Rangers played a hectic five-all draw at New York and, as a result of the one point credit in the standing, the Americans went into exclusive possession of second place in the international section standing after having been tied with the Canadiens. The third game Tuesday night, in which the Toronto Maple Leafs, leaders of the international section, bowed 6 to 3 to Boston Bruins, leaders of the American division, involved no other changes in the standings.

Many players believe the whirlwind speed of modern hockey was made possible because of the painstaking efforts of George Tackaberry who at the age of 63 designed and made the hockey boot now generally used. Mr. Tackaberry who died recently in Brandon Manitoba, took no interest in the game in that town of rabid fans. Many claim he never saw a match but some of his friends say that he and his seven sons witnessed one game some years ago just for the sheer novelty. Although the designer has passed on, Tackaberry hockey boots are being made today by George Thull, a middle-aged German craftsman, who was employed by Tackaberry for nine years prior to the death of the latter. The boots are bench-made at the rate of one pair a day at the same shoe-repairing shop where Tackaberry first went into business.

WEATHER VAGARIES

Smithers Gets All Varieties During Holidays—Winter Activities

SMITHERS, Jan. 6.—The Weather Man used his whole bag of tricks in Smithers district during week of the holidays comprising both Christmas and New Year's and dished out a sample of about everything he had during that time.

For the three days centring on Christmas the weather was very cold, getting to 35 below zero at its worst, and, as previous rains had removed all the snow that had been on the ground, Jack Frost made the most of his opportunity and penetrated deeply into the ground and beneath houses causing considerable annoyance in the matter of frozen drain pipes, etc.

Just before New Year's the weather became mild again and on New Year's Day it was quite balmy with a warm sun and the temperature at 45 degrees above zero. Rain had fallen steadily the day before New Year's and, as the streets and sidewalks were covered with heavy ice, the walking was very hard going around town.

The annual New Year's Ball in the Smithers Hall was one of the largest seen here in quite a few years and the hall was filled to capacity with about 175 couples on the floor. It was a very happy and successful occasion from every standpoint.

The weather has now turned colder again with the temperature at 10 above zero which is ideal winter weather in these parts.

Hockey Going On

Hockey has been carried on spasmodically as the weather permitted and the Native Sons of Canada have their team out in front with three wins and no losses while the Elks' team are in second place with two wins. The Canadian Legion team has been followed by a jinx ever since the start of the season and, while playing apparently first class hockey, it has not yet been able to win its first game. Manager L. B. Warner is sitting up nights trying to figure out what is wrong with his team and he hopes that he will still be able to bring them out on top, the berth they have held so many times in the Town League.

The curlers have not been able to get going. They have had their ice nearly ready for the first bonspiel on several occasions but the Weather Man has interfered to postpone the start each time. It is very likely that a start will be made with the "Ham and Egg" bonspiel in the next day or so.

The skiers have not yet come to life in a body although individual enthusiasts are slithering around the roads of the district getting into their stride in anticipation of the

BURYING HER SAILS IN SOUTHERN FOAM

To the inexperienced eye of the landsman, it seems that this racing sailboat is just about to take the shortest route to Davey Jones. But the motley crew in the stern seems to have everything under control. The boat is one of the Sydney flying squadron's 18-footer section, pictured during a practice run in Sydney harbor, Australia, in preparation for the international regatta in January.



Skating Rink Is Discussed

Gyro Club Moves to Have Morse
Creek Resort Ready for Use
Whenever Weather
Favorable

The Prince Rupert Gyro Club, at its weekly luncheon yesterday, engaged in a discussion of the Morse Creek skating rink project, more particularly in regard to having arrangements that it may be in shape for use whenever cold weather arises. It was felt that something should be done in the way of having the resort on which both the Gyro and Rotary Club have already spent considerable money jointly properly maintained. Finally, the matter was referred to the joint committee of the two clubs to see what can be done about it. The view was held that those who enjoy the rink might assist in shovelling of snow etc. from the ice surface when it is necessary to do so.

W. H. Tobey presented an interim report on the Morse Creek project as did Dr. R. G. Large in regard to the investigation into the community centre proposal. The club decided that the annual installation of officers next Wednesday evening would take the form of a stag dinner.

Dr. H. N. Brocklesby, president of the club, was in the chair at yesterday's luncheon and F. A. MacCallum was a guest.

SCHEDULE OF BOWLS OLD DAYS IN HOCKEY

Commercial League
January 3—Biological Station vs. Electrical Workers; Rupert Motors vs. North Star.

