

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

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.

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

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.

DAILY EDITION.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 15

SENDING A FOE TO COURT

While every other city in Canada, and indeed all over the world has had something good to say about Prince Rupert, one city has never missed an opportunity to knock our rising metropolis of Northern B. C. That knocker city is, of course, Vancouver. Everybody in Prince Rupert knows that Vancouver persistently knocks Prince Rupert, knocks her climate (though it is at least as good as Vancouver's) knocks her enterprise, knocks her prospects, knocks her progress. Everybody in Prince Rupert knows why.

Cities are referred to as feminine perhaps because they are always a little jealous of one another's attractions even when they aren't actually rivals in any other direction. But Vancouver is intensely jealous of Prince Rupert because she looks on Prince Rupert as a really dangerous rival. Vancouver is afraid of Rupert with that shorter route from her splendid unobstructed sea gate-ways to the riches of the Orient. Vancouver is afraid of Rupert with her splendid easiest-grade-in-the-world railway route to the markets of the East.

Vancouver is jealous of Rupert, and so Vancouver and those whose interests are wrapped up in Vancouver's never fail to knock Prince Rupert at every possible opportunity. It need not be so, for Vancouver has had a long start of Rupert, and has enough resources at her gates and around her to ensure for her a rich and glorious future. But Vancouver is not a very old city yet, and has not yet learned to be generous to a rival. Vancouver is girlishly jealous, and you won't find a Vancouver man ever doing anything to boost Rupert when he can boost Vancouver instead. Quite on the contrary.

And yet the Conservative party have the superb effrontery to foist one of the most out and out Vancouverites who ever trod Granville street—Mr. H. S. Clements, no less—upon Prince Rupert voters as candidate for Comox-Atlin! No doubt they thought the fact that Mr. Clements had once stayed for a little while in Prince Rupert was enough to make the citizens and voters of Prince Rupert fall into his arms. But as that sturdy champion of Prince Rupert—Mr. Tom Dunn, pointed out unmistakably, the very fact that Mr. Clements once stayed in Rupert is his worst recommendation to the Prince Rupert electorate. Mr. Clements didn't stay here long enough. He didn't want to. He didn't like Prince Rupert. He couldn't find words bad enough to knock Prince Rupert with when he got back to his beloved Vancouver. It rather looks as if he didn't make good here; but let us spare Mr. Clements that.

And this is the man the Conservative party would like to see represent the interests of Comox-Atlin—the interests of Prince Rupert—at Ottawa. A man whose interests are those of Vancouver which is not in Comox-Atlin at all—to represent Comox-Atlin! A Vancouver man to stand up for the interests of Prince Rupert when Vancouver considers herself Rupert's natural foe and natural knocker amongst cities! An enemy at court, in fact, for Prince Rupert if Mr. Clements were by chance returned! Well, really! What do they take the Prince Rupert voters for?

THE IMPOSSIBLE ACHIEVED

One of the Conservative members who is now raising his voice against the acceptance of the reciprocity agreement expressed, in the phrase "it is too good to be true," the general feeling of his colleagues in January when Mr. Fielding announced that such terms would never pass the United States Senate. All former negotiations for reciprocity had gone to establish the theory that the policy of the United States was to require a considerable reduction in the duties on manufactured goods entering Canada from the United States as the price for the free entry of Canadian natural products into the markets of the United States.

It was believed that it would be impossible to bring about reciprocity except by the making of a treaty rendering its continuance obligatory for a considerable term of years. Against the making of such a treaty not a few men prominent in the public and commercial life of Canada and the United States protested on the ground that political conditions in both countries might so change that the treaty would be an obstacle to the working out of large fiscal policies. The Canadian advocates of mutual trade preference within the British Empire were especially insistent on the unwisdom of entering into a trade treaty with the United States that would prevent Canada from taking full advantage of the launching of a scheme of Imperial preference.

It was believed also that as a condition of a wide measure of reciprocity, involving the free entry into the United States of the products of Canadian farms, forests, and fisheries, the United States would endeavor to secure the removal from the Canadian tariff of the British preference and the acceptance of the imports of the United States at the same rates of duty as those of the Motherland. These three things—a definite treaty for ten or twenty years, material reductions in our duties on United States manufactures, and the repeal of the British preference—were conditions that Washington was expected to propose.

