Library of Legislature Assembly

The Penticton Press

Library Legislative Assembly
JAN 14 1909
VICTORIA, B. C.
23

VOL. 3. No. 26. PENTICTON, B.C., SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1909. $1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

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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.

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Campbell & Kay

KILN DRIED LUMBER

Put in Your Flume Orders Now.

E. S. LAKE & Co.

MAIN STREET.

SOME OF OUR PRICES:

SUGAR	$1.35 per bag	EGGS	35c. per doz.
LARD	55c. per pail	EOCENE OIL	$4.10 per case
WHEAT FLAKES	40c. per pkt	BACON	22c. per lb.
HAM	22c. per lb.	PORK	18c. per lb.

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(SUCCESSORS TO KENT & SON). F. H. LEQUESNE, Manager.

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Harness and Harness Supplies

Boots, Shoes, and Harness Repaired

ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

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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.*

WHEN THE SNOW MELTS

Is the time you get that cold unless you have your feet protected from the slush. There is no better way to protect them than by wearing a pair of the celebrated

"K" BOOTS.

They keep the water out. This is the first time they have been shown in Penticton. Come in and see them.

A. H. WADE

Groceries, Provisions, Boots, Shoes, Furnishings
Agent for Giant Powder Co.

Local and Personal

The legislature opens on the 21st. inst.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Weaver, on Jan. 6, a daughter.

See returning officer's notice to municipal electors in this issue.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. C. Steward returned from the coast on Monday.

R. Wilton returned on Wednesday from a few weeks' absence in Moose Jaw, Sas.

L. W. Shatford, M. P. P., left on Thursday, by team for a few days' absence at Princeton.

The first meeting of the Penticton municipal council will take place on Monday, the 1st of February.

The Presbyterian service wil be withdrawn Sunday morning and the Methodist in the evening owing to the opening of the new Baptist church.

The ladies of the Presbyterian Church will hold their annual supper and Scotch concert in Steward's hall on Wednesday evening, January 27th.

Those wishing to exercise the franchise at the forthcoming municipal election must appear before Chas. Were, make a declaration of qualifications and have their names enrolled on the municipal electors' list.

The Presbyterian congregation purpose in the near future moving their old church from the hill to their property on the corner of Main St. and Eckardt Ave. The building will be enlarged to suit present requirements.

The opening service for the new Baptist church will not take place to-morrow as announced. but notice will be given of the opening at a later date. The Methodist Church will, in consequence, hold service both morning and evening.

The nomination for reeve and municpal councillors shall be held on Monday, the 18th inst. and the election, if any, on the 25th. There shall be four councillors; and there will be no wards at this election. Every person qualified to vote shall have five votes, one for reeve and one for each councillor.

Capt. Logan and wife, of Vancouver, and Rev. John A. Logan, financial agent of Westminster Hall, the provincial Presbyterian college, and wife spent some days at the home of Dr. C. A. Jackson recently. Capt. Logan left for his home last Saturday and Rev. Mr. Logan on Tuesday. Their wives, who will remain for a month, are sisters of Mrs. Jackson.

Boys' Club Annual Dinner.

The members of the Penticton Boys' Club met at the home of Mrs. McNeil on Wednesday, the 29th, for their annual dinner at 6:30. The 23 boys sat down to a table fairly groaning with good things, including turkey, plum pudding, etc. Mrs. Thompson, president of the society took the head of the table, and Mr. McNeil the foot. Mrs. McNeil and Miss Roadhouse waited upon the guests. When dinner was eaten the following toasts were called for and heartily drunk: "Our King and Country," W. Kearns, responded to by Harold Lister; "The Boys' Club," Horace Lister responded to by F. Kearns; "Our Host and Hostesses," Corwyn Lancaster, responded to by Mr. McNeil; "The Ladies," C. A. Thompson, responded to by Mrs. McNeill; "The Boys," responded to by Mrs. McNeill, by singing "She's a Jolly Good Fellow," and three ringing cheers.

At this stage one of the pleasing features of the evening occurred. W. Kearns, on behalf of the members of the club, presented Mrs. McNeill with a handsome handbag and the following address: "Dear Mrs. McNeill: We, the members of the P. B. C., ask you to accept this slight token, not for its intrinsic value, but for the value it contains by conveying our appreciation of your unselfish, untiring efforts on our behalf. We are satisfied that money would furnish a very meagre equivalent for the sterling advice and watchful care from time to time bestowed on us, which will be like bread cast on the waters. We therefore beg of you to accept this little gift as a token of our gratitude. Signed on behalf of the P. B. C. by W. Kearns, Chairman."

Mrs. McNeill replied thanking the boys and encouraging them to stick to their pledge in order to become good citizens, and the meeting was then dispersed with the singing of Auld Lang Syne.

Light and Water for Kelowna.

The Kelowna municipally owned electric lighting system was put in operation for the first time on Christmas Eve and proved very satisfactory. Twenty-one street lamps have been put up, and about one hundred houses are now lighted by electricity. The entire plant, which is steam power, was put in by the Fairbanks Morse Co. The charge for lighting will be twenty cents per kiliwat, making the cost for lighting about the same as by oil at fifty cents per gallon.

The steam power used in generating electricity will also be utilized in pumping water from the lake for the domestic water system now being installed. The total cost of water works and electric lighting plant will be about sixty thousand dollars.

COMMUNICATIONS

(We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.)

To the Editor of THE PENTICTON PRESS:

Dr. Charles Crompton, chief chemest of the Internal Revenue Department, U. S. Government, recently published a magazine article reciting the many useful purposes to which alcohol could be cheaply and effectively applied when rendered unfit for use as a beverage by chemical treatment.

The writer enumerates over fifty branches of manufacturing industry in which denatured alcohol is eminently useful. For domestic purposes it furnishes the cheapest, cleanest and most easily and safely handled supply of light and heat. It is in use to beautify the home and adorn the persons of the inmates. It is effectively employed in facilitating scientific study of the properties of matter and force, simplifying many otherwise intricate problems in practical chemistry. But most notable is the wide range of its utility in furnishing light, heat and power, as well for the vast operations of productive industry as for the multifarious needs and the ever-recurring duties of our own home life.