January 6—Gyro vs. C.N.R. No. 1; C.N.R. No. 2 vs. Printers.
January 10—Biological Station vs. Rupert Motors; Electrical Workers vs. North Star.

January 13—C.N.R. No. 1 vs. Printers; C.N.R. No. 2 vs. Gyro.
January 17—Electrical Workers vs. C.N.R. No. 2; Biological Station vs. Printers.

January 20—Gyro vs. North Star; Rupert Motors vs. C.N.R. No. 1.
January 24—Electrical Worker vs. Printers; C.N.R. No. 2 vs. Biological Station.

January 27—Rupert Motors vs. Gyro; C.N.R. No. 1 vs. North Star.
January 31—Printers vs. Rupert Motors; Electrical Workers vs. Gyros.

February 3—C.N.R. No. 2 vs. North Star; C.N.R. No. 1 vs. Biological Station.

February 7—North Star vs. Biological Station; Gyro vs. Printers.

February 10—Electrical Workers vs. Rupert Motors; C.N.R. No. 1 vs. C.N.R. No. 2.

February 14—Gyro vs. Biological Station; Electrical Workers vs. C.N.R. No. 1.

events that will take place during the winter.

Fresh snow was falling Tuesday which put a good surface on the old snow that was hard and frozen.

Recreational Centre Going

Activities Resumed in Renovated
Building Following Holiday
Season

Following the Christmas and New Year vacation season, classes for men and women have been resumed this week at the provincial physical education and recreational centre here. The attendance just now is not all that might be hoped for but an increase is anticipated.

Extensive repairs and improvements to the centre have been completed and the place is now in excellent shape for the work being carried on. Special activities in the near future are planned.

Hockey Standings

	International Division					Pts
	W	D	L	F	A	
Toronto	10	5	5	59	61	25
Americans	10	3	8	57	40	23
Canadiens	8	6	6	54	50	22
Maroons	6	1	13	29	48	13
	American Division					Pts
	W	D	L	F	A	
Boston	14	2	5	51	40	30
Rangers	10	3	7	55	38	23
Chicago	6	3	10	34	45	15
Detroit	4	3	14	33	60	11
	Pacific Coast League					Pts
	W	D	L	F	A	
Vancouver	11	4	7	48	42	26
Seattle	9	6	5	44	37	24
Portland	5	6	12	41	50	16
Spokane	6	5	7	29	33	16

By this time the wind had risen to quite a gale and the snow had drifted in places very deep while in other spots it had blown away leaving pure ice under the feet.

However, we managed to get down to the market safely and it was not long before Bill was the proud possessor of a real live pig weighing about 75 pounds.

After Bill had closed the deal with the necessary cash the farmer went his way rejoicing and there we two fools were left holding the pie—at least Bill was.

Lieutenant-Governor Reveals He Knew His Way Around When Sport Was Young

SILTON, Sask., Jan. 6. (CP)—Lieutenant-Governor A. P. (Sandy) McNab of Saskatchewan attended the official opening of Silton's new curling rink and revealed himself no mean hockey strategist in the days when the rules were elastic. The new rink replaces the one Silton folk built two years ago with baled hay, which fell prey to flames.

The lieutenant-governor recalled the days he spent at Alexander Man., not far from Virden. Both towns had hockey teams and Mr. McNab became slightly fed up with the beatings Alexander was taking. So he entered the importing business with Brandon the source of hockey material supply.

Four players were imported from Brandon and Mr. McNab related how he kept them under cover in his kitchen until game time. Alexander won the game by a goal margin but Virden put up a great howl when they discovered the Alexander team was "loaded."

"I did not worry about that," said Lieutenant - Governor McNab. "We won the game and got the gate receipts which were a big item in those days."

THE XMAS PIG

By SID WEBB

Did you ever buy a pig, a live one I mean, for a Christmas gift? Perhaps you never have but a chum of mine did once and I'll tell you the story of it.

It happened on a typical Christmas Eve in a little southern market town in England where my chum, Bill, and myself happened to be holidaying for the festive season. There had been a sharp frost for several days and on this particular Christmas Eve the snow began falling in the early morning, the flakes coming down thick and fast—as big as dollar pieces. Soon the ground was covered with powdery snow which crunched under the feet and gave the landscape a real Christmas-card appearance—weather which made the belated shoppers snuggle into their coats and mufflers. The Christmas spirit was much in evidence and the old salutation "A Merry Christmas to You" was frequently heard.