It was quite certain that no Government of which Sir Wilfrid Laurier is the head and Mr. Fielding, the Finance Minister, would consent to the abolition of the British preference as a condition of reciprocity or of any other fiscal arrangement with the United States. The granting of better terms in the Canadian market to the products of the British peoples than to those of any country outside the Empire is the cardinal principle of the Liberal fiscal policy and will so remain. But the issue was never raised in the negotiations, nor was it found necessary on the part of Canada to make any material changes in the tariff on manufactured goods or to agree to a treaty for a fixed period. Thus what was believed to be "too good to be true" is now within reach. Canada and the United States put practically all natural products of importance on the free list. There are a few reductions in the duties on manufactures, chiefly farm implements, but they have been made by mutual agreement. There is no treaty, and either nation may change its tariff and restore the duties now to be removed without even consulting the other. The impossible has been achieved.

WARK'S CLOSING JEWELRY SALE

During the past six days many customers have visited our closing sale and were completely surprised at the rare bargains we are offering on every line of merchandise we carry. Many of them have purchased their Christmas Gifts because they fully realize the great saving of about one hundred percent they are making.

Such an opportunity cannot come to the citizens of Rupert again this season.

TODAY IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY

Specials for Friday and Saturday

\$30.00 Ladies' Hand Bags	\$18.00
13.50 " " "	8.90
9.00 " " "	5.00
9.00 " " "	4.90
6.00 " " "	3.90
.75 Men's Purses	.35
\$16.50 Umbrellas	\$10.90
10.00 " " "	6.00
5.00 " " "	3.25
4.00 " " "	2.40
\$72.50 8-Day Chime Hall Clock	\$44.00
\$38.50 8-Day Chime Library Clock	23.50
\$12.50 8-Day Mantle Clocks	\$7.50
\$7.50 8-Day Mantle Clocks	\$4.50
\$7.50 8-Day Office Clocks	\$4.50
\$1.50 Watches	.95
\$2.00 Razors	.95

We are displaying the newest and prettiest line of Brass Goods in our East Window, that has ever been shown in Prince Rupert. Just the thing for Wedding Gifts.

Our Cut Glass, Silverplate and Sterling Silver, is being sold at about HALF PRICE.

Watches, Chains, Lockets, Pins, and all lines of Small Jewellery are going at cost.

Do you intend buying a diamond?

Come in and save for yourself the dealers profit

One New Heintzman Player Piano, regular \$900.00, to be sold for.....\$710.00
One Second-Hand Bell Piano, like new.....\$275.00
One Second-Hand Furnace.
One New Kitchen Range.

With the first hint of light, a busy stir began in the Indians' camp, even before that the women must have been moving in their lean-to, for Emma, bent and old, began to put out strange, compound packs, blankets rolled and corded, and bloody parcels of meat.

Then the lean-tos came down, and

A TENDERFOOT'S WOOLING

By Clive Phillips Wolley

(AUTHOR OF GOLD, GOLD IN CARIBOO, ETC.)

CHAPTER V.

If Anstruther had not been young and reckless, and the ladies accustomed for years to look upon all Indians as inoffensive, there would have been but little sleep in the white people's camp that night.

Th Indians did not sleep. Through all that long night the hunters of the Chilcotens sat round their fire, smoking and muttering among themselves, casting now and again evil glances toward the spot where the white people lay.

Constant contact with men, armed with weapons of precision, has taken the courage out of the grizzly; it has had the same effect upon a tribe which is naturally one of the boldest and fiercest in Western Canada, but the instincts of the savage remain, and anyone with half an eye would have recognized that dull glow in the forest gloom as a storm centre.

An hour or two passed by, the night deepened, the drone of growling voices went on and then a figure detached itself from the gloom and slipped without a sound into the forest circle.

Just then Jim Combe stirred in his sleep, and throwing one arm restlessly from his blankets, turning over on his side towards the Indian's fire, muttering in his sleep.

As he did so, the figure glided back into the shadows.

The bushes which seemed to have crept nearer to the fire listening, until their black leaves were tipped with red light, swallowed him up and for a full minute the droning ceased.

The silence which followed was more ominous even than that incessant muttering. The intent scrutiny of those watching eyes made itself felt. At last the chief spoke.

