Library Legislative Assembly

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The Penticton Press

VOL. 3. No. 18 PENTICTON, B.C., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1908. $1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO ESTABLISHED 1867

B. E. WALKER, President
ALEX. LAIRD, General Manager

Paid-up Capital, $10,000,000
Reserve Fund, - 5,000,000

Branches throughout Canada, and in the United States and England

BANK MONEY ORDERS

ISSUED AT THE FOLLOWING RATES:

$5 and under	3 cents
Over $5 and not exceeding $10	6 cents
" $10 " " $30	10 cents
" $30 " " $50	15 cents

These Orders are payable at par at every office of a Chartered Bank in Canada (Yukon excepted), and at the principal banking points in the United States. They are negotiable at $4.90 to the £ sterling in Great Britain and Ireland.

They form an excellent method of remitting small sums of money with safety and at small cost, and may be obtained without delay. 116

Penticton Branch - - J. J. HUNTER, Manager.

A. B. Campbell. A. E. Kay.

Campbell & Kay

(Successors to Penticton Lumber Syndicate)

GET OUR PRICES BEFORE BUYING.

A NICE LOT OF DRY CLEAR LUMBER ALWAYS ON HAND.

Bill Stuff a Specialty.

WE want the Cash Trade, and to secure it will give one Photo Coupon on our famous Cosmos Studios for every 25c. purchase (with the exception of our Weekly Bargains) 150 coupons will entitle bearer to 12 Photos of himself, and 1 Enlargement free.

E. S. LAKE & Co.

MAIN STREET CASH GROCERS.

Weekly Bargains

Wagstaff's Fruits, per bottle	25 cents
Malted Nuts, per bottle	65 "
Apple Butter, large jars	65 "
Ketchup, Blue Label, per bottle	25 "
Olives, per bottle	25 "
Lobster, per tin	20 "
Kippered Herring, per tin	15 "

Cash

JUST RECEIVED

A large consignment of

Single and Double
Light and Heavy HARNESS
Express and Driving

KENT & SON

COMMERCIAL

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable

DIGNAN and WEEKS, Proprietors.

If you want a Stylish Outfit, this is the place to come. You can always get teams just when you want them. We make a specialty of keeping good horses, safe rigs, carrful drivers and also saddle and pack horses. We are also putting in Hay and Grain for sale, and as we buy for cash we get the best rates and our patrons get the benefit.

Special Attention To The Wants Of Commercial Men.

Penticton Stage and Livery Stables.

Stage Connects with Steamer "Okanagan" at Penticton, with Great Northern Railway at Keremeos, and with stage to Hedley and Princeton. Leaves at 6 a.m

Pianos and Furniture moved to all points, and a general Draying Business transacted.

Saddle and Pack Horses.

Top Buggies, Four-horse Rigs for Commercial Men.

W. E. Welby, Prop. Penticton.

Penticton Store

Alfred H. Wade, Prop.

Dry Goods, Gent's Furnishings, Boots and Shoes, Groceries and General Merchandize of all Sorts

Agent for GIANT POWDER CO.
OKANAGAN FLOUR MILLS CO.

Goods delivered through the town. Prompt attention to orders.

PENTICTON, - - B.C.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Turkey Shoot, Races, Football Match and Successful Concert.

Thanksgiving Day was this year devoted to sport and entertainment by the citizens of Penticton, the local Turf Club having in hand the events of the day with the exception of the football match.

TURKEY SHOOT.

The turkey shoot took place in the forenoon and resulted in twenty-one turkeys being won, the members of the Rifle Association capturing the greater number. The total proceeds of the shoot amounted to ninety dollars, about fifteen of which was over expenses.

THE RACES.

There was a very good attendance at the races in the afternoon, but the proceeds fell considerably short of meeting the expenses for purses, etc. In some of the races the entries were not numerous, but the contests proved quite exciting. The races were:

Mile Dash—1st, "Harry B. S.," owner, J. Innis; 2nd, "Topsy," owner, Chas. Shuttleworth.

Boys' Pony Race—1st, "Sunbeam," J. Brent; 2nd, "Silvertip," J. Were.

Half Mile—1st, "Daniel," N. Bertise; 2nd, "Black Beauty," H. Richter.

Homecrest Race—1st, "Casey" H. Richter; 2nd, "Toddy," Wm. Kruger.

Turf Club Race, ½ mile—1st, "Sunny Jim," F. Brent; 2nd, "Johnnie," Alex.

FOOTBALL.

The football game between Penticton and Peachland was called at 2:30 p. m. During the first half the Peachland forwards, having a strong breeze in their favor, kept the ball at the Penticton end most of the time and succeeded in scoring two goals, while Penticton failed to score at all.

In the second half the Penticton forwards woke up a bit and gave the Peachland defence a little more work. Foster succeeded in scoring about fifteen minutes after half time by a strong shot from the wing, and Bell got in a nice goal about half a minute from the finish. Peachland scored two more goals in the second half, thus winning the game by a score of 4-2. If the Penticton boys would get out and practice they would, no doubt, do better work.

THE CONCERT.

The concert which took place in the evening was, from the standpoint of attendance, the greatest success of the kind ever taking place in Penticten. As regards the programme it was equal to anything previously held and contained a number of surprises as regards local talent, several of the items bringing down the house. The total proceeds amounted to $118. W. J. Clement performed the duties of stage manager, and the following was the programme, nearly every item of which was encored. Special mention should be made of the excellent piano solo played by Miss Rowe.

1. God Save the King.
2. "Eight Little Kittens," Mrs. Swinton and eight children.
3. Solo, "Queen of the Earth," J. S. Heales.
4. Solo, "Shamrock, Thistle and Rose," Miss F. Thompson.
5. Solo, "Yeoman's Wedding Song," A. S. Miller.
6. Piano Solo, Mrs. Swinton.
7. Solo, "Woodland," Mrs. Stewart.
8. Duet, "Life's Long Dream is O'er," Misses Mutch and E. Thompson.
9. Solo, "The Little Dale," H. J. Huycke.
10. Solo, "In the Old, Old, Way," Mrs. Smith.
11. Quartette, "Aura Lea," Messrs. Mitchell, Evans, Pryce, Mould.
12. Solo, "Too-ra-lee," A. H. Wade.
13. Solo, "Barney O'Hea," Miss E. Thompson.
14. Piano Solo, Miss Rowe.
15. Solo, "Poor Old Dad," H. Agnew.
16. Solo, "Stop Your Tickling, Jock," W. Denniston.
17. God Save the King.

Local and Personal

W. T. Shatford spent from Saturday to Monday in Vernon.

Geo. Gartrell, of Summerland, spent a few days here this week shooting ducks.

Fred Williamson returned Monday after a few days' absence in Vernon.

J. D. McDonald returned Wednesday from Potlatch, Idaho, where he has been all summer.

B. H. Jordan and family left for Vancouver last Saturday. They will be absent for the winter at least.

Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, of Dawson, Y. Ter. came in from Summerland Wednesday and will probably remain for the winter.

There will be a football match this afternoon between the Summerland college team and the Penticton team. The match will begin at 2.30 p. m.

Dean C. Arnold, of Dawson, Y. Ter., spent a number of days in Penticton during the past week looking over the country and visiting his old acquaintances, A. S. Miller and E. W. Mutch.

