

## 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.

DAILY EDITION.

TUESDAY, NOV. 14

## THE COUNCIL GETS A MOVE ON

Old Aesop used to tell a fable entitled "The Traveller, the wind and the sun." It told how the elements wanted the traveller to shed his cloak. So the wind blew with all his vigor. It was all in vain. The more the wind blew the closer did the traveller wrap his cloak about him. Then the sun tried a change of treatment. He let his gentle genial rays fall upon the traveller, who first unloosened, then cast aside his cloak.

In Prince Rupert the fable has been repeated with a difference. The City Council has been cajoled, implored, and pleaded with by the News to "get a move on." It has been all in vain. The more we urged, the stolider they sat. It remained for Jack Frost to accomplish what we failed to do. Last night the Council got a move on.

The long table at which the aldermen were wont to sit at while in session has been moved over to the back of the hall. The big red stove at which the Mayor was wont to warm himself has been moved over nearer to the door. About five miles of stove-pipe, more or less, circumnavigates the room. The old order changeth giving place to the new. The bewildered habitue, could only gasp last night and murmur "Change (but without decay) on every hand I see."

## A RETROGRADE GOVERNMENT

All modern governments, save one, are raising taxation in their populous district in order to develop the unpopulated districts. The one exception is the Government of British Columbia. It is raising taxation in the unpopulated districts in order to aggrandize the capital and swell the sums that the Provincial Treasurer has on deposit with the banks.

In the Queen Charlotte Islands last year the Provincial Government raised from its various sources of revenue a sum estimated to exceed \$700,000. All it returned to the people was a few days work at election time, on the roads and trails. Ninety-five per cent. of all it took from the Islands went to swell the Treasury. Practically no attempt was made at development.

Business foresight would prompt a progressive government to raise revenues in the cities in order to develop the wealth of the Queen Charlottes. Ordinary fair play would prompt a government to see that it placed back into the great work of developing the potential wealth of the outer districts all the revenue that it raised therein.

The simple and eloquent fact remains that the McBride Government pocketed nineteen-twentieths of all the revenues it raised on the Queen Charlotte Islands and entered upon no programme of development. A small portion of the surplus thus raised will be used to keep the press of the Province quiet, the rest will go to swell the Treasury at Victoria to build a Provincial Museum at Victoria, or the University at Point Grey and other works that are intended to aggrandize the southern portion of the Province.

The government is deceived if it concludes from the silence of its own press that the voters of the north are blind to the fact that the government instead of nurturing and developing the district is merely milking it for its revenues.

## THE Pillar of Light

By Louis Tracy

"I think there is no one like him in all the world. We are so happy at home that sometimes I fear it can't last. Yet, thank God, there is no excuse for such night-mare terrors."

Mrs. Vansittart cooed in her gentle way.

"Indeed you have my earnest good wishes in that respect," she said. "Do we not owe our lives to you? That is an excellent reason for gratitude. If a selfish one, but some day soon, you will be getting married and leaving the parental roof."

"I do not wish to die an old maid," laughed Constance. "Yet I have not discovered a better name than my own up to the present."

She fancied that Mrs. Vansittart winced a little at this remark. Deeming her visitor to be a bundle of nerves, she turned to the conclusion that the other woman read into the words some far-fetched disparagement of her own approaching marriage.

"Of course," she continued, affably tactful, "I will hold another view when the right man asks me."

"Were you in my place," murmured her visitor, apparently thinking aloud, "I should be addressing Constance. You would not be fearful of misfortune? You would not read an omen of ill luck into this dramatic interruption of all your plans? After many years of widowhood I am about to be married again to a man who is admirable in every way. He is rich, distinguished in manner and appearance, a person of note not only in the States but on the Continent. No woman of my years might desire a better match. Why could not the way be made smooth for me? Why should the poor Chinook, out of the hundreds of mail-steamer which cross the Atlantic yearly, be picked out for utter disaster? It is a warning—a threat from the gods!"

The unconscious bitterness of her tone moved the girl to find words of consolation.

