

THE DAILY NEWS
PRINCE RUPERT - BRITISH COLUMBIA

Published Every Afternoon, Except Sunday, by Prince Rupert Daily News, Limited, Third Avenue
H. F. PULLEN - - - Managing-Editor

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DAILY EDITION

Thursday, Dec. 26, 1929

BAD INDICATION

When there is a succession of bank robberies, it is an indication of an undesirable condition. Usually it means that there are men to whom the future looks black and who are willing to take the risk of capture rather than face a future of hunger. It may also mean that the bandits, judging by experience of others, see a good chance of getting away. That is why the robberies of Saturday prove such good reading. Neither man got away.

A more desirable condition would be one under which no one would wish to rob a bank because every person would have enough to eat and to spare and there would be no degenerates who would wish to use violence to secure the means of livelihood. Gradually we are working toward that end, but with the advance must go a great deal of education. No matter what the system under which the world carries on, there will always be some one who will take advantage of others until there is a total change of heart in the whole race.

Thought End of World Had Come;
Death Rode In From the Sea and
Wall of Water Snuffed Out Lives

ST. JOHN'S, Nfld., Dec. 23.—(By C. E. A. Jeffery, Canadian Press correspondent)—Through generations of wresting a living from the sea, and knowing instinctively how to deal with its varying moods, the fishermen of the south coast of Newfoundland have become almost immune to any sense of danger. They strive with the storms and derive the same pleasure from their victories as the members of a team from their's on the football field. When

they lose out as not infrequently happens they take their defeat stoically, and reckon the lives which the sea takes as the toll which some time or another must inevitably be paid as the price of the harvest from its depths.

Home from the ocean in their humble dwellings, they have come to believe, even though the billows roll in within a few feet of their doors, that safety in their's unquestionably. Ashore the game was over; they were no longer looking for trouble. On Monday, November 18, they had fought a storm all day. As darkness came on they made for the shelter of their coves. Their boats had been made snug and their gear stowed away when the solid earth trembled and their houses were shaken to their foundations. Never had such a thing happened before. There was uneasiness everywhere, and while they were still asking each other what could have been the cause, another shock, more violent than the first, intensified the alarm.

Darkness only added to the terror of this unknown thing. Some said an earthquake; others believed that the end of the world had come. The telegraph office, their one connecting link with the outside world, could obtain no reply to enquiries apart from nearby settlements.

Then came a message from St. Lawrence—"My God! the sea is coming in." Burin, the chief settlement on the coast, had just received it when a wall of water was seen bearing down upon the town. Coming with the speed of an express, it gained in height as the funnel-shaped arm of the bay compressed the onrush. There was no time to warn people whose homes were in the landwash. The turmoil

of water caught them, lifting some of them bodily and crushing others into a mass of splinters.

Confounded for a moment by the invasion of the land by the ocean, the fishermen with the greatest self-possession rushed to the rescue. In the roar of waters and the crash of breaking timber cries for aid came from all directions, and in the gloom it was difficult to tell where assistance was most urgently needed. Heedless of danger men leaped on houses as they were receding from the shore, and smashed in doors and windows, and as the dwellings were again flung shorewards by successive waves, they seized the opportunity to fling women and children to others waiting to receive them.

It was due to the freakish action of the sea which in some cases carried buildings to sea and back again three times, that many lives were saved. One household of ten people escaped after their home was for the third time flung against the shore. Then it went down into the maelstrom. One man's path was blocked by a floating house as he was rushing to the rescue of his family. Unable to proceed, he saw his home containing wife and family borne to sea on the crest of the receding waters. For a mile he tore through the darkness seeking a boat, but his home had been swallowed up.

In one little hamlet of seventeen houses, five remain. The places where the others stood are as clean as though they never had been occupied. The waterfront in most of the stricken area, formerly cluttered up with stores, fish flakes, wharves and boats, is as it was when the Creator first made it—bare and

forsaken, but for the stricken and bewildered fishermen standing listlessly, seeking in the flotsam that is strewn over the surface of the waves some trace of those so suddenly snatched away, or bending now and then to drag from the water some useless piece of wreckage that he recognized as once formed part of his home.

It is little wonder that one finds a disinclination among these stricken people to start work again. They are stunned, their womenfolk and children are gone, their lives work destroyed, without fuel, without light, without food, without the wherewithal to ply their trade, without hope—what is left to restore their spirits? That will pass, however. Given the means to renew their work and once again they will pit their strength against the elements.

It has been discovered since the disaster that in certain places where vessels could formerly lie at rest there is not sufficient water to float them. An examination of the shore indicates that the tidal wave attained a height of not less than one hundred feet, as buildings situated at that elevation above the ordinary level of the sea were destroyed. One shop stocked with goods was lifted by the tidal wave off its concrete foundation and deposited in a meadow two hundred yards away from its site, and nothing in it was disturbed. The telephone office occupied by the girl operator who sent the warning to Burin lies at anchor in the middle of the harbor. She had barely time to make her escape when it was swept away.

A search through Newfoundland history discloses that once before a similar catastrophe visited this coast. In the year before the American Civil War, a tidal wave twenty feet high swept in and took a toll of three hundred lives.

Hospital Enjoys
Happy Christmas

Both Patients and Staff Received
Good Things From St. Nicholas
Yesterday

Christmas was as usual, enjoyed in a happy manner by both patients and staff in the Prince Rupert General Hospital.

On Tuesday evening the nurses' Christmas tree was held in the home. Santa Claus arrived in due course and presented many gifts to

both graduates and undergraduates from their friends.

Early yesterday morning there was carol singing in the hospital by the staff with the assistance of outside talent. Later in the morning

the Boys' Band arrived and played selections.

In each of the wards during the day there were Christmas trees and visits from Santa Claus.

