

FORCED POOLING OF APPLE CROP WILL FAIL TO IMPROVE MARKETS

Grower Claims Pooling Will Create Greatest Disturbance That Has So Far Affected the Business—Says Move Is Not Justifiable—Inquiry Should Be Instituted Before Legislation Attempted — Act Would Be Unworkable.

PACKERS WILL ONLY TAKE BEST FRUIT

As Demand for Better Fruit Is Fostered by Exhibitions Increased Quantities of Culls Result—"Bootlegging" Encouraged by Discard of Marketable Fruit.

"If the government forces the pooling of the apple crop they will cause the greatest disturbance that has so far affected the business of growing and marketing fruit," stated a local grower here today, when questioned as to the possible effect to growers in the valley of legislation during the coming session of the provincial parliament. "From Victoria comes the announcement that a bill imposing co-operation of the minority has already been drafted. If this be so the move is not a justifiable one. What do the majority of our legislators know of the fruit trade? They cannot expect to fully understand conditions when the producers and organized bodies of packers and shippers are not one on the question. It would be more sensible and business-like if the government were to institute an inquiry into the various points at issue before embodying in an act of parliament some scheme that, however feasible it may appear to outsiders, would be absolutely unworkable when put into actual practice. The result of such legislation as that contemplated would put hundreds of growers out of business. I have 160 acres of fruit lands in the Okanagan, and I have other interests in the valley, but goodbye to B. C. for me if I am tied down by act of parliament as to the manner and through what sources I shall dispose of my produce.

"What will be the result of precipitate and ill-considered action in this direction? When the Associated Growers came into existence the organization started out with an 85 per cent control. Today they have only 60 per cent of the growers. There must be some good reason for such a state of affairs. It may be found in the fact that the Associated are demanding an ever-improving fruit. Year by year they have encouraged competition in the various fruit exhibitions in England and Canada and have outclassed all competitors from every part of the Empire. The natural result is a bigger demand for the Okanagan apple and the necessity to keep up the standard if they, as shippers, are to keep and control the markets. Consequently, selection is insisted upon and only the very best grades will be handled. Orchards, however, do not always produce the same or improved grades each year, and, unless intensive care be given, will not produce an equal quality annually. As the demand for better fruit grows, therefore, the tendency is to discard apples that, formerly were considered to be fine specimens in their class. This is one of the sore points with growers, and one of the conditions that create what is known as "bootlegging." The farmer must accept the decision of the packer in selection and grading and hundreds of tons of apples are cast aside as unmarketable. The grower has no option but to accept the decision and is charged back with the original cost of culls.

"Now! Must the grower stand idly by and see probably the major portion of his crop discarded and an absolute loss, or will he devise some means to retrieve his loss? Naturally he will try to do so or he must allow the fruit to rot on his trees. These facts are responsible for the breaking away of 30 per cent of the growers from the packing and selling and shipping organizations, and if the government passes legislation to pool sales, a condition of affairs analogous to actual "bootlegging," as under liquor prohibition, will arise. Compulsory pooling will enable shippers to force out every way to the standards they set up. Thoughtful men in the valley see only disaster in the government tries to set rules to control markets. The unique position of a legislature creating a huge monopoly is entirely opposed to the general idea of the duty of the state to prevent corporations or organized bodies controlling and restricting the sale of commodities."

PODUNK DAVIS FOR REWARD

Princeton Asks That He Be Rewarded by the Government

The people of Princeton are evidently out to see that "Podunk" Davis is rewarded for his persistency in sticking to the task of searching out Nurse Warburton among the hills this summer, when she became lost. The board of trade at their meeting last week passed a recommendation to the provincial government that they reward him by appointing him game warden in that district. They claim that the district has not received as much attention as it would like from the game warden who is located at Pontifex. The local police had not the time to give game protection the attention it requires, and consequently many branches of the Game Act go unenforced and the game is destroyed. In Mr. Davis, the Board of Trade claim that they have a man who is thoroughly competent to look after the duties that would be assigned to a warden. Besides, the Board of Trade, the Princeton Game Association has and feel that they now have another good reason to hope that their former request for the appointment of a local game warden may be granted.

On account of the extreme cold on the prairies, railways have placed an embargo on loading of fruit to points east of Field and Crow Nest.

Helps Make Good Times

This week the Summerland Co-operative Growers' Association distributed over \$21,000 to the growers.

The payments included final account sales on Gravenstein and Cox Orange pools; also an advance payment on late varieties of winter apples of 20 cents per box on all grades excepting crates. Owing to the bulk of the Yellow Newtown crop being held in storage, it was decided to delay making a payment on this variety until a later date.

It is worthy of note that the price recorded for Cox Orange is the highest on record for that variety, averaging on all grades, a little over two dollars per box to the grower.

PROPOSE CHAIN OF LOG CABINS

Will Extend Series Along Cariboo Trail—Summerland Centre — Ogopogo Trade Mark Applied for.

It is now over five years since the Summerland Art League was organized and the Log Cabin built. It is interesting to look back and note the time, but still more intriguing to deduce from that progress the splendid opportunities for greater growth which lie ahead.

In 1921 sales at the Log Cabin were small and visitors few and far between. What talent we had was still latent and there were few handicraftsmen who were capable of sustained effort or of turning out products in sufficient quantities to supply much of a market. New crafts had to be learned and pottery making was the first to be taken up. A great deal of natural talent was discovered and with the addition of a kiln to our equipment, that phase of the industry was soon well under way. Basketry was taught the following year and more recently spinning and weaving.

At present the display of articles, all made in the homes of the district, would do credit to any group of artists, both for beauty of design and skill in technique.

In most shops which cater to the souvenir trade for tourists the goods displayed are very stereotyped and are mostly factory production. Every article turned out by the local Art League bears the stamp of the craftsman and is marked by originality and the skilled touch of the individual who fashioned it. As a consequence, our sales grew steadily year by year and more than a thousand visitors registered at the Log Cabin this season.

The work being done here to develop cottage industry has attracted attention everywhere and articles describing the efforts of the Art League to develop this phase of the economic life of the valley have appeared in many of the leading papers and magazines throughout Canada. The League has applied to register the Ogopogo as its trade mark, and will use it for many of its products, such as crystallized fruits, etc. The possibilities for novelties along this line are unlimited, and with the publicity which has been given the Ogopogo we have a drawing card the value of which would be difficult to compute.

The province of British Columbia offers ideal conditions for the development of Peasant Craft and during the winter months there are many who spend their time in some form of craftsmanship. Without organization, however, the lack of selling facilities and a market are the outstanding difficulties, and in order to remedy this the league is preparing to extend its sphere of influence.

Application has been made to the Dominion government for the privilege of erecting a chain of log cabins along the Cariboo Highway. These cabins will sell tourist supplies and novelties, all of which will be made in the cottages and farm houses of the country districts. If the concession is granted and a steady market assured from the rapid influx of motorists along the Highway when completed, it will mean steady employment for many people during the winter months.

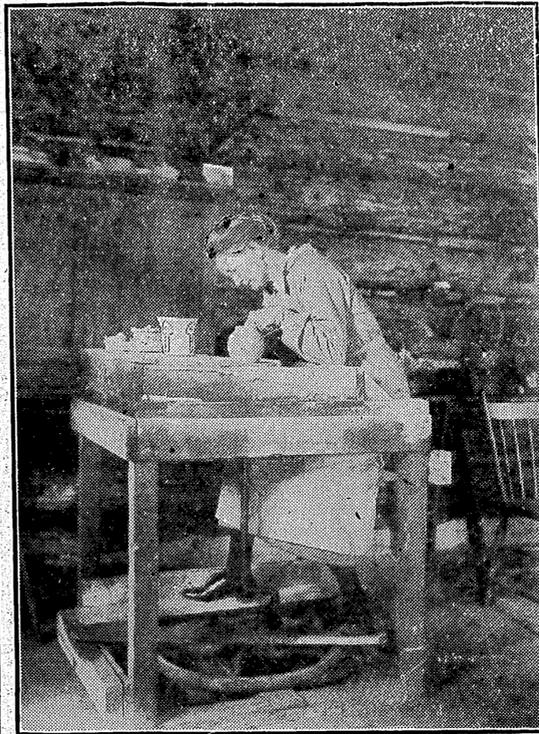
The details of this project have been fully worked out and if it receives the support it deserves and is given an opportunity by the government of furnishing the medium between the unorganized craftsmen scattered over the province and the rapidly growing tourist trade, cottage industry will receive an impetus which will make it a decided factor in the economic life of our province.

For some time most of the manufacturing will be done at Summerland, and very shortly plans will be outlined for speeding up production and turning out novelties in sufficient numbers to meet the growing demand which must naturally follow on the extension of our market. This is a movement which will be of vital interest to everyone in the district, and should receive wholehearted support.

JACK LOGIE
Some woods got into the creek above the gulch road steep spot and the result was a small flood. This leaves an icy stretch. The drop in temperature was accompanied by such a wind that it is a wonder the trouble was not worse.

Auto engineers say that one of the worst things that can be done to a cold motor is to race it when starting. They say, also, that if motorists would run their autos slowly for the first fifteen minutes, with spark retarded, the average car would give from two to three years longer service.

ONE OF SUMMERLAND'S INDUSTRIES



Working at the pottery wheel at the Log Cabin, down in Peach Orchard.

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT OPENS; ADJOURNS UNTIL JANUARY

Hon. E. D. Barrow Will Bring in Compulsory Co-operation Bill—Government to Borrow \$6,000,000 for Road Making—\$2,000,000 Reduction in Public Debt.

Victoria, B. C., Dec. 16.—The Provincial Legislature opened here this afternoon. It will almost immediately close until some time in the New Year. The King's Speech indicated new legislation for the benefit of agriculture.

Liberal members will go from the legislature to a party convention in Vancouver Friday. They are hoping to make a deal with Conservatives by which the election of Tolmie would be unopposed in North Okanagan if the Tories will not contest the election of a cabinet minister in Vancouver.

At a banquet here on Wednesday night Hon. E. D. Barrow stated he was laying before his colleagues a compulsory co-operation law to be brought up at the present session in connection with fruit industry matters. While the government will probably sponsor the bill, it is hoped by the minister to have it accepted in the House as non-party legislation. Hon. W. H. Sutherland stated that he intended to ask the House for power to borrow \$6,000,000 for road construction, the proceeds to be spent over a three-year period.

Victoria, Dec. 16, 2:30 p.m.—In the House this afternoon, Hon. J. D. Maclean, Minister of Finance, tabled the public accounts for 1925-26. They showed a surplus of revenue over all expenditure, both capital and current of one hundred thousand dollars, with a reduction in public debt of two million six hundred thousand. The total assets of the province over liabilities, exclusive of crown lands and natural resources, are placed at sixty-four millions. Current receipts were two million four hundred thousand and over current expenditure. The House adjourned until January 10th.

MR. KELLEY LECTURES ON WIT AND HUMOR TO YOUNG PEOPLE

Gives Illustrations of Wit, Humor, Satire, and National Jokes — Claims It Is a Saving Element in Man's Make-up and Prevents Despondency.

Mr. W. C. Kelley gave a very interesting address to the young people of the Baptist church on Monday evening on the subject of "Wit and Humor." In his analysis of the subject he defined the various forms of wit such as fun, satire, pun and so on, filling in with pointed illustrations that drew forth many a chuckle during the evening.

He contrasted wit with humor, saying that in humor we have pure art at its funniest part, but in wit we often find a sting. He illustrated this by the banter of two men; one saying that the negro was the image of God carved in ebony, to which the other replied, the speaker was the image of the devil carved in ivory. Fun, he said, was the boldest element of wit, and gave in illustration the charming of two friends. One claimed that the man who hides behind a woman's skirt is a coward. The second chap agreed that the claim was correct a few years ago, but not now. He who hides behind a woman's skirt nowadays is a magician.

Touching on the use of satire, he cited the works of Pope, who carried this kind of writing to such an extent that he was positively hated and had to have a bodyguard with him when he went on the street. At one time, he said that ministers had made extensive use of satire to establish themselves and their work. Humor, he said, is always sympathetic but satire has none of that redeeming quality. He demonstrated the usefulness of satire in Swift's pamphlet, where it resulted in bettering the situation of Irish children when at one time they were in a most lamentable situation socially.

He asserted that to bring a thing into contempt and its day was passed. Many a government has been laughed out of existence by the use of satire in the hands of capable individuals. He told of a case where it had been used in Manitoba and in the hands of a cartoonist, satire put a premier out of favor with the public. He described it as scorching, pinching, stinging, branding men or institutions against whom it was used.

He talked also of the place that the conundrum played in humor and illustrated by the one which asks: Why is there no need to be hungry on the desert? Because of the sand which is there; followed up with: Why the

COUNCIL PLANS FOR DEFINITE AMOUNT ON STORAGE SURVEY

Letter Asks That Gas Fillers Be Put Off All Sidewalks—Transformer and Street Lamps Give More Troubles.