Miss B. Fowler, this week presented the PRESS with a huge parsnip from her garden. It measured twenty-three inches in length and nineteen inches in circumference and weighed five pounds. Who can beat this?

G. H. Feldtmann, who removed to Vancouver nearly two years ago, returned last week for a short stay. He intends to come back to remain early in January. He was accompanied by H. Lees, of Edmonton.

G. A. Harris, of the "Okanagan," Vernon, and Campaign Secretary for the Liberal party in Yale-Cariboo, spent the past week in this vicinity, and the south. While in Penticton he paid a friendly call at the PRESS office.

L. W. Shatford, M. P. P., and wife returned last Friday after several weeks' absence in Nova Scotia and other points in the east. While in Halifax Mr. Shatford addressed a meeting along with R. L. Borden, speaking to an audience of about four thousand.

Don't forget the mass meeting under the auspices of the Local Option League to be held at eight o'clock next Sunday evening, 15th inst. in Steward's Hall. Prof. E. W. Sawyer, of Okanagan College, will deliver a temperance address. There will also be other speakers.

The debate at the Literary this week on "Resolved that the editor wields a greater influence than the orator" was won by the negative. The affirmative was taken by Messrs. Tupper and Miller and the negative by Messrs. Winkler and Hibbert. Space will not permit a lengthy report. There will be a miscellaneous programme at the next meeting.

Have you ever been at a Bazaar in the park? If not, visit Steward's Hall on Tuesday afternoon and you will find many pretty and useful articles displayed. If you desire a cup of tea, the ladies will be delighted to serve you. There will be plenty of good things for sale, "like mother used to make." Bachelors take notice! A well stocked fish pool for the children will prove a great attraction. Tea will be served at six o'clock.

CONSERVATIVE VICTORY.

Yale-Cariboo and Kootenay go Strongly Against Government.

What was one of the most signal victories ever taking place in Canada, under similar circumstances, was that on Thursday when Martin Burrell, the Conservative candidate in Yale-Cariboo, defeated Duncan Ross, the Liberal representative for the past four years, and A. S. Goodeve defeated Smith Curtis, the Liberal candidate in Kootenay. No greater protest could have been registered against the attitude of the Dominion government as regards better terms for B. C., the Oriental question, Dominion interference in provincial legislation, or deferred elections. The Dominion government, and eastern Canada in general, will probably sit up and take notice after this.

So far as yet heard, the vote in Yale-Cariboo stands 2607 for Burrell against 1845 for Ross, or a majority of 762, Chas. Bunting, the Socialist polling 394 votes. In the Kootenay the Socialist candidate polled 1333, Goodeve 3023, and Curtis 2114, giving Goodeve 809 majority.

Out of 163 votes polled in Penticton 108 were for Burrell, 52 for Ross and 3 for Bunting.

Duncan Ross polled twelve votes less, in his own town, Greenwood, than Martin Burrell.

Weather Report.

Observations at Dominion Government Meteorological Station at Penticton for the month of October, 1908:

DATE	MAXIMUM TEMPERATURE	MINIMUM TEMPERATURE
1	59	50
2	67	36½
3	68	38
4	67	39½
5	59½	34½
6	67½	36
7	70½	35½
8	65½	38½
9	65	36½
10	63	40
11	62	36
12	65½	48½
13	70	42
14	51	30½
15	57	28½
16	54½	30½
17	57	34
18	48	38
19	47	37½
20	47½	38
21	56	39
22	48¼	35
23	52	37
24	57½	29½
25	58	28
26	56	29½
27	57	38
28	51	31
29	58½	50½
30	58	34½
31	57	35

The total rainfall was .76.

Additional Locals

Be sure and visit the zoo in Steward's Hall on Tuesday.

The local tennis club intend giving a ball on Friday, Dec. 11.

On Tuesday evening a citizens' meeting was held, having been called by A. J. Alcock to discuss the question of fruit marketing. Mr. Alcock recently returned from a trip to the Northwest where he held a number of meetings with a view to opening a market for Okanagan produce. Mr. Alcock proposes to handle the fruit of the valley through agents at various points, and to cut out the wholesale men whom he maintains are getting an undue profit on the fruit which they handle. He believes by getting the producer and consumer in direct contact that much better prices may be obtained and a market assured. The meeting was adjourned to some future date.

FOR SALE

Business block on Main Street; two storey with two compartments downstairs and hall upstairs, $2,500. Lot 63, seven and one-half acres on Fairview Road, $2,200. J. D. McDONALD, Potlatch, Idaho. 12-tf

NOTICE

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that one month after the date hereof the undersigned and others intend to make application to His Honor James Dunsmuir, Lieutenant Governor in Council at Victoria, under the provisions of the "Municipalities Incorporation Act 1896," and Amending Acts of the Statutes of the Province of British Columbia for letters patent under the great Seal to incorporate into a District Municipality, under the name of "The Corporation of the District of Penticton" that certain tracts of land situate in the County and District of Yale the limit and extent of which is described as follows:—

Commencing at a point on the east water line of Okanagan Lake being the north west corner of Lot 200 G. 1, Osoyoos, thence north eighty-nine degrees and twenty-three minutes East Ast. seventeen hundred and seventy feet to the south west corner of Lot 370, G. 1, Osoyoos; thence north eighty seven degrees and forty minutes East Ast. six hundred and thirty-nine feet to the north west corner of Lot 369, G. 1, Osoyoos; thence due east four thousand six hundred and twenty-one feet to the north east corner of Lot 392, S. Similkameen Division of Yale; thence due south five thousand two hundred and seventy feet to the south east corner of said Lot 392 S.; thence due west twelve hundred and eighty feet to the north east corner of Lot 672, G. 1, Osoyoos; thence south zero degrees and twenty-six minutes West Ast. two thousand six hundred and ninety-four feet to the south east corner of said Lot 672; thence south zero degrees and forty-one minutes West Ast. two thousand seven hundred and twenty-five feet to the south east corner of Lot 205, G. 1, Osoyoos; thence south one degree and fifty-niue minutes East Ast. two thousand six hundred and thirty-three feet along the east boundary of Lot 204, G. 1, Osoyoos; thence south one degree and ten minutes West Ast. two thousand seven hundred and forty-three feet to the south east corner of said Lot 204, G. 1; thence due west thirteen hundred and thirty-one feet to the north east corner of Lot 203, G. 1, Osoyoos; thence south zero degrees and thirty-two minutes West Ast. two thousand six hundred and eighty-six feet to the north east corner of Lot 155, G. 1, Osoyoos; thence south one degree and seventeen minutes West Ast. two thousand six hundred and fifty-three feet to the south-east corner of said Lot 155, G. 1; thence south zero degrees and eight minutes East Ast. two thousand six hundred and twenty-eight feet to the south east corner of Lot 267, G. 1, Osoyoos; thence south eighty-seven degrees East Ast. five hundred and seventy feet along the north the north boundary of Sub-Lot 2 of Lot 2710, G. 1, Osoyoos, to Penticton Creek; thence upstream following Penticton Creek, being the boundary line between Sub-Lots 25 and 5 of Lot 2710, three thousand feet to the north east corner of said Sub-Lot 5 of Lot 2710; thence due south four thousand one hundred and seventy-four feet along the east boundaries of Sub-Lots 5 and 2 of said Lot 2710 to the south east corner of said Sub-Lot 2; thence due west two thousand six hundred and thirty-five feet along the south boundary of said Sub-Lot 2; thence due south two thousand six hundred and thirty-seven feet to the north east corner of Sub-Lot 32 of Lot 2710, G. Osoyoos; thence due south along the east boundary of said Lot 32, five thousand two hundred and eighty feet to the south east corner thereof; thence due west eighteen hundred and ninety-five feet to the east boundary of Lot 587, G. 1, Osoyoos; thence south zero degrees and twenty-four minutes East Ast. three thousand and sixty-six feet along east boundary of said Lot 587, G. 1, to the south east corner thereof; thence south zero degrees and twelve minutes East Ast. along the east boundaries of Lots 190 and 196, G. 1, Osoyoos, eleven thousand five hundred and sixty feet to the south east corner of said Lot 196; thence due west thirteen hundred and five feet along the south boundary of said Lot 196 to the east water line of Dog Lake (Skaha Lake); thence northerly, westerly, and easterly, following the water line of said Dog Lake (Lake Skaha) to the west bank of Okanagan River; thence following upstream the meandering of the west bank of said Okanagan River to Okanagan Lake; and thence along south and east water line of said Okanagan Lake to the point of commencement, containing seven thousand and forty-four acres.

