

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.

SUBSCRIBERS will greatly oblige by promptly calling up Phone 98 in case of non-delivery or inattention on the part of the news carriers.

DAILY EDITION.

FRIDAY, NOV. 10

THE PROVINCE AS A LAND SPECULATOR

The announcement that the public sale of lots in Section Two does not include those held and owned by the provincial government has raised quite a storm of indignant protest from the people of Prince Rupert. It is protested against as a piece of the most unjust discrimination against development of this northern part of the province in favor of the southern and more developed sections and as a glaring inconsistency of the government's policy, the primary object of which has been announced as the encouragement of the development of our natural resources.

The people of Prince Rupert are indignant that the government lots in Section Two are not to be offered for sale with those of the railway. They can see the object. The province is in the real estate business merely as a speculator. At the first sale of city lots the lots of the province and those of the city were advertised to be sold without reserve. Those of the railway were so sold; those of the province were not. Lots were reserved by the latter for "public purposes." The city wanted one of these reserved parcels of land recently for a city hall, five lots near Market Place. The province offered them to the city for this public purpose at a so-called "reduced price" for such a purpose, namely \$25,000. This was above the price of the ordinary speculators.

The provincial government is feared in Prince Rupert as one of the most unscrupulous of real estate speculators. Any other speculator buying and holding a lot has to pay city taxes on unimproved property while waiting to reap the "unearned increment," but not so the province. It is now holding from development unimproved lots in the best part of Second avenue and other parts of the city. As the city builds up these lots become more and more of eyesores in comparison with the improvements on either side of them. But of course their value is increasing all the time.

There is an inconsistency in this. The government policy announced for the next meeting of the legislature is to cancel all leases upon which the holder, although he has paid his rentals regularly, has made no improvement or effort at development. This can scarcely be called consistent with its policy in this city of holding lots for merely speculative purposes, thus retarding the growth of this city and robbing the public exchequer of the taxes those lots would bring were they in other hands.

A public meeting on this subject would bring out many other government inconsistencies, probably more glaring, and would prove what sterling friends Premier McBride and his henchmen have failed to be in fostering the growth and prosperity of Prince Rupert.

PASSING COMMENT

An army colonel in England has just been adjudged insane because he altered a check for \$11, to read \$11,000, and tried to pass it.

What would have he called it if he had tried to alter a check for \$11,000 into \$11?

The old saying that misfortunes never come singly is strangely exemplified in the death of Albert Kobus, at Renfrew. He is the fifth of the family to meet a violent death. One was drowned from an ocean boat, a second was crushed beneath a falling arch at Renfrew, a third was drowned in Rainy River, a fourth was killed by an explosion at La Tuque, and the other day the body of Arthur was found, crushed and mangled, on the Kingston and Pembroke Railway. One brother still survives.

THE EMPRESS THEATRE

Return engagement of the

Sherman-Cleveland Opera Company

Starting Sat. Nov. 11 ONE WEEK Starting Sat. Nov. 11

Presenting the latest musical comedy success

"A Stubborn Cinderella"

SAME CAST AND CHORUS ELABORATE SCENIC AND ELECTRICAL PRODUCTION

Prices 50c., 75c and \$1.

Seats Friday

THE Pillar of Light

By Louis Tracy

"No, thank you. You'll excuse me, I know. My natural interest in the matter was not so strong as it was half an hour ago, when I was looking into his face. What was he like, she wondered. Had he aged greatly with the years? A lighthouse-keeper! Of all professions in this wide world how came he to adopt that? And what ugly trick was fate about to play her that she should be cast ashore on this desolate rock where he was in charge? Could she avoid him? Had she been in judgment in betraying her knowledge of the past? And how marvelous was the likeness between Constance and her father! The chivalrous, high-minded youth she had known came back to her through the mists of time. The calm, proud eyes, the firm mouth, the wide expanse of forehead, were his. Once more the hymns of praise, which he had sung so often, came back to her. The girl inherited the clear profile, the wealth of dark-brown hair, and a grace of movement not often seen in Englishwomen.

Though her teeth chattered with the cold, Mrs. Vansittart could not bring herself to leave the vault-like stairway. Once more the hymns of praise, which he had sung so often, came back to her. The girl inherited the clear profile, the wealth of dark-brown hair, and a grace of movement not often seen in Englishwomen. Though her teeth chattered with the cold, Mrs. Vansittart could not bring herself to leave the vault-like stairway. Once more the hymns of praise, which he had sung so often, came back to her. The girl inherited the clear profile, the wealth of dark-brown hair, and a grace of movement not often seen in Englishwomen.