THIRTY-FIVE METERS TESTED — ALL CORRECT

K. V. R. Asks That Map Be Marked Showing Osprey Lake Drains—Loss of Beaver May Affect Storage Supply.

yield so quickly as to humor. He was certain that wit and humor were just as much a virtue as any other characteristic of a Christian.

CROWD ATTENDS SCHOOL CONCERT

Children Provide Enjoyable Evening for Elders — Vote Appreciation of the Teachers' Work.

Mrs. Solly presided in a most efficient manner at the annual public school concert on Thursday evening. A crowd gathered expecting a most enjoyable evening, with many laughs thrown in. They were not disappointed.

The opening chorus by the younger scholars was very nicely shaded and showed well the scholars' training.

The rooms of Miss Graham and Miss Dale had the second concert. The "Announcer" did his part well, introducing the Queen of Heart's maidens. The little lady who took the part of Queen was very charming. The knave surely was a king's knave.

The next item was a laughable drill. The mechanical idea the little folks were presenting, they could sustain only so long. The breaks back into naturalness gave the crowd what they wanted and they clapped their hearty approval. Miss Banks and Miss Smith deserve a good deal of credit for the way their little classes took their part. The same classes also presented Mother Goose stories and earned the hearty applause. Chicken Little was quite out of the ordinary.

The very creditable rendering of lullabies by seven girls showed well the ability the children have of entering into part singing.

Miss Hobbs' and Miss Harwood's classes entered into their action songs with evident enjoyment. The Fairy Queen and her maidens were really fairies. Their dresses were very gaily and appropriate. The Smugglers and the venturesome boys gave the knights an opportunity to demonstrate their prowess. In all it was most creditably done.

The "drama" put the finishing touches to the evening, and to choose the best from the group would be a task indeed. "Chummy" filled his first role very successfully, though the task was so great he refused a chocolate from Mrs. Evans.

The vote of appreciation to the teachers, and the singing of "God Save the King" ended the seventh annual school concert.

GIRL GUIDES REORGANIZED

Plans for Camp Arranged—Dance to Provide Fund for Activities

The Summerland Girl Guides re-organized at a meeting held Dec. 5th, presided over by Mrs. Sharma. They discussed the heating and lighting of the Guides room, loaned by the school trustees. They soon were past this difficulty, for Mrs. Hookham gave them a stove, Mrs. Wright the wood, and Mr. Sharma put up the pipes.

Plans for camp were talked over and it is proposed to have a dance later to provide the funds. Those present were urged to get more members. A lieutenant was badly needed, and the association was delighted to approve of Miss V. Atkins.

The president approved of the organization of the Brownies, but a leader was necessary. This difficulty was not considered insurmountable.

BRIDGET SAYS

This is another candy that can be made early for Christmas, as it keeps well, i.e., the Marshmallow:
Marshmallow: — 4 cups sugar, 3-4 cup cold water, salt, 1-1/2 cups hot water, 2 envelopes Knox gelatine. Inverting, can add nuts.
Hot sugar and 1-1/2 cups hot water will stir, then pour on the gelatin, which has been soaked in the 3-4 cups cold water. Beat strongly 20 minutes or until right consistency. Flavor and salt any time while heating. Nuts may be added. Pour into greased tins.

Many people are suffering from the sudden cold snap by having their cars freezing up. Coast people are also affected in the same manner.

The council held a very interesting meeting on Tuesday. Accounts totaling a little over \$15,000 were passed. Seven thousand went on debentures, \$2,500 on Canyon dam, \$2900 to the schools. Electric light extensions were granted. Searching for storage water is to be aggressively undertaken and quite a number of smaller matters dealt with.

The correspondence that had to be dealt with by the council was first discussed. An offer was received of \$125 for the house down town that is beside Scurrah's blacksmith shop. This was refused. It was felt that a better offer should be obtained or the place fixed up and then it would rent.

A letter was received telling the municipal authorities of legislation that is to be asked for this coming year. This will give the B.C. Electric some monopolistic advantages that would, perhaps, be disadvantageous to different communities. It will affect parks, stages and other public utilities.

A letter that asked support for the legislation proposed that we banish all gasoline tanks and filled stations from the public streets. The council did not consider that they could reasonably be asked to remove present stands and pumps, but that in future privileges will be granted to pumps to be placed on the sidewalks.

Mr. T. P. Thornber was present and stated that there was some misunderstanding as to why the street lights were off. He said that it would not be possible to put any more lights till the transformer was hooked up to the system. He also reported that the inspector of meters had been in and inspected thirty-five meters and all were found to be correct. The transformer came in for discussion and quite a problem is presented here. The surges of power cause quite a heavy voltage to pass over the system here. The transformer is not constructed to withstand these surges, and because of them will not likely last a great while when it is put in, but there seems to be no way about the trouble.

Further correspondence is being exchanged with the company and the municipality to see if any further precaution can be taken in the matter. Applications for lights extension were received from Mr. Killick and from the Baptist parsonage, and were granted.

The Workmen's Compensation Board sent in an application for a second payment this afternoon. All were found to be correct. This one former came in for discussion and quite a problem is presented here. The surges of power cause quite a heavy voltage to pass over the system here. The transformer is not constructed to withstand these surges, and because of them will not likely last a great while when it is put in, but there seems to be no way about the trouble.

A grant was made to the Children's Aid in Vancouver. This had not been done last year as other charity had been taken care of.

The necessary changes in the municipal assessment roll were finished and the roll accepted by the council. This will perhaps have some alterations at the Court of Revision, but if not, they were prepared to adopt it.

Nominations will be arranged for at the municipal office and polling booths at both Summerland and West Summerland.

The balance of the session was devoted to the discussion of the water storage question. A reply had been received from the water controller which virtually stated that they did not feel disposed to again go over the possible storage sites. The controller hinted that this was a water shortage cycle that we were passing through, and that when that was over we would not have further trouble till the situation repeated itself.

The K.V.R. sent in a blue print of the track up near Osprey lake and asked that the places affected by storage there be marked for them. This map was sent on to Kelowna, asking that Engineer Grooms mark the section for them. The company's letter stated that they would not look with favor on the draining or raising of the lake.

The council as a whole seemed to favor some definite arrangements being made to investigate every possible tributary to Trout creek, with a view of locating more storage. Another however from on Canyon dam is to be investigated for the creation of a bigger storage than those dams provide. A feeling that was strongly entrenched in the minds of the council was that a definite sum should be set aside this year for the investigation of this beaver dam on canyon creek and also on other creeks. The report was received that a couple of men from Princeton had received the privilege of trapping the beaver at headwaters, and this will mean that Summerland must now build the storage that these animals have been securing for us.

CORRESPONDENCE

Editor Summerland Review:
Sir—The Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Barrow, favors compulsory co-operation of farm products. Undoubtedly 100 per cent of the farmers would favor it. It is to be hoped that the minister will be able to pass suitable legislation to put it into effect. They have compulsory co-operation of farm products in Australia and New Zealand; it has not been even tried here. As long as a minority of independent growers are allowed to sell fruit anywhere, any time, at any price, we might as well pull up our trees and quit fruit growing. FINIS

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ENJOY YOUR CHRISTMAS

May your Christmas spread be a sumptuous one, is our wish. Coming so close after Thanksgiving, it makes us even wish that your table may be almost as well provided for as the little boy's for Thanksgiving. He had enjoyed his dinner and, as was his custom, was ready to retire. He turned to his mother with this appeal: "Take I upstairs, undress I, put I to bed, but don't bend I." May your good things tempt you to almost the same taxing of your capacity.

We hope, however, that you may not go quite as far as did the Yankees when they had royalty to entertain. These worthy people are fond of doing things well. The biggest balloon is none too big, the highest skyscraper none too tall, the greatest of anything none too great to appeal to them. The entertainment for their royal guests must have been truly wonderful also, for the mayor was staggered at the bills. Those must have been wonderful sandwiches they served. Two hundred and fifty cost \$335.50, we understand... The badges they wore, we conclude were well earned, but they only cost \$112.

We hope you, too, will cut loose on Christmas. Put aside the worries and troubles. You may have them any day. See to it that you have a really good time. Eat even up to the mark set by our friends back on the eastern seaboard, if you will, but have a good time anyhow.

CHRISTMAS IN 1926

Again the great annual day approaches when we all make an extra effort to put aside worry and discomforts that we may revel in good cheer, to bring pleasure and joy and to contribute toward real good fellowship. It is a splendid spirit that encourages such a tone to national and international as well as to home life.

A group of young fellows were discussing some plans for the occasion. One pessimistic individual, not realizing that he was throwing cold water on a really commendable idea, received some advice that carried a philosopher's reasoning back of it. It was to the effect that one could only get out of the celebration what one put into supporting the efforts all might make. The reproof held the proper idea.

Contribute a joyous spirit, overlook the failures of others on the occasion, make the spirit of Christmas give all as much of joy as it may. The foundation of the day was the birth of the Saviour, who should bring joy, and promote in place of contentions the spirit of love and peace. A royal foundation this, worthy of a universal holiday.

May it be a day for all the readers of the Review that will long remain in their memory because of the pleasant associations that it will yield them in 1926.

TRADE AT HOME AND HELP YOURSELF

Every dollar you spend at home gives an added return every time it turns over in your community, says the Association of Farm Equipment Manufacturers. Few realize that a community around a town or city is built up or torn down by the way its people, both rural and urban, do business with each other. Take the local dealer in hardware, farm implements, shoes, groceries, dry goods, or what not, and he can render the local farmer a greater service than can the dealer in a town twenty miles away, or in the city 500 miles away because he turns around and spends the dollar he gets from the farmer on food that the farmer raises and on woolen clothing that comes from the farmer's sheep, or butter from the farmer's dairy. Each local dollar spent at home is turned over and over to make more business, and each deal profits the farmer who originally spent it, as well as every man, woman and child in that community. Better streets, lights, schools, churches, water systems, concerts, etc., all help make it a more progressive town and a better community in which to live and trade.

BUY HOME GOODS

Just as long as we buy American goods and products, these productions will be here in our stores for us to buy. When we demand goods made and grown within our Empire, these Empire productions will be here for us. It is up to us.

We have acquired a bad habit of depending on California for many products and think we cannot do without them, and do not make enough provision for the winter. There are many who are patriotic enough to refuse to buy these products and they are suffering no inconvenience.

Our country is what we make it. If it is good and prosperous it is to our credit, for then we must be helping along our own farmers and manufacturers. There is a come-back to buying home stuff that is worth working for.

CORRESPONDENCE

Editor Summerland Review:

Sir,—I notice in your issue of Dec. 9th, a letter from Mr. Makovski, manager of the Western Canada Fruit and Produce Exchange, which seems to call for some comment. Mr. Makovski seems to have been suffering from a severe attack of nerves when penning this letter, and this has resulted in a certain amount of incoherence and incorrectness in his statements.

After quoting the article which recently appeared in a coast paper re compulsory organization, Mr. Makovski characterizes the statement that independent shippers do not take their fair share of export responsibilities as absolutely false. Mr. Makovski should qualify this by admitting that the statement in question was absolutely true until 1926, and is still true of most of the independent shippers not associated with Sales Service.

It is amusing to notice how, as the time of expiry of the Associated Growers contracts draws nearer, our independent friends are trying to steal the bedrock of the co-operative movement—the absolute need of organized distribution—and represent it as a leading feature of independent trading methods. The questions which the growers of the Okanagan have to answer in the next year are:

Firstly—Is organized distribution possible with a large number of shippers.

Secondly—If independent shippers can be combined so as to give organized distribution, what is to prevent others from starting in the business and refusing to affiliate?

On the answers to these questions depends the future prosperity of the apple business. Personally, I do not think any organization will be of permanent use unless it starts at the bottom—the growers.

In spite of Mr. Makovski's mastery of economics and modern business, etc., I think he will find it a difficult task to persuade the growers of the Okanagan that the right way to build a house is from the roof down.

Yours faithfully,
H. H. WHITAKER.
Kaleden, Dec. 10, 1926.

OUTSIDE INTERESTS PREY UPON FRUIT INDUSTRY

The fruit industry for the last eight or ten years has been the prey of outside interests which have benefited themselves but have damaged the industry. The large crop and the unsatisfactory returns of the present season are, to some extent at least, the result of their activities.

A few years ago, when farm prices broke, everybody began to preach verification. Many people, including members of the fruit colleges, began to encourage people to grow more fruits. Real estate men, business organizations and others saw the opportunity to boost their interests by promoting increased acreage of this or that crop. The railroads, ever anxious to increase their tonnage, have played no small part in such enterprises.

Of course, such activities bring in new growers; they help labor; they help real estate men to sell more land; they bring new money into the community; and they help to sell fertilizers, trees, etc. But do they help the growers? Certainly, many of the promotion campaigns conducted in the past have not helped the growers. Many who have embarked in such ventures have gone broke, and growers in general have suffered.