Myriad proofs here, that alcohol is indeed "a good gift of God." Yet here we are met by the appalling fact that thousands pass by all these benificent uses of this good gift and choose the one which is always and everywhere destructive of mind, body and estate; ruinous to health, morals, character and usefulness. Surely "the prince of this world" exerts such occult power. He it is, "a liar from the beginning," who persuades the young, the fair, the gifted to dally with an allurement so treacherous and so deadly.

How about the right of an organized community to safeguard its moral and material interests? In asking this option the law-abiding citizens simply ask for what is their own by inalienable right in a self-governed community. When municipal organization is completed here a Board of Health will be established, with plenary power to abate nuisances. Under local option a majority of our citizens will certainly refuse to allow certain dangerous nuisances to hold a permanent place in the town.

Yours truly,
NORLAND.

The following letter from E. Letherby, the mayor of Midland, Ont., will doubtless be of interest to those who desire to know the success which local option is attaining in the east:

Midland, Nov. 25, 1908.

W. J. CLEMENT, ESQ.,
Penticton, B. C.

My Dear Sir,—I regret having neglected replying to yours of July 6th last, requesting information as to results of local option here.

It has been in force here about 19 months, and its beneficial results, I feel quite confident, have exceeded general expectation.

There is a vast improvement in hotel accommodation as compared with license days. Although rates are a little higher they have not by any means advanced on same ratio as accommodation has been improved. The temperance people purchased the best hotel in town and set the pace; the others have endeavored to follow the example in order to retain their share of the patronage.

I have no hesitation in saying there is a decided improvement in business. Nearly all the largest employers of labor would spend considerable rather than return to license law.

"Blind Pigs" are few in comparison to the hotels that have, on several occasions, made an effort to sell liquor. This is evidenced by the fact that only one or two "blind pigs" have been convicted in town as compared with six or seven hotel convictions.

Several of our neighboring towns are adopting it, even where attempts are made to repeal the by-laws; it is a rare case, indeed, in which they succeed. This speaks well for the measure.

Sincerely yours,
E. LETHERBY.

E. J. FINCH

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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.

NOTICE

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given to the electors of the Municipality of Penticton, that I require the presence of the said electors at the Court House, Penticton, on the eighteenth day of January next, at 12 o'clock noon, for the purpose of electing persons to represent them in the Municipal Council as Reeve and Councillors.

The mode of nomination of candidates shall be as follows:

The candidates shall be nominated in writing; the writing shall be subscribed by two voters of the Municipality as proposer and seconder, and shall be delivered to the Returning Officer at any time between the date of the notice and 2 p. m. of the day of nomination, and in the event of a poll being necessary, such poll will be opened on the twenty-fifth day of January, at the Court House, Penticton, of which every person is hereby required to take notice and govern himself accordingly.

The persons qualified to be nominated for and elected Reeve of such Municipality at the first election shall be such persons as are male British subjects, who have been for the three months next preceding the day of nomination the registered owners, in the Land Registry Office, of land or real property, situate within the Municipality, of the assessed value, on the last Provincial Assessment Roll, of five hundred dollars or more, over and above any registered judgment, and who are otherwise duly qualified as voters.

The persons qualified to be nominated for and elected Councillors of the said Municipality at the first election shall be such persons as are male British subjects, who have been for the three months next preceding the day of nomination the registered owners, in the Land Registry Office, of land or real property, situate within the Municipality of the assessed value on the last Provincial Assessment Roll of two hundred and fifty dollars or more, over and above any registered judgment, or who are homesteaders, lessees from the Crown, or pre-emptors who have resided within the Municipality for a space of one year or more immediately preceding the nomination, and who are assessed for five hundred dollars or more on the last Provincial Assessment Roll, over and above any registered judgment, rnd who are otherwise qualified as voters.

The persons qualified to vote for Reeve and Councillors at such first election shall be all such persons as are British subjects of the full age of twenty-one years, who are freeholders, homesteaders, or pre-emptors within the boundaries of the Municipality, who have resided within the boundaries of the Municipality for one year immediately preceding the date of the incorporation of the Municipality, and who shall before the day of such election, have applied to the Returning Officer and have had their names placed on the list of electors for such election.

Given under my hand at Penticton, the 6th day of January, 1909.

CHARLES WERE,
Returning Officer.

NOTICE

I, Charles Were, Returning Officer for the Municipality of Penticton, hereby give notice that I will attend at the Court House, Penticton, from Monday, January 11th, to Saturday, January 16th, from 1 to 5 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of receiving the names of those who wish to vote at the coming election.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of British Columbia at its next session for an Act to incorporate The Kettle River Valley Railway Company, with power to build, construct, maintain and operate a line of railway of standard guage, to be operated by steam, electricity, or any other power, for the carrying of freight, passengers and express: Commencing at a point at or near Midway, B. C., thence to Penticton, by the most feasible route, a distance of 120 miles, more or less; and commencing at a point at or near Penticton on Okanagan Lake, thence to a point at or near Nicola, by the most feasible route, a distance of about 150 miles, more or less, with power to construct and operate telegraph and telephone lines, for the purpose of its business, and for the public, with power to own, use and operate water powers convenient to the road, for railway and other purposes, and with such powers and privileges as are usually given to railway companies, and with power to lease and operate any other line of railway incorporated by the Province of British Columbia.

Dated at Vancouver, B. C., this 19th day of December, 1908.

COWAN & PARKES,
26-6 Solicitors for the Applicants.

NOTICE

The Kettle River Valley Railway Co. will apply to the Parliament of Canada at its next session for an Act authorizing it to construct a railway from a point at or near Penticton, on Okanagan Lake, in the Province of British Columbia, to a point at or near Nicola, on the line of railway of the Nicola, Kamloops & Similkameen Coal & Railway Company, in the said Province.

E. C. MYERS,
Secretary.
The Kettle River Valley Railway Co.
25-5 Toronto, Ont.

GIRL WANTED.

A girl for general housework; good cook. Apply between hours 12 and 1.
MRS. E. FOLEY BENNETT,
23tf Ellis Street.

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.

Saturday Sunset in Error.