"Raise thine eyes to heaven When thy spirits quail, When, by tempests driven, Heart and courage fail."

Such a message might well carry good cheer to all who heard, yet Mrs. Vansittart listened as one in a trance, to whom the divinest promise was a thing unasked for and unrecognized. After passing through the greater peril of the reef in a state of supreme consciousness, she was now moved to extreme activity by a more personal and selfish danger. There was she, a human being, to be destroyed or saved at the idle whim of circumstance: here, with life and many things worth living for restored to her safe keeping, she saw imminent risk of a collapse with which the nebulous dangers of the wreck were in no way comparable. It would have been well for her could she only realize the promise of the hymn, "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Not so ran Mrs. Vansittart's jumble of thoughts. The plans, the schemes, the bulged edifices of many years, threatened to fall in ruin about her. In such bitter mood there was no consolation. She sought not to find spiritual succor, but heaved the catastrophe which had befallen her.

It assuredly contributed to that "affliction which is but for a moment," that Constance should happen just then to run up the stairs towards the hospital. Each flight was so contrived that it curved across two-thirds of the superficial area allotted to the stairway. Anyone ascending made a complete turn to the right about to reach the door of the room on any given landing and the foot of the ladder to the next.

Hence, the girl came unexpectedly face to face with Mrs. Vansittart. The meeting startled her. This pale woman, so thinly clad in the demi-toilette of evening wear on ship-board, should not be standing there.

"Is anything wrong?" she cried, raising her lantern just as Enid did when she encountered the sailors.

"No, no," said the other, passing a nervous hand over her face. Constance, with alert intelligence, fancied she dreaded recognition.

"Then, why are you standing here? It is so cold. You will surely make yourself ill."

"I was wondering if I might see Mr. Brand," came the desperate answer, the words bubbling forth with unrestrained vehemence.

"See my father?" repeated the girl. She took thought for an instant. The lighthouse-keeper would not be able to leave the lamp for nearly three hours. When dawn came, she knew he would have many things to attend to, signals to the Land's End, the arrangement of supplies which he had already mentioned to her, and a host of other matters. Four o'clock in the morning was an unconventional hour for an interview, but time itself was topsy-turvy under the conditions prevalent on the Gulf Rock.

"I will ask him," she went on, hurriedly, with an uncomfortable feeling that Mrs. Vansittart resented her judicial pause.

"Thank you." To the girl's ears the courteous acknowledgment conveyed an odd note of menace. If the eyes are the windows of the soul surely the voice is its subtle gauge. The more transparently simple, clear-minded the hearer, the more accurate is the resonant impression. Constance found herself vaguely perplexed by two jostling abstractions. If they took shape it was in mute questioning. Why was Mrs. Vansittart so anxious to revive, or, it

might be, probe, long-buried memories, and why did her mobile smile seem to veil a hostile intent?

But the fresh, gracious maidenhood in her cast aside these unwelcome studies in mind-reading. "He has so much to do," she explained. "Although there are many of us on the rock to-night he has never been so utterly alone. Won't you wait inside until I return?"

"Not unless I am in the way," pleaded the other. "I was choking in there. The air here, the space, are so grateful."

So Constance passed her. Mrs. Vansittart noted the dainty manner in which she picked up her skirts to mount the stairs. She caught a glimpse of the tailor-made gown, striped silk underskirt, well-fitting boots. Trust a woman to see all these things at a glance, with even the shifting glimmer of a storm-proof lantern to aid the quick appraisal.

As the girl went out of her sight a reminiscence came to her. "No wonder I was startled," she communed. "That sailor's coat she wears helps the resemblance. Probably it is her father's."

Then the loud silence of the lighthouse appalled her. The singing had ceased and was shut off by a closed door. One might be in a tomb as surrounded by this tangible darkness. The tremulous granite, so cold and hard, yet alive in its own grim strength, the murmuring commotion of wind and waves swelling and dying in ghost-like echoes, suggested a grave, a vault close sealed from the outer world, though pulsating with the life of existence of heedless multitudes. Thus, brooding in the gloom, a tortured soul without form and void, she awaited the return of her messenger.

Constance, after looking in at the hospital, went on to the service-room. Her father was not there. She glanced up to the trimming-stage, expecting to see him attending to the lamp. No. He had gone. Somewhat bewildered, for she was almost certain he was not in any of the lower apartments, she turned to the little door in the glass frame.