"I would not question the ways of Providence in the least," she said. "Surely you have far more reason for thankfulness than for regret. But I have gone through such trials that I am unnerved. There, child! Forgive me for troubling you. And—ah—kiss me, will you, and say you wish me well!"

She moved nearer, as if driven by uncontrollable impulse. Constance, not prepared for such an outburst, was nevertheless deeply touched by this appeal for sympathy.

"I wish you all the joy and happiness which I am sure you deserve," she said, stooping to kiss the wan, shrinking face held up to her.

Mrs. Vansittart burst into a paroxysm of tears and tottered towards the door.

"No, no," she gasped, as Constance caught her by the arm. "Do not come with me. I am—shaken. It will pass. For God's sake, let me go alone!"

## CHAPTER XII

## PREPARATIONS

Pyne found Enid rosy-red and inclined to be fearful. The dying light of day was still strong enough in the service-room to permit these things to be seen.

"No bad news, I hope?" he inquired, though the sight of Stephen Brand, seated at his desk and placidly writing, was reassuring.

The question steadied her to an extent. "It is nothing of any consequence," she said and darted past him.

Brand looked up from his journal. He smiled, though the American thought there was a hint of pain in his eyes.

"I am going to lose one of my girls," he said. "Oh, no, this is not a loss by death but by marriage. If I were a Frenchman, I would describe it as gaining a son. Enid has just received what is tantamount to a proposal."

"By flag-wagging?" Pyne was naturally astounded.

"Yes. You would not expect one of the people from the Chinook to be so enterprising."

"I don't know," said Pyne, punctuating each word with a deliberate nod.

"Well, in any case, I would not have forwarded the application after an acquaintance of eighteen hours," observed Brand, with equal deliberation.

"They're two powerful fine girls," said Pyne, steering clear of the point. "They have just been telling me how Miss Enid happened along. It reads like a fairy tale."

"He was given to me by the winds and waves, yet she is dear to me as my own child. I shall miss her greatly—it all goes well here."

"I've cottoned on to both of them something wonderful. But, if I am not intruding into private affairs, how comes it that Miss Enid is being telegraphed for? Of course I can understand the gentleman being in a hurry. I would feel that way myself if the conditions were favorable."

Pyne could be as stolid as a red Indian when the occasion demanded it. Brand found no hint in his face of the hidden thought in his words.

"Have they said anything to you of a man named Stanhope?" inquired the lighthouse-keeper, resuming the entry in his diary after a sharp glance upwards.

"Yes. They pointed him out to me this morning. In the navy, I think. Follow with a title, and that sort of thing."

"No. His mother is Lady Margaret Stanhope, being an earl's daughter, but his father was a knight. He has been paying attentions to Enid for a year and more, to my knowledge and to his mother's exceeding indignation. I fancy."

"What where you on the other side have the pull of you?"

"Have you? I wonder. However, Lady Margaret's views have not troubled me. I will deal with her when the time comes. At present it looks fairly certain that Master Jack has

settled matters on his own account. I may be mistaken, of course. How do you interpret this?"

He closed the journal and handed to Pyne a memorandum taken down letter by letter by a sailor as Brand read the signal.

"Mother sends her love to Enid," "Did mother ever convey her love to Enid before?" asked Pyne.

"No."

"Then I call that neat. I take off my hat to Stanhope. He and mamma have had a heart-to-heart talk."

Brand leaned his head on his hands, with clenched fists covering his ears. There was a period of utter silence until the lighthouse-keeper rose to light the lamp.

Pyne watched him narrowly.

"I may be trespassing on delicate ground," he said at last. "If I am, you are not the sort of man to stand on ceremony. In the States, you know when the authorities want to preserve a park section they don't say: 'Please do not walk on the grass.' They put up a board which reads: 'Keep off. We never kick. We're used to it.'"

"My notices-board, if required, will be less curt, at any rate," replied Brand, and they faced each other. Though their words were light, no pleasant conceit lurked in their minds. There was a question to be asked and answered, and it held the issues of life and death.

"What did you mean just now by saying, 'It all goes well here?' Is there any special reason why things should not go well?"

