THE SURREY GAZETTE

Printed and published at White Rock, B. C.

Subscription—Per Year $1.00

Vol 6. Dec. 15. 1916. No. 6

TWO SOLDIERS AND A GIRL

Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady

Jennie McFall had two strings to her bow. That is, she had two beaux on the string.

They were both likely young men, and for the life of her she could not make up her mind which to choose.

Then the war broke out. "Now," she said, "I shall see which is the best man. I'll never marry a man that thinks too much of his precious skin to go and fight for his country. The one that goes first is the one for me."

They went together.

"I'll see which does the best," she said to herself, and waited to hear of one or the other winning the Victoria Cross. Neither did.

They fought well, all the same. Both were wounded, and came home in the same ship, and went to the same convalescent hospital. Tom had lost an arm, and Harry a leg.

Tom was first to get out and visit her. She nearly cried to see his empty sleeve; but she was determined to be fair, and knew that Harry was handicaped for paying visits. So she still waited; and when Harry came in he got just as much sympathy as Tom.

By this time their second fight was on.

The enemy was not Germany now. It was their own human nature.

Naturally, they felt a bit down, and a bit soft, and a bit slack.

Neither of them was a quitter, nor even a kicker.

Neither of them ever came back with a drop too much when they had been away from the hospital for an outing.

Though they did not feel up to much at first, neither of them liked loafing.

Both were quite interested in the carpentery and typewriting and drawing classes, carried on in hospital to fit them once more for a life of activity and independence.

Both of them scouted the idea that a man who had done his bit at the front should rest on his laurels and do as little as possible for the rest of his days.

But there was a difference.

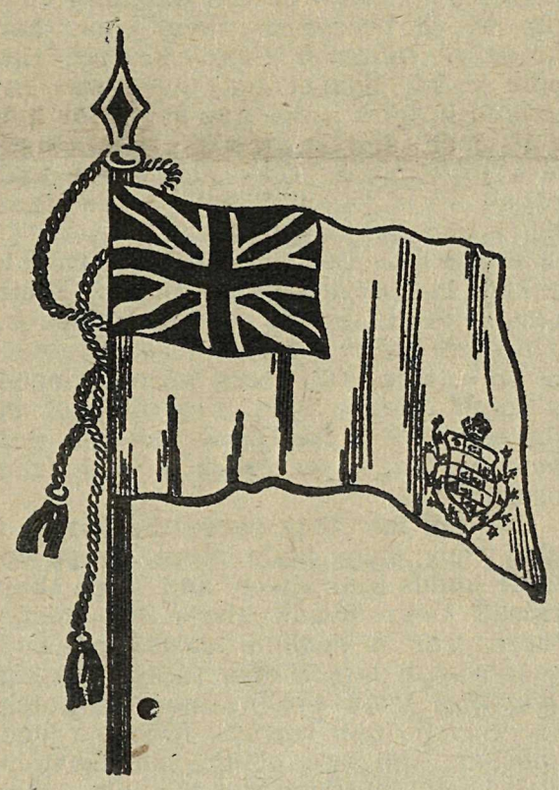
One of them was a shade keener than the other.

Harry had no idea of living on his pension and any casual job he might get to supplement it; but all he aimed at was to earn as much as he had been earning before.

Tom made up his mind to do more with one arm than he had ever done with two. The more he was handicapped, the more resolved he was to win——

Is there any need to finish the story?

Canada's Christmas Toast



God save the King:

"FOR HOME AND COUNTRY"

God save our splendid men,
Send them safe home again;
God save our men.
Keep them victorious,
Patient and chivalrous.
They are so dear to us;
God save our men.

Pacific Highway Through Virgin Timber in Surrey.

PEACE

What was the first prophetic word that rang
When down the starry sky the angels sang,
That night they came as envoys of the Birth --
What word but peace, " peace and good will on earth" ?

* * * * * * * * * *

Let mercy speed the hour when swords shall cease,
And men cry back to God, " There shall be peace!"