Fruit growers have been too easily led in such matters. They have not stopped to consider the subject in the light of their own interests in the long run. They have allowed outside parties to direct the trend of their business for them. Suppose that the fruit growers of a community were to go into a nearby town and begin to boost the organization of a new bank or hardware store. Business people would soon tell them to stay in the country and mind their own business. Fruit growers should adopt the same attitude toward these city-inspired promotion schemes. They should carefully examine every scheme of this kind to determine its soundness before supporting the same. On the whole, it will be best for growers to do their own boosting of such projects as are worthy, and they should tell others in no uncertain terms to quit tampering with their industry.—Country Life.

MICE AND RABBITS DESTROY APPLE TREES

Not a year goes by that there are not numerous complaints of heavy loss of fruit trees due to the ravages of mice and rabbits. Injury from mice is comparatively easy to control. The succulent bark of the young tree is particularly tasty to them in the lean months of winter, but as they are under the snow and do not climb trees, some means of protection will prevent their damage. Ordinary building paper does very well, not the tarred, but the ordinary grey building paper. Cut this in strips 6 inches or 8 inches wide and around the trunk of the young trees, banking up around the bottom with a little earth. A better and more permanent way is to use wire protectors, made from either galvanized wire of a fine mesh or from expanded metal lath. Cut this material into strips about 18 inches high and 18 inches or so wide, to allow for expansion of the tree, and fasten with small pieces of wire. This material will last several years without replacing, and insures adequate protection against mice and against rabbits as far as the material reaches, but rabbits have the faculty of getting on top of the snow and chewing the branches above the snow line. This makes protection a rather difficult matter. There is not any really good treatment for rabbits, but the following poison has met with some success and is worth trying: White arsenic, 1 part; corn meal, 3 parts. Mix thoroughly and spread about the area to be protected. A repellent which has also been used with varying success is as follows: Unslaked lime, 20 pounds; flowers of sulphur, 15 pounds; water, 40 pounds. Apply this to the trunk with a brush.

Mother kept that school girl complexion by occasionally walking five or ten miles past a lot of drug stores.

Our advertisers are advising you in this issue of the Christmas side they have of disposal. Assist them by SHOPPING EARLY.

O'Farrell Of The Princess Pats

A STORY OF THE GREAT WAR

(By J. Williamson)

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CHAPTER I.

THE STORM BREAKS

Away to the west, across the Gulf of Georgia, the rays of the setting sun fringed the mountain tops with variegated colors. From a deep blood-red, the tones spread, in wonderful degrees of shading, to amber, gold, green, azure and white; while to the hillsides clung a robe of deep purple, gradually merging into a more sombre shade where the waters and the land met.

Lights were beginning to twinkle on the buoys and on the numerous pleasure boats which dotted the wide expanse of sea enclosed by English Bay. Point Atkinson lighthouse flashed a warning signal, and the lightship lying off the mouth of the Fraser flared back its beacon as a guide to incoming vessels. To the northwest the dusk gathered around the base of the coast mountains bordering Burrard Inlet and Howe Sound, their tips reflecting the gold of the declining sun, as they stood forth clothed in a white garb of snow. To the south, across the bay, long rows of electric lights indicated the leading avenues of Vancouver, city of the "last great west," whose thousands of citizens were scurrying to their homes after the toil of the day, filled with the excitement of a great event. For war had set its imprint upon the brows of the people, and their nearest and dearest were about to offer their lives in an awful holocaust. The tomorrow was to see thousands of their bravest depart to the battle-grounds of France, there to emblazon for themselves, Canada and the Empire, a name that for all time was to be an incentive to great deeds and the pride of future generations of Canadians.

Within a recess overlooking English Bay, where the roads encompassing the park meet in an open space called the "Pulpit," sat two men. One was garbed in civilian dress, the other in the khaki uniform of the Canadian Expeditionary Forces. In height and build they were fairly equal. Thirty years had hardly passed over the head of one, while the other appeared to be a man of twenty-five. Standing five feet nine in their boots, their broad shoulders, well-set limbs, and upright carriage indicated the strength and independence that comes to those who live in the open spaces of the world. The difference in the men lay in the characteristics of the races they sprang from. The dark hair, honest grey eyes and slightly angular features of the younger man denoted his Celtic ancestry, while the tawny hair, blue eyes, and pinky-white skin of the other, spoke of his Saxon descent. Both were handsome, and came of stocks noted for their stamina and vitality.

Phillip O'Farrell was of Irish extraction, one generation removed from the little green isle on the border of the Atlantic Ocean, his parents having settled in Eastern Canada a few years prior to his birth. He was well educated, and had been trained for the law, but the lure of the west and its great possibilities brought him to British Columbia two years before the opening of our story. He arrived in Vancouver when the city was beginning to feel the setback of the wild gamble in real estate. Consequently he found little scope for his ability, and was forced to accept a position in a small inland town as clerk to a local lawyer.

Here Phillip met Cyril Grey, devil-may-care wanderer, who had been everywhere and had seen everything worth seeing since he landed in Canada. Following the track of the Grand Trunk Pacific as it travelled towards the setting sun, he assisted the army of men, gathered from all quarters of the globe, to lay the great trans-continental railway. His knowledge of engineering brought him many offers from the contractors who were building the line. His superiority to the men amongst whom he worked was evident from the first, and his suggestions saved his employers thousands of dollars. Faulty construction of certain bridge foundations, had it not been discovered in time by Cyril, might have caused considerable loss of life and would have delayed progress at the most critical time of the year, when the Fraser had to be bridged before the winter set in. His grateful employers offered Cyril a more responsible position, but he refused to accept it. Disappointed, yet wishing to show their appreciation of his services, the firm presented him with a cheque for five hundred dollars.

This generous act proved the undoing of Cyril. Ever careless and free with his money, he had not possessed so much at one time since his arrival in Canada. Immediately it became known in camp that Cyril had "opened a gold vein," he became the recipient of congratulations from every "bohunk" on the job. While the money lasted his shack was an open hotel for all. It was also the temporary home of the "bootlegger" who supplied the "booze." Whiskey at ten dollars per bottle, purchased by the "bootlegger" at one fifty, found a suburban way into camp, even through those

responsible for its prohibition. It was an easy matter to introduce the liquor when the men who supplied it had also the disposal of the men who drank it.

There was a row in camp. The bosses lost control, and general chaos reigned for days. Then came the climax to the wild orgy. Cyril's money was at an end. Bleary-eyed men sat around sullen and disappointed. One night a "bootlegger" was "beaten up" for refusing to supply more liquor, and, in trying to protect him, Cyril was badly mauled by the half-crazed men.

A week in hospital gave him time for serious contemplation. Finally he came to the conclusion that a change of life and locality were about due, and decided to make for the coast as soon as he would be permitted to leave the hospital. But it was easier to decide on the journey than to accomplish it. There was practically only one way it could be accomplished by a penniless outcast, and that was by way of the Fraser river.

The railway line, at that date, had reached Tete Jaune Cache. Between that place and Soda Creek there are three canyons through which the waters of the Fraser rush at a terrific pace. The most dangerous pass is the Grand Canyon, seventy-five miles east of Prince George. Over eighty men who attempted to reach the coast by this route while the line was under construction were known to have lost their lives in trying to navigate the rapids. Nothing daunted, Cyril determined to take a chance.

As he lay awake that night, his brain still fevered from the effects of his "spree," and his body racked with the pain of the wounds and bruises received in the fracas, he heard, as in a dream, the voices of the men singing a parody on "Where the River Shannon Flows," their recent savagery forgotten in the advent of a musician in camp.

"Sure the country is prolific,
And the Grand Trunk Pacific,
Is daily pushing onward with
Its army of 'bohobos,'
And their leader is Tim Foley,
Who swears by all that's holy,
That he'll build it to Prince Rupert
Where the River Skeena flows."

They had already forgotten Cyril in their new pleasures.

A few days later found Cyril at Mile Forty-five, where he, like others before him, built a scow, or, to be more correct, a substantial raft. It is unnecessary to follow him in his perilous voyage, or to relate the many adventures and hair-breadth escapes he met with in the course of his journey down the Fraser. It is sufficient to relate that he arrived safely at Soda Creek. Thence he drifted to Vancouver, and from that city back to the interior, where he met O'Farrell. Here he obtained an engineer's post on the Kettle Valley railway, then under construction between Hope and Penticton.

The meeting between the men took place on an occasion when Cyril appeared before the local Cadi, charged with chastising one of the men on the job, who imagined his knowledge of Cyril's escapade of the Grand Trunk Pacific sufficient to warrant an offensive reference to that episode.

In the course of the preparation for his defence, Cyril met Phillip on several occasions. A mutual regard resulted, and later a strong friendship arose between the two men. Through the instrumentality of Phillip, the case against Cyril was settled out of court.

And the "bohunk" who received the thrashing did not mind. At that time he was oblivious to the world. On the flat of his back he lay, snoring benignly to the stars as they twinkled and nodded above his head; in his hand a bottle of whiskey, purchased with part of the money handed to him by Phillip as a solace to his injured feelings.

Neither Cyril nor Phillip were to be found the following morning. All that could be learned by the town gossips was that they had reached the hotel in the early morning, packed their grips, paid their board, and left by the boat for the head of the Okanagan Lake. The contented inhabitants of the sleepy town soon forgot the incident and the pair principally interested.

The departure of the friends was not due to any fear of consequences from their method of silencing the drunken "bohunk." A far higher and nobler factor had determined the course they took. The tocsin of war was sounding throughout the Empire, and Britain was calling to her sons across the seas to fly to her assistance. From every corner of the earth went up the answering cry. Within a few days, nay, within a few hours, offers of help were flashed across the oceans from her children and her children's children who were girding on the sword to protect her from her enemies, and to help her in her effort to save brave little Belgium.

(To be Continued)

Final Notice to Intending Subscribers to the Review:—The offer made to subscribers and non-subscribers, of a reduction of 50 cents, making the subscription for 1927 \$2.00 net, if paid before December 31, will expire with the last day of the year. With the new year the subscription will be \$2.50 as formerly. Advise the management this week. The price covers mailing in Canada.

World of Politics

(By an Ex-Writer of the Ottawa Press Gallery.)

SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

The speech from the throne read by Lord Willington, Canada's new Governor-General, on Friday last, on the opening of the first session of the Dominion Parliament elected in September, made it clear that the members must deal with a double bill of legislation. No legal means of disposing of the several important bills which were lost in the political maelstrom of July last, as one measure, having been found, these important acts will have to be dealt with just as if they were new bills, and go through their various stages in both Houses. The House must likewise deal with the estimates that failed to pass in July, as well as with new legislation and estimates to be brought down. The election of Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux as speaker for a second term constituted a new departure and may possibly lead to the adoption of the practice of the British House of Commons, which makes a life job of the speakership. Mr. Lemieux's continuance in the speaker's office is particularly happy in view of the fact that he happens to be the senior member of the House of Commons and it is altogether probable that he will continue to be Canada's first commoner as long as the Liberal government remains in power. In view of his ripe experience as a parliamentarian it would have been nice had the opposition agreed to the suggestion made by Premier King that the British plan of taking the speaker out of politics by making him a permanent feature, be adopted; but Mr. Guthrie did not see his way clear to fall in with the proposal and intimated that a change of government would mean the selection of a new speaker. Mr. Guthrie was quite correct in pointing out that it was the turn of an English speaking member to have the speaker named from their ranks, but, after all, isn't it about time that Canadians should get away from the habit of thinking on religious and racial lines in matters of this kind. We are now an equal partner with the Mother Country in the British Commonwealth of Nations and it would be a good gesture, indicative of our increased status, were we to follow the example of the mother of parliaments in making the chief commoner a non-political and non-party presiding officer.

The least important legislation to be brought down will be to expedite a part of the recommendations of the Royal Commission which conducted an inquiry into the grievances of the Maritime provinces and which recommended increased subsidies for the provinces affected, twenty per cent reduction in freight rates and several other things calculated to contribute to the future development of Canada's far east. It will be interesting to see just what the government proposes to do this session in the way of meeting the wishes of the Maritime people. The splitting of the political forces that formerly represented the united Progressive party into three segments, two of which are seated on the opposition side of the House, was an interesting development of the opening day of the session. The Progressive Liberals, the Liberal-Progressives, mostly from Manitoba, sit with the Liberals and will constitute the government's real majority. The members of the other groups, including the Laborites, will run their own shows, but all are willing to vote for legislation of which they approve.