The Saturday Sunset in its issue of the 2nd. inst. displays a lack of knowledge of the British Columbia License laws that is totally inexcusable in what is regarded as one of the most enlightened journals in the province. After quoting an editorial from the PRESS of Dec. 19, which criticised recent actions of the License Commissions of Kelowna and Chilliwack, it swallows an explanation given by Mayor Cawley of Chilliwack without looking into the merits of the case. It says, referring to the article in the PRESS, "Mayor Cawley gives this an absolute denial and states the facts." If the Sunset had looked up that portion of the Municipal Act dealing with the conditions under which a license may be granted, it would have seen at a glance that Mayor Cawley did not state the facts.

The Chilliwack License Commission, taking Mayor Cawley's own statement as to the mode of procedure, acted contrary to law, and the hotels in Chilliwack selling liquor to-day are subject to prosecution under the laws of the province. Section 21 of the amendment of 1908 to the Municipal Clauses Act reads: "No retail liquor license shall be granted under authority of subsection (1), or (3), or (5), or (6) of section 175, (1) in any city or town municipality containing a population of less than one thousand or (2) in any city containing a population of less than two thousand five hundred, and not already having a liquor license when incorporated, unless in addition to the other requirements and provisions in that behalf required by law, a petition or requisition for the granting of such license, signed by at least two-thirds of the lot owners and resident householders, and the wives of such lot owners and resident householders living with them, within the City or Town Municipality in which the premises sought to be licensed are situate, shall be presented to the Board of Licensing Commissioners to whom the application is made for the granting of such license; but the Board of Licensing Commissioners shall not be bound to grant such license if, in the opinion of a majority of the members of the Board then present, the public interests justify a refusal."

The Act distinctly says that a petition or requisition of at least two-thirds of the lot owners and resident householders and their wives must be presented to the Commissioners, and if this is not done the license must not be granted. Such a petition was not presented, and Mayor Cawley and his collegues ignored a petition signed by 218 legal petitioners. Let the Sunset get clearly in its mind that these 218 were entitled to petition, and that the 118 that Mayor Cawley says petitioned were merely the ratepaying portion of the names on the list. It will be seen, therefore, that the taking of a plebiscite of ratepayers, only, would debar 100 persons from their right, by law, of a voice in the question. The temperance people indignantly resented this imposition, and, after consulting together, decided not to vote. The result was that only 19, who could not be restrained, polled their vote against the granting of licenses. The Commission then granted the two licenses on the strength of the 71 votes that were cast by the liquor element.

We merely ask from the Sunset that, before it makes a charge of "mis-statement" against this or any other paper. it first qualify itself to speak with authority. If it wishes to thoroughly acquaint itself with the facts of this particular case, it can get them from Mr. Wm. Savage and Mr. Bridonjack, barristers, of Vancouver, both of whom were solicitors for the temperance people of Chilliwack. It will be found that the statements made by the PRESS were correct, and that the License Commissioners acted without law or precedent in taking a plebiscite in which 100 petitioners were disfranchised, and in granting licenses on the recommendation of 71 voters as against 218 petitioners.

The PRESS is the first paper in British Columbia to espouse the cause of local option and temperance reform. We are, therefore, not surprised that our remarks cut deep, and that we are subject to criticism on every hand. We see our goal ahead of us, nevertheless, and we are going to hew our way to it despite what others may think or say.

The Sunset says in its concluding remarks, relative to the three-fifths clause in the Ontario local option law, "When the time comes, I shall use the influence of this journal to secure a similar provision in any local option bill which may be brought into the Legislature." Why wait for the bill to be brought in? Why not get out and lend that influence to the securing of a local option law instead of waiting for others to do the work and then merely standing back and offering suggestions as to how it should be done? The world has too many such advisers.

The Trumpet Toots.

Various papers throughout the province have recently been directing a hot artillery fire upon the PRESS for certain opinions it has been bold enough to put in cold type. The only reason we can assign for those numerous attacks is that the PRESS has convictions—things rare among newspapers—and, what is even more rare, is not afraid to voice them.

The Keremeos Trumpet, in its issue of Dec. 25, took a side swing at us from its perch upon the fence. If the Trumpet does not wish to join us in a campaign for local option, that is its own business, but why on earth should it devote a column and a half in order to convince its readers that it stands for nothing.

It says, "If the Press or the temperance party will formulate some rational scheme of prohibition, which should, at least, be provincial in its operation, and proceed about its accomplishment in a business like manner we will lend it all the assistance in our power, but local option! Nix."

A good soldier uses the best weapon he can lay his hands on and does not refrain from fight for the little word "if." The Trumpet knows, or should know, that the temperance people of Canada have been working for total prohibition for the Dominion for over twenty years, and see in local option a step towards the acquirement of that end. Were the Trumpet really sincere in its professed friendship to the cause of temperance, it would join hands with the temperance people of the province in an endeavor to get what they can, even if what they are advocating does not fulfill their fullest desires. Our contemporary, evidently, seeing no immediate prospects for prohibition, and wishing to appear well in the eyes of its temperance readers, without offending the liquor interests, pronounces itself in favor of a sweeping measure. It presumes that local option has not proved a success, and expresses the hope that no matter how large a petition may be presented to the legislature that body will not grant a local option law. If local option is not a "rational scheme" and is not a "business like" proposition is it not strange that over thirty millions of people in the United States, nearly all of the Maritime provinces, seven hundred municipalities in Quebec, between three and four hundred municipalities in Ontario and many in Manitoba and Saskatchewan are under local option? Is it not strange that the editors of a few newspapers in British Columbia are the only rational or business like beings on earth? Verily, the Trumpet would have us believe that we are a race of lunatics.

This journal also discredits our intimation that the petition, now being circulated, would be largely signed. Our opinion has already been verified so far as Penticton, at least, is concerned, for over ninety per cent. of those approached so far have unhesitatingly given it their endorsement. The Trumpet further says: "Who ever heard of so-called temperance people placing their principles ahead of their party and exercising their franchise in accordance?" That is a foolish question. Have they not already secured local option in the eastern provinces, numerous states of the union, and even total prohibition in a number of the states?

We are very much pleased that our articles upon this and other questions are attracting such widespread attention. We wish to have this matter particularly talked about, and adverse criticism helps things along. Fire away.

HARRIS NURSERY CO., *Penticton.*

Beautify your lot with some of our shade trees.

We have Elm, Ash, Maple, Catalpa, Mulberry, Black Walnut, and Ash Leaved Maple.

Some perennial shrubs and apple trees left.

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.

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.

RUBBERS!