Edwin Markham

A TENDERFOOT'S WOOING

—BY—

CLIVE PHILLIPPS WOLLEY

(AUTHOR OF "GOLD, GOLD IN CARIBOO," ETC.)

Supplied Exclusively in Canada by The British & Colonial Press Service, Limited.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a glorious and memorable ride for all of them. Four perfect horsemen in a horseman's country. Such a taste of paradise as, in this weary old world, generally precedes trouble.

"How much of this belongs to the Risky Ranch, Mrs. Rolt?" asked Anstruther.

"All of it as far as you can see."

"None of it," corrected Jim, "except a few meadows and some water front on the Fraser as you can't see."

"How annoying you are, Jim. You know what I mean perfectly well.'

"Only you don't say it, and he doesn't know."

"Well, if it isn't yours," persisted the puzzled Anstruther, looking from one to the other, "why should not anyone run their cattle over it?"

"They might if they did not need water or hay. These two Harrison boys are trying it now."

"What Jim means, Mr. Anstruther, is that we have corralled, oh, I beg your pardon, Kitty, secured the exclusive right to all the water and all the hay meadows in the district, and without these the run would not be worth anything. Stock must have water, and in winter must sometimes have hay."

"I see, but how do you keep your cattle. I don't see any fences."

"We don't keep them, they keep themselves, in summer, and in winter—" she broke off abruptly, and pointed to where a number of slow-moving beasts were strung out in line of march towards the river.

"Do you see that band? Those are the first of our beasts coming in. For the next fortnight you will see them wandering in by hundreds. They know the seasons as well or better than we do."

"Do you mean that they have been out all the summer and are coming in now of their own accord?"

"Just that. In all sorts of beautiful little parks islanded in that black timber; in groves shady and deep, by little streams we have hardly seen,, they have dreamed away their summer undisturbed and now they are coming home with their calves behind them, our income."

"It seems easy. Where does the work come in?"

Mrs. Rolt turned laughingly in her saddle to Jim.

"Isn't any work, is there, Jim?"

Jim, who was riding in his shirt-sleeves, with his coat in a roll at the back of his saddle, looked meditatively at his own bare corded arms.

"Might be some in the meadows in sweeter time," he suggested. "Rounding up the strays keeps a man in the saddle quite a while, and there's some don't hanker after too much branding and such like, but it's all in a lifetime. If it is work it is better than any play I ever heard tell of. Guess if I was the boss of the Risky, I wouldn't change places with anyone."

"That is pretty of you, Jim."

He looked at her smiling, no ways abashed.

"I guess the boss agrees with me, and he knows England as well as he knows B.C., and has sampled the best there is to be had pretty nigh all over."

"Yes, but he had his fill of England first, Jim, and he is older."

Her eyes followed the laughing couple which preceded them, as her thoughts followed Combe's, and the pain in his honest grey eyes was reflected in hers. She was sorry for her old friend, and knew that it was useless to explain. The old world had called its own, and both knew that Kitty had listened to its call.

Meanwhile the others had ridden ahead, and were now holding up their hands to keep the stragglers back. They left their horses, and stole quietly on to some tall trees which fringed a small lake, a blue turquoise set in the red gold of the reeds, and islanded amongst the grey green of the sage brush.

For the last fifty yards the boy and girl, they were little more, crept on their hands and knees, and when they raised their heads above the reeds there was a sudden splashing and scurry as a bunch of mallards sprang quacking from the water. In quick succession four reports followed one another, and two of the ducks tumbled back headlong into the lake. For a moment the rest of the birds looked as if they were going straight away, but some foolish prompting of curiosity brought them back, swinging in a circle high overhead.

"Stand still, Miss Clifford," they heard the Englishman say, "now let them have it," and again there were four flashes, but even to the onlookers it was almost impossible to distinguish more than two reports.

Again two birds came down, not all aslant on struggling wings, but with their heads under them, dead in mid air, killed instantly, as if by lightning.

"That's a fine performance, Miss Clifford. Very few girls at home could beat that," they heard Anstruther say. "You were too quick for me."

"What! didn't you shoot?"