Ah! There he was, on the landward side of the gallery. What was the matter now? Surely there was not another vessel in distress. However, being relieved from any dubity as to his whereabouts she went back to the service-room and gave herself the luxury of a moment's rest. Oh, how tired she was! Not until she sat down did she realize what it meant to that she had lived, and do all that she had done, during the past four hours.

Her respite was of short duration. Brand, his oilskins gleaming with wet, came in.

"Hello, sweetheart, what's up now?" he cried, in such cheerful voice that she knew all was well.

"That was exactly what I was going to ask you," she said.

"The Falcon is out there," he replied, with a side nod towards Mount's Bay.

Constance knew that the Falcon was a sturdy steam-trawler, a bulldog little ship, built to face anything in the shape of gales.

"They can do nothing, of course," she commented.

"No. I stood between them and the light for a second, and they evidently understood that I was on the lookout, as a lantern dipped seven times, which I interpreted as meaning that they will return at daybreak. Now they are off to Penzance again."

"They turned safely then?"

"Shipped a sea or two, no doubt. The wind is dropping, but the sea is running mountains high."

He had taken off his oilskins. Constance suddenly felt a strong disinclination to rise. Being a strong-willed young person, she sprang up instantly.

"I came to ask if you can see Mrs. Vansittart," she said.

"Mrs. Vansittart!" he cried, with a genuine surprise that thrilled her with a pleasure she assuredly could not account for.

"Yes. She asked if she might have a word with you."

He threw up his hands in comic despair.

"Tell the good lady I am up to my eyes in work. The oil is running low. I must be to the pump at once. I have my lamp with me, but I have a host of signals to look up and get ready. And, a word in your ear, Constance dear. We will be at home on the rock for the next forty-eight hours. Give the lady my very deep regrets and ask her to allow me to send for her when I have a minute to spare, should she please."

She kissed him.

"You dear old thing," she cried. "You will tire yourself to death, I am sure."

He caught her by the chin. "Mark my words," he laughed. "You will feel this night in your bones longer than I. By the way, no matter who goes hungry, don't prepare any breakfast until you, I mean you, the kitchen is your headquarters."

"Yes, though Enid has far more of Mr. Pyne's company. She is cook, you know."

"Is Pyne there, too?"

"He is laundry-maid, drying clothes."

"I think I shall like him," mused Brand. "He seems to be a helpful sort of youngster. That reminds me. Tell him to report himself to Mr. Emmett as my assistant, if he cares for the post, that is."

He did not see the ready spirit of mischief that danced in her eyes. She pictured Mr. Pyne "fixing things" with Mr. Emmett "mighty quick."

When she reached the first bedroom floor Mrs. Vansittart had gone. She thought it would be strange if the stout land in this gaunt, misshapen Constance. She opened the door. The lady she sought was leaning disconsolate against a wall.

"My father—" she began.

"I fear I was thoughtless," interrupted Mrs. Vansittart. "He must be greatly occupied. Of course, I can see him in the morning before the vessel comes. They will send a ship soon to take us off."

"At the earliest possible moment," was the glad answer. "Indeed, dad has just been signalling to a tug which will return at daybreak."

There was a joyous chorus from the other inmates. Constance had not the requisite hardihood to tell them how they misconstrued her words.

As she quitted them she admitted to herself that Mrs. Vansittart, though disturbing in some of her moods, was really a very agreeable person. It occurred to her that her new acquaintance might have suddenly discovered

the exceeding wisdom of a proverb concerning second thoughts.

Indeed, Mrs. Vansittart now bitterly regretted the impulse which led her to betray any knowledge of Stephen Brand or his daughter. Of all the follies of a wayward life that was immeasurably the greatest, in Mrs. Vansittart's critical scale.

But what would you? It is not often given to a woman of nerves, a woman of a fickle nature, a shallow worldling, yet versed in the deepest wiles of intrigue, to be shipwrecked, to be plucked from a living hell, to be swung through a hurricane to the secure island of a dark and hollow pillar standing on a Calvary of storm-tossed waves, and then, whilst her senses swim in utmost bewilderment, to be confronted with a living ghost.

Yet that was precisely what had happened to her.

Fate is grievous at times. This haven of refuge was a place of torture. Mrs. Vansittart broke down and wept in her distress.

CHAPTER X.