The young Philadelphian might have been hazarding an inquiry about a matter of trivial interest, so calm was he, so smooth his utterance. But Brand had made no mistake in estimating this youngster's force of character, nor did he seek to minimize it.

He extended an arm towards the reef.

"You hear that?" he said.

"Yes."

"It may be that way for weeks."

"So I have been told."

"Mr. Emmett told me."

"Ah! He and I have discussed the matter already. Yet I imagine that neither he, nor any other man in the place save myself, grasps the true meaning of the fact."

"It has been theorizing," said Pyne, "to occur to me that this light is here for amusement."

He looked up at the lamp and smiled. The pillar, in those days must have been a haunt of illusions for Brand, like Constance and Pyne himself in the case of Mrs. Vansittart thought he caught an expression familiar to his eyes long before he had seen that clear-cut, splendidly intelligent face.

But there was no time for idle speculation. He glanced into the well of the stars to make sure that no one was ascending.

Then he approached nearer to Pyne and said in an intense whisper:

"Regret! I am not regretting. But I have reasoned this thing out. I now I will tell you what I have decided. I will take the watch from eight until twelve. At twelve you will relieve me, and I will go below to secure provisions and water sufficient to maintain the lives of my daughters and myself, for a few hours long or short than the other watch. If I followed the rules I have promised to obey, I alone should live. That is impossible. A Spartan might do it, but I cannot abandon my girls and yet retain my senses. I trust you because I must have a confederate. If the temptations of the night were to break before tomorrow night we must barricade the stairs—and fight—if necessary."

His face was drawn and haggard as he lay blazon. He shook as one in the first throes of fever. He seemed to await his companion's verdict with an over-powering dread lest any attempt should be made to question the justice of his course.

"Yes, I figured it out that way, too," said Pyne. "It's queer, isn't it, to be in such a fix when there's all sorts of help within call, so to speak. We might as well be in a mine closed up by an explosion. And, I'll tell you what—I'm real sorry for you."

Brand, collapsing under the strain, sank into a chair.

"It is an awful thing," he moaned, "to condemn so many men, women and children, to such a death."

A spasm of pain made Pyne's lips tremulous for an instant. He had for gotten Elsie and Mamie.

But his voice was fully under control when he spoke again.

"You can count on me in the deal in all but one thing," he said.

The older man looked up fiercely. What condition could be imposed in the fulfilment of a duty so terrible?

"I am here by chance," went on Pyne. "One of your daughters may have told you that Mrs. Vansittart came from New York to marry my uncle. Anyhow you would know she was dear to him by his message to-day. She is sort of in my charge, and I can't desert her. It's hard luck, as you don't care a cent for her. She's the kind of woman old men adore, fascinating, bird-like creatures—when the cage is gilded."

Brand sprang to his feet and raced up to the trimming-stage. When his hands were on the lamp he felt sure of himself. It gave him strength during the hurricane and it would strengthen him now.

"There can be no exceptions," he said harshly. Pyne waited until the lighthouse-keeper rejoined him.

"I ought to have put my proposition before you first and made a speech afterwards," he said. "Constance and Enid will join you here when you say the word, but I will be on the other side of the barricade."

"Nonsense!" cried Brand. "You have no right to thrust away the chance that is given you. You saved all these people once. Why should you die uselessly now?"

Pyne supposed he lives a couple of weeks and escape. Am I to face the old man and tell him—the truth? No sir. You don't mean it. You wouldn't do it yourself. What about that shark the girls told me of. I can guess just what happened. He wanted the light re-kindled in the day. Did you scoot back when you saw his fin? I'm a heap younger than you, Mr. Brand, but that bluff doesn't go."

"Thank Heaven, we have twenty-four hours yet!" murmured Brand.

It will be all the same when we have only twenty-four seconds. Let us fix it that way right now. Don't you see, it will be easier to deceive the girls? And there's another reason. Barricade and shoot as you like it will be a hard thing to keep three

score desperate men boxed up down below. When they begin to diet on coals there will be trouble. A few of us, ready to take chances, will be helpful. Some of them may have to die quick, you know."