This is the season for Rubber Footwear, and so that we will carry none over till next season we shall clear out the balance of our stock **at reduced prices.**

Men's Roll Edge "Granby," regular $1.25 **reduced to $1.00**

Men's Storm "Dominion," regular $1.00 **reduced to 85c**

Ladies' Roll Edge "Granby," regular $1.00 **reduced to 85c**

Misses and Children's Storm Rubbers . . . **50c**

Men's Railroad Rubbers, an extra heavy sole and uppers; should last two seasons; regular $1.65 **reduced to $1.45**

W. R. King & Co.

Phone 25. Ellis Street.

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Ranges, Cooking Stoves, Heating Stoves.

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PENTICTON HARDWARE CO.

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INSURANCE INSURANCE

ANGLO-AMERICAN

And other reliable Companies represented. Policies written up from

10% to 20% BELOW ORDINARY RATES.

Your business solicited.

F. H. LeQUESNE, Mgr. Penticton Saddlery Co.

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Unless you want a bona fide

S-N-A-P

A few single acres for $325.00 each, twice plowed and seeded in oats.

3 ten acre lots cheap.

DON'T come to SEE

me unless you know a good thing when you see

IT.

W. F. H. SWINTON,

Assignee,

Penticton.

J. T. ARMSTRONG

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GALARNEAU & McKENZIE

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When you think of building look us up.

ADOLPHUS GALARNEAU W. A. McKENZIE

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Best $5.50 Gents' Fine Shoes for $4.00.

H. OLIVER'S Shoe Store.

DIRECTORY.

CHURCH SERVICES

St. Saviour's Church, Fairview Avenue; Vicar, Rev. J. A. Cleland. Celebration of Holy Communion the 1st and 3rd Sundays of the month after 11 o'clock matins; the 2nd Sunday at 8 a. m. Morning prayer at 11 a.m. Evensong at 7:30 p.m.

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.

POST OFFICE

Hours 9 a. m. to 6. p. m.

Registered Letter and Money Order wicket closes 5 p. m.

Wicket opened for half an hour after mail is distributed.

Arrivals—Per Str. Okanagan: Daily except Sunday 6 p. m.; Per stage from Hedley, Keremeos, Olalla, Allen Grove, Oroville, Fairview, and White Lake: Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 6 p. m.

Closing—For boat and stages: 8 p. m. daily except Friday and Saturday. On Friday 9 p. m., and for Monday's boat and stages 8.45 p. m. Sundays

C. P. R. TIME TABLE

SHUSWAP & OKANAGAN BRANCH

Daily both ways except Sunday.

SOUTH BOUND	STATIONS	NORTH BOUND
7.30 a. m.	Sicamous	6.00 p. m.
6.27 "	Enderby	4.48 "
8.52 "	Armstrong	4.08 "
8.30 "	ar. Vernon lv.	3.30 "
9.30 "	lv. Vernon ar.	2.30 "
9.45 "	ar. Ok. Landing lv.	2.15 "
10.00 p. m.	lv. Ok. Landing ar.	11.00 a. m.
11.10 "	Kelowna	8.20 "
3.00 "	Peachland	7.25 "
4.45 "	Summerland	6.30 "
6.00 "	Penticton	6.00 "

HOTEL PENTICTON.

First-Class Accommodation For Tourists or Commercial Men.

RATES $2.50 PER DAY

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Notary Public.

KELOWNA, - - B. C.

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The Plow Woman

By ELEANOR GATES,

Author of "The Biography of a Prairie Girl."

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The interpreter thanked his stars for the bull's maneuver. The grove would give him shelter. He could dodge behind a friendly trunk or shin cue to safety. He

Simon had stopped to indulge in more whiplash waltzing, and the arm weary Matthews could scarcely keep his hold "Ma-a aw, ma a-aw!" roared the bull Then discouraged, he shot forward again

But now fright consumed him, and he lost thought of scratching free of his tormentor. His red eyes were popping from his curly face His mouth was wide. His tongue lolled. With great jumps he sped straight through the grove.

It was all too swift for calculation. Matthews was conscious only of a great wind, of an invisible power that bound him to that bull's tail, of a dull roar in the ears, a blur in the eyes—

Simon leaped the hedge of fruit hung grapevines, poised for a second on the brink of the river's caving bank—his feet together, his neck stretched Then the red of him disappeared, and after it the more vivid tuft at the end of his tail

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IT was old Michael who fished the interpreter from his unwelcome bath Choking with rage and spewing muddy water, Matthews was hauled into the stern of a pirogue. There, while the pilot rowed slowly to the Brannon shore, he stretched his sorry, bedrabbled figure—a figure in striking contrast to that of an hour before. His handkerchief hung upon one ear, his red shirt clung, his buckskin trousers, dark and slick from their sousing, bellied with water let in at the band; his bright topped boots spurted like pump nozzles, his pale hair straggled and dripped into his eyes.

When the boat touched at the steamer side, he raised himself to look back. Simon was leisurely ascending the cut and reaching to left and right for tender wisps of vine. Matthews gave his hard laugh. "I'll make meat of you," he promised savagely. Then he turned to Michael.

The Irishman was leaning back, steadying his craft against the bank with one hand, holding his stub pipe out in the other. His blowzy face was blowzier than ever. Down it, from his closed lids, ran the teardrops, chasing one another into the black notched cavern of his mouth.

Here was a culprit handy to the moment's anger Matthews arose in his squashing boots. "You lop eared son of a gun, who you laughin' at?" he demanded.

The cavern widened till the face was split in two. "W-w-w-ah!" gasped the pilot.

"Maybe you think it was funny," said the interpreter, with suave heat Cunning deviltry disturbed his features, and, stepping forward in the boat, he kicked Michael on a bunion.

Pain sobered the pilot. With a roar of "Howley smoke!" he swung his paddle aloft.

The interpreter was too quick for him. Like a frightened muskrat he sought the water, floundered to a solid footing and waded out. "You will monkey with a buzzsaw!" he taunted. "Jus' wait!"

Clinging to his injured foot, old Michael rocked himself and cursed, but not for long. He was soon rambling toward the barracks, "for," he argued, "there's more 'n wan way t' kill a cat."