Dated at Penticton, B. C., this 12th day of November, A. D. 1908.

W. T. Shatford, Penticton, B. C.
W. J. Clement, Penticton, B. C.
Alfred H. Wade, Penticton, B. C.
J. R. Mitchell, Penticton, B. C.

Choose Your Councillors.

A list of those who will be entitled to vote, or are eligible for positions on the first council board, is printed hereunder. The electors of the first council, as well as the council elected, must be registered land or real property owners. The total number of registered owners in Penticton is 183. A large percentage of the owners, not yet having their titles, will not have the privilege of voting at the first municipal election. The section in the Municipal Clauses Act relative to the qualifications for the office of Reeve is as folows:

"The qualification for Reeve shall be his being a male British

(Continued on page 2)

THE PENTICTON PRESS

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY AT PENTICTON, B.C. BY

W. J. CLEMENT.

Subscription $1.00 Per Year in Advance. Foreign, $1.50.

Advertising Rates:

Transient Advertisements—Not exceeding one inch, one insertion, 50c.; for each additional insertion, 25c.

Lodge Notices, Professional Cards, &c. $1.00 per inch, per month.

Land and Timber Notices—30 days, $5; 60 days, $7.

Legal Advertising—First insertion, 10 cents per line; each subsequent insertion, 5c. per line.

Reading Notices in Local News Column 15c. per line, first insertion; 10c. per line, each subsequent insertion.

Contract Advertisements—Rates arranged according to space taken.

All changes in contract advertisements must be in the hands of the printer by Tuesday evening to ensure publication in the next issue.

(Continued from page 1)

subject and having been for the three months next preceding the day of his nomination the registered owner, in the Land Registry Office, of land or real property situate within the municipality of the assessed value, on the last Municipal or Provincial Assessment Roll, of five hundred dollars or more over and above any registered judgment or charge, and being otherwise duly qualified as a voter."

The clause regarding the qualifications for a Councillor in the same Act reads:

"The qualifications for Councillor shall be his being a male British subject and having been for the three months next preceding the day of his nomination the registered owner, in the Land Registry Office, of land or real property situate within the municipality of the assessed value, on the last Municipal or Provincial Assessment Roll, of two hundred and fifty dollars or more over and above any registered judgment or charge, or being a homesteader, lessee from the Crown, or pre-emptor, who has resided within the municipality for the space of one year or more immediately preceding the nomination, and who is assessed for five hundred dollars or more on the last Municipal or Provincial Assessment Roll, over and above any registered judgment or charge, and being otherwise qualified as a voter."

The following are the registered property owners:

Anderson, Geo. W. D.
Atkinson, E. O.
Atkinson, Harvey.
Armstrong, T.
Alluson, A.
Alluson, Wilton.
Barnes, L. C.
Boyce, B. F.
Bathurst, Frederick.
Bassett, F. H.
Blance, Jas. M.
Beard, Robert.
Bradshaw, S. J.
Butters, T. E.
Brown, B. G.
Browning, Soseph H.
Baker, Benjamin.
Bond, V. P.
Boggs, Herbert.
Bogue, R.
Boudin, Joseph.
Bunson, J. H.
Beard, Margaret.
Barnes, C.
Chalders, H. C.
Campbell, James.
Cavin, Albert.
Clement, W. J.
Carless, C. L.
Creitz, W. H.
Clement, Mabel M.
Colack, A. J.
Center, Janet.
Conner, Henry.
Christie, J. Mc. A.
Dawson, E. R.
Delong, E. O.
Dignan, John.
Day, Edward Thomas.
Drain, F. J.
Drake, W. E.
DeWolfe, A. L.
Ensor, C. T.
Ellis, Thomas.
Estabrooke, G. L.
Ellis, Price.
Ede, W. J. C.
Fitzgerald, Hector.
Fowler, Bertha.
Fowler, Elizabeth.
Fiederman, H. C.
Forbes, Dolly Anna.
Finch, V.
Forman, J. A.
Giant Power Company.
Gordon, Robert.
Glen, Amber.
Gammage, Martha.
Gaetz, H. H.
Gammon, Rosina N. E.
Galarneau, A.
Greer, Charles.
Greenslade, A. T.
Gavin, A. S.
Garnett, Jennie.
Greer, Maria.
Greer, Annie.
Gahan, B. T.
Halfrey, T. P.
Howard, Williams.
Hatch, S. W.
Hood, Jessie.
Herdman, A. W. K.
Hudon, Thomas.
Harvey, E. A.
Hill, Norman.
Harlow, Henry.
Hall, T. E.
Hancock, E. A.
Huycke, Henry.
Ives, Edward.
Ives, Annie.
Jacques, Geo. E.
Jacques, J. B.
Jacques, F. B.
Jermyn, M. M.
Jellard, G. G.
Kendall, M. C.
Kennedy, Amos.
Kindon, W. F.
Kearns, John.
Kirkpatrick, James.
King Company.
Low, Sam.
Lee, Margaret.
Lancaster, W. D.
Laidman, H. S.
Latimer, F. H.
Lefroy, L. B.
McKenzie, J. H.
Moxham, William.
Miller, A. S.
Mark, Percy.
Murk, Henry.
Murk, George R.
MacDonald, John S.
McKinley, Albert B.
McDougall, D. M.
Morris, L.
Mitchell, Mary L.
MacDonald, Lydia.
Morris, G. B.
MacKenzie, Alex.
Mahoney, John.
McClinton, Robert.
Murk, Martha.
Mitchell, J. R.
Munson, J. H.
MacDonald, J. D.
MacKenzie, Lucinda E.
Marpole, J. H.
MacKenzie, A. B.
Manahan, E.
MacPherson, Adam.
Moore, Florence.
Nineland, Alexander.
Nesbitt, Joseph.
National Trust Conpany.
Nicholson, Murdock.
O'Neil, J. P.
Otto, C. V. J.
Parker, Smythe.
Pigott, W. S.
Parloe, Emma F.
Parmley, Robert.
Pine, T. S.
Power, John.
Peck, James.
Penticton Townsite.
Revely, T. C.
Roadhouse, Maggie.
Roberge, Lea Cyr.
Richardson, A. G.
Rathvon, L. A.
Rowe, J. F.
S. O. Sand Company.
Schubert, J. A.
Scott, McPherson, J.
Scott, W. H.
Stewart, A.
Stevens, I. M.
Saunders, Priscilla.
Smith, S. C.
Stevens, Kate.
Smith, Frederick.
Smith. W. H.
Smith, A. S.
Shatford, W. T.
Simondson, Simon.
Shephard, Rebecca Anna.
Stevens, Blaney.
Sheldron, W. C.
Smith, C. H.
School Trustees, Penticton.
Shatford, L. W.
Thomson, Maggie.
Todhunter, Thomas.
Thompson, J. W.
Tucker, W. S.
Tomon, J. A.
Vicar, John.
Welby, W. E.
Wade, A. H.
Wilson, C. H.
Were, Charles.
Were, Mary E.
Weeks, R. H.
Wilson, F. H.
Wilson, J. S.
Wilson, Morris.
Webster, W. B.
Wilson, Hugh.
Yuill, Etta J.