PYNE'S PROGRESS

A primrose light in the east heralded a chilly dawn. The little world of the Gulf Rock bestirred itself in its damp misery at the news. The fresh watch, delighted by the prospect of activity, clattered up and down the iron stairs, opened all available windows, unclipped the door when Brand gave the order, and busied itself exceedingly with the desultory jobs which offered to so many willing hands.

It was now, by the nautical almanac, dead low water on the reef, but the strong southwesterly wind, hurling a heavy sea completely over the rocks, showed that the standards of war and peace differ as greatly in the matter of tides as in most other respects.

As the light increased it lost its first warm tinge. Steel gray were sky and water, sombre the iron-bound land, whilst the whereabouts of the sun became a scientific abstraction. Therefore, the heliograph was useless, and Brand, helped by some of the sailors, commenced to flout his flag-signalling, by stretching telescopes on the far off promontory of the Land's End. The Falcon, strong-hearted trawler, was plunging towards the rock when the first line of gray bunting swung clear into the breeze. And what a message it was—in its jerky phrases—its profound uncertainties—for communication by flag code is slow work, and Brand felt much to an easier system of talk with the approaching steamer.

"Chinook—New York to Southampton—struck reef during hurricane—propeller shaft broken—78 survivors in lighthouse—captain, 20 passengers, officers and crew—lost with ship."

The awful significance of the words sank into the hearts of the signallers. For the first time, the disaster from which, by God's Providence, they had emerged safely, became crystallized into set speech. Seventy-eight living out of two hundred and eighty who might have lived! This was the curt intelligence which leaped the waves to fly over the length and breadth of the land, which sped back to the States to replace the expected news of a safe voyage, which thrilled the civilized world as it had not been thrilled for many a day.

Not a soul in the lighthouse gave a thought to this side of the affair. All were anxious to reassure their loved ones, but, in their present moribund condition, they could not realize the electric effect of the incident on the wider world, which read and had heeds to feel.

Even whilst Stephen Brand was signalling to the Falcon, with little white flags quickly extemporized as soon as she neared the Trinity buoy, newspaper correspondents ashore were busy at the telegraph-office, and their associates on the trawler were eagerly transcribing the lighthouse-keeper's words, which were to feed to fever heat a sensation which the night had provided for the day.

Brand, foreseeing the importance of clearness and brevity, had already written out a full draft of his detailed message.

Faithful to his promise, Stapleton was acting as signaller-in-chief on board the Falcon, so Brand might make his flag and telegraph signals as lay in his power, with chief officer Emmett reading the words at his elbow: there was no fear that any mistake would be made by the receiver.

The story, if condensed, was complete. Beginning with an explanation of the liner's disablement, it dealt with her desperate but unavailing struggle to weather the reef, described Pyne's gallant and successful effort to get in touch with the lighthouse, the names of the survivors and, finally, their predicament in the matter of food and water.

All this took long to tell. Within the lantern, Mr. Charles A. Pyne, appointed supernumerary assistant-keeper, was burnishing brass work as per instructions received. He knew the fine art which was being made of his name by the tiny bits of linen tossing about on the exterior gallery. In such wise, helped by a compositor and dignified by head lines, does a man become a hero in these days of knightdom conferred by the Press.

Constance was scrutinizing the Falcon from the trimming-stage. Hearing Enid's cheery "Good-morning" to Pyne when that young lady raced up wards from the kitchen to catch a glimpse of the reported vessel, she dropped her glasses for a moment.

"Jack is on board," she announced. "Of course he would be there. And there is such a lot of other men—half Penzance, I think."

Enid joined her. Pyne, too, though he could polish a burner up there as well as on the floor of the service room.

Stanhope's stalwart figure, clad in oilskins, was clearly defined as he stood alone on the port side of the Falcon's small bridge, reading off the signals and sending back spasmodic twinges of the flags which he, also, had procured to indicate that each word was understood.

"Who is the skipper of the tug?" inquired Pyne, quietly.

Both girls laughed.

"You mean Jack," cried Enid. "He is not the captain. He is an officer of the Royal Navy, our greatest friend."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

TRY THE "NEWS" WANT AD. WAY OF FINDING

COAL NOTICE

Skeena 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 license to prospect for coal and petroleum on and under 640 acres of land on Graham Island described as follows:
Commencing at a post planted two miles north of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 10, marked N. E. corner of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 10, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to place of commencement.
Dated Sept. 11, 1911. C. E. B. BAITER, Locater
Pub. Sept. 23.

Skeena 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 license to prospect for coal and petroleum on and under 640 acres of land on Graham Island described as follows:
Commencing at a post planted two miles north of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 10, marked N. E. corner of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 10, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to place of commencement.
Dated Sept. 11, 1911. C. E. B. BAITER, Locater
Pub. Sept. 23.