"No," he lied gallantly. "See, my gun is loaded still, and he threw open the breach, showing the two cartridges which he had slipped in with the rapidity of an old hand almost as he spoke.

"Then I killed those two myself."

"Unless they died for love of you."

"And who killed the others?"

"I suppose that you did."

"Oh, nonsense; I'm not going to believe that."

"Well, we'll take one each then if I can get them. Give me your hand, please, for a moment," and under the transparent pretext of wanting support whilst he balanced himself upon a partially submerged pine pole, Anstruther managed to retrieve his game.

Perhaps he held the little warm hand a trifle longer and pressed it a trifle harder than the circumstances warranted, but the girl's rosy face registered no serious protest.

"He's a very fluent liar," muttered Mrs. Rolt half to herself as they rode up.

"Bags his game very neatly," answered Jim.

"And she's a little fool," said the lady viciously, but Anstruther neither heard the criticism nor the praise any more than did Kitty.

In their veins the young blood was beating so that their ears were deafened to everything except the measure of one old song, which once truly learned becomes the music of a lifetime.

For them the scent of the sage brush, the hurry and roar of rising wings, and the blue of lonely upland lakes, would be as the keys of paradise as long as they both should live, bringing back dreams with which duck-shooting should have little enough to do.

Unfortunately that song is a duet, and gives pleasure to two only, so that though the pools seemed innumerable, and the glory of the day unstinted, an end came to Jim's loquacity. He was all eyes, but his tongue had failed him.

Suddenly as Jim and the boss's wife followed soberly behind the young r couple, an owl called from the timber which they were now skirting.

The two in front had pulled up, and were waiting for Mrs. Rolt to join them. When they came alongside Anstruther asked:

"Did you hear that owl, Combe? Isn't it early in the day for him to be calling? There do you hear him? He must be quite close to us."

"That ain't no owl,"

"What is it, then?"

"A Chilcoten telling his pals that there are white men coming. You'll see the smoke of their camp as soon as this timber opens up again. I guess I'll ride on ahead," and so saying he put his horse into a gallop.

"Why is he in such a hurry?"

"I expect he wants to get a glimpse of their camp before they have had time to cache anything," replied Mrs. Rolt. "Jim is looking for things not mentioned in the game list.

But when the three reached the Indian camp they found Jim Combe sitting loosely in his saddle, the bridle thrown carelessly on his horse's neck, talking with the utmost good temper to a grey-haired old mummy, as if he were enjoying a gossip in his native tongue.

"Says that the tribe is hungry, that

To be continued.

To Investors

THOSE WHO, FROM TIME TO TIME, HAVE FUNDS REQUIRING INVESTMENT, MAY PURCHASE AT PAR

DOMINION OF CANADA DEBENTURE STOCK

IN SUMS OF $500 OR ANY MULTIPLE THEREOF.

Principal repayable 1st October, 1919.

Interest payable half-yearly, 1st April and 1st October by cheque (free of exchange at any chartered Bank in Canada) at the rate of five per cent per annum from the date of purchase.

Holders of this stock will have the privilege of surrendering at par and accrued interest, as the equivalent of cash, in payment of any allotment made under any future war loan issue in Canada other than an issue of Treasury Bills or other like short date security.

Proceeds of this stock are for war purposes only.

A commission of one-quarter of one per cent will be allowed to recognized bond and stock brokers on allotments made in respect of applications for this stock which bear their stamp.

For application forms apply to the Deputy Minister of Finance, Ottawa.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, OTTAWA,
OCTOBER 7th, 1916.

A REPLY TO GERMANY

WHATSOEVER YE SOW THAT SHALL YE ALSO REAP

THE INFLEXABLE LAW OF NATURE IS - THE DOER MUST PAY FOR THE DEED,

PEACE FOLLOWS REPENTANCE.

Only Heaven means Crowned not Vanquished, when it says " Forgiven " .

THE SURREY GAZETTE

Printed and published at White Rock, B. C.

SURREY MUNICIPALITY

Subscription—Per Year $1.00

C. E. Sands, Editor.

Entered according to Act of Parliament as Second Class Matter at White Rock Post Office.