In a frontier post news flies with the dust in the air. Soon the story of Matthews and the bull had spread to every soul at Brannon. The line chatted it from gallery to gallery. Clothespin row digested it in hilarious groups. At barracks it set the men to swapping [illegible] "I knowed a feller onct that [illegible] goin past a bull pen," declared [illegible] trooper, "and he had a pail of [illegible]ies and I'll be darned if"— "But [illegible] Down home one time," put in a second, "there was a vaquero with a [illegible] sash that was stoopin' to fix a [illegible] girth, and"— "Why, that ain't a [illegible] spot to what happened in Kansas a year ago this summer. The purtiest gal I ever seen—you know them Kansas gals can be purty—she had a wig [illegible] 'd keep your hands warm in Jan- [illegible] Well"—

[illegible] however, the surgeon recounted the story at the bachelors' noon [illegible] mirth over it was noticeably [illegible]. To the little circle of officers there was nothing comical in the fact that a man from the post had molested the girls so recently orphaned. And all save Fraser vo[illegible] stormily that Matthews would be [illegible]ed to account. The young lieutenant said nothing.

Before the meal ended the interpreter came in. He had changed his clothes and restored his hair to its pristine smoothness. He gave the group his usual bob and smile.

Cold stares answered him—from all but one, who fairly bounded from his chair It was Fraser, face red, shoulders working under the blue of his uniform. He planted himself before Matthews.

"You d—d blackguard!" he gasped

The other looked highly amused "What's got into your craw, sonny?" he inquired.

"You d—d blackguard!" repeated Fraser, and struck out

An amazed and delighted mess room looked on, for Fraser, the tender hearted Fraser, the pink cheeked "mamma's darling," was battering the interpreter hammer and tongs

From the door, ay the captain's voice interrupted the battle and the two men were pulled apart Matthews fell to wiping at his stained lips, which had magically puffed to proportions suggesting those of the colonel's black cook, while the lieutenant was panting and struggling wildly to get free

Oliver thrust the latter behind him and addressed the interpreter "I'm not stopping this boy because I don't think you need a sound thrashing," he said. "I'd like to see you walloped within an inch of your life But I can't have this kind of thing going on."

"I wasn't g[illegible]

lisped Matthews. "I ain't no city tough."

"We shan't need your services at Brannon any longer You light out."

After that mess went merrily on. "Didn't know you had it in you, Fraser," marveled one officer. "By cracky," added a second, "how you can slug!" The surgeon sighed. "No one has ever understood Robert," said he, "but women, critters and kids."

And now Matthews' blood was up, and under his sloping forehead the gray matter was bubbling and boiling like the soup in the sutler's pot. He hurled out terrible oaths against the shack, against Captain Oliver, against Fraser, against the old pilot Dallas Lancaster had made a cheap spectacle of him. The commanding officer had ordered him to leave Brannon, the "unlicked calf" of a lieutenant had whipped him out of hand, and the man most ready to guzzle his liquor had gone through the barracks a-blabbing.

He hurried to his room to pack his belongings. "I'll fix 'em! I'll fix 'em!" he raged. "I'll git even with the hull crowd."

He halted at a window and looked across the Missouri at the little shack. "When the reds go to the reservation, that'll do for you," he said. "But how can I soak them d—d shoulder straps?"

It was then that a change in his plan came to his mind Why wait until the Indians were sent, if—

The more he thought of the change the better he liked it "One deal and everybody fixed Land 'll be mine, and there'll be some court martialin'."

He determined to get into the stockade for a last talk with the hostages. If they approved what he proposed, he would promise them his services Yes, he would. The value of the quarter section had made him fight for the bend. But this was a horse of another color. His pride had been outraged For that he would have his quits.

His conduct earlier in the day and the fight at the sutler's gave place that afternoon to other and more direful news. A steamer touched on its way down the river and told of the Custer massacre. Not a trooper at Brannon but had lost a friend; not an officer but had lost several Gloom settled upon the post, and Matthews was forgotten

He took advantage of that. Before an order went out to prevent him he went through the wicket of the sliding panel and gathered around him the four chiefs named in Cummings' ultimatum. They were more sullen, unhappy and discouraged than ever. A few words and he had them breathless with interest.

"You must look to me alone for freedom now," he said. "There has been a great battle in the valley of the Greasy Grass. Custer, the Long Hair, met Sitting Bull and his allies, and Custer and all his men are dead."

Ho-hos of joy greeted the announcement.

"Yet this is not good for you. There will be other battles. Your brothers will have no time to come and rescue you. Even your friends, the Scarred Arms, will not help, for it is said that the Cheyenne warriors are gone to join the Sioux"—

"What of the two white squaws that were captured?" asked Shoot-at-the Tree anxiously. "And what of us—is there danger?"

"The women are still with your people, and who knows what may happen soon? So I come to speak of your delivery I shall get you free—you shall free my land"

"But our women," suggested Standing Buffalo, his eyes straying toward a tent at the stockade's center "They go free too?"

"That is impossible But what does it matter? When you are gone your

'You will know by a sign.'

women and children will be cared for—put upon a reservation From there you can steal them back."

"But how can we get free?" inquired Lame Foot "Tell us quickly."

Matthews drew the four chiefs heads together and whispered to them

After a time all rose

"Shall we have guns?" inquired Canada John

"No—bows and arrows. I can get them and hide them in my board lodge across the river"

Lame Foot pouted "Our brothers who are fighting have fine new rifles from Standing Rock"

"Rifles I cannot get," said Matthews

"[illegible]" said Standing Buffalo, "i[illegible] we [illegible] and get our bows [illegible] pony soldiers [illegible]

"Bah!" retorted the interpreter. "Am I like a pig for sense? The smoking canoe shall be gone."

The chiefs nodded.