Brand closed his eyes in sheer affright. In that way he tried to shut out a vision.

"Be it so," he gasped. "May the Lord help us."

It was the responsibility that mastered him. Judges on the bench often break down when they sentence a criminal to death, but what Judge, humane, tender-hearted and God-fearing, ever pronounced the doom of seventy-eight people snatched from a merciful death to be steeped in horrors.

At last his iron will predominated. The knowledge that the path of duty lay straight before him cheered his tortured soul. No man could say he erred in trying to save his children. That was a duty as solemn as any conferred by the Elder Brethren of the Trinity.

He placed a hand on Pyne's shoulder, for this youngster had become dear to him.

"Had I a son," he said, "I should wish him to be like you. Let us strive to forget the evils that threaten us. Brooding is useless. If need be, you will take charge of the lower deck. There is starvation, followance, more days at the wheel. But I hate the thought of starting the new scale to-morrow."

"It may not be necessary."

"Candidly, I fear it will. I know the Cornish coast too well. When bad weather sets in from the south-west at this season it holds for a week at the lowest computation."

"Is there no other way? Can nothing be done out there?"

"Able men, the best of sailors, the most experienced of engineers have striven for half a century to devise some means of storm communication with a rock lighthouse placed as this is. They have failed. There is none."

"That's good," cried Pyne quite pleasantly. "Where is your pouch? I feel like a smoke. If I hadn't fired that question at you I should have wasted a lot of time in hard thinking."

Brand had to scheme that night to reach the store-room unobserved. The Falcon, steaming valiantly to her observation post near the buoy, alighted considerably. He permitted the night watch to gather in the service-room. He must be supplied the men with tobacco, and stationed the officer on the gallery to observe the trawler in case she showed any signal lights.

Since the attempt on the lock Constance gave the key to her father after each visit. For the rest, the inmates of the pillar were sunk in the lethargy of unsatisfied hunger. Constance and Enid, utterly worn out with fatigue, were sound asleep in the kitchen, and the tears coursed down the man's face as he acted the part of a thief in securing the measured allowance of flour and bacon for one meal. The diet of one hungry meal for eighty-one people gave twenty-seven hungry meals for three. He ought to have taken more, but he set his teeth and refused the ungrateful task.

It is oft-times easy for a man to decide upon a set course, but hard to follow it.

"A week!" he murmured. "Perhaps ten days! That is all. Pray Heaven I may not go beyond that!"

Pyne, watching the light, knew that Brand had succeeded. The Falcon went; gradually the watch dispersed.

"Where is the board?" asked Pyne, making believe that they were playing some comedy.

"Hidden in the kitchen lockers. I could obtain only distilled water. You must persuade the girls in the morning to do something wrong with the apparatus."

As opportunity offered, Brand transferred the tins to the lockers of the service-room. Pyne, who missed nothing, shook his head when it became evident that the last assignment was safely stored away.

"Not much there," he commented.

"I will take no more!" was the fierce cry.

"You ought to."

"I tell you! Don't torture me further."

"Any chance of a row in the morning? The purser and Mr. Emmett mount guard when the store-room is opened."

"I acted my role well. I built up the vacancies with empty tins."

"My sakes!" cried Pyne pityingly, "you deserve to win through."

"I think my heart will break," muttered Brand. "But look! The lamp! It needs adjusting."

Indeed, a fresh glaze seemed to be springing up. The wind-vane having gone, the index was useless. It was not until a burst of spray drenched the lantern that Brand knew of a change taking place. The wind was backing round towards the north.

The barometer fell slightly. It portended either more wind and dry weather, or less wind accompanied by rain. Who could tell what would happen? Fair or foul, hurricane or calm, all things seemed to be the ungovernable blundering of blind chance.

When the rock was left in peace after the fall of the tide, Pyne promised to keep a light in order if Brand would endeavor to sleep until day-break. Rest was essential to him. He would assuredly break down under the strain if the tension were too long maintained, and a time was coming when he would need all his strength, mental and physical.