"The dog dreams in his sleep," he said, "but his eyes are shut, and once the figure returned and took its place in the muttering circle. Good hunter as Kheleowna was, he made a mistake. His forest training should have taught him that the hunted feign often. If he had remembered that, Jim Combe might not have recognized in the fifth figure Davies' murderer, an Indian who had been wanted by the police for the last three years. As it was, Jim Combe knew what kind of a gang was travelling the Risky run that fall, and the hand which was beneath the blankets closed quietly round the lock of his Winchester.

But he did not stir in his place. He wanted that man's life as every cowboy in the district did, who had ever heard of poor old "Lofty" Hart, shot through his cabin window as he read his home letters by lamplight, but he was not prepared to risk the safety of the women for the chance of taking a murderer.

So he lay still and watched, his whole body crying out for sleep and his half closed lids heavy as lead. At the first jerk the dog howled with anguish, and Mrs. Rolt, whose ears were always open to a beast's cry of pain, turned sharply on her heel. The howl was of course rewarded with a curse and a kick, and then, screaming at every movement, the poor brute was jerked along the ground, its broken bones grinding together as it went.

At its agony it tried to bite its tormentor, and in a moment a club was in his hand again.

"Oh, my God, won't someone stop the brute," cried Kitty, almost in tears, but the elder woman, white with rage, said nothing. With her riding crop in her hand, and her fine nostrils wide and twitching, she was almost within striking distance of the Chilcoten, when a strong hand caught her and swung her unceremoniously out of the way.

"You swine," she heard, as she was pushed on one side, and though it was not pretty English for Anstruther, her heart went out to the boy for it, as his fist crashed into the big Indian's face, him. It was his own dog probably, for though it cowered at the chief's low growl, it took no other notice of his command. Stealthily one of the younger bucks, reached for a billet of wood, and hurled it with so sure an aim, that the beast rolled over screaming with pain.

With a yell he leaped start Jim Combe sat up in his blankets, but he was too late. Davies' murderer had vanished. "Cultus dog," said the Indian who had thrown the billet, and rising went after the beast, which was crawling away on its belly, dragging its hind leg after it and howling at every movement.

The dumb beast is not allowed to complain in an Indian camp, and as this one would not cease howling, the bigger brute clubbed it over the head with a great tent peg; clubbed it until it lay very still.

That is the Indian method of making a dog obedient and one reason perhaps why no Indian dog ever shows any sign of affection for its master. When the beast lay still the Indian passed a rope round its neck and tied it up to a tree. The dog was not dead yet, and as it might possibly be made to work again, he did not want to lose it, but it was too nearly dead to bite, so he took one of its hind legs and moved it sideways toward the leg moved easily from the thigh in a ghastly unnatural fashion, and the Indian laughed.

"Leg broke," he said. His shot with the pine billet had been a good one. Under that grey blanket by the white man's fire a lover of dogs felt his flesh creep and his hands clench, but Jim Combe, having been trained in a hard school, had learned when to interfere and when to bide his time. He could not help the poor beast now, and his first duty was to look after his boss's wife and that dear curly little head under the blue robe. After this the grey dawn began to come, a sad weird light, sifting through the pine trees, whilst the fires died down, and the tiny chickadees began to call among the boughs, warning their woodmates that those silent footed things who use the "fire stick" were moving again in their lairs, and would soon be creeping up towards the high places whither the full-fed stage were already sauntering for a day's siesta after a long night's feed.

With the first hint of light, a busy stir began in the Indians' camp, even before that the women must have been moving in their lean-to, for Emma, bent and old, began to put out strange, compound packs, blankets rolled and corded, and bloody parcels of meat.

Then the lean-tos came down, and

they too were dissolved into packs, and before the dawn had come, the Indian camp was completely dismantled, the pack-horses loaded with hides and meat, and everything ready for a start. The Indians were apparently not going to stay to cook breakfast.

It had been a successful hunt even for the Chilcotens, and every living thing in camp, except the braves, carried packs. Of course the braves would neither pack anything nor allow their saddle horses to be packed so long as there was a tottering old woman, or a child, or a dog in camp, which could possibly be made to stagger under another pound.