"Here shall the Press the People's right maintain,
Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain.
Here patriot Truth her glorious precepts draw,
Pledged to Religion, Liberty and Law.
Joseph Story, A.D., 1779.

HOME INDUSTRY

Remember our shop prints;-

Letter-heads *Dodgers*
Envelopes *Programs*
Cards

All kinds of Commercial and Job *Printing* .

CHRISTMAS COMES AGAIN

Yuletide breaks upon the world once more with its song, "Glory to God in the Highest, peace on earth among men good will." That so many a land is stained wtih blood, that battles rage in which millions of men, brothers all, are killing each other by every means the brain of man can devise, makes no difference. Christmas will come.

"Christmas!" One can almost imagine the world saying to it, "What are you? Who believes in you? Who ever heard of your message? Apparently this world's children have little use for words of good will and peace! Blood and iron and ill-will and death —these are the sounds with which our ears are filled!""

But still the Day will dawn as for two thousand years. Its message will steal down through all the roar and din of war, and millions of hearts will hear it and know that against its celestial music jars the wild clamor of strife and war,—know that it is only because men have not believed the message or received the Messenger that they have called good evil and evil good,—know that, after all, love is stronger than hate.

This is the supreme hour for the men of good will. The past they cannot recall—the future they can save.

Never did the world so need the Spirit of Christmas as today.

WITH THE 131st. BATTALION
- Now part of 30th. Reserve -

A draft from 131st - to relieve the 47th. is now in France. Sejt. Anthony, Earle Barge, Edgar Sands, and Ted Thrift are there. Carlisle, Tulley, Holton Sands, Jack Wix remain in England , pro tem. Frank MacKenzie is now Lieut. in 92nd - a kiltie - and is in the front trenches. Dr Manchester is Sr. Medical Officer at Sandling Depot.

THE TENDERFOOT

On another page of this issue will be found four stanzas from a poem entitled "The Tenderfoot."

This poem was first published immediately subsequent to the Boer war, when Canada experienced a rush of immigration.

After the present world war it is certain that Canada will again be the mecca of thousands of home-seekers.

Many of these immigrants will be tenderfeet and it behooves us to be in a position to recognize the sterling qualities of these tenderfeet, though these qualities may be partly hidden under a vneer of old world custom and prejudice.

SURREY WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

The January meeting of the S. W. I. will be held on the 9th instead of on January 2nd owing to the New Year holidays.

The Surrey W. I. obtained $55.00 by the sale of collected "junk." The fifty dollars profit thus made was devoted to the maintenance of the three prisoners of war which the Institute has adopted.

SANDY'S NOTE BOOK

Dear Mr. Editor:

I've come to settle in Surrey. I mean I've come to bide: The carpets ar doon, the curtains are up and the plumber has just left. And the wife says to me, says she, "Sandy, I think I'm going to like this place," and, mind you, my wief thinks before she speaks,. "You had better run around a bit, Sandy, and get acquainted," says she. So one o' the very first things I did was to buy a local paper, and as soon as I got the Surrey Gazette I signed up for the year, thinks I to myself, that'll be the best way to keep abreast o' every thing going on in the place. But, say, Mr. Editor, I got a kind o' surprise when I ran through the paper to find that a lot o' the storekeepers here dinna seem to believe in advertising. I once lived in a place no' half the size o' Surrey, but everybody that had a store or any kind o 'business had his name stuck in the paper; they used to all say it paid them to do it. Still, there's a few that do believe in advertising, for I found the postoffice store run by F. C. Philip, who seems to carry everything in front o' him. Then when I read the name o' David Hughes, the realty specialist, I found in the paper where I could get good winter boots and shoes, and maybe next week I'll take a run up to The Old County Boot Store. I can see there'll be no difficulty about lumber for Campbell River Lumber Co. seem to have a splendid mill. There's the Cloverdale Stores, and Cloverdale looks a pretty nice place too, and then Chamberlain the grocer—he's an enterprising kind o' fellow, I should think. Then there's that Columbia Hotel, which looks a "comfy" sort of place.