Advertise in the Daily News.

We wish you
the joy of the
Festive Season

Among the many greetings
offered you this season include our sincere message
of friendship and good will.

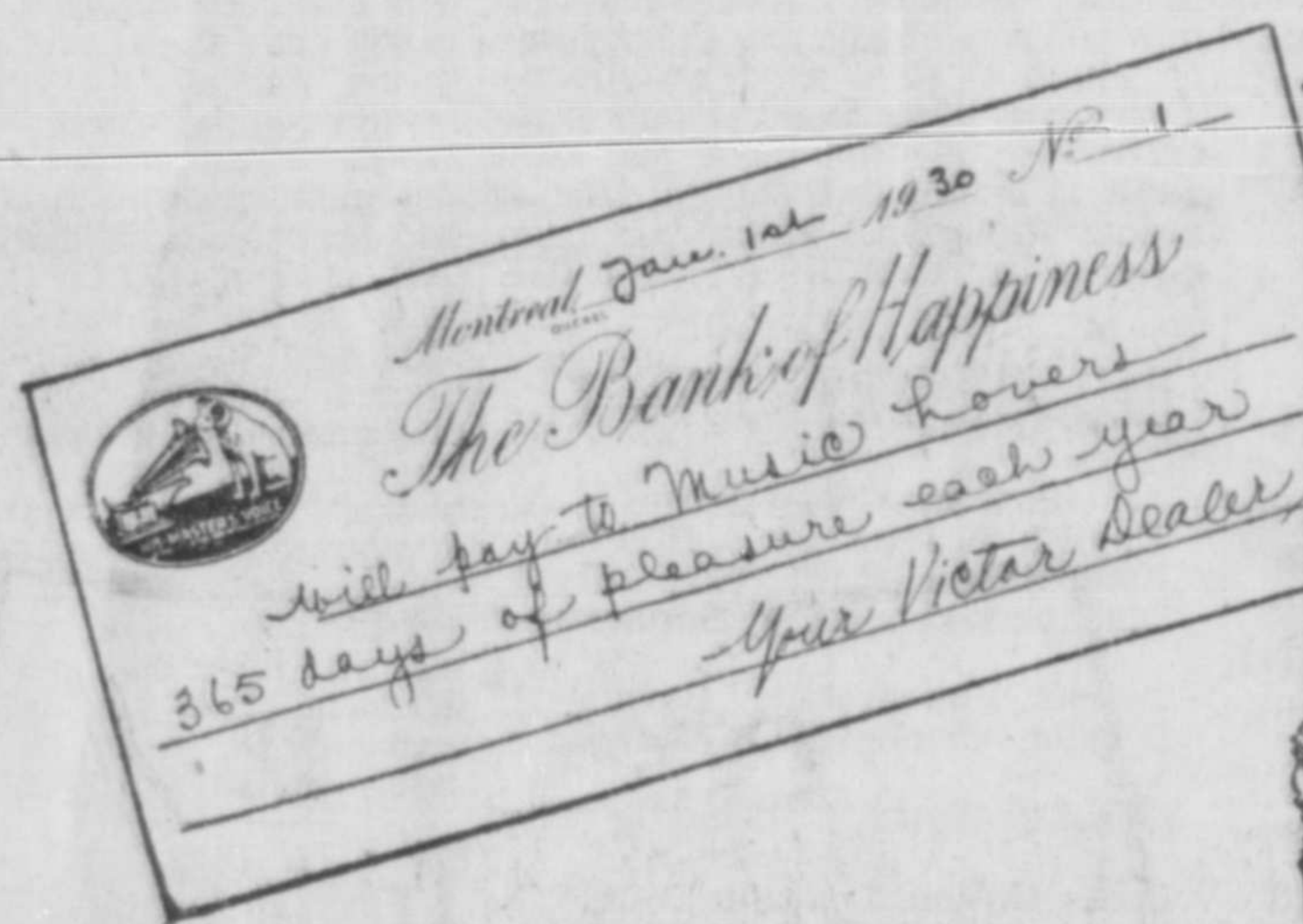
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Sailings From Prince Rupert

For VANCOUVER, VICTORIA, Swanson Bay, Butedale, Alert Bay, etc., Tuesdays, 1:30 p.m.

For VANCOUVER, VICTORIA, Butedale, Alert Bay, etc., Friday midnight

For ALICE ARM, ANYOX, STEWART, Naas River, Port Simpson, Sunday, 4:00 p.m.

R. M. SMITH Agent Prince Rupert, B.C.

Special Round Trip Excursion Rates

Will Be In Effect From
DECEMBER 28 AND GOOD UNTIL MARCH 31

For Further Information Enquire At Local Office

CANADIAN PACIFIC B. C. Coast Steamship Service

SAILINGS FROM PRINCE RUPERT

To Ketchikan, Wrangell, Juneau and Skagway—December 28, January 11, 25.

To Vancouver, Victoria and Seattle—Jan. 1, 15, 29.

Princess Mary—Ocean Falls, etc., Vancouver and Victoria, every Friday, 10 p.m.

Agents For All Steamship Lines
W. G. Orchard, General Agent, 3rd Ave., Prince Rupert, Phone 31

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The Largest Railway System in America

STEAMSHIP AND TRAIN SERVICE

Sailings from PRINCE RUPERT for VANCOUVER, VICTORIA, SEATTLE, and intermediate points, each Thursday 10:00 p.m.

For ANYOX and STEWART each Wednesday at 4 p.m.

For NORTH and SOUTH QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS, fortnightly.

PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE PRINCE RUPERT
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 11:30 a.m. for PRINCE GEORGE, EDMONTON, WINNIPEG, all points Eastern Canada, United States.