JUST ARRIVED

Another car of

McLaughlin Carriages

Also a

Car of Cockshutt Goods

Comprising the following:—

Adams' Log Trucks, Adams' Teaming Trucks, Adams' one-horse Wagons (low wheels), Adams' Lorries and Drays.

Cockshutt 3, 2, and 1-horse Plows.

Cockshutt Drag and Lever and Spring-Tooth Harrows.

Cockshutt Wheel Scrapers and Drag Scrapers.

Cockshutt 1-horse Cultivators.

Cockshutt Potato Diggers.

Also Bolster Springs, Light and Heavy Harness, Sharples Cream Separators, I. H. C. Gas Engines, Ideal Pumping Plants, etc.

Call and Inspect our Stock.

S. T. ELLIOTT,
KELOWNA, B. C.

FALL - WINTER

New Goods Just Opened.

1000 PAIRS *Fall & Winter*
Men's, Women's and Children's
Boots, Shoes,
—AND—
Rubbers.

VERY CLOSE CASH PRICES.

H. OLIVER'S

SHOE STORE, Opposite School.

BEAUTIFUL STATIONERY

IN HANDSOME BOXES

Not cheap stationery in gaudy styles. . . . .
If you get it here it is right in every way. . .

Prices
25c., 50c. and 75c.

Neat Tablets in cloth textures with envelopes.
Visiting Cards. . . .

Main's Pharmacy.

THE OLD RELIABLE BARBER

ARTISTIC HAIR CUT . . 25 cts.
EASY SHAVE . . . . 15 cts.
(with Bay Rum or Witch Hazel)
Shampoo .....25 "
Beard Trimmed in style and to suit the face and the customer.....25 "
Face Massage ....25 "
Baths, in the latest 6 foot 2 inches long, sanitary, porcelain-lined bathtub .....35 "

H. MURK

At his **NEW STAND** alongside the B. C. Hotel, Smith Street.

Galarneau & McKenzie

BUILDERS & CONTRACTORS

When you think of Building Look us up.

ADOLPHUS GALARNEAU W. A. McKENZIE

FEED

Wheat, 100 lbs., $2.00. Oats, 100 lbs., $1.60.

OIL

Eocene - -	per case,	$4.25
Pratt's Astral - -	"	4.00
76% Gasoline - -	"	5.00
Motor " - -	"	4.00

BUTTER

Best Creamery, 40 cents. Best Dairy, 35 cents.
Cooking Butter, 25 cents.

All kinds of VEGETABLES on hand. Potatoes, Onions, Cabbage, Beets, Celery, Carrots, etc.

W. R. KING & CO.

IMPROVE YOUR APPEARANCE

BY WEARING A PAIR OF OUR

Artistically Fitted Rimless Eyeglasses.

Correctly Fitted Lenses. Correctly Fitted Frames.

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.

HARRIS, The Jeweler

FALL GOODS TO HAND

Ranges, Cooking Stoves, Heating Stoves.
General - Hardware

PENTICTON HARDWARE CO.

FREE!

Golden West Soap and Golden West Washing Powder

FIFTY CENTS' WORTH OF SILVERWARE FREE
WITH EVERY FIFTY CENT PURCHASE OF GOLDEN WEST SOAP AND GOLDEN WEST WASHING POWDER.

To obtain this Silverware, all you have to do is to purchase 50c. worth of Golden West Soap (2 cartons) or Washing Powder; or 25c. worth of each, AND ASK YOUR GROCER for a Silver Plated Teaspoon FREE (which is worth at least 25c.), then cut out the coupon off the two cartons and send them to the Manufacturers including 2c. for postage, and obtain another Silver Plated Teaspoon FREE.

In this way your

Golden West Soap and Golden West Washing Powder costs you Nothing.

GET THE "SPOONEY" FEELING.

Address: Premium Department,
Standard Soap Company, Limited,
Calgary, Alberta.

M. C. KENDALL, Notary Public. G. R. MASON.

Kendall & Mason

REAL ESTATE AGENTS

Large blocks with good water rights, from $10.00 per acre.

10-acre lots wholly or partly planted with trees bearing 1909.

10-acre lots near town, unimproved.

Acre lots, planted with fruit trees or unimproved. Main St. and other good locations.

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE.

HOUSES TO LET.

C. P. R. LAND FOR SALE

Choice fruit lots, improved and unimproved.

FIRE INSURANCE—The Sun of London, Eng., and Queen. Why not insure in the best; they cost no more.

Apply to J. R. MITCHELL.

Trees Trees Trees

—FROM—

Layritz Nurseries,
Victoria, B. C.

We have a fine stock of all the leading varieties on hand.

All stock is propagated from fruiting trees rendering practically no risk regarding trueness to name.

GIVE US A TRIAL - OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT.

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Presbyterian services each Sunday in Steward's Hall at 11 a.m. or 7:30 p.m. Rev. Jas. Hood, pastor.

Baptist services each Sunday in Steward's Hall, at 11 a. m. or 7:30 p. m. Rev. A. S. Baker, pastor.

Presbyterian and Baptist services alternate, morning and evening.

Methodist services in church each Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p.m.; Sunday School 2:45 p.m. Prayer meetings 8 p.m. on Wednesday. Rev. R. W. Hibbert, pastor.

Young Peoples' Christian Union meets in the Methodist church every Tuesday at 8 p.m.

SOCIETIES

A. F. & A. M. meet in Mason's Hall, Main St., 1st Wednesday in each month at 8 p.m.

W. O. W. meet in Woodmens' Hall, Ellis St., 2nd and 4th Saturday in each month at 8 p.m.

I. O. O. F. meet in Odd Fellows' Hall, Main St., every Monday at 8 p.m.

L. O. L. meet in Woodmen's Hall 2nd and 4th Friday in each month at 8 p. m.

School Board meets 1st Monday in each month at 8 p.m.

Board of Trade—Annual general meeting, 2nd Wednesday in January of each year. General quarterly meetings, 2nd Wednesdays in January, April, July and October at 8 p.m.

STAGES

Stage leaves for Keremeos, Hedley and Princeton, at 6 a. m. on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Returns on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

Stage leaves for Fairview and Oroville on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6:30 a. m. Returns on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 6 p. m.