THE NEW STATUS OF THE DOMINIONS

In closing an editorial dealing with the outlook for the present session at Ottawa, the Vancouver Province expressed the view that there is likely to be lively times in parliament when Mr. King comes to explain just exactly what he said and did at the Imperial Conference, and what is the net effect of it all—for Canada and the British Commonwealth of Nations. The Province further declared: "At present the conference is a great and portentous question mark in the minds of most thoughtful citizens." These observations would appear to indicate on the part of the writer some little apprehension as to the future effect of what was accomplished by the Imperial conference. Just why Mr. King should get into any serious difficulties, or be subjected to severe criticism for the part he played at the Imperial Conference, the writer of the editorial did not indicate and, in view of the general acceptance of the findings of the conference, both in the Mother Country and in the Overseas Dominions, it is difficult to see how it is likely to raise much of a storm at Ottawa. Over in the Imperial Parliament no very serious attempt has been made to criticise the government for assenting to a formal declaration of the full status of the Dominions, a status acknowledged as long ago as 1917. That being so, it is somewhat difficult to imagine the raising of any convincing objections to what has been done by members of the Dominion House. That such criticism could achieve anything in view of the general concurrence in the findings of the Imperial Conference, and more particularly in view of the very lucid statements that have been made by Lord Balfour, is hard to believe. In a recent speech Lord Balfour said that when he was a young man it was generally assumed in the Mother Country that when the Dominions became a large and powerful they would drop away from the Mother Country. Undoubtedly that was the view that prevailed in the mid-Victorian period when the "colonies" were regarded by many statesmen as being more or less of a nuisance. What brought about a change of feeling more than anything else was that the colonies made it clear that they had no desire to break away from the Mother Country. Lord Balfour, in his speech, stressed the same point that was made by the writer in his first comments on the findings of the Imperial Conference, when he pointed out that, under the new order of things, it matters not how great and powerful the Overseas Dominions may become, they may now continue to travel in double harness with Great Britain without danger of friction developing. That, after all, is the great thing that has been accomplished. More recently, in replying to a question put in the House of Lords by the Laborite, Lord Parmoor, as to possible difficulties arising from the new Empire structure, Lord Balfour declared that the Laborite had approached the matter in the wrong spirit. He himself disagreed with certain foreign critics who claimed to see in the recent developments the possibility of the disintegration of the Commonwealth. "The Empire," said Lord Balfour, "is now a more united organization than ever. It is held together far more effectively by broad loyalties, common interests, and devotion to the great world ideas of peace and freedom than by anything else. There are the bonds of the Empire; if they are not enough, nothing else will be." That is a very effective and neat way of putting it by the man who is given most credit for drafting the new charter of Dominion status.

THE LEGISLATURE AND CO-OPERATION

There promises to be no little commotion in legislative circles in British Columbia over the proposal of Hon. E. D. Barrow, Minister of Agriculture, to introduce legislation making provision for compulsory co-operation in the fruit growing districts. As a matter of fact, the motion is already under consideration in the House of Commons in its peak when the House resumes after the New Year to take up the real business of the session. It is quite apparent that the Minister of Agriculture realizes that the working out of the selling problem in connection with the marketing of fruit grown in the interior is no small task. He does not propose to risk the fate of the government on the proposed bill, but, should such a measure eventually be introduced, he will leave it to the members of the House to deal with it as they think best. It is entirely proper that all the interests affected by the minister's proposal should be heard before legislation is introduced and the proper legislative instrument for the hearing of the conflicting viewpoints that will be voiced is the committee on agriculture of the legislature. The general situation in respect of co-operation has shifted somewhat because of the good team-work in recent months between the Associated Growers Ltd. and the Growers Sales Service, it being generally conceded that the independent selling organization assumed its share of the burden connected with regulated distribution and market stabilization. This development constituted a combination of two kinds of co-operation, the regular type and the development between selling organizations. But despite this welcome development, other independents refused to work with anybody and did a lot of injury to the fruit business by the indiscriminate rolling of fruit at all seasons and irrespective of the state of the market. In view of this, it would appear that the major part of the onus for the state of affairs that the minister desires to correct, rests with the independents who insisted on playing a lone hand. Whatever happens at Victoria, it is safe to predict that the men who refused to co-operate in any way whatever are likely to have a rough ride when the committee on agriculture has placed independent marketing on the defensive in the legislative battle that has been started.

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GINGHAM APRON FREE With MOTHER'S FLOUR

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All Flour prices down to low mark, buy now for six months' use. Feed prices down.
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Blewett Feed Store

PHONE 124

AT THE WEST SUMMERLAND EXCHANGE

We Are Having

A Clearance Sale!

THE BALANCE OF THE OSLER DISHES

This is "Spode Ware"—Soup Tureens, Platters, Soup Plates. These at lower prices than common ware. Buy the children something worth while for Christmas—We have a \$67.50 Set of New Books of Knowledge for \$35.00—also 1847 Rogers Silver at less than cost price.

West Summerland Exchange

And we can be thankful shoes are not like auto tires so we would have to sit down when we got a hole in them.

Our advertisers are advising you in this issue, of the Christmas Goods they have for disposal. Assist them by SHOPPING EARLY.



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- Last, but not least, a Box of Papeterie, Box of Chocolates, Subscription to Magazine—Christmas Decorations of all kinds.

SUMMERLAND DRUG CO.

WEST S'LAND PHONE 11

COME & SEE OR ASK

SUMMERLAND PHONE 17

Father Neptune and His Mer-Babies

By Eileen H. Cooper

Father Neptune was down deep at the bottom of the ocean searching through the wreck of a ship for something which you will be astonished to hear, was tobacco. Perhaps you did not know about Father Neptune's fondness for tobacco; but you see, even he has learned to love his pipe.

With a gleeful shout, he floundered upon a box of wet tobacco. He laughed heartily at his good fortune. Floating along the north end of the wreck, a heavy mass caught his eye. Curious to see what the unusual looking bulk consisted of, he reached over and took it in his hands.

"Oh!" he cried, as he tremblingly beheld the enclosure. "What beautiful specimens. Such delightful little morsels."

There before him lay two lovely twin mer-babies, curled up in a huge seaweed leaf. They were the prettiest and most entrancing pair that any mother could wish to behold.

When Father Neptune pulled the covering of sea web from their eyes, they looked up at him and cried: "Oh! Father Neptune, please take us with you, we have waited here so long for someone to mother us. We've been here for ages, longing for love and a home. Please take us, and let us be your sons."

No ordinary parent could refuse such pleading unless he were a cruel monster, but Neptune has a kind heart nearly all the time, only when he becomes enraged at some injustice, then he blows on the sea and makes it rough for passing ships.

The dear mer-babies wriggled their bright green scaly tails and pleaded. They need not have uttered another word, for from the very moment he saw them, Father Neptune wanted them for his own.

He took them to his particular rock, on top of the ocean, which lies midway between Itishbia and Nannaland; a port on the big island northwest of the mainland. The name of the rock was Deep Rock.

He reared them as his own sons. Here, among the sea gardens of anemones, water lilies, and rock greenery, they spent a happy childhood. One he named Foam and the other Seaweed. Foam had two pretty brown eyes and Seaweed had one brown eye and one blue eye.

By the time Foam and Seaweed were full grown mer-boys they were very lovely beings indeed; with long green and silver scaly tails; from the waist up they were just like ordinary boys, they had golden hair and flashing eyes. Neptune was very proud of them.

About this time there had been considerable disturbance in the water not far from Nannaland. Neptune and his sons could not account for this unusual phenomenon, because no one had ever disturbed the water around that part before, excepting Father Neptune himself. Sometimes the boys made quite a swell, when sporting around between the points of land; and occasionally a huge whale created a commotion.

This was something different altogether. It came when Neptune was asleep and the boys were lying lazily on the rocks. Foam had wonderful vision, he could see for miles. It was to his credit that they at last discovered the source of all the trouble. Foam had been sneaking off alone,

so Neptune and Seaweed were very curious to find out how he was spending his time.

One day at Sundown Foam came swishing up Deep Rock in breathless haste. He was apparently much agitated and upset. Neptune, seated on the ledge with his pipe between his lips, called:

"What is wrong, Foam, why the hurry? Come! Tell me the trouble." "Oh, father!" replied Foam. "I saw it! I did!—the disturber—the cause of all this rumbling and heavy undertow around here lately."

"Yes, what is it, Foam? Quick! Tell me, I must know at once." "Father, it's a sea serpent, a tremendous thing, with a great head like a land wolf, and a long black body like a snake. It must measure all of a hundred and fifty feet and is a ferocious beast."

"Well! Well!" mused Neptune, stroking his long white beard. "So he's here, the brute. I thought I had fixed him long ago. We'll soon settle him."

"Foam! Seaweed!" he called. "Yes, father," answered Seaweed, who had dived into the bottom of the sea to pick up a pearly shell.

"Come here, both of you." They lay beside Neptune, as he spoke in savage tones: "You've got to clear this rascal out. I could do it myself, but I am going to test your courage and you must find the means of killing the beast yourselves."

"Oh, father!" cried Foam, "I cannot risk my life, for I love the mermaid Seashell. She lives on Seal Rock near Ambic Shore. She loves me, O father! wait till you see her, she is divine, you will love her too."

"I see! I see!" exclaimed Neptune, "there is where you have been spending your time. Well, I have already seen the mermaid, Seashell, and I think she is worthy of a duel. She is more than beautiful; she is good, and I'll wager that if Seaweed ever sees her you might have to keep your eye on her."

Foam looked at Seaweed rather begrudgingly. Seaweed cast his blue eyes which was a wee bit sly looking, at Foam. Neither spoke, but Father Neptune grinned.

The next morning Seaweed took a sudden notion to go off alone. When he was out of sight, he swam for dear life until he came to Seal Rock. There he beheld the lovely mermaid, Seashell, lying in a huge pearl shell, asleep. Quietly closing the shell he carried the sleeping mermaid off to Deep Rock and hid her on the north side.

He found a nice cool spot among the rocks and laid her down. He partly opened the lid and peeped inside. Seashell was awake, she called: "Please let me out, how dare you fasten me up like this. Let me out, Foam."

"It's not Foam, it's Seaweed—I thought you would like to see our abode. Foam is away with father." Just then Foam appeared. With rough hands he pushed Seaweed aside, saying:

"What have you got there?" He opened the shell and was very angry when he beheld Seashell. He cried: "Get away out of here, before I take and throw you to the sea serpent."

Seaweed splashed off, making flirtatious eyes at Seashell. The startling thing was, that Seashell angered Foam because she showed signs of being amused. The battery of flashing eyes thrown at her by Seaweed rather appealed to her feminine vanity.

Foam sulked all day and Seashell enjoyed the fun. One minute she appeared to be in love with Foam and the next with Seaweed. It was exasperating to say the least, especially for Foam, who really loved her.

The same evening, at sundown there was a royal battle between the two brothers. They fought desperately. Father Neptune appeared on the scene in time to put an end to the shameful struggle. He exclaimed, in a loud voice:

"See here, you two. We will settle this matter right now. I'll give you a real fight, something to stir up your blood. I have located the sea serpent one league south of Itishbia. Tomorrow morning you will seek him and one of you must kill him. You will receive no help from me—only I'll be there to protect you, for fear the monster becomes too dangerous. Now you, my fair Seashell, I ask you if you are willing to be betrothed to the victor?"

Seashell shyly assented, but nevertheless she cast a longing, teasing gaze upon Foam.

The next morning there was a furious battle between the sea serpent and the mer-mon. Seaweed soon became exhausted and gave up. He had tried to conquer the beast by battling with the head, but it was the wrong thing to do.

Foam, remembering the old saying, "All's fair in love and war," swam under water and tried to kill the beast from below. When he was almost played out, he suddenly got an idea.

Diving to the ocean bed he found a dead sword-fish. Quickly breaking off the sword, he swam underneath the monster, driving the sword into the creature's heart. Soon the beast sank with a tremendous thud to the bottom of the sea.

Father Neptune was very pleased with the boys. Seaweed had put up a hard fight, but the ingenuity of Foam had won the battle.

Seashell was delighted, for she had been living in dread of the sea serpent herself.

She swam along to Deep Rock, carrying a bunch of tobacco made from seaweed, for Father Neptune. Seeing Foam resting on the rocks, she swished up to him and whispered: "Dear Foam, I am pleased with you—I like Seaweed, but I—love—you."

Foam smiled happily, putting his arms around her shoulders, he looked lovingly into her pratty blue eyes. Just then Seaweed swam up, holding a beautiful necklace of real pearls. He said: "Here, Seashell, I worked hard to

find these for you. I want you to think kindly of me." The lovely mermaid thanked him with tender feeling. She cast a bewitching smile at Seaweed, saying at the same time to Foam: "Seaweed is a pretty nice merman, even if he is a wee bit giddy." In this way Father Neptune cleared the seas of a new terror. He is now busy, watching the Pacific, for fear the children of the sea serpent might appear in the near future.

G. W. Gwyer of Penticton, road engineer, was here for several days this week making investigations preliminary to preparing his estimates for next year's work. He made extensive measurements dealing with the Cooper bridge. Mayor Love also took up with him the question of paving Winnipeg avenue, with tarvia, similar to the pavement being used extensively on highways on the coast, and Mr. Gwyer has promised to make a recommendation to the government that the highway through Grand Forks be made.—Grand Forks Gazette.



EMPRESS THEATRE

Fri. & Sat., Dec. 17 & 18—

JACK HOLT in

"FORLORN RIVER"

Comedy, Fables & Topics
7:30 & 9:15. Prices 35c & 20c

Mon. & Tues., Dec. 20 & 21—

HAROLD LLOYD in

"FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE"

Comedy, Educational and News
7:30 & 9:15. Prices 50c & 25c

Wed. & Thurs., Dec. 22 & 23—

"GRAND DUCHESS AND THE WATER"

With Florence Vidor and Adolphe Menjou
Comedy, "Bears," and "Felix the Cat"
7:30 & 9:15. Prices 35c & 20c

Here Jan. 1st—

"CAPT. PLUNKETT'S REVUE"

SYNOPSIS OF LAND ACT AMENDMENTS

PRE-EMPTIONS
Vacant, unreserved, surveyed Crown lands may be pre-empted by British subjects over 18 years of age, and by aliens on declaring intention to become British subjects, conditional upon residence, occupation and improvement for agricultural purposes.