"I must go," added Matthews. "There is no time for the pipe Remember, if you are discovered trying to escape I know nothing of it. Then I shall try another plan. And keep everything from Squaw Charley He is a friend to the pony soldiers He may tattle"

"And your reward," said Canada John softly "It is that the Plow Woman and her sister shall be"

Matthews put a finger to his lips "You will free my land," he said

"When the night comes?" whispered Lame Foot They pressed about Matthews, taking his hands

"When the night comes," he answered, "you will know by a sign Let a warrior keep watch for it shall come when the moon dies It shall be the call of a mourning dove"

CHAPTER XXIX

BISMARCK nearing at last. Since dawn Lounsbury's head had been poked from a window of the forward car Now he followed it with a wedge of shoulder and muttered a fervent "Thank God!" His face was blackened by the breath of the engine his hair was roughed by the tugging wind, so that he bore not a trace of the past month's careful grooming Outside of Chicago he had shed his [illegible] for blue flannel shirt, dark breeches and tall boots Again he was a frontiersman

A brakeman es[illegible] to call out the final stop Cra[illegible] here and there slowly [illegible] their sleepy lengths and gazed around A slim recruit in a front seat who was outward bound to fight Indians awakened with a protesting oath [illegible] occupants of the car grudging[illegible] packs, but cheerfully clapped on their hats A long hot journey was done

But Lounsbury when he drew in his head and shoulders delayed his preparations to alight He reached down to a boot leg and fished out a letter, one paragraph of which he carefully reread

"As I say, if you look for that rascal, you'll find the right man He was here, for Charley saw him Who was it? I asked the Indian What do you think he did? He crossed his fingers on his nose!"

Lounsbury took a deep breath "It's likely," he said aloud "It don't take courage to kill a cripple."

The wheels were yet turning when Lounsbury swung off His looped belt had been buckled on, and once more his revolver hung handily upon his thigh. As he tossed his satchel to the ticket agent he gave the ".45" a swift look over. Then, with the expression that the Clark outfit respected showing through the grime of the train, he started on a tour of saloons

In a square fronted groggery his hunt ended. An assortment of adventurers packed the place mule skinners, soldiers, gamblers, settlers. Among them was a sprinkling of women. He pushed his way through the crowd until he reached the bar. There, officiating in pink shirt sleeves, was the "Babe."

A moment Lounsbury faced him in silence, his cheeks puffing and his chest swelling in an effort at self control. Then, dropping his hand to the ".45," he gave a jerk of the head. "Come out," he ordered.

The "Babe's" squint eyes made separate inspections of the room. He was in the act of pouring from a bottle to a glass. Now, as he held them before him, they tinkled together.

His customer backed away to the door, where it was cooler. The women cluttered at the farther bar end. The other loungers rotated to a position behind Lounsbury and waited, all agrin.

He came loafing out, the sweat standing in huge beads upon his nose. Lounsbury advanced to him, playing a tattoo along the bar with his left hand.

"'Babe,'" he said quietly, "the train goes back Chicago way in the morning."

The other blinked and gulped. "W'y, w'y"— he began.

"You take it," continued Lounsbury. "Your family's getting darned unpopular here."

The "Babe's" diverging orbs popped from his face and again played from side to side.

"Y-e-e-s," drawled Lounsbury. He ripped open the other's vest. Two pistols were displayed snuggling head to head. He plucked them out and kicked them across the room. "The morning train," he repeated. "So long."

"Babe" gave a weak nod Lounsbury walked out. "Howdy, boys; howdy," he said pleasantly as he went. The admiring crowd returned his salute and rotated back to the bar.

He wasted no further time, but hurried to his store, a saddle roofed building farther along the street. Before it paced a Fort Lincoln officer Lounsbury stopped him for news.

"You ought to be chuck full of it," returned the officer, pumping the storekeeper's arm, "just in from New York."

"The redskins?"

"Daytime sortie on us yesterday."

"Pretty sassy How about Brannon?"

"Nothing since old Lancaster"—

"I heard that—Fraser wrote me." Lounsbury gritted his teeth.

"And our poor Custer?"

"Ah, poor Custer! The east's talking about nothing else."

"Awful! Awful!" The officer turned away to hide the twitching of his face

"Going to Lincoln now?" asked Lounsbury

"Not right away."

"Then I'm off."

"For Lincoln?"

"No; for Brannon"

"Brannon! Alone? Lounsbury? Why the Indians"—

"I'm going just the same." He hailed a neighbor to bargain for a cayuse of reputed wind and speed, and in another half hour he was ready.

He rode as light as possible. Behind the cantle rolled in a poncho he tied some hard tack, jerked beef and brandy. His revolver was re-enforced by a Henry, which he carried in a holster under his leg For the ".45" he took fifty rounds. A second fifty, designed for the rifle, occupied the loops of his belt Thus armed and provisioned he jogged out of town.

Good fortune made the journey almost uneventful. He saw but one Indian, who loped into sight from a wooded bottom and turned tail when Lounsbury leveled his gun. Twice only did he come upon signs of savages. Toward the middle of the first night he passed a pile of glowing embers, where food had been cooked and eaten, and fifty miles lower down, the next afternoon, as he dismounted at a rivulet, the cayuse shied from an antelope kid that had dragged itself to the water for a last drink There was an arrow through its neck, and the little body was still limber.

Just before dawn the second morning he turned with the river, crossed the coulee and reined upon the yellowing bend To his left, a black dot, stood the shack Three smaller dots were near it Simon and the mule team South, on the opposite bank, were the low whitewashed buildings of Fort Brannon He bared his dust powdered head in thanksgiving.

The cayuse was warm and dripping. He rode to Shanty Town, loosened the cinch and led the animal up and down before the deserted huts When it stopped blowing and reached for grass he picketed it on a lariat north of the Trooper's Delight Then he descended to the building The light was growing Already he had been seen from the post On his hallooing a small boat shoved off toward him, dancing its way against the current. Old Michael was not in it only his citizen helpers Fearing their tittle-tattle, Lounsbury curbed his impatience to ask about the shack Landed, he made for the "bach" quarters on the line.

Fraser was not up To his "Come in" Lounsbury entered They shook hands without a word, and the storekeeper sat down on the edge of the bed

After awhile the lieutenant reached out to put a hand on the other's knee

"Lounsbury," he said, "I feel like a criminal, but I never dreamed anything would go wrong if I kept track of Matthews"

"Why, we both thought that, Fraser You're not to blame any more than I am."

"Oh, if I'd only"—

"But we can't spend any time kicking ourselves After this there mustn't be a loophole Besides watching Matthews, we must"—

"Matthews isn't here."

"What?"

"Kicked out We don't know where he is" Rapidly Fraser related the story of Simon's gallantry.