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The Plow Woman

By ELEANOR GATES,

Author of "The Biography of a Prairie Girl."

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"Of course," added David Bond, "following the law would strengthen the case."

"Of course."

The section boss adjusted his crutches and stood up. "You-all seem t' be settlin' it 'thout any o' my lip," he said and laughed mockingly.

"We have your interests at heart," replied the storekeeper.

Lancaster ground his teeth. Now that all danger was past he felt no gratitude for the routing of Matthews and the strategy at the Trooper's Delight. He could only feel that his authority in his own home was threatened. He turned his back.

Lounsbury glanced at the girls. They were watching their father appealingly.

"I should say," went on Lounsbury "that we have the interests of your daughters at heart." His hand reached for the latch.

"Mr. Lounsbury!" Dallas made a swift step toward him.

Now the section boss came about. Lounsbury was reminded of the day on the plowed strip, for he saw that Lancaster was all a-tremble and panting as if spent with a hard run. "M' gal!" he cried sternly.

Dallas stepped back and touched her father's arm. And her remonstrance was the remonstrance of that other day. "No, no dad," she cautioned in a low voice; "no, no."

Lancaster's breast heaved. He swallowed with an effort and scowled from one to another of the four.

David Bond came forward, addressing Lounsbury. "Will you tell me your name?" he asked. "I want to remember you. You are not a soldier. Do you belong at Clark's"—

"Did y' size him up fer a cow punch?" broke in Lancaster. "Huh! Waal, Ah never did."

Lounsbury's face dyed to a deep scarlet. "No?" he said. "And why?"

Again the section boss gave a shrill, mocking laugh. "Too fat an' too mouthy," he answered.

For an instant Lounsbury wavered. In that instant the deep scarlet faded, his eyes opened, his nostrils spread.

"Pa! Pa!" It was Marylyn, half weeping.

Lounsbury's cool voice cleared the air. "I'm a Bismarck man," he said to the evangelist. "I've got a store there. My name is John Lounsbury." He held out his hand to Dallas.

She advanced again and took it. "Oh, thank you, thank you," she breathed.

"'Bismarck man,'" It was Lancaster once more. "Waal, w'y the devil don' y' stay thar?"

Lounsbury took no notice of him. "I'll be hoofing it," he said to Dallas. "But if I can do anything, you understand," and went out.

David Bond's keen eyes studied the elder girl. He expected an outburst of anger and blame. He was surprised when, without speaking, she brought the benches to the fire and set about clearing the table. Lancaster seated himself and sucked moodily at his pipe. Marylyn flitted behind him to disappear through the swinging blankets. The evangelist walked up and down.

It was not long before the silence told on the section boss and forced him to talk. "Ef you-all got anythin' t' say," he snarled presently, "y' might as well spit it out."

No one answered.

"Ah got jes' this t' say," he continued: "Ah ain't goin' t' hev no lubber o' a storekeeper slaverin' aroun' my gals!"

Again no one answered, but David Bond as he watched Dallas questioningly determined to be silent no longer. He paused in his walk. "My friend," he said solemnly, "you talk like a madman. For shame!"

Dallas stood stock still, her eyes warning him. But it was too late.

Her father snickered, drew on his pipe once or twice and then grinned up at the evangelist. "It's gittin' light outdoors," he said significantly. "Ah reckon y' could cross th' river."

And so David Bond and the white horse went the way of Lounsbury.

Nearly an hour passed before the section boss addressed Dallas. "Waal, waal, waal?"

She was wrapping up to do the morning chores. "Just as well, I guess, dad," she said wearily. "The meal and bacon's pretty low. I've been cooking out of the seed sacks lately."

"Th' meal an' bacon's got t' las'," he answered. "Use th' seed ef y' want t', an' don' give thet Injun so much. We shan't ast tick o' no lallygaggin', do-a-grapevine-twist dandy."

Dallas sighed, found Marylyn to kiss her and gratefully breasted the chill air beyond the door.

His dismissal from the shack brought no hardship upon David Bond. He found an old acquaintance in Colonel Cummings, who joyfully greeted him as interpreter in the absence of Matthews. He found familiar faces among the hostages, whose sullen reserve in his presence he laid to their imprisonment. At barracks the enlisted men chaffed him mischievously, christened him "Methuselah" and installed him as "official doom sealer" of the post. But when he passed them by to give every hour of his days and nights to young Jamieson—young Jamieson, battling with all his might against collapse—the men ceased chaffing and listened to him with respect. A crank on religion was one thing, a man with one eye on the Bible and his sleeves rolled up for hard duty was another. The troopers cared little for sermonizing, but they honored service. Then, it was Jamieson for whom the evangelist was caring. And Jamieson held the very heartstrings of the garrison.

As for Lounsbury, Brannon entertained him no less gladly. His was the rare good humor that enlivens every occasion. He practiced at target shooting with the enlisted men; he played billiards with the officers; he dined, made up sleigh rides, lent himself to theatricals, furnished a fourth at cards and at the frequent dances led out homely and pretty alike.

To David Bond it seemed as if the storekeeper were indifferent to his own dismissal from the shack. But one morning the evangelist accidentally came upon the younger man. He was watching the bend through a telescope, and his face was anxious and troubled.

"Lancaster hasn't started for the land office again," he said. Then, after a moment's silence, "I've just about decided to go Bismarck way myself today. When you can, will you let me know how they are over there?"

"Charles will keep me posted," answered the evangelist, "and I shall send you any news by the mail sleigh."

"Thank you," said Lounsbury simply. "Goodby." And at the noon mess he was missing.

At the shack the days were numbered slowly for all their scant hours of light. Sleep consumed most of the time. The rest was taken by the meals, the chores and the effort of keeping warm. The line of calico covered books helped to vary the monotony. So did the visits of Squaw Charley. But these were becoming more brief now. Not that Lancaster made them unpleasant—Charley was necessary to him—but that the Indian was always in a fever to be gone. Since the council his eyes were less downcast, his face was less stolid.

One day brought a totally unexpected visitor, whom Lancaster recognized with some misgivings as the United States land agent at Bismarck. The section boss was soon reassured, however. The agent said that, having business near Brannon and remembering that Lancaster wished to file an entry on the bend when the first claimant's six months were up, he had come by. In the case of a man who was hurt, he said, the law allowed such a course. The section boss, thus saved the arduous trip, signed the necessary papers with a jubilant mark.

Then came old Michael for a time or two. It seemed at first as if he were to be a favorite. He could adapt himself with all the art of his race. And before Lancaster he was intensely southern in his views, whipping the north in many a broguey strife. Until—it befell through a slip of the tongue—a slip that sent him packing off, for he boasted how in '62 his freckled hands had helped in piloting the Federals to Island No. 10!

It was an outcome that gave Dallas little concern. Marylyn was her worry. The younger girl was listless, pale and moody. Now and then Dallas believed she saw a look of actual suffering in her eyes. Once, awakening in the night, she heard her sob.

Marylyn was unhappy, and the thought made the elder girl desperate. This led her to a plan: Lounsbury must be asked to forgive their father and come again—must be told of Marylyn's confession.

Soon afterward a second worry presented itself, one fully as serious. The provisions were dwindling, the seed sacks shrinking fast, and, estranged from Lounsbury, they had nowhere to ask credit but at the fort.