Full information concerning regulations regarding pre-emptions is given in Bulletin No. 1, Land Series, "How to Pre-empt Land," copies of which can be obtained free of charge by addressing the Department of Lands, Victoria, B.C., or to any Government Agent.

Records will be granted covering only land suitable for agricultural purposes and which is not timber land, i.e., carrying over 5000 board feet per acre west of the Coast Range, and 8000 feet per acre east of that range.

Applications for pre-emptions are to be addressed to the Land Commissioner of the Land Recording Division in which the land applied for is situated, and are made on printed forms, copies of which can be obtained from the Land Commissioner.

Pre-emptions must be occupied for five years and improvements made to value of \$10 per acre, including clearing and cultivating at least five acres before a Crown Grant can be received.

For more detailed information see the Bulletin "How to Pre-empt Land."

PURCHASE
Applications are received for purchase of vacant and unreserved Crown lands, not being timberland, for agricultural purposes; minimum price of first-class (arable) land is \$5 per acre, and second-class (grazing) land, \$2.50 per acre. Further information regarding purchase or lease of Crown lands is given in Bulletin No. 10, Land Series, "Purchase and Lease of Crown Lands."

HOMESITE LEASES
Unsurveyed areas, not exceeding 20 acres, may be leased as homesites, conditional upon a dwelling being erected in the first year, title being obtainable after residence and improvement conditions are fulfilled and land has been surveyed.

LEASES
For grazing and industrial purposes, areas not exceeding 640 acres may be leased by one person or a company.

GRAZING
Under the Grazing Act the Province is divided into grazing districts and the range administered under a Grazing Commissioner. Annual grazing permits are issued, based on numbers ranged, priority being given to established owners. Stock-owners may form associations for range management. Free, or partially free permits are available for settlers, campers and travellers, up to ten head.

CORPORATION OF THE DISTRICT OF SUMMERLAND

WATER ACT 1914

NOTICE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Corporation of the District of Summerland has applied to the Board of Investigation under the Water Act for an order empowering it to charge during the year 1927, the increased rates which by order of the said Board, dated the 28th day of February, 1922, it was authorized to charge for irrigation water during the year 1922.

AND FURTHER TAKE NOTICE that all objections to the said application must be filed in writing with the Chairman of the Board of Investigation under the Water Act, Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B. C., on or before the 31st day of December 1926.

Dated at Summerland, B. C., this 30th day of November 1926.

F. J. NIXON, Municipal Clerk.

48-4

KETTLE VALLEY RAILWAY TIME TABLE

Commencing Sunday, May 16.

EASTBOUND

No. 12—Leave Vancouver daily, 7:30 p.m.
Leave West Summerland daily 7:03 a.m.
Arrive Nelson daily 10:55 p.m.
Connection made at West Summerland with boat for Kelowna and Lake Points.

WESTBOUND

No. 11—Leaves Nelson daily 9:05 p.m.
Leaves West Summerland daily 12:03 p.m.
Arrives Vancouver daily 10:45 p.m.

Observation and Dining Car Service on all trains

J. W. RUTHERFORD, Agent

KETTLE VALLEY RAILWAY

MAIL SCHEDULE

For the convenience of our readers we give below the time of closing of all mails at the local postoffices, for despatch by boat and train; and also interchange between the two offices:

AT SUMMERLAND OFFICE

For all points North, East and West 8 p.m.; Sunday, 9 p.m.
For Naramata, Penticton, South, Similkameen, Boundary and Kootenay—Daily, except Sunday, 6 p.m.

For Vancouver and Victoria—Daily except Monday, 11 a.m.
For West Summerland—Daily, except Monday, 7:30 a.m. and 11 a.m.; daily, except Sunday, 6 p.m.

For Rural Route—8:00 a.m. daily, except Sunday.

AT WEST SUMMERLAND OFFICE

For Coast Points—Daily, except Monday, 11:30 a.m.
For South, North and East—Daily 5 p.m.
For Summerland Office—Daily, except Monday, 11 a.m.; and daily, 5 p.m.

Try it Today.

The difference between good and almost good Radio is like the difference between a watch that keeps time and a watch that merely runs.

Only the best Radio instruments will bring you complete enjoyment of the excellent programs now on the air.

ATWATER KENT RADIO

does this. That's why we sell it. That's why so many people of this community have chosen it for their homes.

Demonstration will cost you nothing. The time for it is NOW.



READ'S GARAGE

West Summerland

CANADIAN PACIFIC

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY

North LAKE South
6:20A..... Penticton7:35P
6:55A..... Naramata6:25P
7:20A..... Summerland6:15P
8:20A..... Peachland5:15P
9:45A..... Kelowna3:55P
12:30P..... Okanagan Lnd'g1:35P

RAIL

2:15P... Okanagan Landing ...1:10P
3:00P... Vernon12:40P
5:10P... Sicamous10:40A
Westbound main line train leaves Sicamous 6:05P.
Eastbound main line train leaves Sicamous 10:35P.

A. M. LESLIE, Agent, Summerland, B.C.

OKANAGAN LAKE BOAT COMPANY SERVICE

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY

M. S. "Pentowna"

Leave Penticton 9 a.m.

Leave Kelowna 2.15 p.m.

Calling at Intermediate Points Both Ways

PACIFIC COAST OR EAST

CONVENIENT CONNECTION MADE AT KAMLOOPS

CONTINENTAL LIMITED

AN ALL-STEEL TRAIN

COMPLETE MODERN EQUIPMENT

Palatial Steamships

"PRINCE RUPERT" and "PRINCE GEORGE"

Vancouver—Prince Rupert—Stewart and Wayports

Full Information from any Agent of

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Use Canadian National Express for money orders, foreign cheques, etc., also for your next shipment.

Use SMP Enameled Ware Cooking Utensils

Clean as China Strong as Steel

Sold in best stores everywhere

—SHEET METAL PRODUCTS CO. LIMITED—213

Classified Advertising

RATES FOR CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

First insertion, 3 cents a word. Two cents a word each subsequent insertion; minimum charge, 50 cents per week.

FOR SALE OR RENT — Comfortable cottage in Peach Orchard on 1 1/4 acres of very good land, partly planted. Rent \$10 per month. F. D. Cooper, Real Estate Broker. 37-17-c

PASTURE AND STOCK WINTERED at reasonable rates. Phone 794. 45-1f

FOR SALE — Manure, best quality. Phone 621, Mr. Derrick. 45-1f

WANTED—Horses to pasture. Phone Chew, 721. 50-1f

LAND REGISTRY ACT

(Section 160)
Matter of Lots 93 and 98, Map 1114, Kamekameen Division Yale District.

Having been filed in my office the loss of Certificate of Title 51F to the above mentioned land in the name of John Clark Findlay and bearing date the 4th February 1915, I HEREBY GIVE NOTICE of my intention at the expiration of one calendar month from the first publication hereof to issue to the said John Clark Findlay a provisional Certificate of Title in lieu of such lost certificate. Any person having any information with reference to such lost certificate of title is requested to communicate with the undersigned.

DATED at the Land Registry Office, Kamloops, B.C., this 13th day of December, 1926.

E. S. STOKES,
Registrar

Date of first publication, Dec. 17th, 1926. 50-5

VENDOME HOTEL

1138 Nelson St., Vancouver.
C. B. McCallum, manager, formerly of Hotel Summerland, Summerland. All residents of this district specially welcome. Rooms with or without bath. Large airy suites. 1-1f-c

It is expected that the new C.N.R. station will be opened at Kelowna today, when some of the head officials of the Canadian National service will entertain the general public after the departure of the northbound train, but no details of the ceremony are to hand.

We Wish for All A MERRY CHRISTMAS

and invite you to look over our range of Christmas. A profusion of nice things to choose from at prices very reasonable.

Our Discount Sale is still on

A. MILNE
Ladies' Emporium

TRY

ANGUS' CAFE
When in Penticton
You will be pleased with our service

BLACKHEADS

Blackheads go quickly by a simple method that just dissolves them. Get two ounces of peroxide powder from your druggist, rub this with a hot, wet cloth briskly over the blackheads — and you will wonder where they have gone.

Rialto THEATRE

West Summerland

Fri. & Sat., Dec. 17 & 18—

"California Straight Ahead"

Starring Reginald Denny

A comedy that will make you laugh and laugh and laugh and laugh.

News Reel

Fri. & Sat., Dec. 24 & 25—

Rudolph Valentino in **"THE EAGLE"**

Comedy, "Haunted Helms"

Fri. & Sat., Dec. 31, Jan. 1—

"WHERE WAS I?"

Reginald Denny

Comedy

FREE MATINEE SATURDAY

2 p.m. for CHILDREN

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Mrs. Hayes is sick at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Lees of Kelowna.

Many bargains in toys are to be had at the Drug Store.

Mrs. MacAlony has been visiting Mrs. A. B. Elliott, from Trail.

The lowest temperature recorded in the cold dip was 1 above on Tuesday.

S. R. Bowell, Dominion government egg inspector, spent Tuesday in town.

Mr. Beer has been called to Ottawa on account of the sudden illness of his mother.

Masquerade Dance on New Year's Eve. Good prizes and surprises. Do not miss it. Veterans' Hall.

R. V. Agur returned on Monday from Vancouver, where he has been attending the Winter Show.

Wonderful opportunities for bargains in toys at the Drug Store. Be sure and see them.

Miss J. N. MacDonald came in on Friday and is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. T. Cowan.

Mrs. Clay is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. McAlpine during the week.

There is a dance in the G.W.V.A. Hall on New Year's Eve, not Christmas Eve, as announced last week.

Quite a number of the Experimental folks went up to Kelowna to the Horticultural Club meeting this week.

Fancy Dress Dance at Veterans' Hall, Dec. 31st, held by Canadian Legion W. A. Admission 75c.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Evans and family left on Monday for Vancouver, where they will spend Christmas.

Mr. Joe McLaughlin returned from Ontario on Tuesday evening's boat. He reports very cold weather in Ontario and on the way out.

J. M. Collins, Canadian Fruit Association inspector, spent Saturday and Tuesday here, checking up carload traffic for the past season.

Six cars were lined up at Borton's on Tuesday morning to get their radiators repaired. The cold nip caught some drivers not ready for it.

The case in court over T. B. Young's truck and Mr. Colwell's Japanese driver, who were in collision a while ago, was tried on Friday last. The judge reserved decision.

Vic Bernard, who has been up to Bill Le Lievre's ranch, was successful in bringing down two fine bucks, both having beautiful heads, and one exceptionally nice spread. Vic feels pretty happy just now and wears a smile that won't come off.

Mr. Nield is moving into the building now occupied by Smith & Henry, who will in future occupy Mr. Nield's present place of business. This should prove more satisfactory to both parties.

Camie McAlpine and Cecil Ritchie brought home three deer on Wednesday. One of the bucks had a particularly fine set of antlers, very evenly spaced and a splendid spread.

Mr. A. J. Beer received a telegram taking him to Ontario on Monday. His Mother is seriously ill. Many people here will remember her from her visit to Summerland about five years ago.

Dr. Latimer, eye, ear, nose and throat specialist, is opening an office in Penticton, Monday, December 20th. Appointments for evenings or week-ends can be made at his residence, Government Wharf, from 1:30 to 2.

At the Hair-Dressing Parlour, Hotel Summerland, work will be done on Thursday and Friday, December 23rd and 24th, from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. Manicures, 50c; water-waving, 50c; French paper curling, \$1.00 and up; hair-trimming, 35c. 1-pd

The B. C. Auto Club says that for years the standard mixture for cold weather for radiators has been 25 per cent alcohol and seventy-five per cent water. The U. S. bureau of standards endorses a mixture in equal proportions of pure glycerine and water. This does not boil at a low temperature and does not evaporate readily.

WONDERS OF PROVINCE SHOULD BE BOOSTED

With the premier tourist attractions of the North American continent, British Columbia should have little trouble in increasing the tourist traffic next year if there is sufficient advertising in the opinion of Major H. Cuthbert Holmes, of Victoria, director of the Automobile Club of British Columbia.

"If many of these motorists took an automobile tour through this province I am sure that some would see the possibilities of residing here and would gain in population. The motorist is usually a family man and a solid type of citizen and that is the type of settler we want here."

"Every year from the Old Country and from the eastern part of the United States there come a few people who go into the big game country. They are usually rapturous in their

praise of this section of our province and on their return always ask us why we do not advertise it more.

"Now that the new Cariboo highway has been completed tourists can proceed into this country, and I believe that we should advertise this fact."