There was another piece of news of lesser importance An Indian girl named Brown Mink was seriously ill Her wigwam had been moved to the western curve of the stockade, where the ground was clear, and been changed from tepee shape to the form of a walled wickiup. Mrs Cummings, touched with pity, had sent her a comfortable bed, while Captain Oliver, touched no less and pleased by the good humor of his prisoners, had ordered that during the daily search of the inclosure the tent of the sick girl be left entirely undisturbed.

The young officer omitted to tell of his share in the interpreter's departure and was distracted over an accident that had befallen him On visiting his wild pets the previous evening he had found that a box containing reptiles had been broken open somehow and that all his rattlesnakes were gone!

With the first call for the trumpeters Lounsbury routed the sutler in a quest for breakfast Then once more he sought the river. There was no waiting for men to row him He found the small boat, headed for the beach below Shanty Town, mounted the cayuse and climbed the steep road to the prairie Before him on a green stretch between river and shack he saw Dallas.

She was cutting grass in that same swale across which a month before had been tracked the deep planted, labored footprints. As she mowed she moved forward slowly, the bent snathe describing a regular half circle, the long curved blade clearing a fragrant path Her hat was off and lay at a distance behind her where it floated boatlike on some blue stem tops Still farther behind was Simon, cropping industriously and keeping a furtive watch upon his mistress out of the corner of one fiery brown eye.

Lounsbury spurred his horse to a run She saw him coming, but, not knowing him kept her scythe on the swing When he had covered the greater part of the way, however, she stopped work retreated to her hat and put it on Then from beside it she picked up the Sharps

He saw that and his jaw squared The blood [illegible] his face, too, as [illegible] the sight [illegible] him He spurred faster reined so sharply that the horse slid upon its fetlocks and swung off.

"Dallas!" he cried. It was not a greeting, but a plea.

The moment was one long dreamed of, yearned for. A woman less genuine might have met it without a show of feeling. She, outspoken and simple, could not Her eyes swam Dropping the gun, she clasped his hand greedily.

"I knew you'd get back quick as you could," she said, choking

For a long moment they stood thus, hand in hand, looking at each other. She saw that he was changed. The glint of merriment was gone from his eyes His forehead bore new lines. His youth had lost its boyishness With her the past four weeks had also left their mark. The old look of high purpose was on her face. But she was older and graver and wore the new expression that Oliver had seen.

She spoke first. "Your mother?" she faltered inquiringly and withdrew a step.

"My mother—is gone," he said slowly; then, after a pause: "I came right after that; didn't stop to settle things. I can go back to the states later But if I'd been here sooner—it mightn't 'a' happened"—

She checked him gently. "Now, you got enough to worry you without us. We wouldn't go to the fort or Bismarck, and that was the whole trouble." To excuse her father and to take the blame herself, she told him of the refusal of David Bond's money and of Mrs. Cummings' slight.

"You see," she explained earnestly, by way of putting the best possible color to the latter episode—"you see, they think over there that we're trash. So they're bound to let us alone. It ain't that they haven't good manners"—

It was Lounsbury's turn to interrupt. He was tramping about. "Manners!" he said violently. "Manners! What's manners to do with it? There's a lot that's good manners—and cursed bad heart!"

She took up the scythe, brought a whetstone from the depths of a pocket and ran it down the blade thoughtfully

"I'm going to look into this whole business from first to last," he went on more quietly "I'll spend the next few days investigating. You got my letter?"

"We went to Clark's for you and got it there" She added that she had [illegible] Braden and spoke of his slack [illegible]

"Oh, well," he said, partly in apology for the real estate agent, "if a man [illegible] don't take off his hat to a [illegible] that means nothing"

"It wasn't the hat," she answered, [illegible] Braden's further conduct

Lounsbury blazed up again. "I'll see about that, too," he declared. "He must be another sample of imported manners."

They heard the cheery grinding of a coffee mill As if struck by a thought, he looked toward the shack.

"It's about time for me to go in," she said, a little flurried. Then: "Won't you come, too, and take a snack with us? Marylyn 'd like to see you."

"Marylyn!" He had read her meaning. "Why, Dallas, you don't mean to say that you—that she still"—

"Yes," very low.

"Well"—Lounsbury was determined now—"there's got to be some kind of an understanding I told you how I felt, and you ran away from me. You shan't do it this time. I'll go to the house, and I'll tell Marylyn just how things are. I will."

"Oh, my baby sister!" she murmured.

Instantly he was all gentleness. "No, no; I won't tell her," he said. "But I'm sick and tired of being tied this way, hand and foot. It was your father first, and now this again—Dallas!"

She could not answer him.

"I won't tell her. I'll wait till—till you do But you see that I can't go to the house. And I suppose I oughtn't to stay here any longer for her to see. But I'm coming back here tonight at taps."

She shook her head. "Marylyn would be alone," she said hastily, "so—so I can't."

"You will; I know you will. She'll be asleep."

"No—no"—

"At taps, Dallas." He touched the hand that held the scythe upright. She thought all at once how worn he was and white. Another moment he had mounted and was cantering off.

Left alone, she dreaded going in to breakfast, expecting a hurt silence or passionate protests, perhaps tears, and she tried to find it in her heart to blame Lounsbury for not accompanying her

But Marylyn welcomed her with a question or two, exclaimed sorrowfully at the news of Lounsbury's mother and when the elder girl explained that the storekeeper had been too busy to come to the shack returned a faint smile.

"The brave baby!" thought Dallas.

But Marylyn was puzzling over Lounsbury's true reason for staying away—now when their father was not there to object. He had told Dallas he was busy. That, however, was only a pretext. Finally she concluded that Fraser, in spite of his promise, had made a confidant of the storekeeper and that the latter had seen the hopelessness of his affection for her.

"I'm glad," she said to herself. "Now I won't have to tell him."

Lounsbury pursued a feverish investigation that day and found no one who cared to quibble with him. From the captain, never jealous of his dignity, to the rolly poly sutler there was a very outrush of facts. As they came he received them with pitchfork sharpness, examined them and tossed them aside, which led a wag to remark that the storekeeper was kin to Simon. Yet when retreat sounded he admitted himself hedged in by indisputable testimony. Lancaster's death was beyond easy solving. If Matthews were guilty he was not the principal, only an accessory, to the crime. Nevertheless could the storekeeper have come face to face with the interpreter that day scores would have been settled.