When Dallas spoke of it to her father, he chuckled. "Waal, we got Simon, ain't we?" he said.

That same night Marylyn put down her fork and stared across the table at her sister. "Why, Dallas, you don't eat!" she complained.

Dallas laughed. "I don't work, honey," she answered.

The question of fuel entered next and became a grave one. So far the weather had been fairly mild for the place and the season. Now it took a more rigorous turn. The bitter cold was intensified by a stiff wind. Snow began to fall, and the wind, growing, drove the flakes level, so that they cut the face like filings of steel. Charley's trips became uncertain, then impossible. The work of getting out hay for the stock was a desperate tax. It was so difficult that Dallas dared not spare a straw for the fireplace, and Ben and Betty's manger had to be drawn upon for wood. When this source of supply failed, the benches were sacrificed one by one, the cupboard was torn down, and the bunk and part of the table were split into kindling.

The family slept shoulder to shoulder before the hearth, with the brave colored blankets of the partition for extra covering. Lancaster and the younger girl stayed in bed all of the twenty-four hours. Dallas got up only long enough to tend the animals and prepare food. But a day came when she could not make her way to the lean-to and when the warped door could not be opened in the teeth of the raging storm. Toward noon she cooked some food, however. The seed sacks were empty. There was no rice and no flour. While the blizzard howled without and Simon and the mules called pitifully for their fodder and drink, she broke up what was left of the table. Over its blaze the last smitch of bacon went to savor the last pint of beans.

After the meal Dallas read aloud. Lying down, she held her book in one hand until her fingers were blue with cold, then changed to the other. Father and sister drowsed, and she put the story aside to study over the predicament, in which she felt herself at fault. Counting on blizzards, but knowing nothing of their duration, she had determined to say little about their needs until those needs pressed, when, she knew, her father would see their extremity. The extremity had come. Yet, willing or unwilling, Lancaster was cut off from seeking help.

That day closed in fearful cold. The wind was becoming a furious gale. Sturdily the log house withstood it. Only the roof seemed threatened. With each great blast it lifted a little, as if on the point of whirling away, but when darkness came even the roof settled into quiet, for the drifts that had been piling up gradually to the north and west of the shack, sealing the windows and the door, had risen to the grassy eaves and overflowed them and so weighted the thatch.

Next morning long before Marylyn and her father wakened Dallas roused. The room was in dusk, and its air was so cold that it seemed fairly to singe the skin. She could not read. Presently Marylyn turned. The elder girl hastened to soothe her. Then their father yawned. Dallas feigned sleep.

But the evil moment could not be put off. Lancaster propped himself on an elbow and called to her. He was hungry.

Very quietly Dallas told him that there was no food.

He grunted, arose and lighted the lantern. "You dish thet snow on th' floor," he commanded. "We'll need it fer drink."

"What 're you going to do?" she asked, hastening to obey. Her voice was lowered apprehensively.

He was wrapping some clothes over his shoes. "Butcher Simon," he said curtly.

Her face became a white spot in the gloom.

"Critter 'll be tough, like's not," went on her father, "but y' c'n poun' th' meat."

After a long wait she spoke. "You can't reach him," she declared, half triumphantly.

"Yas, Ah c'n," he answered. "Ah c'n chop through with th' hatchet." He was between the fireplace and a corner, feeling over the logs with his hands.

She ran to him. "Oh, how can you think of it?" she demanded huskily. "Simon's so friendly and—came to us for a home. How can you kill him! Maybe you could eat him, but I couldn't. It 'd just choke me!"

"Oh, ain't we sof'!" sneered her father. He was fumbling about near the bunk, as if hunting something. "Mebbe y' 'd like Ah should kill a mule! Ha, ha! No mule meat fer me. Ah'll give thet bull a tunk 'tween th' eyes, an' we'll hev steak."

She stood in the dim light, one arm crooked up to cover her face. Presently Marylyn moaned. Then Dallas lowered her arm and looked down at her sister. "One of the mules would be easier," she said bitterly. But, remembering the brown eyes of the team and the long, gray whiskered noses, she covered her face again.

"Ah don' keer w'at y' say," declared her father. "We'll hev steak." He selected a log and began to hack at it.

Shuddering, she sank to her knees, one hand reached out to touch Marylyn. "Maybe Charley 'll come, honey," she whispered hopefully. "Maybe, maybe!"

And now it seemed as if she heard something outside. She crept to the door. Around the latch was a little space. She put her ear to it, and the icy air blew against her cheek. There it was again! The shriek of the gale.

She went back to the bed.

Hack, hack, hack! Then muttered curses. And again the sound of chopping.

When she could bear it no longer she got up and stumbled over to her father. "Dad," she said, "if I break up the mantel and fix something will you stop?"

He sat back on his feet, puffing crossly. "Light a fire," he said. "Use these chips. Ah'll res'." He threw down the hatchet and crawled under the blankets. He was glad of the interruption, for the duty ahead was assuming an ugly guise.

Dallas had filled the coffee pail with snow. Now she gathered up the chips, lit them and pried up the wide board of the mantel. This she split with the hatchet.

"What are you going to make?" asked Marylyn from the bed.

"Pepper tea, honey. It'll warm you up."

"Oh, I'm so glad. Ma made some once."

Pepper tea it was. When the snow had melted and the water was boiling hot Dallas added pepper and salt. Then she spread a cloth and turned the wheat and corn sacks out upon it. She got a handful of flour. With this she thickened the water. Three cups were sitting upon the floor. She took the coffee pail over, poured into two and handed them to her father and Marylyn.

"Don't spill a drop," she cautioned.

"You got some?" queried Marylyn, sitting up.

Dallas went back to the other cup. "Well, what do you think I'm doing?" she asked and lifted it to her lips.

Soon the three were lying shoulder to shoulder again, the section boss drawing a little added comfort from his pipe. Before long he was asleep; Marylyn too. Then Dallas got up cautiously and brewed a cup of peppered water for herself. The hot draft relieved the pangs of her hunger. She lay down again.

Hours later she was awakened by hearing faint squeals directly overhead. Hastily she lit the lantern and took down the Sharps, then stepped directly under the sounds and poked the rifle's muzzle into the hay of the roof. Above, storm driven and crowding one another against the stones of the chimney, were some pigs!

In her eagerness she trembled so violently that she became unsteady on her feet. It lost her the opportunity of aiming, for as she waited, trying to get a blind aim, the squeals suddenly died out. The pigs had gone over toward the edge of the lean-to.

When next she awoke—awoke from a dream of well spread tables—she could not guess how much time had passed or whether it was day or night. The shack was pitch dark. Of one thing she could be sure—the storm had not abated, so there was no hope of aid.

She knew something must be done. Simon and the team wrung her heart with their pleas. Beside her Marylyn was turning with fretful complaints. The younger girl rolled her head from side to side constantly and moistened her lips. Dallas chopped up the rifle rack and made a fire of it, then plied Marylyn with more of the pepper tea. The section boss refused to partake. The first cup, he said, had burned him. Tobacco was better solace.

Dallas did not taste the tea either. A fearful nausea beset her. Her heart went like a trip hammer. She wrapped up, turning her back to the blaze. Oddly enough, her father did not make a second attack on the log. His perique went far toward helping him fight the gnawing of hunger. He could afford, having to endure little pain, to let the hours bring Dallas to the point where she would ask the life of the

Simon shot on into the blizzard.

bull. He knew where she was most vulnerable. When Marylyn turned from the tea that now partially eased her hunger and began a demand for food, Simon would die.