"If the Automobile Club of British Columbia completes its plans for a grand opening of the Cariboo Highway through the Fraser Canyon next spring, I believe that this should prove quite an attraction. Then, too, the fact that the club is arranging for the publication of a series of articles dealing with the province, in the leading motor magazines, should also prove helpful."

THE CORPORATION OF SUMMERLAND

POUND NOTICE

The following animals have been impounded in the Prairie Valley Pound: Bay Mare, branded. Sorrel colt, sucking. Sorrel yearling, branded. Bay Gelding, branded. Black gelding, branded. Sorrel gelding, branded. The Poundkeeper will sell them at auction Tuesday, Dec. 21, at 2 p.m. to cover fees, fines, charges and other costs, unless sooner paid by owner. S. TAIT, Poundkeeper.

Here and There

The third great International exhibition of leather goods will be held in Milan, Italy from January 22 to 29, and promises to be a greater success than either of the former exhibitions held in Europe. Business transacted during the first two exhibitions amounted to over \$13,000,000.

All taxes formerly required to be paid in Italy on hotel bills, baths and medical attention in health resorts, have been abolished, according to recent information given out by the Royal Consul General of Italy. Such information will prove interesting to tourists contemplating a visit to that country.

Quebec—What is said to be a record shipment of eels, 168 tons, left this port for New York recently, the last of eight consignments since the beginning of November, all for the same city. New Yorkers have acquired a partiality for the eel from the region below Quebec, and the trade is growing each year.

One of the largest farm sales in several months to a single immigrant family was recently effected in the purchase of a 720-acre tract five miles south-east of Brandon by a Lutheran farmer and four sons; the purchase price being \$28,800. According to Dr. A. T. Connell, the farm is well equipped with stock and buildings.

Sheep from the Prince of Wales' Alberta ranch, south-west of Calgary, are superfine, according to Walter Charles Priddy, of the Corriedale Sheep Co., Gridley, California. He has just purchased forty head of imported Shropshires from the Royal ranch, as well as fifteen from other flocks in the district.

Asbestos waste as a soil strengthener is the latest in the line of by-products. Early this year the Development Branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway undertook an investigation and inaugurated a series of experiments in the use of this material. Macdonald College actively co-operated and results so far show that this material has a real value when applied to certain soils.

A valuable consignment of twenty-six silver black foxes valued at approximately \$20,000 was handled by the Canadian Pacific Express Company in Montreal recently. The animals were shipped directly from the Meritt Silver Black Fox Ranch at Meritt, B.C., and will be forwarded to Messrs. Baillon and Paulin, Grenoble, France, to a new fox ranch of which this British Columbia shipment will be the nucleus.

Completing the first 3,200 miles of a ten thousand mile journey from Liverpool to Osaka, Japan, thirty canaries valued at a hundred pounds sterling, arrived at the Canadian Pacific Express Company sheds in Montreal recently and left for the Windsor street station for Vancouver. They came over on Canadian Pacific liner Montroyal to Saint John and although they had experienced somewhat of a stormy crossing, were in fine feather and singing at the top of their voices.

Completing a two month visit to Canada during which he has traversed the Dominion from Quebec to Victoria, returning through the United States, C. C. E. Young, in charge of first-class booking office of the Canadian Pacific Railway in London, Eng., seen at headquarters of the system in Montreal recently, declared that the country had been a revelation to him, fully explaining the great attraction it is increasingly exercising on tourists. "The great facility of travel, luxuriousness of the hotels and the opportunity for seeing practically virgin territory make up a combination of advantages that are perhaps not to be found elsewhere in the world today," he said.

SUMMERLAND SENIORS WIN CLOSE GAME

Penticton, B.C., Dec. 15.—Two exciting games of basketball kept a corporal's guard of fans in a state of delicious excitement on Monday evening, the local players splitting the bill with Summerland. The Seniors dropped their contest by a 21-20 score, while a local Intermediate "A" squad, composed mostly of Ace of Clubs players, with Barber and Lye from the other teams, won from Summerland's second squad, 28-25.

The preliminary game was a hard-fought battle, with both teams playing fast basketball. The northerners were again strengthened over their previous appearance here by the addition of Blewett, former Summerland senior, and "Camie" McAlpine, who has played senior for Summerland and lately with a Vancouver team. The rest of the team were heartened by these players and put up a terrific fight before going under. The locals owe their win to a faster break-away for the basket and superior shooting combination. Husband was top scorer with twelve points, while Routh provided effective at the other forward guards, although the locals were weak in that respect. The team was: Routh, Husband, M. Fish, Barber, Nicholson, Williams, Langridge.

The senior contest provided plenty of thrills for all the rushes of both teams drawing the spectators to their

feet. Summerland has developed a fast five-man combination attack and last night this method carried them in on the basket time and again, the lanky defense of Lockwood and Foreman, with the assistance of Beatty and Hotson saving the local nets by intercepting a pass here and there just in the nick of time. Basket alternated with basket on both sides, Penticton drawing away to a 15-12 lead at half time. In the second half the locals rushed away to a slightly larger lead but Summerland hung on and called time-out with two minutes still to play and the score 20-18 against them.

Wilson scored immediately after the resumption of play, tying the count. Adams was awarded two free shots in the final seconds of play, and scored one of them, winning the game for Summerland. The teams were: Penticton: Felker, Phinney, Beatty, Hotson, Foreman, Lockwood.

Summerland: Daniels, Ritchie, E. Wilson, D. Wilson, I. Adams, C. Adams. Referee, M. Fish. Howie Daniels refereed the first game.

Rand's Taxi
TWO CARS

One on call. One leaves for Penticton daily except Sundays and holidays.

Rand's Taxi
USE THE PHONE

FOR YOU
GIFT GOODS OF MERIT
AT THE
Grocerteria
THE BEST FOR LESS

You take no chances when shopping at the Grocerteria. Only known brands of quality are offered. A visit to our store, comparison of our brands of merchandise, will convince you that your dollars will buy the best obtainable at real money saving prices **EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK.**

WE SHALL BE GLAD TO HELP YOU WITH YOUR SELECTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS

Do not forget the Cigars and Cigarettes for the Men
Your Wife likes Chocolates

Oranges will put some color in those Xmas Stockings
Include flavoring and nourishing Mixed Nuts in your order

Candies can be safely given to the Children
JAP ORANGES ARE GOING FAST

EXTRA—Creamery Butter is on the rise
Our price—every pound guaranteed—per lb. **47c**

Sago	7c	Peanuts	15c
per lb.		per lb.	
Peanut Butter	18c	Mince Meat	18c
per lb.		very best per lb.	

SHOP AT YOUR STORE

To Our Friends and Customers

It is our sincerest wish that you may have the "Merriest Christmas" and the "Happiest New Year" that you have ever had the privilege to enjoy.

Laidlaw & Co.

Fancy Box Chocolates 10c—Family Box \$4.00
TOBACCOS, CIGARS, CIGARETTES
Christmas Wrapped

BULK CHOCOLATES
BEST OF NUTS and FRUITS
HOME-MADE CAKES PUDDINGS
BREAD MINCEMEAT

WM. JOHNSTON, WEST SUMMERLAND

CHRISTMAS GOODS
IN GREAT VARIETIES

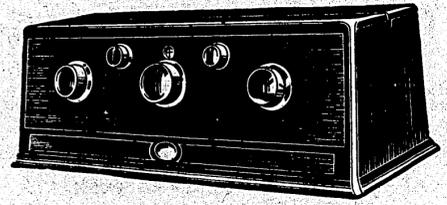
Stock more varied and prices lower than last year.

All kinds of repairs to Spectacles, new Lenses supplied.

Eyesight tested.

J. ROWLEY
Jeweler & Optician

THE GIFT
ALL the FAMILY CAN SHARE



The New "One Dial Five"

The R-50 is one of the latest Victor-Northern Electric developments and is a general favorite. It employs a tuned radio frequency circuit of a new and exclusive type. One Dial control, with two extra dials for excellence of fine adjustment. Employs three of the famous Peanut Tubes and two of the New DX221. Price \$110 without tubes. **SOLD ON EASY PAYMENTS.**

Victor-Northern Electric

offers that radio user's satisfaction so essential in gift-giving. Go to any Victor-Northern Electric dealer and ask to see the radio set at the price you wish, or ask to see the Cone or the Horn Loud Speaker, or the Famous Peanut Tube, or the New Powerful DX221 Standard Base Tube. There is a price range from \$2.75 to \$245 to meet your every wish, and the recipient of your gift will appreciate your choice.

Local Dealers
Nesbitt & Forster
WEST SUMMERLAND, B. C.

Listen to this

A better selection than ever of
CHRISTMAS GIFTS THAT ARE SUITABLE

That is what you will find here for every member of the family

STARK SUPPLY CO.



PEACHLAND NEWS

By Our Resident Correspondent

Peachland was saddened again this past week by the death of Mr. Thompson Elliott, one of its earliest settlers, he having come in to Peachland from Carberry, Manitoba, in 1898, and has remained here since that time. Like many others who came in at that time, he was more or less interested in the mining project which was then in full swing; in fact, he worked in the Gladstone group for a time. When the fruit growing scheme was launched, Mr. Elliott was among the early ones to purchase fruit land and for many years he kept his property to the care and attention possible, resulting in his death on Saturday morning last. The funeral service was conducted from the home of the deceased by the Rev. T. A. Sadler, the house being filled by the many sorrowing friends. Mr. Elliott was predeceased by his wife and their son Bert, both of whom were interred in the Peachland cemetery. There is left to mourn his loss, one daughter, Mrs. Charles Somerville, who resides in Peachland, two brothers, John and Robert, Galt, Ont., and Walter, in Edmonton.

Mrs. W. E. Morsh just received word from her son Edward, who has been civil engineering up north for several years, stating he expects to arrive this week with his bride, to spend the Christmas season in Peachland.

A meeting of the shareholders of the Peachland Fruit Growers' Union was held on Monday, December 13th, at 2 p.m., in the municipal hall, to hear a report of the representative at central; also to deal with local matters of importance and to reconsider the resolution passed at the annual meeting as to the appointment of auditors. Mr. Howlett of Westbank, the representative at central, was present. He gave a full and interesting report and gave the growers every opportunity to ask any questions they wished. The resolution passed at the annual meeting to appoint the Associated Auditors as auditors for the local, was by motion rescinded, and a resolution passed that, subject to the consent of these auditors, the local go back to Messrs. Crehan, Mounatt & Co. There was quite a lengthy discussion on the "call for payment on shares" this fall as there has been quite a lot of dissatisfaction and objections raised by new members who had just recently signed up with the union. Some of these felt that it was out of order for them to be forced to take out and pay for these shares the same as members who had been in the union for years. There was no definite action taken, but it was left for the directors to go into further. Notice

had recently been sent out to the growers demanding that all empty houses at once and the matter was brought up at the meeting. The president emphasized the fact that this must be adhered to or the grower would be charged for any boxes which were not returned. President E. F. Smith presided over the meeting, with Secretary G. Lang at the table. A vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Howlett for bringing the report to the Peachland growers.

During the latter days of the hunting season quit a number of deer were secured by the numerous sportsmen who frequented the haunts of the elusive buck.

The sudden cold dip threw a scare into the citizens and it was feared that the water works might freeze up, but in spite of the fact that due to the freezing in the creek, the pressure was low for a few days, the continuous flow has been maintained and, with the blanket of snow and temperature rising again, there is little danger of a freeze-up.

The Lady Orange Lodge held their regular and annual meeting on Tuesday night of this week, and, in addition to regular business the election of officers was conducted which resulted as follows: W.M., Mrs. Huston; D.M., Mrs. McCall; chaplain, Mrs. White; Rec. Sec., Mrs. Young; Fin. Sec., Mrs. Todd; Treas., Mrs. Smalls; D. of C., Mrs. Cousins. At this meeting it was decided to hold an open meeting the Thursday evening between Xmas and New Years, and invite friends to come in for the occasion.