Now Bill and I, in common with many others were out to look around the shops with the idea of picking up a few odds and ends for seasonal gifts. Being such an auspicious day of the year and the cold weather being an excellent excuse, we repaired for a "warmer" to a local hotel appropriately named "Have Another." The place was crowded, the crowd mostly consisting of farmers and their hired helpers who had brought certain livestock that day for sale. Bill was a witty kind of a chap and was soon in conversation with a young farmer and his assistant which necessitated having several doses of "medicine" to keep the cold out and to cut a long story short, we lived up to the name of the pub and "Had Another" several times.

The talk then turned to what to get for a Christmas gift for Bill's Uncle Henry. Our farmer friend presumably with an eye to business and seeing that Bill was a bit merry, suggested to him "Why not buy him a pig? I've got a little beauty you can have cheap in the market." I suppose by this time I was as merry as Bill and we both thought it a good idea.

As Bill remarked "Well, I guess it'll be a big surprise to Uncle and he likes pork!" "Alright" said our farmer friend "we'll have one for the road and I'll show you the pig."

By this time the wind had risen to quite a gale and the snow had drifted in places very deep while in other spots it had blown away leaving pure ice under the feet. However, we managed to get down to the market safely and it was not long before Bill was the proud possessor of a real live pig weighing about 75 pounds.

After Bill had closed the deal with the necessary cash the farmer went his way rejoicing and there we two fools were left holding the pie—at least Bill was.

The Problem

It's one thing buying a live pig but quite another thing getting a live pig home in snow and ice. I was then that the real fun started. It was too heavy an armful to carry far so I suggested to Bill to tie our handkerchiefs together and put them around the pig's neck which we did. But a pig doesn't take to a lead like a dog and so we were both grovelling in the snow trying to keep the pig from running away, much to the amusement of the onlookers. However, by taking it in turn we managed to get the pig as far as the

nearby pub, this time it was "The Good Intent," another appropriate name. Here we met trouble as landlords of pubs don't like customers coming in with pigs, and the landlord was not backward in telling us that if we wanted to drink with pigs we must drink outside. A kindly chap at the bar offered to bring our drinks outside and asked: "What's the pig having with you?" Outside we stood and had a couple while Bill held on to the pig. By this time it was quite dark, as dark as a nigger's nose in a coal hole, and we had quite a distance to go to Bill's uncle's house, some of the way across the fields and near a pond of water.

Having done very well at warming the inner man, the pig was the most sober of the three of us. Well, we couldn't stand outside a pub all night so off we started trying to get the pig accustomed to the handkerchief collar but it wasn't having any and its squeals and grunts were becoming very unmusical. I took a turn trying to carry the pig and, in crossing the road, slipped and fell headlong with, fortunately, my arms around the pig.

A woman passing exclaimed: "Can't you find anything better than a pig to put your arms around—guess you'll be kissing it under the mistletoe next!"

By this time I was getting fed up with the pig and cursed Bill for buying it but Bill replied "Well, I've bought the damned thing for Uncle and he's going to have it tonight!"

We managed eventually to get the animal across the road and then started across the fields. It was pitch dark and our arms were nearly dropping out of their sockets, holding on to the pig, but we had managed to hold onto it thus far. We were not doing so badly until we lost the pathway and found ourselves on the wretched pond which was, of course, covered with thick ice and as slippery as soft-soaped glass, and that's where we met our Waterloo. We both slipped down with the pig on top of us—both trying to hold the animal, which was slipping as fast as a cat on a greased fire-escape.

The Race

Somehow the pig seemed to gather greater speed than we did and in spite of our combined efforts it got away and made off although with great difficulty. Bill and I tried to scramble after it on our hands and knees but the animal was a good first and led the race by about 100 yards. Then we tried to stand upright but, try as we might, we couldn't get on our feet.

However, Bill had a brain wave and said "Let's take our boots off and try it in our socks." Well, it struck me as a bright idea but to stand on ice in one's stockinged feet isn't as clever as it sounds. At least we did manage to stand but forgot to take our boots with us and ended up by getting off the pond minus the outer-covering.

By this time the pig had vanished from sight although we could hear its grunts ahead. I turned to Bill and exclaimed: "Well, boy, I've had enough pig and pork for one day. I'm backing it up." To which Bill replied "If I ever meet the damned farmer who sold me that thing I'll make him eat it in the raw."

The sequel was that the very farmer who sold the pig to Bill found it in his yard next morning trying to blow its nose on our handkerchiefs and Uncle Henry did not get his Christmas gift—at least not on Christmas morning.

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