AGENCY ALL OCEAN STEAMSHIP LINES
City Ticket Office, 528 Third Ave., Prince Rupert—Phone 266

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PEMBINA EGG—Delivered, per ton \$12.00

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Local Items

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Dentist, Dr. J. R. Gosse, Phone 686.

20 Per cent discount off all Toys, Ideal Gift Shop, next Ireland's the Optician, Third Avenue, (300)

George Rorie Jr. returned to the city on the Prince Rupert yesterday morning from a ten-day trip to Vancouver.

Mrs. M. A. Dupuis of Haysport spent Christmas in town, arriving on Tuesday afternoon's train from the Skeena River.

Mrs. S. A. Corley arrived in the city on Tuesday afternoon's train from Lorne Creek to spend Christmas in town.

Constable Harris, R.C.M.P., Hazelton, who had been on a brief trip south on escort duty, arrived in the city on the Prince Rupert yesterday morning and proceeded by train to the interior.

Freemasons please attend Divine Service St. Andrew's Cathedral Sunday evening, December 29. Assemble Masonic Hall at 7 o'clock prompt. Auspices Taimpsean and Tye Lodges. (301)

Constable Andrew Grant of the city detachment of the provincial police returned to the city on the Prince Rupert yesterday morning after spending a two weeks' vacation in Vancouver. Mrs. Grant and family are remaining in the south for a while longer.

Mrs. Wilfrid Gratson and daughter, Mrs. G. C. Arseneau, who have been spending the past two months in southern California cities, expect to leave for home the latter part of this month. En route home they will stop off in San Francisco and Seattle to visit with friends.

J. McGregor White, who is standing by the steamer Prince William which is being reconditioned at the local drydock preparatory to taking up local service out of this port for the Canadian National Steamships, returned to the city on the Prince Rupert yesterday morning from Vancouver, where he took his chief engineer's papers.

The Empress Players, a travelling musical group from Edmonton, arrived in the city on Tuesday afternoon's train from Smithers and will spend the next few days here. The party, consisting of three men and two women, staged a dance on Christmas Eve in the Moose Hall. There was a rather slim attendance as the occasion was not very opportune.

In command of Capt. Neil McLean, who is relieving the regular skipper, Capt. D. Donald, who is spending a holiday ashore in Vancouver, C.N.R. steamer Prince Rupert arrived in port at 10:30 yesterday morning from Vancouver, Powell River and Ocean Falls and sailed at 4 p.m. for Anyox and Stewart, whence she will return here southbound this evening.

Dr. C. H. Hankinson is expected to arrive in the city on this afternoon's train from Smithers to take over the local medical practice of Dr. J. A. West, who will be leaving next month for Vancouver. Dr. Hankinson will be followed to the city later by his wife and family. In Vancouver, it is understood that Dr. West will go into practice with Dr. C. A. Egert, also formerly of this city, who is expected to return to the province in March after having spent the past year engaged in post-graduate work in the United States and Europe, specializing in the practice of pediatrics.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Ladies' Auxiliary St. Andrew's Society Hogmanay dance December 31, Moose Hall.

Moose Charity Ball January 10

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WE WELCOME YOU AND OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT
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BRONCHITIS
At bedtime rub the throat and chest thoroughly with—
VICKS VAPORUB
Over 21 Million Jars Used Yearly

"Seven Dials Mystery." Watch for it in a few days.

Watch for our specials tomorrow. Cash & Carry, Third Avenue, Phone 360.

Make your reservations now at Arseneau's and Lambie's for Elks' New Year Cabaret. (11)

The Daily News will commence a new story in a few days. It is called the "Seven Dials Mystery."

Capt. J. B. Colthurst arrived in the city on this afternoon's train from Terrace and will sail tonight on the Prince Rupert for the south.

James Farquhar, who has been spending Christmas at Terrace, arrived in the city on this afternoon's train from the interior and will sail tonight on the Prince Rupert for a trip to Vancouver.

A taxi automobile went over the road on Eleventh Avenue near Alfred Street yesterday afternoon. The car fell on the muskeg on its side and was somewhat damaged. No one was hurt.

As far as the police were concerned, Christmas festivities went off quietly enough here this year. There were a few inebriates, as might have been expected, but there was little if any disorder serious enough to warrant police court action.

President and Mrs. G. A. Bryant held open house yesterday afternoon for members of the Rotary Club and their ladies. There were many callers who were introduced to Dr. Irving, a member of the national executive, and Mrs. Irving, who are paying a brief visit to the city.

Dr. R. W. Irving, prominent Kamloops physician and member of the national executive of the Rotary Club, is a visitor in the city, accompanied by Mrs. Irving and daughter. They arrived in the city on the Prince Rupert yesterday morning and will return south this evening. Dr. Irving was the speaker at the regular weekly luncheon of the local Rotary Club today.

The mystery surrounding the disappearance of clothes from the door leading to the living quarters above McCaffery & Gibbons office last Tuesday was solved the same afternoon when a Third Avenue janitor explained that he had listed the suit, thinking it was one of his own which he had sent to the cleaners and had been returned to the wrong place.

Sport Chat

The Winter Sports Club at Stewart has started its activities in Carolan's Hall and considerable enthusiasm is being evinced in basketball and other lines of sport. Basketball practices are to be held twice a week for girls, boys and seniors and later it is hoped to get league activities under way. Other athletic lines besides basketball are also to be taken up by the new organization.

Basketball continues to be played at Anyox in a more or less haphazard manner with four teams—Ex-High, Oddfellows, High School and Mine—providing the activity. Play on a full league scale has not yet been commenced, though it probably will be later. Practices are being continued during the vacation period. It is still possible that inter-town games may be played between Anyox and Prince Rupert later in the season.