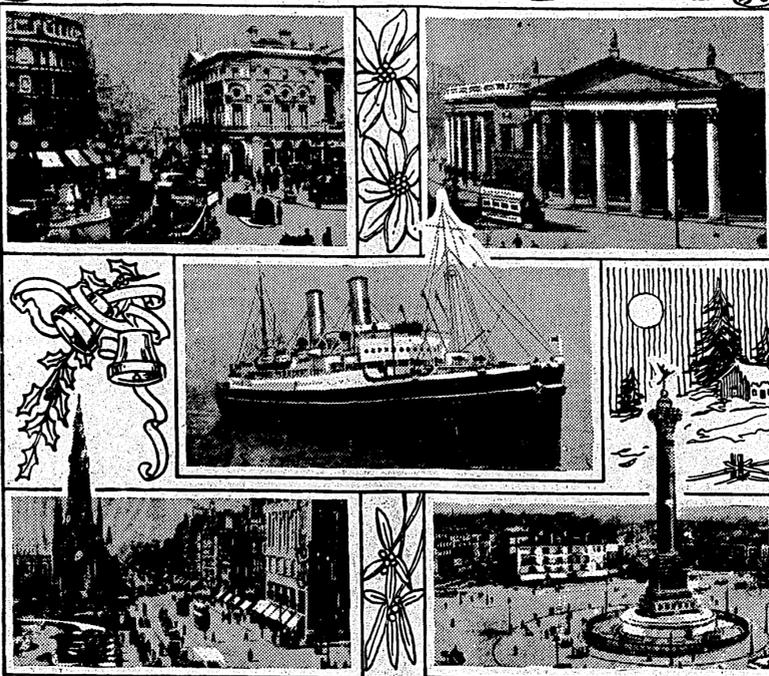
The regular monthly meeting of the Peachland Women's Institute was held in the municipal hall and opened by singing the Institute Ode. The minutes of the last meeting were read and adopted, and then followed by the minutes of the last annual meeting. These also were adopted. The treasurer's report was given and Mrs. McKay and Mrs. Heighway responded to the call for auditors. Mrs. Smalls, convener of the library committee, gave her report and told of the different entertainments given during the year; also of the library work. On account of our president, Mrs. Dryden, being absent, Mrs. Smalls gave an outline of the year's work and thanked all those who had assisted in any way at the meetings. It was moved by Miss Metcalfe, seconded by Mrs. Trimble, that the Institute hold a Fall Fair in 1927. Carried. The roll call was answered by "How long did you keep your New Year's resolutions?" Then followed a short programme, consisting of a song by Mrs. Elliott, a reading by Mrs. Keating and an instrumental by Miss Coldham. The date of the Christmas tree was given as Dec. 21st, in the Veterans' Hall, and any member who wished to help was asked to make candy. After this

came the election of officers, the officers for 1927 being: President, Mrs. Smalls; vice-president, Mrs. Trimble; secretary-treasurer, Miss Metcalfe. The executive for the year will be Mrs. Young, Mrs. Dorland, Mrs. Ling and Mrs. Taylor. Moved by Miss Metcalfe, seconded by Mrs. McKay, that Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Sadler and Mrs. Lang meet the executive in order to

make arrangements about the Fall Fair. Carried. A vote of thanks to the retiring officers was given by Mrs. McKay and seconded by Mrs. Heighway. Moved by Mrs. Heighway, seconded by Mrs. Margierson, that the secretary write Mrs. Dryden, our retiring president, thanking her for her work in the Institute. Carried. Refreshments were then served and the meeting closed by singing the National Anthem.

Our advertisers are advising you in this issue, of the Christmas Goods they have for disposal. Assist them by SHOPPING EARLY.

Christmas and New Year in England



Upper Left—Piccadilly Circus, London. Upper Right—Bank of Ireland, Dublin. Lower Left—Sir Walter Scott's Monument, Edinburgh. Lower Right—Fica de la Bastille, Paris. Centre—Canadian Pacific liner Montclair, Montreal.

Just about this time of year when the ad's and the weather man begin to talk about the approach of Christmas, which isn't so far away now, sons and daughters of the Mother Country scattered throughout the length and breadth of Canada feel once more the call of home. It is at Christmas time that the ties of family and friends are strongest and Christmas can only be Christmas for you in one place in all the world.

In the Western Provinces of Canada particularly, where the last few years have brought many new settlers there are happy plans being formulated this month. The heaviest of the year's work has just been completed, successful crops have been harvested, and many families are able to make the trip to the old country to spend the holiday season with relatives.

In order to meet the heavy traffic, which is indicated by the number of early bookings, the Canadian Pacific Railway will run special trains from western Canada for the Christmas sailings for Great Britain and Europe. The first of these sailings will be by the C.P. liner Melita, and tourists from all points in the West will be assembled at Edmonton, Calgary, Moose Jaw and Winnipeg where through tourist cars will be operated to the ship's side. This trip is run sufficiently early to enable travellers to have considerable time in Great Britain before Christ-

mas, and indications are that it will be heavily patronized.

But the real rush to the Old Country for Christmas will commence with the sailing of the C.P. liner Montclair on December 7 for which a special train will be run to ship side at Saint John. It will be equipped with through tourist cars from Edmonton, Calgary, Moose Jaw and Winnipeg, and passengers will travel on the ship to Liverpool via Belfast. This will be followed by the sailings of C.P. liners: Metagama, December 11 and by Minnedosa and Montclair, December 15 from Saint John. The first will go to Liverpool via Greenock; the second to Cherbourg, Southampton and Antwerp; and the third to Liverpool via Belfast. The sailing of the Metagama on December 11 will also be augmented by that of the S.S. Letitia on the same day. Special C.P.R. trains from western points to both of these ships will carry passengers direct to the dock at Saint John.

Special accommodation by the Montclair, December 7 will provide tourist third cabins for travellers, a concession that has in the past been much appreciated and of which full advantage has been taken. For those who are unable to make the trip in time to spend Christmas in Great Britain or the Continent, there is scheduled a sailing by C.P. liner Montclair, December 28 from Saint John to Liverpool via Greenock. This ship will also offer special tourist cabin accommodation and will arrive about in time for the New Year celebrations.

POET'S CORNER

TRUE LOVE

There may be a pearl in a castaway shell,
There may be a possible saint deep in hell;
There may be a crack in a clear sounding bell;
The pitcher may leak that we take to the well,
But there's never a flaw in true love.
Dry rot may begin in the tree at the root,
The seat of decay in the core of the fruit,
The tiniest germ may be cause of our death,
All life's but a moment from first to last breath,
But there's no germ of death in true love.

True love began all things when God made the world,
When life's wondrous beauty He slowly unfurled;
The germ of Creation He planted was love,
So deeply in nature its tendrils He wove
Love will live to the end of all time.
—J. Williamson

THE LOUD SPEAKER

In view of the approaching municipal election, we print herewith an election speech which has been handed to the Review by a contributor, in the hope that it might be of some use to some candidate for election to the council.

Friends, fellow candidates and voters,
List to my loudspeaker;
I come here to tell you something,
Not to argue.
The evil that men do lives after them,
By which I refer to Main Street;
Incessant traffic, mainly tourists, we are told,
Hath riddled it,
With holes that are pitfalls to the unwary.
The good is oft in-tarvia'd with the stones—
So let it be with Main Street.
Some say our government has been too ambitious.
If it were so, it were a grievous fault,
For they have spent all our money
On the Fraser Canyon and none is left
For Main Street.
Like the gentle dew from Heaven
The rain which is needed for irrigation
Hath fallen so lightly,
That I needs must say dam
For further supplies.
Bear with me for my heart lies
In a hole on Main Street,
And I must pause
Till it return to me.

MY SOUL'S DESIRE

Oh! in the long and lonely night
I see thee as thou art.
A pure, ethereal form,
Of worldly things no part.
Thus thou hast always been,
And knowing this, I long
To bind the ties 'twixt thee and me
Wonderfully strong.

As thou art pure, so pure
My love for thee shall be.
No gross passion or desire
Shall live in me for thee.
But rather such a love
As liveth, purged by heavenly fire.
Strong, tender, everlasting, true—
This, my soul's desire.
—T. Priest.

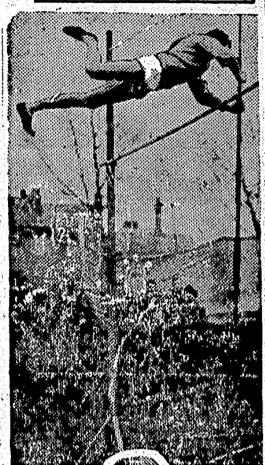
FAITH

Out from the North, in a flurry of snow,
Santa Claus riding high,
Reindeer tugging their heavy loads
Out of a magic sky.
Jovial old man of the snow white beard,
Rimed with the salt sea air,
Chuckling a gibberish heard by those
Dear little ones down there.

Heard by the children of high and low
—Or rather the rich and poor;
Translated there into glorious dreams,
At many a bedroom door.
Dreams such as children only dream,
Dreams we have dreamed ourselves,
Of woodlands green in the moonlight sheen,
And peopled with sylvan elves.
Of a Tree of Life, to little minds
Festooned with toys galore;
Of a kindly face at the Throne of Grace,

And of sister who's "gone before."
Of that grand reunion there in heaven,
In a riot of fun and noise,
Where the Last Great Santa Claus of all
Receives His girls and boys.
Dream on, little lad with smiling lips,
Dream, ere philosophy
Blasts with its lethal beneath your faith,
Dream on, dream happily.
And oh! may the day be far away
When the angels bear you hence,
And strong your faith in the face of death,
For that is the gateway thence.
And, when it comes—to the roll of drums
Or the shriek of a storm at sea;
Or a weary head on uneasy bed
At the edge of Eternity.
May your faith in the things you dream tonight
Return once more to you.
May it bear you up, as you drain life's cup,
And, boy—may your dreams come true.
—S. Clarke

Wright, University of Southern California and St. Catharines, Ontario, at the polo game at the Oxford crest sports.



England's youngest Duke, His Grace of Norfolk, just back from Rome. He is on his way to a run with the hounds.



Spanish-Peruvian Beauty Madame D'Alvarez, noted opera singer who toured Canada in April, giving recitals in number of cities. She claims to be a descendant of the royal line.



Princess Charles Philippe D'Orleans, descendant of Louis XVIII, and nephew of the King of the Belgians, stopped on the C.P.R. Windsor Station, Montreal, en route to Fort Saskatchewan, Alberta, where he will take up ranching as a pupil on the Lord Rodney Ranch.



Party of Canadian tourists on the world tour the Canadian Pacific S.S. "Empress of France." The group is shown under the Sphinx and with the great Pyramid in the background just prior to a camel trip in the desert.



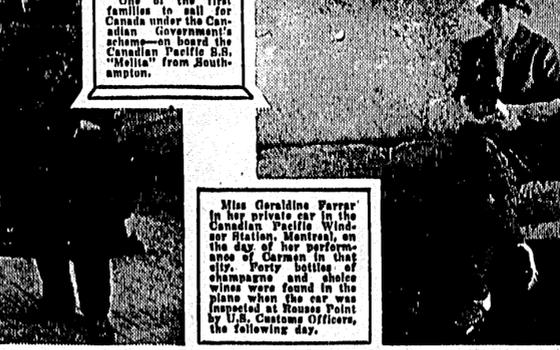
Miami girls find new use for bathing suits and elephants. They use the former as golf costumes and the latter as a caddy. They challenge the world to produce a more expert and attentive caddy than they, the baby elephant.



A prize-winner back with her trophy from the 28-day cruise in the West Indies of the Canadian Pacific S.S. "Montclair." The parrot speaks English, French and Spanish, and defeated 499 other birds in a "best bird contest."



"Gigamon" "Brilliant" which took 15 special prizes at the Royal Agricultural Hall, London, recently.



One of the first families to sail for Canada under the Canadian Government scheme—on board the Canadian Pacific S.S. "Nellie" from Southampton.



Miss Geraldine Farrer in her private car in the Canadian Pacific Windsor Station, Montreal, on the day of her performance at the Grand Theatre. Party bottles of champagne and a few flowers were on the table when the car was being moved to the platform by U.S. Customs Officers, the following day.

Jerry's Christmas Dinner

By D. G. MacKirdy

With a twinkle in his clear grey eye, Jerry McGrattan strode along the gaily lighted street, his heavy rubber shoes making no sound on the newly snow-covered sidewalk. His heavy mackinaw coat was unbuttoned, his fur-lined cap was pushed far back from his high forehead and his uncovered hands, gripping two large parcels, showed his indifference to the keen tang of frost in the air.

A chuckle broke from his lips as he thought of the surprise he had in store for his two old partners back at the little mine in the hills. Early that morning he had started off to town with the avowed intention of spending his Christmas in style.

"Come along, boys," he had said to Billy and Jack. "Let's make it a real celebration," but laughingly they had declined, they were getting too old to go running around, and anyway it wasn't the first time they had spent Christmas Day in the hills.

On the way to town, thinking it over, he had changed his mind. It was his first Christmas Day since he had left old Ontario, and perhaps it would be the last for some time. Somehow this wandering mood had settled on him, and he might roam further afield yet. At last he decided to get all the ingredients for a real dinner and return home that night as a surprise party.

Arrived in town he paused for a moment and surveyed the scene around him. The busy crowds passing two and fro, laden with parcels and packages of every size and description, everyone happy and merry. For a moment he sensed a feeling of loneliness as he stood, a stranger in a strange yet friendly land.

The desire for companionship came strong to him, not the company of those two old men away back in the silent, white blanketed hills, but of young folks. He longed to stay here amid the laughter and song.

For a moment he fought with the desire, then, with a shrug of his shoulders, as if throwing the thought from him, he turned again, threading his way down the street to where his car was parked.

The soft white snow scintillated like a carpet of gems as the bright lights of the store windows were cut off spasmodically by the crowding shoppers as they went from door to door.

It was a glad sight to this man in the mackinaw—Christmas Eve among the crowds after all these months in the solitude of the hills, and from force of habit he attempted to whistle a merry tune, but the effort brought to his mind the unlighted cigar which was stuck in the corner of his mouth.

Reaching the corner of the street, he laid the heavy parcels on the ground while he searched for a match.