It came sooner than the section boss expected. His lethargic sleep was broken by Dallas shaking him. As he opened his eyes she thrust the hatchet into his hands.

"Dad," she said hurriedly, "get up. You got to do it—for Marylyn—for Marylyn."

To him it was a real victory. He wrenched a quid from his tobacco slab, grasped the hatchet handle and arose. Dallas had lighted the lantern once more. Now she pinned one of the smaller blankets over his shoulders. When he put on his hat and knelt before the chopped out place in the east wall she wrapped a second blanket about his feet and legs.

"Go 'long, go 'long," he said, not unkindly. "Keep you'self warm." Then the hack, hack, hack, began again.

She did not watch him, but donned the long cloak over her jersey, kissed Marylyn and paced up and down the shack. For every step there was a blow of the hatchet.

"Poor Simon! Poor Simon!" she whispered to herself. The bull was lowing again.

At last the sound of the hatchet became unbearable. She gave a quick glance around the room, then, crossing to her father, pulled at his arm. "If you kill Simon, there's no wood to do any cooking," she said. "Better wait, dad—hour or two, please!"

He twisted from under her hand and scowled up. "Shucks!" he answered. "Here's chips 'nough fer a fire." And swung the hatchet with fresh zeal.

She lingered a moment, smiling grimly. It was only a play for time. She knew very well that there would be timber when her father reached Simon's stall.

Lancaster was making fast progress. The log upon which he worked was dry from the heat of the hearth. It splintered like weathered pine. A section of it was seen cut away so far that a final blow with the hatchet head drove it in. It rolled to the noses of the mules. Lancaster thrust his head through the hole.

Between the scantlings that penned Simon into his part of the lean-to the section boss spied two glowing eyes. They watched him, then the door, then him again. "M-m-m-m!" came a deep protest, as the bull blew and pawed at the dirt floor.

The section boss drew back nervously. "Simon's actin' funny," he said. "He's locoed or he's smelt a mice."

He got no answer. Dallas was in the corner farthest from him, crowded against the logs. Her arms were raised. Her head rested between them.

Lancaster grunted disgustedly and fell to chopping again. The opening in the wall was not quite wide enough up and down for his body. He enlarged it by cutting away at the lower side. Finally, satisfied with its size, he unpinned the shoulder blanket, freed his feet and crawled through.

And now Dallas looked around, fastening her eyes upon the dark hole beyond the hearth. Beside it the lantern burned with a sickly fume. "It's murder! It's murder! It's murder!" she dreamed.

Marylyn tossed, moaning. Dallas ran to her. There she stayed, eyes and ears buried in the bedclothes.

Within the lean-to a curious parley was being held. Lancaster was standing, hatchet in hand, at the bar of Simon's pen. Behind him was the stable door; before him, just out of reach, the bull. Simon was not pawing now. His fore feet were opened wide; his nose touched the ground between them. He was alternately mooing and blowing, and his angry eyes were fixed not on the section boss, but on the bottom of the door.

"Simon, Simon," said Lancaster in a wheedling tone. He could scarcely see the animal, for the eastern window was snowed shut. The bull made no move. Presently the old man shoved the single bar aside and hopped forward a step or two, his gaze fixed on the star between those glowing eyes.

Still the bull did not move.

"So, Simon," purred the section boss. He gave another hop forward and raised the hatchet. "So, Simon; nice Simon!"

"Wo-o-o-ah!"

It was a roar that fairly shook the lean-to. Simon flung up his head.

Fearful for his safety, Lancaster dodged to the left, stumbled, overturned and went down, with a cry "Dallas—help!"

A cry answered him. The mules reared. Then out of the gloom plunged a red bulk, head lowered, tail straight. There was a second roar, a crash, as the stable door flew outward, an inrush of frigid air and the swirling sound of wind and sleet. And Simon, leaping something that was lying at the entrance, shot on into the blizzard.

Early morning of the next day as the Lancasters were enjoying a breakfast of roasted pork cooked by a scantling of Simon's manger they heard the storm renew its fury in strange noises that were like the human voice. The warped door creaked; the latch rattled.

They paid little attention to it, being fairly content with the strange good fortune that had left a fat frozen pig in the snow outside the lean-to. The stable had been nailed tight again, and there were enough scantlings in it to last out three or four days. Marylyn was better, having rallied swiftly on a diet of rich broth. Even Ben

(To be continued.)

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NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that, thirty days after date, I intend to apply to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, F. S. Hussey, of Victoria, for renewal of a retail liquor license for the Hotel Penticton, located at Penticton, B. C.

AMOS BARNES.

Penticton, B.C., Oct. 27, 1908.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that, thirty days after date, I intend to apply to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, F. S. Hussey, of Victoria, for renewal of a retail liquor license for the B. C. Hotel, located at Penticton, B.C.

W. H. TAPLEY.

Penticton, B. C., Oct. 28, 1908.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that 60 days after date I intend to apply to the Hon. Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a lease of the following foreshore, viz:—Commencing at the N. W. corner of Lot 4, Block 39, Penticton, Yale District, thence northerly 331 feet; thence east 120 feet; thence southerly 340 feet; thence west 120 feet; containing .9 acres, more or less.

HENRY CONNER.

September 3rd, 1908. 9-9

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that we will prosecute any person or persons found trespassing or hunting without permission upon our properties at Three Mile Creek.

C. W. JOHNSON,
M. C. KENDALL,
10-13t JOHN STRUTT.

Penticton, Sept. 17, 1908.

NOTICE.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Henry Murk, of Penticton, barber, and owner of Lot 1, Block 39, according to registered map 513 deposited in Land Registry Office in Kamloops, B.C., intend to apply for permission to lease the foreshore and submerged land in front of said lot only, described as follows:

Commencing at a post planted at northwest corner of Lot 1, Block 39, Map 513, Osoyoos Division, Yale District, deposited in the Land Registry Office in Kamloops, B.C.; thence northwest 364 feet to a post planted in 4 feet of water in front of above lot, in Okanagan Lake; thence northeast 111.7 feet to a post, planted in 4 feet of water, Okanagan Lake; thence southeast 345 feet to the northeast post of Lot 1, Block 39, Map 513, Penticton; thence southwest 65 feet 4 inches to post of commencement.

HENRY MURK.

Dated at Penticton, B.C., August 17, 1908. 8-9

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that 60 days after date I intend to apply to the Hon. Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a lease of the following foreshore, viz.:—Commencing at the N. W. corner of Lot 2, Block 39, Penticton, Yale District, thence northerly 345 feet; thence east 60 feet; thence southerly 331 feet; thence west 60 feet; containing .49 acres, more or less.

H. J. MOORE.

September 4th, 1908. 9-9

NOTICE

Take notice that H. Harlow, of Penticton, mason, sixty days after date intends to apply to the Honorable Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a lease of the following foreshore, viz.: Commencing at Northwest corner of lot 8, block 39, Penticton, Yale District, thence Northerly 340 feet; thence East 210 feet; thence Southerly 471 feet; containing 1.7 of an acre, more or less, for a cement factory.

10-9 H. HARLOW.

September 12, 1908.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that we will prosecute any person or persons found hunting or trespassing upon our properties.