"Here have I been snoozing in odd corners ever since I came aboard," urged the American, "and I have nothing to do but starve quietly. It's ridiculous. My funeral is dated; yours isn't. You can't be on deck all the time, you know. Now, just curl up and doze a bit. I'll keep you awake or any old game of the sort until your eyes close of their own accord."

Brand yielded. He lay on the hard boards, with a chair cushion for pillow; all the rugs rescued by Constance were now needed in the hospital. In less than a minute he was sound asleep.

"That was a close call," mused Pyne. "In another hour he would have cracked up. He's a wonder, anyhow. The lighthouse-keeper slept until long after daybreak. Pyne refused to allow anyone to disturb him."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## LAND LEASE NOTICE

**Bella Coala Land District—District of Coast Range**  
Take notice that H. M. Cliff of Dundalk, Ireland, occupation gentleman, intends to apply for permission to lease the following described lands:  
Commencing at a post planted at the shore near the N. E. corner of Lot No. 3, thence east 40 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 40 chains to point of commencement, containing 320 acres, more or less.  
Dated August 31, 1911. H. M. CLIFF  
Pub. Sept. 30. William McNair, Agent

**Bella Coala Land District—District of Coast Range**  
Take notice that H. M. Cliff of Dundalk, Ireland, occupation gentleman, intends to apply for permission to lease the following described lands:  
Commencing at a post planted at the N. E. corner of Lot 35, thence north 20 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence south 20 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence following the shore line west 40 chains more or less to point of commencement, containing 80 acres, more or less.  
Dated August 31, 1911. H. M. CLIFF  
Pub. Sept. 30. William McNair, Agent

**Bella Coala Land District—District of Coast Range**  
Take notice that H. M. Cliff of Dundalk, Ireland, occupation gentleman, intends to apply for permission to lease the following described lands:  
Commencing at a post planted at the N. W. corner of Lot No. 4, thence north 40 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence following the shore line west 40 chains more or less to point of commencement, containing 80 acres, more or less.  
Dated August 31, 1911. H. M. CLIFF  
Pub. Sept. 30. William McNair, Agent

**Bella Coala Land District—District of Coast Range**  
Take notice that H. M. Cliff of Dundalk, Ireland, occupation gentleman, intends to apply for permission to lease the following described lands:  
Commencing at a post planted at the N. W. corner of Lot 252, thence north 40 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence following the shore line west 40 chains more or less to point of commencement, containing 80 acres, more or less.  
Dated August 31, 1911. H. M. CLIFF  
Pub. Sept. 30. William McNair, Agent

**Bella Coala Land District—District of Coast Range**  
Take notice that H. M. Cliff of Dundalk, Ireland, occupation gentleman, intends to apply for permission to lease the following described lands:  
Commencing at a post planted at the S. E. corner of Lot 251, thence north 40 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence following the shore line west 40 chains more or less to point of commencement, containing 80 acres, more or less.  
Dated August 31, 1911. H. M. CLIFF  
Pub. Sept. 30. William McNair, Agent

## COAL NOTICE

**Bella Coala Land District—District of Queen Charlotte Islands**  
Take notice that Austin M. Brown of Prince Rupert, occupation gentleman, intends to apply for permission to lease the following described lands:  
Commencing at a post planted at the shore near the N. E. corner of Lot 1118, Harvey's survey, thence north 40 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence following the shore line west 40 chains more or less to point of commencement, containing 160 acres, more or less.  
Dated August 15, 1911. AUSTIN M. BROWN, Locater  
Pub. Aug. 19. Fred W. Boller, Agent

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Pub. Aug. 19. Fred W. Boller, Agent

## LAND PURCHASE NOTICE

**Bella Coala Land District—District of Coast Range**  
Take notice that R. F. Miller of Tipton, England, occupation gentleman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:  
Commencing at a post planted at the shore near the N. E. corner of Lot 4496, thence north 40 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence following the shore line west 40 chains more or less to point of commencement, containing 160 acres, more or less.  
Dated August 15, 1911. R. F. MILLER  
Pub. Aug. 26. F. M. Miller, Agent

**Bella Coala Land District—District of Coast Range**  
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