

The Daily News

The Leading Newspaper and the Largest Circulation in Northern B.C.

Published by the Prince Rupert Publishing Company, Limited

DAILY AND WEEKLY

TRANSIENT DISPLAY ADVERTISING—50 cents per inch. Contract rates on application.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—To Canada, United States and Mexico—DAILY, 50c per month, or \$5.00 per year, in advance. WEEKLY, \$2.00 per year. All Other Countries—Daily, \$8.00 per year; Weekly, \$2.50 per year, strictly in advance.

HEAD OFFICE

Daily News Building, Third Ave., Prince Rupert, B. C. Telephone 98.

BRANCH OFFICES AND AGENCIES

NEW YORK—National Newspaper Bureau, 219 East 23rd St., New York City.
SEATTLE—Puget Sound News Co.

LONDON, ENGLAND—The Clougher Syndicate, Grand Trunk Building, Trafalgar Square.

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DAILY EDITION.

MONDAY, NOV. 6

THE FIGHT FOR BETTER CIVIC ADMINISTRATION

There are a large number of diseases of the body that end their course in a sort of germicidal suicide. The disease germs create other germs which kill the first germs. That is why certain diseases like measles rarely attack the same person twice. That is how immunity from certain diseases is acquired. It is a dangerous and expensive method of acquiring immunity, but it seems to be one of Nature's biological laws.

In a similar way the social body seems to acquire immunity, and overcome its ill-health. When a community or a government gets so rotten that it can hardly hang together, a new force is born that fights and overcomes the old order. It is a dangerous and expensive method of acquiring immunity from social ills, but it seems to be one of Nature's sociological laws.

In a study of the commission government of cities—the application of business system to municipal corporations—the significant truth is borne home, that in nearly every case, these most progressive of cities are the products of a reaction against boss rule and machine politics. In almost every instance it has been the fight of a few citizens and a newspaper on one side, against the forces of machine rule and a subsidized press on the other, that has started the victorious fight. Mayor Dan Dineen of Decatur, Illinois, in a personal letter to the Daily News has outlined very succinctly the reasons that made that city adopt the commission form of government. Decatur it may be mentioned is a city of over 30,000 inhabitants. This is what Mayor Dineen says about the subject:

First, This community as well as others, has grown tired of "machine politics," and under this plan, every candidate stands on his own footing. It is unlawful to contribute money for the election of any particular candidate, and the successful candidate has to file a sworn statement of his actual expenses and by whom the money was contributed. The candidate's name goes on the ballot in alphabetical order and there is nothing to show the candidate's party affiliation and anyone can be a candidate without asking any "boss."

Second, The plan attracts able men to fill the offices because of the increase in salary and the reduction in number. It fixes individual responsibility, the same being direct and personal, and renders communication between the citizens and the City Hall easier.

Third, By means of the Initiative, Referendum and Recall, which are not essentials of commission form of government, but are usually attached to the plan, the power which has formerly been usurped by the officials has been returned to the people where it belongs. By these means a community may initiate legislation or protest against legislation, and may recall unworthy officials.

Fourth, Privileges to public service corporations are safe-guarded in that they lay over one week before passage, and then in most instances before they become effective, they must be submitted to a vote of the people, and if vote results in a majority in favor of granting the privilege, the ordinance becomes effective, otherwise, not. This method eliminates public service corporations from getting behind certain candidates. Free transportation to city officials is prohibited and all discrimination is absolutely forbidden.

Yours truly,

DAN DINEEN, Mayor.

The four excellent reasons that influenced the city of Decatur might apply very well to the city of Prince Rupert.

FIRST: "CATCH YOUR PRINTER"

DIRECTIONS FOR COOKING A HARE:
FIRST—"CATCH YOUR HARE"

To produce good printing you must "first catch your good printer." You can't get good printing from a poor printer, even if he works with never so good an equipment. If he lacks the "knack," the trained taste, the single-minded fondness for his work which real printers have, he will do poor printing for you. If he has all of these, and in addition to them adequate modern equipment, your printing will have distinction, salesmanship, the lure of type-beauty.

As this office produces good printing you may infer the presence of a good printer—who is "catchable."

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THE Pillar of Light

By Louis Tracy

The blast of the terrible ones! What a vivid pen-picture of the awesome forces of nature. How long would this "torpedo" continue? Al ready it must have strewn its path with havoc at sea and on land. His physical senses were elevated to the supernatural. He seemed to acquire abnormal powers of sight and hearing. He could see the trees bending before the wrathful wind, hear the crashing tiles and brickwork as houses were demolished and people hurled to death. But there was no ecstasy of soul, no mental altitude. In quick reaction came the fanciful memory of the hardy old salt who cheered his shipmates during a terrific gale with the trite remark:

"I pity the poor folk ashore on a night like this."