When the procession had wound away into the woods, the toothless old princess leading, bending under a mountain of rugs, followed by bundles under which they bare legs tottered, and dogs upon whose backs clattered pots and pails, by the fire there still lay one bale of cedar matting.

The young buck who had thrown the pine billet came round, kicking the charred sticks and peering amongst the young pine stripped of their needles, and growing giants, brutally gashed and wounded so that their life blood would ooze slowly away from them, leaving them dry and fit for the camp fire, but though he turned over the brush bedding and looked at every extemporized peg on which anything could have been left hanging he found nothing.

The camp was empty, nothing had been left behind. Then his eye fell upon the bundle of cedar matting. It weighed nothing, so that he might have tied it on behind his saddle; it was worth nothing, so that he might have left it where it was, but his eye wandering around to find some one on whom to lay the worthless burden fell upon his victim of the night before, crouching where it had been tied, its head stretched out along the ground, not dead, but cowering to escape notice.

That was just what the Indian was looking for. Seizing the dog's rope, he untied it from the tree and dragged the unhappy beast towards the pack. At the first jerk the dog howled with anguish, and Mrs. Rolt, whose ears were always open to a beast's cry of pain, turned sharply on her heel. The howl was of course rewarded with a curse and a kick, and then, screaming at every movement, the poor brute was jerked along the ground, its broken bones grinding together as it went.

At its agony it tried to bite its tormentor, and in a moment a club was in his hand again.

"Oh, my God, won't someone stop the brute," cried Kitty, almost in tears, but the elder woman, white with rage, said nothing. With her riding crop in her hand, and her fine nostrils wide and twitching, she was almost within striking distance of the Chilcoten, when a strong hand caught her and swung her unceremoniously out of the way.

"You swine," she heard, as she was pushed on one side, and though it was not pretty English for Anstruther, her heart went out to the boy for it, as his fist crashed into the big Indian's face, him. It was his own dog probably, for though it cowered at the chief's low growl, it took no other notice of his command. Stealthily one of the younger bucks, reached for a billet of wood, and hurled it with so sure an aim, that the beast rolled over screaming with pain.

With a yell he leaped start Jim Combe sat up in his blankets, but he was too late. Davies' murderer had vanished. "Cultus dog," said the Indian who had thrown the billet, and rising went after the beast, which was crawling away on its belly, dragging its hind leg after it and howling at every movement.

The dumb beast is not allowed to complain in an Indian camp, and as this one would not cease howling, the bigger brute clubbed it over the head with a great tent peg; clubbed it until it lay very still.

That is the Indian method of making a dog obedient and one reason perhaps why no Indian dog ever shows any sign of affection for its master. When the beast lay still the Indian passed a rope round its neck and tied it up to a tree. The dog was not dead yet, and as it might possibly be made to work again, he did not want to lose it, but it was too nearly dead to bite, so he took one of its hind legs and moved it sideways toward the leg moved easily from the thigh in a ghastly unnatural fashion, and the Indian laughed.

"Leg broke," he said. His shot with the pine billet had been a good one. Under that grey blanket by the white man's fire a lover of dogs felt his flesh creep and his hands clench, but Jim Combe, having been trained in a hard school, had learned when to interfere and when to bide his time. He could not help the poor beast now, and his first duty was to look after his boss's wife and that dear curly little head under the blue robe. After this the grey dawn began to come, a sad weird light, sifting through the pine trees, whilst the fires died down, and the tiny chickadees began to call among the boughs, warning their woodmates that those silent footed things who use the "fire stick" were moving again in their lairs, and would soon be creeping up towards the high places whither the full-fed stage were already sauntering for a day's siesta after a long night's feed.

With the first hint of light, a busy stir began in the Indians' camp, even before that the women must have been moving in their lean-to, for Emma, bent and old, began to put out strange, compound packs, blankets rolled and corded, and bloody parcels of meat.

Then the lean-tos came down, and

they too were dissolved into packs, and before the dawn had come, the Indian camp was completely dismantled, the pack-horses loaded with hides and meat, and everything ready for a start. The Indians were apparently not going to stay to cook breakfast.

It had been a successful hunt even for the Chilcotens, and every living thing in camp, except the braves, carried packs. Of course the braves would neither pack anything nor allow their saddle horses to be packed so long as there was a tottering old woman, or a child, or a dog in camp, which could possibly be made to stagger under another pound.