Well, Mr. Editor, I'm going to write you now and then, and hope you'll print it, for I'm going to keep a note o' things I see and hear. But dinna be surprised if my next letter is shorter than this one. My father used to say "Sandy, get to the point quick," and mind you, my father was a great man —yes, he was, but I'll maybe tell you more about this again.

SANDY MACPHERSON.

LO! THE POOR EDITOR

A newspaper editor is always between the devil and the deep sea; if he does not do such and such a thing, he is liable to get hurt; if he does, someone else is likely to take a crack at him. An incident of this sort cropped up this week. In certain circles a rather amusing story was circulated about one Dr. Carscadden; it had something to do with cats. Now Frank T. Abey, Ald. S. A. Hunter and W. H. Burgess wanted to see that story published, and threatened the Kootenaian man with withdrawal of their ads and subscriptions, if it was not. The Dr., however, wanted it kept quiet and hinted that if it was turned loose in print, there'd be six pall bearers lugging a dead editor up to the cemetery. Under the circumstances what is a fellow to do? Closing up the dump and going to fight Huns appears so far to be the only way out of a delicate situation.—Kootenaian.

Cases like this are not confined to Kaslo.—The Editor.

Christmas Groceries

THE POST OFFICE STORE

WHITE ROCK, B. C.

F. C. PHILP Prop.

MARRIED

Icombe-Woollvn—On Saturday, November 25, (Nurse) Florence Icombe was united in marriage to Walter Woollvn at the English church, Surrey Center, the Rev. W. S. Gilbert of Surrey, officiating. As both contracting parties are well known and popular residents of this district, a considerable number of friends were present at the ceremony.

The honeymoon was spent in visiting Seattle, Portland, Vancouver, B. C., and other coast cities. On their return the happy couple will take up permanent residence at White Rock.

SEED FAIR

The seed fair at New Westminster is to be held on December 14-15. Particulars concerning entries and prizes may be seen at The Surrey Gazette.

LOCAL NOTES.

A Patriotic Dance - At Cloverdale Friday, December 29.

Much sympathy and sorrow is ex-pressed at the sudden death of Miss K. Draper.

"The local paper should receive the support of the community at large in a very liberal degree for it really is the **most important business in any community.**"

THE TENDERFOOT

(Abridged)

Canada's Hero in Homespun

By Charles E. Sands

They tell of British heroes on Africa's sun-burned veldt
Who fight all day and guard all night, with tightened cartridge belt.
They kept the old flag flying; they painted red the map,
But the hero that I sing of is a different kind of chap.
He comes to learn "the rawnching;" he thinks he knows a lot;
He's English, very English, but he often hits the spot.
He comes to "show the natives" in the last unlimbered West,
But "the natives" do the showing ,and perhaps you'll guess the rest.

He takes the situation with a grim, good-humored "haw,"
And soon learns how to swing the axe, and how to wield the saw.
The hands that once were strong and white and never had to work,
Grow brown and firmer every day; he's never known to shirk.
He used to go to bed at dawn, and rise late after noon;
He now goes to his bunk at dusk, and daylight comes too soon,
For he is cook and chore-boy, too, and has to make the mush,
Cook flap-jacks, plum-duff, Boston beans and coffee they call "slush."

* * * * * * * * * *

He learns and thinks; he fights and wins and in the sturdy West
His name is spoken with respect by those who know him best,
Who love him for his work well done, his worth and kindly strength,
And give the patient Tenderfoot a strong man's place at length.
His former "boss" who broke him in, and set him on his way,
Now comes to him on how to make his farming pay.
He brings his younger brother out; makes pretty May his wife,
And says he finds what most men miss—his Paradise in life.

We're proud of England's soldiers—the khaki and the red
Stir our blood and win our praise, but let it here be said
That our Canadian hero who has made the wilderness
Yield wheat and gold and cattle, is worth a toast no less.
Stand up! Fill glasses! Three times three for the gallant Tenderfoot
Who breaks the sod and clears the scrub and pulls the stubborn root,
Who wars with storm and cold and flood, 'gainst famine, wind and fire,
And wins, by virtue of his blood to his own hearts' desire.