What a curious jumble of emotions jostled in his brain. A step from the sublime to the ridiculous! Not even a step. They were inextricably interwoven, the woe and the warp of things. He recalled the odd expression of an officer who had passed unscathed through the Inferno of Spion Kop.

"I had no sense of fear," said he, "but my teeth began to ache."

Brand, a student, even of himself, discovered that his dominant sensation was one of curiosity.

"If it has to be," said his nervous system, "let it come quickly." He felt like a man lying on the operating table waiting for the chloroform.

Suddenly, the bright flame of the lamp lessened. The use that was his second nature caused him to raise the rocks and admit more draught. Even whilst his deft fingers arranged the complex burner, his ear caught a change in the external dim. The shriek of the wind dropped to a thunderous growl. This was a gale, not a tempest. God be praised, the crisis had passed!

The hurricane had lasted thirty-five minutes. A similar tornado sufficed to wreck one-half of the City of St. Louis. This one, as he learnt afterwards, swept around the south of the island, creating a tidal wave which did great damage to the Scilly Isles and the headlands of the south coast, yet spent itself somewhere in the North Sea. Dwellers in inland cities were amazed and incredulous when the newspapers spoke of its extraordinary violence. A truth is harder to swallow than a lie, all the time.

Up clattered Enid with the steaming beverage; Constance, the lantern-bearer, providing the rear-guard.

"I do believe it is blowing worse than ever," said Enid, striving desperately to be unconcerned. In reality, the angry wind was no longer able to heed the waves. With a rising tide and the gale assisting there would soon be a sea worthy of Turner in his maddest mood.

"Good gracious, dad," cried Constance, "how pale you are. And your forehead is wet. What have you been doing?"

Brand hastily mopped his face with a handkerchief.

"During some of the heavy gusts," he explained, "I was compelled to stand on the trimming stage. And—the micrometer valve required adjustment."

She eyed him narrowly. The margin of suspicion was wider.

"There is nothing else wrong?" she asked.

He approached and kissed her ear. "Since when did my little girl begin to doubt me?" he said quietly.

Her eyes filled. Even the hint of reproach from her was intolerable. For the life of her she could no longer control the flood of terror which welled up beyond restraint.

"Forgive me, dad," she murmured, "but I thought, and I still think, that we were and are in a position of the utmost peril. I can't help knowing that it is high-water about two o'clock. It is now only a quarter to one. The worst is not over. Do you think I cannot read your dear face? Dad! If there is danger, don't send us away again."

Tears were streaming down her white cheeks. Enid holding the tray in speechless bewilderment during this outburst from her proud and self-reliant sister, set it down on the writing-desk with a crash.

"Oh dear," she wailed, "I don't want any more of this 'gug-gug' going to be drowned."

Certainly if Stephen Brand had imagined, two minutes earlier, that he was about to laugh long and loudly, in a genuine surrender to an uncontrollable spasm of mirth, he would have feared lest his wits were leaving him. Yet he laughed now until his wits were blurred. And the wonderful relief of it! What a tonic, after the ordeal he had endured!

It chanced, just then, that an emancipated wave embraced the granite column, hit the cornice, and deluged the lantern, its disintegrating mass striking the glass with force enough to break any ordinary window. The astounded girls could not refuse the evidence of eyes and ears. Here was the frantic sea leaping to a height of one hundred and forty feet and more, yet their father was treating the incident as the merriest joke of many a month.

No better cure for their hysteria could be contrived. Brand was obviously not acting. The hearty pulsations of laughter had restored his ruddy color. Evidently they were alarmed about nothing.

"Here, Enid, drink your parting cup," he cried at last. "Have no fear. It is only the doctored doris before many another feast."

Feeling somewhat ashamed of themselves, though smiling very wistfully, they obeyed him. He sipped his cocoa with real nonchalance. Another wave turned a somersault over the lantern. Brand's only anxiety was to blow at the steaming liquid and cool it sufficiently.

Yet was he watching them and hammering out the right course to adopt. He alone understood that, to the no-

THE DAILY NEWS

vice, the amazing ordeal from which the lighthouse had successfully emerged was as naught compared with the thunderous blows of the waves, the astounding reverberations of the hollow pillar, the continuous deluge of spray striking the lantern, which the infuriated sea would inflict on them.

To urge any further effort to sleep was folly. They must remain with him and be comforted.