When the procession had wound away into the woods, the toothless old princess leading, bending under a mountain of rugs, followed by bundles under which they bare legs tottered, and dogs upon whose backs clattered pots and pails, by the fire there still lay one bale of cedar matting.

The young buck who had thrown the pine billet came round, kicking the charred sticks and peering amongst the young pine stripped of their needles, and growing giants, brutally gashed and wounded so that their life blood would ooze slowly away from them, leaving them dry and fit for the camp fire, but though he turned over the brush bedding and looked at every extemporized peg on which anything could have been left hanging he found nothing.

"That's a bad business, a bitter bad business, I'm afraid. I lost my head a bit, so you mustn't mind if I did swear, Mrs. Rolt. We've got to get on, and only hit the high places between this and the ranch. Put Miss Kitty up, Anstruther."

But Anstruther was busy collecting the rifles.

"No! never mind them. I'll fix them," said Combe, and taking them one by one, he smashed the stocks off them against the nearest pine tree.

"Won't do much shooting for a while with them things," he commented, surveying his work of destruction. "But, gee whiz! it's a bad business. Let 'em go," and he put his foot in the stirrup and swung himself into the saddle whilst his horse galloped.

For six long miles he gave them no rest until Kitty was beginning to feel weak in her saddle, though Mrs. Rolt rode as if she would never tire, and then he pulled his horse into a walk.

"Take a bit of a spell now," he said, "and don't try to talk. We are all safe as long as it is light, and I don't suppose that they'll try to follow us any way, but we've got to make the ranch before dark, and that will keep us busy."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

COAL NOTICE

Skeena Land District—District of Queen Charlotte Islands.
Take notice that Austin M. Brown of Prince Rupert, occupation saddler, intends to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a licence to prospect for coal, oil and petroleum on and under the following described lands on the West Coast of Graham Island:

Commencing at a post planted three miles east of the northeast corner of C. L. No. 4472, thence 80 chains east, thence 80 chains south, thence 80 chains west, thence 80 chains east to point of commencement.

Located August 1st, 1911.
AUSTIN M. BROWN, Locator
Pub. Aug. 17.

Skeena Land District—District of Queen Charlotte Islands.
Take notice that Austin M. Brown of Prince Rupert, occupation saddler, intends to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a licence to prospect for coal, oil and petroleum on and under the following described lands on the West Coast of Graham Island:

Commencing at a post planted three miles east of the northeast corner of C. L. No. 4472, thence 80 chains east, thence 80 chains south, thence 80 chains west, thence 80 chains east to point of commencement.

Located August 1st, 1911.
AUSTIN M. BROWN, Locator
Pub. Aug. 19.

Skeena Land District—District of Queen Charlotte Islands.
Take notice that Austin M. Brown of Prince Rupert, occupation saddler, intends to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a licence to prospect for coal, oil and petroleum on and under the following described lands on the West Coast of Graham Island:

Commencing at a post planted three miles east of the northeast corner of C. L. No. 4472, thence 80 chains east, thence 80 chains south, thence 80 chains west, thence 80 chains east to point of commencement.

Located August 1st, 1911.
AUSTIN M. BROWN, Locator
Pub. Aug. 19.

Skeena Land District—District of Queen Charlotte Islands.
Take notice that Austin M. Brown of Prince Rupert, occupation saddler, intends to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a licence to prospect for coal, oil and petroleum on and under the following described lands on the West Coast of Graham Island:

Commencing at a post planted three miles east of the northeast corner of C. L. No. 4472, thence 80 chains east, thence 80 chains south, thence 80 chains west, thence 80 chains east to point of commencement.

Located August 1st, 1911.
AUSTIN M. BROWN, Locator
Pub. Aug. 19.

Skeena Land District—District of Queen Charlotte Islands.
Take notice that Austin M. Brown of Prince Rupert, occupation saddler, intends to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a licence to prospect for coal, oil and petroleum on and under the following described lands on the West Coast of Graham Island:

Commencing at a post planted three miles east of the northeast corner of C. L. No. 4472, thence 80 chains east, thence 80 chains south, thence 80 chains west, thence 80 chains east to point of commencement.

Located August 1st, 1911.
AUSTIN M. BROWN, Locator
Pub. Aug. 19.