THE VANCOUVER BYE—ELECTION

It is not easy to see what advantage is to be gained by the appointment of a Royal Commission to investigate the alleged illegal practices in the last Vancouver Bye-Election, and at the first blush it is difficult to see how the Government can justify the heavy expenditure which would be incurred, or harmonize it with their avowed policy of retrenchment. The only purpose which can possibly be served is a political one, and few people of either party will consider that at the present time it is justifiable to spend some thousands of dollars for such a purpose. The proposal to appoint a Royal Commission savours too much of an attempt to secure a favorable verdict "out of Court." The Week would not, if it could, deprive the new Attorney General of any satisfaction or advantage which he may derive from such an investigation, but it does question the wisdom of an expenditure of thousands of dollars for a purpose which from the public viewpoint must necessarily be inconclusive, if not futile.—The Week.

Until such time as the cloud overhanging the new attorney-general is raised, or cleared away, he should not have been put in on such a job as that.—Kootenaian.

MINISTER OF MINES

This portfolio has gone to William Sloan, of Nanimo, whose only claim to be called a mining man is that he went to Yukon territory at the time of the Klondike rush, got in on the ground floor, and along with several hundred others of equal ability and good fortune, staked ground that netted him a big clean-up. Outside of this and some possible ecquaintance with a coal mine, he probably has had no mining experience to speak of. He probably does not know the difference between a foot and a hanging wall or a drift and a winze.—Kaslo Kootenaian.

TO THE PUBLIC OF SURREY.

* * * * *

By subscribing one dollar a year and by sending us your printing orders, you will be assisting to support a local industry and materially helping to maintain a "home" paper.

THE SURREY GAZETTE.

WHITE ROCK, B. C.

SURREY MUNICIPALITY

GIVE US YOUR JOB PRINTING

LATE NOTES

Advices just to hand state that Lt. Fk. MacKenzie is with the 102nd, Wardens Warriors, at the Front.

BEAVER

TRAPPERS—Get "More Money"

for Beaver, Foxes, Lynx, Wolves, Mink, Fisher, White Weasel, Marten, Muskrat, and other Fur Bearers collected in your section

SHIP YOUR FURS DIRECT to "SHUBERT" the largest house in the World dealing exclusively in NORTH AMERICAN RAW FURS a reliable—responsible—safe Fur House with an unblemished reputation existing for "more than a third of a century," a long successful record of sending Fur Shippers prompt, SATISFACTORY AND PROFITABLE returns. Write for "The Shubert Shipper," the only reliable, accurate market report and price list published.

Write for it—NOW—it's FREE

A. B. SHUBERT, Inc. 25-27 WEST AUSTIN AVE. Dept C114 CHICAGO, U.S.A.

The Campbell River Lumber Co, Ltd.

WHITE ROCK. B. C.

LUMBER, SHINGLES, AND BUILDING MATERIALS.

DRY AND GREEN STOVE WOOD.

CALL AND GET OUR PRICES

Christmas Greetings.

B. C. Electric Time Card

FRASER VALLEY BRANCH.

Leave Cloverdale for Vancouver—	No. 7 daily	No. 5 daily	No. 3 daily	No. 451 daily ex. Friday	Extra Sat. only
	7.59 p.m.	3:54 p.m.	9.53 a.m.	8:31 a.m.	6:15 p.m.
Arrive Vancouver—	9.25 p.m.	5:25 p.m.	11.15 a.m.	10:15 a.m.	7:35 p.m.
Leave Cloverdale for Chilliwack—	No. 2 daily	No. 4 daily	No. 8 daily	For Jardine— No. 450 daily ex. Fri. & Sun.	Extra Sat. only
	10:00 a.m.	2:17 p.m.	6:57 p.m.	7:55 a.m.	5:35 p.m.
Arrive Chilliwack—	12:15 p.m.	4:20 p.m.	8.40 p.m.		

On Friday, No. 450 and No. 451 are operated as market specials as far as Clayburn leaving Vancouver at 5:00 a.m. and New Westminster at 6:20 a.m., returning leaving Clayburn at 7:35 a.m.