W. M. GILLESPIE,
D. GILLESPIE,
W. J. GILLESPIE,
Y. C. KITLEY,
8-18 JOHN PRATHER.

NOTICE

FRUIT TREES—Well-grown stock. Large quantity of apple trees for sale, only few choice varieties grown: also small stock of ornamental trees. Apply for varieties and price to Manager, COLDSTREAM ESTATE CO., Ltd.,

15-tf Vernon, B. C.

PENTICTON & OROVILLE STAGE

Via Fairview

Leaves Penticton Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6:30 a.m., arriving at Oroville the same day at 6 p. m.

Through Fare - $6.00

Arnott & Hine,
FAIRVIEW, B. C.

THE
Penticton Bakery
—FOR—
Good Wholesome Bread,
Cakes and Pastry.

GIVE US A TRIAL AND WE WILL PLEASE YOU.

L. T. ROBERGE.

PEACHLAND.

Dr. and Mrs. Lipsett drove up from Summerland, Saturday, and remained until Tuesday. While here they visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Robinson.

The Summerland College Football team played our boys a friendly game on our grounds Friday afternoon. It resulted in 2-1 in favor of Peachland.

Mrs. Pollard and Miss Jean Pollard spent Thanksgiving at Okanagan Centre.

November 5th was celebrated in fine style here. The "Maud Moore" and "Naramata" conveyed large parties from Summerland and Naramata, among them a goodly number of their musicians. When the evening's entertainment commenced there was not standing room available. The programme was excellent and was as follows, Rev. J. T. Jones, in his ever efficient manner, acting as chairman.

Chairman's Address.
Instrumental duet, Lupton and Shaw.
Recitation, Miss L. Brown.
Song, Mrs. G. K. Mitchell.
Recitation, Miss B. Seaton.
Violin solo, Mr. Pollock.
Song, Mrs. G. K. Mitchell.
Solo, Miss Bartholomew.
Speech, J. M. Robinson.
Solo, Mr. Manchester.
Recitation, Miss O. Ferguson.
Vocal duet, Gillespie and Manchester.
Instrumental solo, Mrs. Hyde.
Solo, Mrs. O. H. Pollard.
Recitation, Miss Steele.
Solo, J. S. Gillespie.
Recitation, Miss Rena Elliott.
Solo, Mrs. L. Vivian.
Vocal duet, Misses A. and C. McDougall.
Recitation, Mrs. Campbell.

Mesdames Wellband and Mitchell, Miss Keyes, Dr. Nash, and Mr. Lupton were the accompanists of the evening. After luncheon which was served by the young men of the town, and the singing of the National Anthem, the guests of the evening were accompanied to the wharf by a jolly crowd, bidding them come again as soon as they wished.

Mrs. Metcalf is visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. Douglas. She is from the Soo, and is very much delighted with our beautiful November weather.

The Epworth League of the Methodist Ceurch was 'at home,' Thanksgiving evening, to the members of the Church. C. G. Elliott, president of the League, acted as chairman. The meeting opened as usual with a half hour of devotional exercises, then the following programme was rendered:

Duett, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell.
Instrumental solo, Dr. Nash.
Recitation, Miss L. Brown.
Recitation, Miss Steele.
Solo, Mrs. K. Mitchell.
Instrumental solo, Mrs. Hyde.
Vocal solo, Dr. Nash.
Solo, Mrs. L. Vivian.
Recitation, Miss Steele.
Instrumental solo, Mrs. Hyde.
Recitation, Miss D. Robinson.
Instrumental duet, Mr. Shaw and Dr. Nash.
God Save the King.

Rev. J. T. Jones reported in a very live way the results of the S. S. Convention which he attended at Revelstoke last week. In addition to this there was sacred music rendered, which was enjoyed to the full extent, and at about 10 o'clock luncheon was served by the ladies of the congregation. Credit is due the programme and decorating committees, which worked hard.

Our football team went to Penticton Thanksgiving Day to play the team of that town and returned home gay and victorious, the score being 4-2. Hurrah, boys! You're all right.

H. Cossar returned on Monday's steamer from Calgary after three weeks' absence.

The second dance of the season, which was a success, was held in the Hall Tuesday evening, Messrs. Lupton and Shaw supplying the music.

The Southern Okanagan Land Company, Limited

LANDS

Our Irrigation system having been completed for the Lake Skaha benches we are now offering under this water system some 300 acres in five and ten acre tracts, at $100.00 to $150.00 per acre.

On the Penticton benches we still have for sale irrigated about 160 acres, at from $100.oo to $125.oo per acre. All our bench lands are admirably adapted for fruit.

On the Penticton flats we have open clean meadow suitable for small fruits, vegetable and hay, at $150.oo per acre.

Uncleared land suitable for fruit (but stoney and wooded) $5o.oo to $1oo.oo per acre.

Uncleared land quite free of stone, suitable for hay or garden stuff, $1oo.oo per acre.

Terms on all the above one quarter down, one quarter each year with interest at 6 per cent. on deferred payments.

ACRE LOTS

In Penticton and on Okanagan Lake Beach $3oo.oo to $45o.oo. On Lake Skaha Beach $4oo.oo.

TOWN LOTS

We have a great many excellent buys in town property (business and residential). Anything we show you will advance in value 5o per cent. within a year. Get in now, you can make money and take no chances by purchasing our lands.

FRUIT LAND FOR SALE

J. R. MITHCELL'S Bargain List

Very choice residential subdivision, close in, half-acre lots, price $300 per lot. ¼ cash; balance 6, 12 and 18 months; 6 per cent.; Price good for 30 days only.

Smith Street lot $200, good business location, for quick sale.

Good cottage and acre lot, only $1,500; very central.

7 roomee cottage in desirable residental district, for sale very cheap.

Main, Ellis, Martin and Winnipeg Street lots for sale.

10 Acres, 1 1-2 Miles from Town, about 3 acres planted in spring 1907, trees two years old. Price, only $1,600. Fenced.

18 Acres, 10 below main ditch; 8 acres planted, in 3rd year; a very choice property. Only $3,800. Fenced.

18 Acres, 10 below main ditch; 9 under good cultivation. Only $3,000. Fenced.

14 Acres, 10 below main ditch; 5 1-2 acres planted, 232 peaches, 60 apricots, 226 cherries, 17 apples, one year. A choice lot. Only $3,500.

10 Acres on Main Street, good hay land, only $2,100.

OFFICE, - PENTICTON, B. C.

6 DAYS MORE

WE MUST VACATE.

6 DAYS MORE

The landlord has given his orders, and he must be obeyed.

Only One Week More and the Great Closing Out Sale comes to an end.

During the last week hundreds of eager buyers have left our store wearing the smile of satisfaction. The predicament we are now in is the worst that could befall any merchant. We do not intend to move one dollar's worth of goods away from Penticton if we can help it. Goods will be literally forced out. Last week's prices cut to pieces. We must get out.

SOMETHING SPECIAL EVERY DAY. LOOK OUT FOR NEW HANDBILLS.

Sale closes Saturduy, Nov. 21st. That is positively the last date. Come with well-filled purses as here is an opportunity to make one dollar do the work of two.

At Mrs. Hood's Stand

Lewis Bros. & Co.,

Penticton, B. C.

Sale Closes Saturday, November 21