CLEARING THE HOUSE
"The house is on fire," cried the tenor. "The audience must be dismissed at once."
"All right," replied the manager, "Go out and sing."—Busy East.

HOTEL ARRIVALS

Central Hotel
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Steam Heated, Travellers' Sample Rooms
Hot and Cold Water
Free Buss Meets All Trains and Boats
Rates \$1.00 and Up
SPECIAL MONTHLY RATES
JOHN FRY and A. DONALD Proprietors
PHONE 51

Central
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Savoy Hotel
Prince Rupert's leading family hotel. Hot and cold water in all rooms
A. J. PRUDHOMME, Prop.
Cor. of Fraser and Fifth Sts.

Savoy
P. Corrigan, Hazelton; E. Henriksen, C.N.R.; Hans Holm, A. Peterson and G. M. Fraser, city; Erlene Swanson, Anyox.

Steamship Movements

For Vancouver—
Sundays—ss. P. Charles 10 p.m.
Tuesdays—ss. Catala 11:30 p.m.
Thursdays—ss. P. Rupert 10 p.m.
Fridays—ss. Prin. Mary 4 p.m.
Saturdays—ss. P. Charles 10:30 a.m.
Dec. 28—ss. Prin. Norah a.m.

From Vancouver—
Sundays—ss. Catala 4 p.m.
Wednesdays—ss. P. Rupert 10:30 a.m.
Fridays—ss. Venture 4 p.m.
Saturdays—ss. Prin. Mary 4 p.m.
Dec. 28—ss. P. Charles 10:30 a.m.
Dec. 29—ss. Prin. Norah a.m.

For Naas R. and Port Simpson—
Sundays—ss. Catala 8 p.m.

From Naas R. and Port Simpson—
Tuesdays—ss. Catala 11:30 a.m.

For Stewart and Premier—
Sundays—ss. Catala 8 p.m.
Wednesdays—ss. P. Rupert 4 p.m.
Saturdays—ss. P. Charles 4 p.m.

From Stewart and Premier—
Sundays—ss. P. George 8 p.m.
Tuesdays—ss. Catala 11:30 a.m.
Thursdays—ss. P. Charles 8 p.m.

For Anyox and Alice Arm—
Sundays 8 p.m.
Wednesdays 4 p.m.

From Anyox and Alice Arm—
Tuesdays 11:30 a.m.
Thursdays 8 p.m.

For Queen Charlotte Islands—
Dec. 21—ss. Prince John 10 p.m.

For Alaska—
Dec. 25—ss. Princess Norah a.m.

From Ocean Falls—
Wednesdays—ss. P. Rupert 10:30 a.m.
Fridays—ss. Prin. Mary 4 p.m.
Saturdays—ss. Venture p.m.
Sundays—ss. P. Charles 10:30 a.m.

For Ocean Falls—
Sundays—ss. P. Charles 10 p.m.
Thursdays—ss. P. Rupert 10 p.m.
Fridays—ss. Prin. Mary 10 p.m.

Mail Schedule

For the East—
Mons., Weds. & Sats. 10:30 a.m.
From the East—
Suns., Tues. & Thurs. 3:30 p.m.

For Vancouver—
Sundays 9 p.m.
Tuesdays 12:30 p.m.
Thursdays 9 p.m.
Fridays 11 p.m.

From Vancouver—
Sundays 4 p.m.
Wednesdays 10:30 a.m.
Fridays p.m.
Saturdays 10:30 a.m.
Dec. 14 and 28

For Stewart and Premier—
Sundays 7 p.m.
Wednesdays 3 p.m.
Saturdays 3 p.m.

From Stewart and Premier—
Tuesdays 11:30 a.m.
Thursdays 8 p.m.
Sundays 8 p.m.

For Anyox and Alice Arm—
Sundays 7 p.m.
Wednesdays 3 p.m.

From Anyox and Alice Arm—
Tuesdays 11:30 a.m.
Thursdays 8 p.m.

To Naas River and Port Simpson—
Sundays 7 p.m.

From Naas River, Port Simpson—
Tuesdays 11:30 a.m.

Cod Is Not at Home in High Temperatures

ST. JOHN'S, Nfld., Dec. 26.—The general conclusion that cod are not found in water above 51 degrees Fahrenheit has been reached by investigators who last summer studied the fishing grounds along the south side of the Strait of Belle Isle at its eastern end, one of the two centres of the Strait where the codfishery is unusually rich.

For the purpose of comparing catches of fish with the temperature of the water, a thermometer was used that could be lowered to any given depth and drawn to the surface showing the temperature at the depth in question.

Records of the investigation conducted co-operatively by the Memorial University College and the Department of Marine and Fisheries, show that the codfishery suddenly began in the Strait of Belle Isle on June 8, when the water at bottom had reached a temperature of 48.2 F., and that good fishing continued while bottom water in the bay fluctuated between 47 and 51 degrees. When, in the latter part of July, the water temperature rose perceptibly, a marked falling off in the cod fishery was observed though herring and porpoise were abundant.

The use of the thermometer in fishing is more applicable to trawling and jigging, since movable gear can be shifted easily into cod water, whereas traps must be left for long periods in one place, where temperatures vary from day to day.

NO CAUSE FOR COMMOTION

During the hearing of a case a man began clattering about in the back of the courtroom, pushing over chairs and generally upsetting things.

"Young man," said the judge at length, sternly, to him, "you make a great deal of noise."

"Your Honor," came the reply, "I have lost my overcoat, and I am looking for it."

"Well well," snapped the irate judge, "people often lose whole suits here without half as much disturbance."—Lethbridge Herald.