On Sunday, No. 450 leaves Vancouver and New Westminster 20 minutes later than on weekdays.

Saturday evening Owl Special leaves Vancouver at 11:25 p.m. and New Westminster at 12:05 midnight.

Trains No. 3 arriving at Vancouver at 11.15 a.m. and No. 8 leaving Vancouver at 5:30 p.m. are operated through, without change at New Westminster.

Subject to change without notice.

SYNOPSIS OF COAL MINING REGULATIONS.

Coal mining rights of the Dominion, in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, the Yukon Territory, the North-West Territories and in a portion of the Province of British Columbia, may be leased for a term of twenty-one years renewal for a further term of twenty-one years at an annual rental of $1 an acre. Not more than 2,560 acres will be leased to one applicant.

Application for a lease must be made by the applicant in person to the Agent or Sub-Agent of the district in which the rights applied for are situated.

In surveyed territory the land must be described by sections, or legal subdivisions of sections, and in unsurveyed territory the tract applied for shall be staked out by the applicant himself.

Each application must be accompanied by a fee of $5 which will be refunded if the rights applied for are not available, but not otherwise. A royalty shall be paid on the merchantable output of the mine at the rate of five cents per ton.

The person operating the mine shall furnish the Agent with sworn returns accounting for the full quantity of merchantable coal mined and pay the royalty thereon. If the coal mining rights are not being operated, such returns should be furnished at least once a year.

The lease will include the coal mining rights only, rescinded by Chap. 27 of 4-5 George V. assented to 12th June, 1914.

For full information application should be made to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to any Agent or Sub-Agent of Dominion Lands.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.—83575.

THE OLD COUNTRY

SHOE STORE

NEW WESTMINSTER

WINTER FOOTWEAR

J. STEWART. PROP

HOME INDUSTRY

As Loyal citizens of a community we should as far as possible make use of those things produced by our fellow workers: some of the money you spend on Home Products finds its way back to you TRY OUR XXX INVALID STOUT

Westminster Brewery, Ltd.

HOTEL COLUMBIA

Cloverdale, B. C.

ROOMS & BOARD

Mrs. A. Dona Proprietress

SURREY FARMERS' INSTITUTE

H. BOSE SEC. TREAS.

Surrey Centre, B. C.

NOTICE

The Annual Meeting of the Surrey Farmers' Institute will be held at the Municipal Hall, Cloverdale on Tuesday the 19th. December, at 2. p.m.

PROGRAMME

a - President's Report, Discussion thereon; b - Report of Executive;

c - Treasurer's Report; ——— d - Auditor's Report:

e - Suggestions as to holding of regular and supplementary meetings:

f - Election of Officers: ——— g - Suggestions as to Institute Work:

h - Open discussion on the Labour situation;

W.F.Brooks. President.

H.Bose,Sec_Treas.

HALT!

MERELY A CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION

THAT'S ALL

Patronize your "Home" merchants as much as possible this Christmastide and thereby help

Your neighbours to enjoy A Happy Christmas.

If you are not a Subscriber to the Surrey paper, or if your payment is over due, send

Your Dollar in and help

The Editor to enjoy A Happy Yuletide.

The Printer too, would feel happier this Christmas if you gave him your Job Printing work instead of sending

Your orders out of Surrey Municipality.

David Hughes

"THE WHITE ROCK REALTY MAN,"

Opposite G. N. R. Depot,

White Rock, B. C.

Houses for Rent or Sale
Close in Lots, War-time Prices
Acreage Snaps . Insurance
B. C. Telephone Pay Station

Notary Public.

* * * * *

White Rock. B. C.

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Summer and Winter Resort. Climate equal to California. Finest bathing beach on the Pacific Coast. Port of Entry:—H. M. Customs and Immigration. Government Wharf and Pier. Accessable to chief coast cities. Main line, G. N. R. Direct water route to Victoria. Farming community adjacent. Lumber and Shingle mills. Telephone, Telegraph, etc.

WHITE ROCK, B. C.

SURREY MUNICIPALITY

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