"Paper, mister?" came a cry at his elbow.

Turning, he beheld a boy about nine years old, whose overcoat was several sizes too small for him, showing the little wrist protruding beyond the short sleeve. A cap endeavored to cover his head but failed to hide a

mop of brilliant red hair. The long ends of a muffler, tied round his ears for protection from the frosty wind, hung down in front like an extra pair of arms.

"Paper, mister, all the latest news," said the boy again, his freckled face wearing the most bewitching of smiles, and as if to emphasize his request, he thrust forth a paper towards the man.

"I'll give you a dime for a light from that red hair, sonny," said McGrattan, returning the smile.

"Take a light from your own wig and save your money," returned the lad, indicating the unruly curl which had strayed from the fur-lined cap.

"Score one for you, son," grinned McGrattan at the sally. "Here's the dime anyway. What's your name?"

"Jerry, but the kids call me 'Red-hot.'"

"Jerry! Same as mine, kid, and with that red head I must claim you for a namesake," exclaimed the big Jerry, and then, seeing the little bare hands clutching the paper, he went on. "You look cold, son, what'd I buy you a hot cup of coffee and a hunk of pie just to celebrate our meeting?"

For a moment a gleam of delight came into the boy's bright blue eyes, and then died as suddenly.

"Gee, that'd be fine, mister, only I've got to sell these papers. Y'see there's mum an'—." His voice trailed off and he turned his head away.

"That's all right, son, I'll buy the lot. Haven't seen a paper for an age, so I might as well make up for lost time. Let's go and have that coffee, and with a quick movement he swung the parcels off the ground.

Seated in a restaurant, they became further acquainted, as Jerry the Smaller dispersed information between big mouthfuls of pie. He produced such an appetite for this comestible that McGrattan began to wonder how one boy could hold so much.

"An' so, you see," the boy was saying, "there's only mum an' Katie an' me since dad was killed, and it's awful tough on mum, for she has to work lots, doing sewing an' things."

"An' how about Christmas for you folks," said Big Jerry.

"Oh, we ain't minding it so much this year. We had such a good time last year that we are going to pass this one by, but next year I'm going to give mum an' Katie a real swell time," and his chest puffed out with boyish pride and anticipation.

"Well, now," said McGrattan slowly as he drew heavily on his cigar. "I've just been wondering what I'm going to do with these things. Here's a turkey and all the trimmings that go with it. Never thought when I took a chance on the raffle of that Christmas hamper that I should win it, and the joke of the whole thing is that I haven't anywhere to cook the stuff."

"Gee, what luck!" beamed little Jerry. "If I'd bet on that raffle, I'd have lost my ticket or something, before I had a chance to win it. Gee, ain't that the luck," he repeated.

"You've got a whole dinner and nowhere to cook it. We've got the stove and everything and no turkey to cook."

Silence descended upon the odd couple as they faced one another across the small table. Little Jerry tucked away the remaining bits or two of his last piece of pie, while his big companion seemed to be lost in a cloud of smoke as he puffed furiously at his cigar.

Billy and Jack were not expecting him back, thought McGrattan, and he wasn't anxious to leave town just yet. It would be more fun to stay until the Christmas festivities were over.

"I'll tell you what," came the excited voice of little Jerry, breaking into his train of thought. "You've got the dinner and we've got the stove and the cooker to run it. You let me take them trimmings and the turkey home and mum'll cook up a humdinger of a feed, and you can come round and eat with us."

Still lingering slightly among his thoughts, Big Jerry did not answer immediately, but studied the eager little face and thought deeply.

"And say," continued the lad, taking the other's silence as a need for inducement, "I've got ninety-five cents for mum an' Katie, I'll give you that to boot."

"What kind of presents were you going to buy for them?" asked the miner with a smile.

"Well, Katie's only seven, an' I thought I'd get her a doll, and I wanted to get mum something real swell, but it would have to be chocolates this time."

"And what would you like to have if someone were buying a present for you?"

"Gee, I'd like to have a real watch an'—," then the wistful look gave place to one of hardness. "Aw, heck, I don't think I'd want anything. Jest as long as I could get something for mum an' Katie, I guess I'd get along all right, Mister Jerry."

"Really," said Big Jerry, his face solemn, but his eyes dancing. "Well, son, your proposition about the feed sounds good, but what would your mother think about me coming around to have dinner with you folks?"

"Why, Mister Jerry, anything like that would be alright. It's a deal we're making, ain't it? You provide the eats and we put up the services, that's fifty-fifty, ain't it? And anyway, I'm the man of the house and mum'll stand by me, I'm sure of that."

"Alright then, Redhot, you take the turkey and trimmings, and I'll be along to eat dinner tomorrow, but you just keep the cash part of it to yourself."

Only a quick movement on McGrattan's part saved the crockery on the table from disaster, as the redheaded youngster threw himself across the table with a shriek of delight, and despite the protests of the big man, hugged him with glee.

"Come on, Jerry," said McGrattan, untangling himself, "I'll take you home in the car and find out where I am to eat tomorrow."

With a deep sigh, Norah O'Shane tied on the last of the few little packages, and stepped back to survey the small Christmas tree that was shielded from the rest of the neat room by a sheet. A bag of candy and a small toy for each of the children was all she could afford this year.

She compared the looks of the room with a mental picture of how it had looked just a year ago. A Christmas tree had graced the same corner then,

laden with all those things that are dear to the heart of a child. The trimmings had glistened in the light, sending forth showers of glittering sparks as the bougias swayed and trembled. And then, as she had stood that day a year ago, they had come in with the news that her Dennis was no more. A cry of anguish had come to her lips, only to be stifled as the thought of the sleeping children had come to her mind. They were happy, dreaming of the wonderful things that Santa would bring them during the night.

She had kept the news of the dreadful accident from them the next day, answering their enquiries for daddy in an evasive way. He had had to go away suddenly. It would be the last time they could enjoy the pleasure of Christmas plenty, why spoil it for them?

Tonight, however, she was able to think of the past with a wistful smile. Poor, improvident Dennis. Happy and carefree, giving small thought for tomorrow. How he had loved her, and she in return?

Well, yes, she did love him, but not in the same intense way that he had loved her. The remembrance came to her of the two young men between whom she had stood, not knowing which she loved best. And then Dennis, in his forceful way, had carried her off. Only then, when they were married had she discovered that it was the other that she loved best of the two.

Oh, well, she had been happy with Dennis, and now that he was gone he had her duty to the children to think of. Silently she dried the tears that had risen to her eyes; what was the use of mourning over what was gone, the past was behind her, the future, with little Jerry and Katie stretching before them.

She glanced at the clock and wondered where her boy was. It wasn't late yet, but somehow she would like to have him home. Her heart swelled with pride as she thought of the way in which the little lad had worked in all weathers selling his papers and proudly bringing home the few dimes that he earned. The man of the house.

The sound of a car stopping outside on the road and then moving on again, followed by the slow dragging of weary feet, brought her to the door.

"Why, Jerry lad, you must be cold and tired," she said in her soft, soothing voice, and bent down to lead him in. "But what's in the big parcels?"

"Oh, mum, I met such a fine feller down town," he exclaimed joyfully, "and I'm not so cold. He took me into the restaurant and we had coffee, and he was awfully nice. Look at the big turkey, an' nuts, an' oranges, an' all the trimmings for our Christmas dinner," he pulled the parcels open awkwardly in his haste to display their good fortune.

"But, Jerry boy, you shouldn't have taken all those things from anybody," said his mother quickly, a blush of shame coming into her finely featured face, and then, seeing the look of disappointment that showed so quickly, she went on: "You know, son, we O'Shanes never stoop to charity. It wasn't for nothin'. He had all these things and nowhere to cook 'em, so I made a deal with him, that we would cook the dinner and he is coming to share it. He's such a fine feller, mum," he went on pleadingly, "you wouldn't let me down would you?"

Overcome by the suddenness of it all, Norah O'Shane sank into a chair. Quietly the boy came to her side and put his arms around her.

"He gave me all that," he said, pulling the apron aside, "just because he has red hair like mine, and his name—." He stopped suddenly as if he had forgotten something. "But he's a real nice feller, and you'll say yes, won't you, mum?"

Under the stress of his pleading, Mrs. O'Shane brightened and then, with a smile, she kissed him, drawing the boy to her breast.

"If you say he's a nice man, he must be," she said. "Well, fix the dinner, an' thank God that you met him. Now son, run along to bed, and don't wake Katie up. We'll see what tomorrow brings."

With another goodnight kiss, he left the room. He was the man of the house and she would help him to keep to the deal he had made.

Christmas Day became a busy one in the O'Shane house. Action and industry were the slogan of each of the three inmates, and the little faded white house on the edge of the town was the scene of bustle and excitement.

Mother O'Shane was busy in the kitchen, making those mysterious things that are usually the part of a great repast.

Katie swept and dusted the front room a dozen times, arranging and rearranging the various little ornaments and household treasures. The table was covered with the best linen tablecloth, and by the time twelve o'clock had arrived, it was being loaded with dishes and cutlery in preparation for the unknown guest.

Little Jerry had been packing in wood to the kitchen stove, piling up a stack of chunks for the heater in the front room. Everything was ready for the great event.

When the clock struck half past twelve, little Jerry, scrubbed and dressed in his best, being pushed and pulled out of the way by Katie, also dressed up, began to look anxiously up and down the street.

"Would Big Jerry come? Or would he disappear as miraculously as he had appeared?"

With appalling slowness the time passed by, and then, as the minute hand approached ten to one, the sound of a car stopping outside, sent the boy flying to the door. Nervously Mrs. O'Shane fled to the kitchen, taking Katie with her.

The whipling of feet and the deep contrast of voices, announced the arrival of the stranger. The cheerful voice with a lurking merry lilt, enticed Katie into the front room, where the two females were exchanging compliments.

"Oh, mum," came the joyful little cry. "Come and meet Mr. Santa Claus."

Reluctantly Mrs. O'Shane entered the room, her black dress intensifying her flashing brown eyes and the color in her cheeks.

"I hope that—"

Big Jerry's voice died in his throat as he turned and beheld the slim young woman who stood in the doorway. The parcels that he held dropped to the floor as he swayed against

the doorpost. Their eyes met in a fixed stare.

"Nora?"

The cry came from him after a pause that seemed ages, and with outstretched hands he stepped forward.

"Jerry McGrattan," she said in a hushed whisper, stepping back a pace and holding up her hand as if to stay his progress. "How did you come here?"

In utter amazement they stood looking at each other, neither daring to speak, and then, noticing the bewilderment of the children, he turned to hide his embarrassment by picking up the parcels.

"What d'ye think of me for Santa Claus?" he said with a queer laugh. "and we're going to have a real Christmas. Guess what's in this parcel for mas. Guess what's in this parcel for the prettiest little girl in town called Katie? And I wonder what this little package holds for a redheaded rogue named Jerry?"

With a smile and a twinkle in his eyes, he handed the presents to the children, taking Katie by the waist and lifting her up, he kissed her.

"And for the best little mother on earth," he said, turning to her as she advanced to the table, "the biggest box of chocolates in town."

Through a mist of tears she took the box that he handed across the table, and putting her handkerchief to her eyes, she sat down on the faded couch.

"Now then, scamper off to the kitchen and don't come back till I call you," he said, chasing the children out of the room.

"Nora!"

She wiped her eyes and looked up at him as he stood by the door, the gentleness of his voice bringing back memories of many years ago.

Quietly he crossed the space between them, and sat down by her side, taking her in his arms, kissing her, and then, as if by magic, his tear stained cheeks, again and again.

"It's an empty heart that I've carried since Dennis O'Shane ran away with you, God rest his soul. I don't know why you did it, Nora."

She lifted her head from his shoulder and looked into his strong, bronzed face.

"Jerry," a sob choking her voice, "I never forgave myself for running away like that. It was just his forceful way. He was kind and good to me, although I loved you all the time."

She buried her head again as he tightened his arm around her, then suddenly, she broke away.

"It's a wicked woman that I am, Jerry, for I've been thinking of you for years when I should have been forgetting."

"Hush now, darling," he said soothingly, drawing her to him again. "Is it the ways of Providence you would be criticizing? I might have known that you loved me all the time, didn't you call your boy after me? Heaven bless the redheaded little rogue."

Slowly she turned her face up to his, and with a crushing embrace, he kissed her. Then, with a happy little nervous laugh, she pushed him from her as she jumped up.

"Mercy me," she cried, "that turkey will be done three times over," and before he could rise in pursuit, she was through the kitchen door.

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1924-25	175,461 sets
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THE Province of Ontario has, by the vote of its people, shaken itself free from the shackles of a prohibitory law; it joins the provinces of Canada, STRETCHING FROM SEA TO SEA that have found Prohibition a failure and have rejected it. The people of British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario and Quebec have seen for themselves through actual experience the falseness and dishonesty of Prohibition; they have seen the folly of attempting to build TEMPERANCE on a foundation of BIGOTRY and INTOLERANCE.

CANADIAN COMMONSENSE LEADS THE WAY TO TRUE TEMPERANCE