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FINEST LONDON DRY
GIN
REPUTED QUART
\$3.25

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THE OYSTER WATCH

WATERPROOF DUSTPROOF
The Oyster is the perfect Wrist Watch. Swimming, or in the shower-bath, you can wear it. Dust and fluff cannot penetrate its airtight case—and Rolex has definitely proved itself under Official Government Tests the world's finest timekeeper.

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B.C. COAST STEAMSHIPS

Winter Excursion Fares
From Prince Rupert to Vancouver or Victoria **\$40.00** AND RETURN

Tickets Good From December 25 to Final Return Limit, March 31

Do you read the classified advertisements?



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INSTALMENT XXXIII.

Macpherson intervened for the first time in the debate. "I am in entire disagreement with our friend Bretskopf," he announced coldly. "You know your own business best, I suppose," Malakoff remarked sulkily. Abel Deane rose to his feet. "The meeting is over," he announced. "You and I, Macpherson, are for Downing Street."

QUEER PROPOSAL

The days that followed were the most exciting that Miss Brown had ever known. She took to coming to Whitehall an hour earlier in the morning and leaving later at night, but whenever she came and whenever she left there was an increasing quantity of work to be done. No outside help was possible. The subject matter of some of the reports and correspondence with which she had to deal was with scarcely an exception intimated and marked "for Miss Brown only." She moved her desk and typewriter and entrenched herself in a distant corner of the room from which place she sometimes watched with unseeing eyes the few favored callers whom Dessiter admitted into his stronghold.

Marabels was there at least three or four times during the day, always with an uncanny gift of selecting the information he desired with lightning-like precision from a mass of material. Often he stood by Miss Brown's side while with swift fingers she turned over papers and produced from its properly indexed page the report of the particulars he desired. Always he remained with the expression of a sphinx, scarcely ever speaking, which matched Miss Brown's own reserve. At such times their eyes never met. He scarcely ever even addressed a direct remark to her, yet sometimes when he was at the other end of the room, talking in a low tone to Dessiter, she would fancy that he was watching her, and, looking up, would find that without any sort of expression, his eyes were fixed upon her.

Once when he was confiding to Dessiter an event of great importance, he lowered his voice. Dessiter, glancing up, followed the direction of his eyes. "My secretary is deaf and dumb," he observed. Marabels continued in his usual tone. "I have an appointment with Abel Deane tonight, Dessiter. I want all your intimate reports of Malakoff, Bretskopf and Krasset." "They're pretty reading," Dessiter observed, as he crossed the room toward Miss Brown's desk. "If Abel Deane is the man I think he is," Marabels said, "he'll agree to having them out of the country within a week."

Dessiter lit the inevitable cigarette. Miss Brown had been busy among the files in the safe. She produced a little pile of documents typed at a neat tabulation for the outside, and secured them with a rubber band. Marabels placed them

in his pocket. He glanced at the clock. "I still have five minutes," he remarked. "Dessiter, with your permission, I should like to address a word or two to your secretary."

Dessiter looked at him in surprise. "Why, of course," he answered. "You can speak to her whenever you like."

Miss Brown half swung round in her chair, her blue eyes very wide upon something of surprise showing also in her face. Marabels came a step or two nearer and looked down at her. "Miss Brown," he said, "I have become a great admirer of your work."

His tone was absolutely matter of fact. There was no sign in his face of any sort of enthusiasm or even a scrap of feeling.

"I am very glad to hear you say so, Mr. Marabels," she replied, suddenly conscious of the fact that it was the first time in their acquaintance he had ever addressed a direct remark to her.

"Work," Marabels continued, "method, orderliness, are all indications of the life behind. In saying therefore, that I admire your work, Miss Brown, I should like you to understand that I admire you. I should be very glad if you would be my wife."

Dessiter dropped his cigarette and forgot to pick it up. Miss Brown's eyes grew larger and larger, her demure little mouth was open, her first expression was one of bewildered surprise. Immediately afterward came a little rush of color in her cheeks.

"I don't understand you," she faltered.

"Then for the first time I am disappointed in you, Miss Brown," Marabels went on. "My words were plain enough. I have never thought of marriage, but I shall be Prime Minister within a few months and it has been suggested to me by the present occupant of that office that a wife is almost a necessity. It would be impossible for me to live with an ordinary woman. Yours is the type which appeals to me. I repeat my offer."

Miss Brown rose to her feet, she looked appealingly across the room toward Dessiter, but his face was averted.

"I am to take it then that you are serious?" she asked incredulously.

"I am not a man," he answered, "who wastes or needs to repeat his words. However, the occasion is perhaps unusual, although I had hoped that you would have been able to answer me one way or the other without hesitation."

"I will try to do so then," Miss Brown acquiesced. "I thank you very much, but I do not wish to marry you."

Marabels considered for a moment.

"Is there anything more I should have said—any information you desire? From my observation of you I had gathered that such would be unnecessary. I offer you an assured position, a comfortable home and all the attentions of a husband."

"All three of which I must respectfully decline." There was a moment's silence. To all appearances Miss Brown was now quite calm. She glanced at the clock, put the cover on her typewriter and, moving across the room, took down her coat and hat.

"There is nothing more I can do, Colonel Dessiter," she asked. "Nothing, thank you," he replied, looking at her curiously.

"I will not insult my estimate of your character," Marabels said, "by asking if your decision is final. You will permit me to say, however, that I regret it."

"I am very sorry," Miss Brown rejoined. "Good night. And good night, Colonel Dessiter."

"Good night, Miss Brown."

She closed the door behind her and went down the steps toward the elevator with trembling knees. Outside in the street into which she passed with unseeing eyes she was conscious of being tapped lightly upon the arm. She hesitated, to find Paul looking down into her face with his usual boyish smile.

"You forgive that I am here to meet you?" he asked eagerly. "Of course. Have you been waiting long?"