Skeena Land District—District of Queen Charlotte Islands.
Take notice that Austin M. Brown of Prince Rupert, occupation saddler, intends to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a licence to prospect for coal, oil and petroleum on and under the following described lands on the West Coast of Graham Island:

Commencing at a post planted three miles east of the northeast corner of C. L. No. 4472, thence 80 chains east, thence 80 chains south, thence 80 chains west, thence 80 chains east to point of commencement.

Located August 1st, 1911.
AUSTIN M. BROWN, Locator
Pub. Aug. 17.

LAND PURCHASE NOTICE

Skeena Land District—District of Coast Range 5 Islands.
Take notice that E. H. G. Miller of Fairbairn, Eng., occupation surveyor of Lands and Works, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands on the West Coast of Graham Island:

Commencing at a post planted at the S. W. corner of pre-emption record 412, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to shore of lake, thence south to point of commencement; containing 320 acres, following shore line, dated Sept. 6, 1911. THOMAS MACLEOD, Agent.
Pub. Sept. 9.

Skeena Land District—District of Coast Range 5 Islands.
Take notice that E. H. G. Miller of Fairbairn, Eng., occupation surveyor of Lands and Works, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands on the West Coast of Graham Island:

Commencing at a post planted at the N. W. Corner of Lot 4408, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to point of commencement; containing 160 acres or less. E. H. G. MILLER, F. M. Miller, Agent.
Pub. Aug. 26.

Skeena Land District—District of Queen Charlotte Islands.
Take notice that Austin M. Brown of Prince Rupert, occupation saddler, intends to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a licence to prospect for coal, oil and petroleum on and under the following described lands on the West Coast of Graham Island:

Commencing at a post planted three miles east of the northeast corner of C. L. No. 4472, thence 80 chains east, thence 80 chains south, thence 80 chains west, thence 80 chains east to point of commencement.

Located August 1st, 1911.
AUSTIN M. BROWN, Locator
Pub. Aug. 19.

Skeena Land District—District of Coast Range 5 Islands.
Take notice that Herbert J. Mackie of Fairbairn, Ont., occupation lumberman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands on the West Coast of Graham Island:

Commencing at a post planted on the left bank of the Ymquoit or Zim-a-got-it River, at south-west corner of C. L. No. 4472, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement; containing 160 acres or less. HERBERT J. MACKIE, Frederick S. Clements, Agent.
Pub. Aug. 26.

Skeena Land District—District of Coast Range 5 Islands.
Take notice that L. George of Fairbairn, Ont., occupation lumberman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands on the West Coast of Graham Island:

Commencing at a post planted at the south-east corner of Lot 1729, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement; containing 40 acres or less. PETER LARSEN, Fred E. Cowell, Agent.
Pub. July 25.

Skeena Land District—District of Coast Range 5 Islands.
Take notice that L. George of Fairbairn, Ont., occupation lumberman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands on the West Coast of Graham Island:

Commencing at a post planted at the south-east corner of Lot 1729, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement; containing 40 acres or less. PETER LARSEN, Fred E. Cowell, Agent.
Pub. July 25.

Skeena Land District—District of Coast Range 5 Islands.
Take notice that L. George of Fairbairn, Ont., occupation lumberman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands on the West Coast of Graham Island:

Commencing at a post planted at the south-east corner of Lot 1729, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement; containing 40 acres or less. PETER LARSEN, Fred E. Cowell, Agent.
Pub. July 25.

Skeena Land District—District of Coast Range 5 Islands.
Take notice that L. George of Fairbairn, Ont., occupation lumberman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands on the West Coast of Graham Island:

Commencing at a post planted at the south-east corner of Lot 1729, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement; containing 40 acres or less. PETER LARSEN, Fred E. Cowell, Agent.
Pub. July 25.

Skeena Land District—District of Coast Range 5 Islands.
Take notice that L. George of Fairbairn, Ont., occupation lumberman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands on the West Coast of Graham Island:

Commencing at a post planted at the south-east corner of Lot 1729, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement; containing 40 acres or less. PETER LARSEN, Fred E. Cowell, Agent.
Pub. July 25.

New Knox Hotel

BESNER & BESNER, PROPRIETORS