To Dallas, laying the blue stem of the swale, the hours of the morning went slowly. Yet how warm and golden they seemed! How tuneful the birds! How cottony white the clouds that flecked the sky! How pleasant the long, hushing sound of the scythe! And all the while she thrilled with expectancy, and the minutes hung upon each other as if loath to pass.

The very keenness of her joy brought a swift revulsion. At dinner, with Marylyn sitting across from her she began to see more clearly She realized she had been dreaming, that for her there was only self denial She ate nothing, but drank her dipper thirstily, as if to wash away a parch in her throat. Back in the swale again, the scythe was swung less steadily, but with more strength, so that its sharp tip often hacked up the ground. She pulled her hat over her eyes, forbore glancing toward the fort and fought. A thousand times she vowed she would not meet Lounsbury that night. To give herself a better whip hand she called up pictures of Marylyn—Marylyn, the baby, all dimples and lisping demands for "Dals;" Marylyn, the child, slender, yellow haired, pale; Marylyn, entering womanhood, still dependent, and in her frailty, her pensiveness, more dear than ever before.

Then, with the sun beating upon her, with her temples streaming and throbbing under the heat and the strain, Dallas' spirit began to flag. Had she not always borne a hard load, suffered discomforts? There were the women of the post. They knew little toil or privation. The brunt of her mother's loss, her father's taking, had fallen upon her. Was she always to have only sorrow? Now, when happiness came her way—a happiness that another might not have—must she be denied it? Disheartened, dizzy, she left the swale for the shade of the nearest trees.

It was the hottest part of the day, and the life of the prairie seemed at a standstill. No breeze stirred the high cottonwoods; the corn blades were quiet; the birds songless; the frogs hid. Resting on the fading green, looking out upon the silent reaches, she grew calm. Then she remembered her sister's confession. Again, in fancy, she was leaning down in the light of a winter fire, looking into a tear stained face. She felt humiliation for her own weakness and for thoughts disloyal to Marylyn.

"When I see him again I'll make him promise to come and visit her," she said. "Oh, he must! He must!" At last, renewed in spirit, she returned bravely to her work.

But the afternoon was not without its tormenting thoughts. And she, who feared no physical danger, quailed before a temptation that was overwhelming.

When the shack pointed a stubby finger toward the east and the mules, with Simon in tag, came trailing home from their grazing Marylyn called her. Near the door there wafted out the good smell of corn pone and roasting fowl. She drew up the well bucket hand over hand and washed in its generous leak.

(To be continued.)

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

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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,
12-tf Potlatch, Idaho.

NOTICE

Osoyoos Land District. District of Yale.

TAKE NOTICE that T. R. Whitfield, of Summerland, occupation farmer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described land:

Commencing at a post planted at the southwest corner of Lot 3952, thence west 20 chains; thence north 20 chains; thence east 20 chains; thence south 20 chains to point of commencement, and containing 40 acres, more or less.

THOMAS ROBERT WHITFIELD.

Dated 28th December, 1908.

ALLEN GROVE.

Alex. Ford, returned home by Tuesday's stage, from Vancouver.

Messrs. W. H. Crook and R. L. Allen spent New Year's Day with Angus Smith.

Miss E. Farleigh leaves here on Saturday for Penticton, to attend school.

G. A. Clark, wife and son spent New Year's with friends in Okanagan Falls.

The thermometer took a dip down below zero on Tuesday.

Carl Nelson has gone to Penticton to spend a few months.

PEACHLAND.

Miss Young is at present teaching our primary department until a teacher is available.

Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Pollard attended the ball at Naramata on New Year's Eve, and report a very pleasant time. While there they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Welband.

The "Old Timers" gave a ball in the Hall Tuesday evening which was thoroughly enjoyed and well attended.

W. A. Lang went to the coast Tuesday for a couple of weeks on business.

Mrs. J. R. Brown, of Summerland, was the guest of Mrs. J. B. Robinson over Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. Lipsett and Miss White, of Naramata, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Robinson over New Year's.

A jolly party of skaters went to Hardy's Lake the second of the new year and found the ice in good condition.

Miss A. Elliott, teacher at Westbank school, returned to her duties at the beginning of the term, after spending the holidays here with her mother.

Here are some more books recently added to the Peachland Reading Room Library :—The Modern Reader's Bible, children's series; Life of Wolfe, by Bradley; A Half Century of Conflict, by Parkman; The Transvaal from Within, by Fitzpatrick; Farthest North, by Nansen, 2 vols.; Water Babies, by Kingsley; Beasts of the Field, by Long; Great Composers, by Elson; Men, Women, and Books, by Birrell; Two Bites at a Cherry, by Aldrich; With Wolfe in Canada, by Henty; The Alhambra, by Irving; To Have and to Hold, Johnston; The Day's Work, by Kipling; The Cuckoo Clock, by Molesworth; Pierre and his People, by Parker; Quentin Durward, by Scott; Tennyson's Poems; The Fertility of the Land, by Roberts; World Pictures, by Menpes; The The Romance of Missionary Heroism, by Lambert; All on the Irish Shore, by Somerville; Just So Stories, by Kipling.

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 untrueness to name.

GIVE US A TRIAL - OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT.

Write for catalogue and price list to our local representative

A. E. BOYER,

KELOWNA, - B. C.

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.

THE PENTICTON DAIRY

Daily delivery of Fresh Milk to all parts of the town.

H. M. McNeill, . Prop.

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 $100.00 to $125.00 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 $150.00 per acre.

Uncleared land suitable for fruit (but stoney and wooded) $50.00 to $100.00 per acre.

Uncleared land quite free of stone, suitable for hay or garden stuff, $100.00 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 $300.00 to $150.00. On Lake Skaha Beach $400.00.

TOWN LOTS

We have a great many excellent buys in town property (business and residential). Anything we show you will advance in value 50 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. MITCHELL'S Bargain List

C. P. R. LAND For Sale.

FIRE INSURANCE

The SUN, of London, England.
LONDON & LANCASHIRE.
NATIONAL.

Why not insure in the best—they cost no more.

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.

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

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

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

4 Acres, Main St., near School, suitable for sub-division. Price very low in block.

10 Acres on Main Street, 2¾ miles south, good hay land, only $2,100.

10 Acres, near Dog Lake, $1,700.

18 Acres, near Dog Lake, $2,000.

OFFICE, - Main Street - PENTICTON, B. C.

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