"Barely half an hour. I came because—"

"Do you mind not telling me just now," she interrupted, "but walk with me until I speak, and say nothing."

He obeyed without a word, after a single anxious downward glance Miss Brown was wholly unable to account for the curious emotion which possessed her. Her knees were still trembling; she was conscious that the tears were very near her eyes. It was a turbulent agitation which she failed utterly to understand.

For Marabels as a magnificent machine, a sort of mechanical superman, she had always had the most profound admiration. He existed for her as something entirely outside the amenities of personal life. Why she should be so affected by his amazing declaration remained then and for long afterward a mystery to her. Lacking any ordinary explanation, she decided as they neared Northumberland Avenue, that it was because no man before had ever asked her to marry him.

"I am recovered," she announced suddenly. "Nothing has happened, I trust, to upset you?"

"Nothing that should have upset me. It was simply an overwhelming surprise. Now tell me why you came to meet me."

"Can't you guess?" he asked. "Isn't that the night Miss Frances was coming up?"

"Why I believe it is," she admitted.

"Please, Miss Brown," he went on, "will you come to dinner tonight—and bring her."

"Of course I will," she assented promptly. "I know Frances would be terribly disappointed if we didn't show up here. No night clubs, though, Mr. Paul."

"That is a promise. I knew nothing of what was likely to happen that night, of course. I am very, very sorry. It may be, though, for the best. You have heard the rumors tonight?"

"I hear nothing but rumors—and a few facts—all day long," Miss Brown declared.

"There's a late edition just out which announces semi-officially that the government has refused Abel Deane's condition that one of these foreigners should be allowed a place upon the commission. If it is the truth, there will be a crisis. Abel Deane will have to choose between alienating his foreign supporters and seeing the whole scheme crumble away."

"You will forgive me, but I do not discuss these matters," Miss Brown reminded him in her best official manner.

"You are quite right not to," Paul assented. "You must excuse me that I am very, very interested.

Those three men who have brought their millions over here bring nothing of the spirit of Russia. There is nothing Russian about them except their birth. Their discomfiture here would be a joy to us because any blow to the Russia of today helps us forward toward the Russia of tomorrow."

"It is quite natural," Miss Brown conceded gravely. "that you should be interested in anything which has to do with your country. You shall now tell me, if you please, what you are going to offer us for dinner?"

He laughed heartily. "Forgive me that I am so garrulous," he begged. "There will be a clear soup—not so bad. There will be at least the cheese with it to remind you that if we could have afforded it it would have been petite marmite. And then there is some veal. It is very good veal. My father usually grumbles, but he has dined off it already and he says that it is good veal."

"Then there is a complot of fruit," Miss Brown ventured, with a barely repressed smile. "How did you guess?" he demanded.

"Bananas and oranges and thin slices of apples."

"Wonderful! But you see," he went on apologetically. "fruit is a very difficult matter. For twopence extra you can have a small jug of cream. There is no profit on that. I can assure you, and it makes a difference."

"It sounds a most delicious dinner," Miss Brown declared, "and I am getting hungry talking about it. I'll fetch Frances and you can rely on seeing us in three-quarters of an hour. But before you go, Mr. Paul—I am going to take a taxi from here—I have a question to ask you."

They passed under a gas lamp, and Miss Brown drew from the pocket of her coat a page from one of the morning illustrated papers.

"Tell me, Mr. Paul, is that you and your father?"

She pointed to a picture in the centre page. It was a snapshot of Paul's father in full uniform, with a long line of medals and decorations across his chest, and by his side Paul, in the white uniform of the Russian bodyguard, also with medals and decorations. Underneath was a brief line:

Two of our Russian guests leaving Buckingham Palace after the levee this afternoon—General Prince Serge Alexis of Norgadia, a connection of the late Czar, and his only son, Prince Paul of Norgadia. Paul flushed a little as he glanced at the paper.

"I am very sorry that the photographers were too quick for us," he said. "Please do not tell Frances. Please forget it yourself if you can. We go once a year to honor my father. He thinks it is a duty we owe the family. We change at a friend's house near, and up till now we have escaped discovery. It was most unfortunate."

"Let me take you a little way," Miss Brown begged, with her foot on the step of the taxi.

But Paul with his shabby bowler hat in his hand and his overcoat flapping about him, had already disappeared into the misty twilight.

Frances had removed her outdoor clothes and was lounging in her dressing gown, not as usual upon the bed, but in the one easy chair. An unopened evening paper lay by her side and an unlighted cigarette drooped from her lips.

"Hurry up," Miss Brown enjoined, as he took off her coat. "We are going to dine with Mr. Paul. He knew you were going to be up and he came all the way to Whitehall and waited half an hour outside to get me to promise."

Frances' face softened for a moment, and then she indulged in a little grimace.

"Oh, I don't know," she exclaimed discontentedly. "What's the use?"

"You don't know?" her friend repeated. "Why, I thought you liked Mr. Paul."

Frances, lip curled for a moment, the light shone out of her eyes.

"Of course, I like Paul," she repeated. "Any fool would. He's one of the dearest beings alive. He makes any of the other men one meets seem absolutely impossible, but don't you see, Edith, what's the good of it all? That poor boy, carrying the restaurant upon his back, supporting his mother, father and sister, and only doing it by sheer slavery! What's the good of adoring him? What place is there for me or for you or for any of us in his life, except just a few moments of pleasant friendship? And then—look here!"

She flung the same illustrated paper which Miss Brown had seen upon the table.

"A Prince!" she scoffed. "A pretty Princess I should make wouldn't I, trying to live on what was left over after Paul had fed the family. Poor boy," she went on. "I'd do anything in the world to help him, give him anything in the world he asked for, but it wouldn't help either of us. You're a little fool, Edith, to keep on bothering me about him. He's a great deal more dangerous to us than all the Franklands in the world ever were. You don't know how near I was last time I saw him to throwing my arms round his neck and telling him what a dear I thought him, and asking whether there wasn't any way I could make him a little happier."