Skeena 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 license to prospect for coal and petroleum on and under 640 acres of land on Graham Island described as follows:
Commencing at a post planted two miles north of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 10, marked N. E. corner of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 10, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to place of commencement.
Dated Sept. 11, 1911. C. E. B. BAITER, Locater
Pub. Sept. 23.

Skeena 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 license to prospect for coal and petroleum on and under 640 acres of land on Graham Island described as follows:
Commencing at a post planted two miles north of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 10, marked N. E. corner of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 10, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to place of commencement.
Dated Sept. 11, 1911. C. E. B. BAITER, Locater
Pub. Sept. 23.

Skeena 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 license to prospect for coal and petroleum on and under 640 acres of land on Graham Island described as follows:
Commencing at a post planted two miles north of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 10, marked N. E. corner of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 10, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to place of commencement.
Dated Sept. 11, 1911. C. E. B. BAITER, Locater
Pub. Sept. 23.

Skeena 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 license to prospect for coal and petroleum on and under 640 acres of land on Graham Island described as follows:
Commencing at a post planted two miles north of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 10, marked N. E. corner of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 10, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to place of commencement.
Dated Sept. 11, 1911. C. E. B. BAITER, Locater
Pub. Sept. 23.

Skeena 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 license to prospect for coal and petroleum on and under 640 acres of land on Graham Island described as follows:
Commencing at a post planted two miles north of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 10, marked N. E. corner of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 10, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to place of commencement.
Dated Sept. 11, 1911. C. E. B. BAITER, Locater
Pub. Sept. 23.

Skeena 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 license to prospect for coal and petroleum on and under 640 acres of land on Graham Island described as follows:
Commencing at a post planted two miles north of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 10, marked N. E. corner of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 10, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to place of commencement.
Dated Sept. 11, 1911. C. E. B. BAITER, Locater
Pub. Sept. 23.

Skeena 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 license to prospect for coal and petroleum on and under 640 acres of land on Graham Island described as follows:
Commencing at a post planted two miles north of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 10, marked N. E. corner of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 10, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to place of commencement.
Dated Sept. 11, 1911. C. E. B. BAITER, Locater
Pub. Sept. 23.

Skeena 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 license to prospect for coal and petroleum on and under 640 acres of land on Graham Island described as follows:
Commencing at a post planted two miles north of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 10, marked N. E. corner of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 10, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to place of commencement.
Dated Sept. 11, 1911. C. E. B. BAITER, Locater
Pub. Sept. 23.

Skeena 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 license to prospect for coal and petroleum on and under 640 acres of land on Graham Island described as follows:
Commencing at a post planted two miles north of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 10, marked N. E. corner of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 10, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to place of commencement.
Dated Sept. 11, 1911. C. E. B. BAITER, Locater
Pub. Sept. 23.

Skeena 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 license to prospect for coal and petroleum on and under 640 acres of land on Graham Island described as follows:
Commencing at a post planted two miles north of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 10, marked N. E. corner of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 10, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to place of commencement.
Dated Sept. 11, 1911. C. E. B. BAITER, Locater
Pub. Sept. 23.

Skeena 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 license to prospect for coal and petroleum on and under 640 acres of land on Graham Island described as follows:
Commencing at a post planted two miles north of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 10, marked N. E. corner of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 10, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to place of commencement.
Dated Sept. 11, 1911. C. E. B. BAITER, Locater
Pub. Sept. 23.

Skeena 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 license to prospect for coal and petroleum on and under 640 acres of land on Graham Island described as follows:
Commencing at a post planted two miles north of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 10, marked N. E. corner of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 10, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to place of commencement.
Dated Sept. 11, 1911. C. E. B. BAITER, Locater
Pub. Sept. 23.

Skeena 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 license to prospect for coal and petroleum on and under 640 acres of land on Graham Island described as follows:
Commencing at a post planted two miles north of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 10, marked N. E. corner of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 10, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to place of commencement.
Dated Sept. 11, 1911. C. E. B. BAITER, Locater
Pub. Sept. 23.

Skeena 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 license to prospect for coal and petroleum on and under 640 acres of land on Graham Island described as follows:
Commencing at a post planted two miles north of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 10, marked N. E. corner of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 10, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to place of commencement.
Dated Sept. 11, 1911. C. E. B. BAITER, Locater
Pub. Oct. 7.