Being reasonable girls, of fine spirit under conditions less benumbing, it was better that they should grasp the facts accurately. They would be timid, of course, just as people are timid during their first attempt to walk across Niagara, but they would have confidence in their guide and endure the surrounding pandemonium.

"Here's to you, Enid. Still we live," he cried, and drained his cup.

"I sup-pu-pose so," she stammered. "Better sup up your cocoa," said Constance. "Now I am quits with you for this afternoon."

"I'll tell you what," went on Brand, confidentially. "In that locker you will find a couple of stout pilot-coats. Put them on. As I cannot persuade you to leave me you must sit down, and it is cold in here. Moreover, for the first time in twenty-one years I will smoke on duty. I have earned a little relaxation of the law."

Out of the corner of his eye he saw that Constance, if not Enid, had not missed the subtle hint in his words. But she was quite normal again. She gave no sign; helped her sister into the heavy reefer, and made herself comfortable in turn.

"Neither of you will ever regret tonight's experience when it is all over," he said. "You are like a couple of recruits in their first battle."

"I am sure," began Enid.

A huge wave, containing several hundred tons of water, smote the lighthouse, and caved over their heads. The house that was founded upon a rock fell not, but it shook through all its iron-bound tiers, and the empty cups danced on their saucers.

Not another word could Enid utter. She was paralyzed.

"That fellow—arrived—in the nick of time—to emphasize my remarks," said Brand, lighting his pipe. "This is your baptism of fire, if I may strain a metaphor. But you are far better scared than the soldier. He gets scared out of his wits by big guns which are comparatively harmless, and when he has been well pounded for an hour or so, he advances quite blithely to meet the almost silent hail of dangerous bullets. So, you see, in his case, ignorance is bliss."

"Are we in bliss?" demanded Constance.

"You have been. The lighthouse has outlasted a hurricane such as has not visited England before in my lifetime. It is over. The wind has dropped to a No. 10 gale, and we have not lost even a bit of skin to my knowledge. Now the cannons are beginning. Certainly, we may have the glass broken, by a rare accident, but no worse fate can befall us."

A heavy thud was followed by a deluge without. They heard the water pouring off the gallery.

Constance leaned forward, with hands on knees. Her large eyes looked into his.

"This time dad, you are not choosing your words, she said.

"I am sorry you should think that," was the reply. "I selected each phrase with singular care. Never be misled by the apparent ease of a speaker. The best impromptu is prepared beforehand."

"Now the quiet deadliness of the scene which followed the reappearance of Enid and herself from their bed-room was manifest to her. Enid, too, was looking from one to the other in eager striving to grasp the essentials of an episode rapidly grouping its details into sequence. Brand knew that he had parried his daughters' questioning, they would be on their knees by his side forthwith, and he wished to avoid any further excitement.

"Please attend, both of you," he growled, with mock severity. "I am going to tell you something that will console you."

His voice was drowned by some part of the Atlantic whirling over the lantern.

"This kind of thing does not go on all the time," he continued. "Otherwise we should have five hours of spasmodic conversation. As soon as the tide rises sufficiently to gain an uninterrupted run across the reef we will have at least two hours of comparative quiet. About four o'clock tomorrow there will be a second edition for an hour or so. Suppose that any suggestion of bed—"

"Will be scouted," exclaimed Enid. "A nice pair of beauties you will be in the morning," he grumbled artfully. Not even Constance was proof against this new burden of woe. She glanced around.

"You say that," she cried, "knowing that the nearest looking-glass is yards away."

He pointed with his pipe.

"In the second drawer of the desk you will find a holo-graph. It is only a toy, but will justify me."

They ran together, and found the little circular mirror. The next wave passed unheeded. Shilling, he went up to the lamp. Even yet there was hope they might go to bed when the respite came.

After much talk of disordered hair, wan cheeks, rings round the eyes, cracked lips, and other outrageous defects which a pretty woman mourns when divorced from her dressing table, Constance called him.

"Here is a queer thing," she said.

"Have you heard any steamer hooting?"

"No," he answered. Bending between the two of them he saw the pointer of the auriscope bore due southwest, though the last strain of which they had any knowledge sounded from the opposite direction.

He picked up a little trumpet resembling the horn of a motor-car.

"I use this for tests," he explained. Its tiny vibrator quickly brought the needle round towards his hand.

"It is improbable in the highest degree that any steamer is near enough to affect the auriscope," he said. "On a night like this they give the coast a wide berth."

He quitted them again. The girls, having nothing better to do, watched him with some change occurred.

He heard them use the small trumpet three times. Then Enid sang out:

"Oh, do come, dad. It goes back to the southwest regularly."

He joined in the watch. The needle was pointing north in obedience to the sound-waves created in the room.