Miss Brown went over and passed her arms round Frances' shoulders. There was sympathy in her tone, grave though it was.

"And even then, dear," she whispered, "it wouldn't have been dangerous at all. Paul would have taken you into his great arms, he would have thought that it was



The DIAL MYSTERY
by Agatha Christie
THIRTY INSTALLMENTS
EIGHT ILLUSTRATED

This Story will commence soon in the Daily News

just the custom among English girls to be frank, and he would have led you to his mother and father and introduced you with a little set speech as his fiancée."

"And they would have groaned," Frances murmured, with a smile, half humorous, half pitiful, "and thought to themselves—another one to feed!"

"If they had felt like that," Miss Brown declared, "you would never have known it. They are of the world who know how to hide such things."

"Well, anyhow, it wouldn't have done," Frances sighed. "That's the cruel part of things. Life's beastly, anyway. I've played the game up to my twenty-seventh year, and

SANTA CLAUS WELCOMED ON SHIP



SCORES of happy youngsters received a surprise visit from Santa Claus on Saturday night on the Anchor-Donaldson liner "Athenia" prior to departure from Halifax for Europe. Bearded and garbed in the traditional manner, Santa dispensed gifts to all the boys and girls travelling in the big ship before vanishing as mysteriously as he came.

FREE!!

Boys and Girls

This Genuine

REDIPOINT

Pencil **FREE**

Just for bringing us one new subscription. That's all! You will have pleasure in using this fine pencil.

There are still a few people in Prince Rupert who do not subscribe for The Daily News to be delivered to them every day. Boys and girls who secure their subscriptions for us will receive a pencil.

Redipoint Pencil Free!

THE DAILY NEWS

Prince Rupert British Columbia

The Holiday Spirit



PRICES
12 OZ **1.50**
25 OZ **3.00**

Here's the Gin for a Perfect "JOHN COLLINS"

INTO a mixing glass put two lumps cracked ice, one cocktail glass Mistletoe Gin, the juice of one lemon, two teaspoonfuls powdered sugar, one bottle of plain soda. Stir well and serve while fizzing.

NOTE—Mix and stir first with only one-half amount of soda. Add remainder immediately before drinking.

This advertisement is not published or displayed by the Liquor Control Board or by the Government of British Columbia.

News of the Mines

AROUND PRINCE RUPERT

Mountain Boy Active; B. C. Silver Quiet
Montreal Interests Take Over Lucky Jim at Stewart;

Important Montreal mining and financial interests have concluded negotiations for the taking over of the Lucky Jim property, adjoining the Mountain Boy on the northwest in the American Creek section of the Portland Canal district. Acting on behalf of the eastern interests, William Tolin has already made a cash payment of \$3000 to the owners of the Lucky Jim and subsequent payments are scheduled to follow in due course. A program of intensive development work is planned for next year. The property consists of six claims, which are combined with the three claims of the Last Chance group, and is owned by four well-known Stewart men—Plus Tolin, William Boscance, Howard Campbell and John Hahti. Last summer the claims were surveyed and a trail brushed out to connect with the Mountain Boy trail. During the summer Harry Townsend, consulting engineer for the Mountain Boy, gave considerable attention to the Lucky Jim and took numerous samples, one of which, taken across seven feet of the vein, gave 80c in gold with 77.8 ounces silver and 5% copper. A sample taken by William Boscance across fourteen feet of the vein assayed 9.8% copper and a small amount of gold and silver. It is now thoroughly established that this vein is a continuation of the main Mountain Boy vein. The vein strikes northwest and southwest and dips into the hill at an angle of 45 degrees. It has been traced for 700 feet and much of the ground has yet to be prospected by the owners. Recently the new owners of the property had an engineer on the ground and it is understood that his sampling bore up equally well with that taken by Mr. Townsend and Mr. Boscance.

but no further commercial values were found. Drift 637, the north-easterly drive on the zone, has been advanced 137 feet, thus bringing the face to within 317 feet from the edge of the 633 drift. This work was partly in green porphyry and partly in tuff. The sampling here did not show commercial values. There is a strong rumor that the B. C. Silver has just made another important strike on No. 4 level.

Colors For All Canadian 1930 License Plates

The nine provinces of Canada have the following color schemes for their 1930 motor vehicle licence plates:

- New Brunswick—Aluminum background with crimson letters and figures.
- Nova Scotia—White background with red letters and figures.
- Prince Edward Island—White background with green letters and figures.
- Quebec—Yellow background with black letters and figures.
- Ontario—White background with black letters and figures.
- Manitoba—Blue background with white letters and figures.
- Saskatchewan—Chocolate background with white letters and figures.
- Alberta—Green background with white letters and figures.
- British Columbia—Red background with orange letters and figures.

This afternoon's train, due from the East at 3:30, was reported this morning to be on time.

"The Seven Dials Mystery" is one of the famous Christie stories. It commences in a few days in this paper.

COAL!

PHONE US FOR A TRIAL ORDER OF
Nanaimo Wellington Lump and Alberta Sootless
Fresh Shipments Arrive Every Week
Albert & McCaffery, Ltd.
Phones 116 & 117

XMAS WORK OF RELIEF

Salvation Army Again Took Active Part; Distributed Hampers and Gave Dinner

CAMPAIGN NETS \$167

The needy of this city were well cared for yesterday. Various organizations sent out hampers to families and certain restaurants gave meals free or at very small cost to unfortunate men. None who were known to be in distress were neglected.

As usual, the Salvation Army took an active part in the Christmas relief work. Twenty well-filled hampers were sent out by the officers and yesterday from noon until 6 p.m. dinner was served for unemployed men in the Citadel. Not a very large number availed themselves of the opportunity to enjoy the meal, but those who did attend were very appreciative. During the afternoon there was a musical program to cheer the guests. Among those participating in the program were Emil Hudema, Jimmy Bryant, Andrew Martin, Ted Harmon and Miss Ena Anderson, there being several orchestral numbers. Games were also played.

The Daily News again assisted the Salvation Army in its efforts to raise relief funds and, as a result of the campaign, the sum of \$167.96 was realized, this being a slightly larger amount than last year.

Among the donors not already mentioned were:

Mrs. Gillis, \$3.50.
In His Name, \$1.
In the street pots on Monday and Tuesday the sum of \$50 was collected. This was not included in the campaign total and is used for general Army relief work.

ALICE ARM TURKEYS

ALICE ARM, Dec. 26.—A turkey shoot was held yesterday afternoon by T. W. Falconer at the west end of First Avenue. Many marksmen took home plump turkeys for their Christmas dinners.

The Christie mystery stories are the most popular written today. "The Seven Dials Mystery" commences in this paper in a few days.

DEMAND "Rupert Brand" Kippers

"THE DAINTIEST BREAKFAST FOOD."
Smoked Daily by

Canadian Fish & Cold Storage Co., Ltd.
PRINCE RUPERT, B.C.

LINDSAY'S Cartage and Storage

Phone 68
Cartage, Warehousing, and Distributing. Team or Motor Service
Coal, Sand and Gravel
We Specialize in Piano and Furniture Moving.

TELEPHONE 657

VALENTIN DAIRY FOR SKEENA BRAND
Creamery Butter & Cottage Cheese
FRESH PASTEURIZED MILK AND CREAM DAILY
Early Delivery Throughout the City

Coal? Coal?

Take advantage of low price to put in your winter supply, EDSON and CASSIDY-WELLINGTON in any quantities. Also Flour, Hay, Grain and Feed.

Prince Rupert Feed Co
PHONES 58 AND 558

SAVE MONEY! SAVE MONEY!

Try C. C. Ketchum's Minehead Coal

THE BEST ALBERTA COAL IN PRINCE RUPERT
Save 10 per cent in weight and buy our coal, which is always under cover and full weight.

Egg, 1-inch to 3-inch \$12.50
Stove, 3-inch to 6-inch \$12.75
Furnace Lump \$13.50

WE CAN SUPPLY

Telkwa Lump \$13.50
Wellington Lump \$14.50

SEE-SEE KETCHUM & CO., LTD.
PHONE 771



THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY
TWO SHOWS
7 and 9 p.m.

TALKING AND MUSICAL PROGRAM

Warner Baxter and Edmund Lowe
In That Great Western

"IN OLD ARIZONA"

Comedy, "Ask Dad" Novelty, "The Interview"
ADMISSION, 20c AND 65c; SATURDAY MATINEE, 15c AND 40c

How to Judge Scotch Whisky



NO GOOD JUDGE takes much notice of the colour in judging whisky, nor is he favourably impressed by the bite in determining the age and quality.

THE OLDEST HORSE IN THE WORLD... Established 1742

Whisky can be matured and still be almost colourless. The colour is obtained from the particular wood in which it is matured, and if matured in plain oak casks there would be little or no change in the colour of the whisky. Do not, therefore, judge whisky by colour. It does not always indicate age or strength.

The Right Way to Test Good Whisky
Experts test whisky by the nose and the palate. To tell a good whisky by the nose is rather difficult, but most people can rely on their palate, and if you have a sensitive palate you should have no difficulty in detecting the fine qualities of "White Horse".

A bite in whisky does not necessarily signify that it has great alcoholic strength. Good and immature whisky has a decided bite. If whisky is matured for 20 to 30 years the strength is reduced very considerably.

"Marrying" of "White Horse"

Scotch Whisky is a blending of malts and grain whisky. For "White Horse" only the choicest makes of Scotch Whisky are selected. They are matured for a long period in sherry wood barrels. After the first blending, "White Horse" is allowed to lie in wood for a further period to allow the whisky to become properly "married". It is again put in the blending vat and again allowed to lie in the wood. The general public have very little knowledge of time, expense and care involved in this "marrying" of "White Horse" whisky before it is bottled.



A more mellow, generous and delightful spirit than "White Horse" is not obtainable. This Real Old Scotch, which is the senior whisky of Scotland, will sustain the dignity of any Club, Mansion or Cottage anywhere. It is distilled and bottled in Scotland and sent to all corners of the globe.

GLASGOW
LONDON
CAPE TOWN

WHITE HORSE WHISKY

DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

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Prince Rupert DRYDOCK AND SHIPYARD

OPERATING G. T. P. 20,000-TON FLOATING DRYDOCK
Engineers, Machinists, Boilermakers, Blacksmiths, Pattern Makers, Founders, Woodworkers, Etc.
ELECTRIC AND ACETYLENE WELDING

Our Plant Is Equipped to Handle All Kinds of MARINE AND COMMERCIAL WORK
PHONES 43 AND 355

LUMBER

1x6 No. 1 Spruce Shiplap \$23.00
1x10 No. 1 Spruce Shiplap \$25.00
1x6 No. 2 Spruce Shiplap \$20.00
1x10 No. 2 Spruce Shiplap \$22.00
2x4 and 2x6, 8 to 14', S4S, No. 1 Common \$25.00
2x4 and 2x6, 8 to 14', S4S, No. 2 Common \$22.00

Kiln Dried Flooring, Ceiling and Finish, Mouldings
Lath, Shingles, Doors, Windows, Etc.

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