Suddenly, it swung round nearly half the circumference of the dial.

"Hush!" he said. They listened intently, but the roar of the wind and water was too deafening. They could hear naught else. He went to the southwest point of the glass dome, but the lantern was so blurred with rivulets of water that he could see nothing save a tawny vastness where the light fell on the flying spindrift.

To make sure, he tested the auriscope again, and with the same result. A vessel is approaching from the southwest," he announced, gravely. "Evidently she is whistling for help. I hope she will not attempt to approach too near the reef. I must have a look out."

He put on an oilskin coat and tied the strings of a sou'wester firmly beneath his chin.

The small door of the lantern opened towards the Bay, so he had no difficulty in gaining the gallery. The girls watched him forcing his way against the wind until he was facing it and gazing in the direction of the Scilly Isles.

"Perhaps some poor ship is in danger, Connie," whispered Enid. "It makes me feel quite selfish. Here was I, thinking of nothing but my own peril, yet that little machine there was faithfully doing its duty."

"It was not alone in its self-abandonment. We shall never know, dear, how much father suffered when he sent us out with a jest on his lips. I am sure he thought the lantern would be blown away."

"And he with it! Oh, Connie!" "Yes, he believed, if that awful thing took place whilst we were below, we might escape. I can see it all now. I had the vaguest sort of suspicion, but he hoodwinked me."

"Had we known, we would not have left him," cried Enid, passionately.

"Yes," would Enid. Think of him, sticking to his post. Was it for us to disobey?"

Overcome by their feelings, they stood in silence for a little while. Through the thick glass they could dimly distinguish Brand's figure. A great wave assailed the lantern and Enid screamed loudly.

"Don't, dear!" cried Constance, shrilly. "Father would not remain there if it were dangerous."

Nevertheless, they both breathed more freely when they saw him again, an indeterminate shape against the luminous gloom.

Constance felt that she must speak. The sound of her own voice begat confidence.

"I have never really understood dad until tonight," she said. "What an ennobling thing is a sense of duty. He would have died here quite calmly, Enid, yet he would avoid the least danger. That would be endangering his trust. Oh, I am glad we are here. I have never lived before this hour."

Enid stole a wondering glance at her sister. The girl seemed to be gazing into depths immeasurable. Afterwards the words came back to her mind: "That would be endangering his trust."

Brand faced the gale a full five minutes. He returned hastily.

"There is a big steamer heading this way—a liner, I fancy," he gasped, half choked with spray. "I fear she is disabled. She is firing rockets, and I suppose her siren is going constantly, though I cannot hear it."

He ran to the room beneath. Flushed with this new excitement, the girls donned their oilskin coats and arranged their sashes.

When he hurried the stairs he was carrying four rockets. He noted their preparations.

"Don't come out until I have fired the alarm signals," he shouted, "and tie your dresses tightly around your knees."

They heard the loud hissing of the rockets, and the four reports travelled dully from the sky. Three white starbursts and one red told the girls that help was near the Gulf Rock. Probably they had already seen the vessel's signals. In any event, they would not miss the display from the lighthouse.

Walking with difficulty, the girls crept out on to the balcony.

Brand had already gone to the windward side. The first rush of the gale made them breathless, yet they persevered and reached him. They were greeted by a climber, but their father, with a hand on their shoulders, pressed forward, and the spray crashed against the lantern behind them. He knew they would take no harm. When the vessel passed, their boots and stockings would be soaked. Then he could insist that they should go to bed.

At first they distinguished nothing save a chaotic blend of white and yellow foam, driving over the reef at an apparently terrific speed. Over the black pall of the sky seemed to touch the top of the lantern. Around, in a vast circle carved out of the murky wilderness, the wondrous beam of the light fought and conquered its unwearied foes. Constance caught the three quick flashes of the Seven Stones light-ship away to the right. She fancied she saw a twinkling ahead, but this was the St. Agnes Light.

He pointed with his pipe. "In the second drawer of the desk you will find a holo-graph. It is only a toy, but will justify me."

They ran together, and found the little circular mirror. The next wave passed unheeded. Shilling, he went up to the lamp. Even yet there was hope they might go to bed when the respite came.

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COAL NOTICE

Skene Land District—District of Queen Charlotte Islands

Take notice that thirty days from date, I, C. E. Bainter of Prince Rupert, B. C., by occupation bookkeeper, intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands for a licence to prospect for coal and petroleum on and under 640 acres of land on Graham Island described as follows: Commencing at a post planted five miles east of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 10, marked N. W. corner of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 14, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to place of commencement. Dated Sept. 11, 1911. C. E. Bainter, Locator Pub. Sept. 23.

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