★THE SIMILKAMEEN STAR

Thirty-Ninth Year; No. 6 PRINCETON, B.C., THURSDAY, 5th JANUARY, 1939. $2.00 per Annum; 5c per Copy.

★ Mr. George Freeman is down with an attack of lumbago.

★ Mr. E. E. Burr and Mr. Gerald Burr left Tuesday by auto to spend a few weeks in California.

★ Mrs. S. Steele has returned from a short stay at the Coast where she visited relatives.

★ Mrs. Cook is visiting in Coalmont, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ted Cook.

★ Mr. Tom Rabbitt of Tulameen was a visitor to Princeton on Saturday afternoon.

★ Dr. H. T. Hogan of Blakeburn was a patient in Princeton hospital suffering from a stomach disorder.

★ A number of fans accompanied the hockey team to Copper Mtn. on Monday night's special bus.

★ Skating sessions are now held regularly as part of the school's physical education programme.

★ Mrs. J. Hietala had the misfortune to slip Saturday while skating and suffered a dislocated shoulder.

★ Mr. J. L. Ratz of the bank staff has returned from a three weeks' visit at the Coast.

★ Mr. John Lochead, formerly well known in Coalmont and Tulameen, was a visitor here from Vancouver this week.

★ Broomball is proving a mirth-provoking diversion at the local rink and some of our more sedate citizens are hitting rock-bottom.

★ Mrs. Rudychuck of Coalmont Saturday and is a patient in the suffered a broken leg while skating Princeton hospital .

★ From Mr. Roscoe Wheeler, for many years at Hedley, and now in residence in Berkeley, Cal., comes a cheery greeting. He wishes to be remembered to all his friends.

★ Audrey Hayes of Coalmont suffered a broken leg while skating Saturday and was treated in the Princeton hospital. She has been an unfortunate young lady with a broken arm, a borken collar bone, and now a broken leg.

★ Podunk ought to be well enough now to stand this one. It was some years ago, and they were agreeing —as old timers always agree—about the January thaw. Podunk said it wasn't. Other party insisted it was. They "agreed" for quite a spell, then Punk clinched the debate with "Hell, I ought to know; I've seen hundreds of 'em."

★ Const. Hal. Cartmel came to town Monday, and brought his new dog, which looks intelligent enough to be a policeman (and far too smart to be a printer.) Incidentally he (Mr. Cartmel) told a good one. A man came to his door the other day and asked casually, "Does your dog bite?" "Why, no," said the proud owner. "Well," the other replied, with some melancholy, "he just bit me!"

★ A real mystery concerning the old tabby cat is cleared up with the return of Perley Russell to the corner store. The old lady is just about as much a fixture as Perley and has been doing business at the old stand for about a dozen years. She is a prolific producer and almost everyone in the district has a kitten or a kitten's kitten. Perley is a meticulous old gent and the boys were wagering he would have a record of all the offspring in the little black book. But Perley admits with some regret that he slipped up on that one.

★ Mr. F. M. Barnes went into the hospital Monday for a check-up.

★ Mr. G. Pratt of Penticton is a Princeton visitor on railway work.

★ Mr. Russ Howard was a visitor from Penticton on Thursday.

★ A number of Princeton Elks went over to Oliver to assist in their initiation ceremony.

★ Mr. and Mrs. Lawson Hewitt have taken up residence opposite the post office.

★ According to reports the road at Copper Creek is gradually crumbling away through wa er.

★ Mines Inspector J. G. Biggs visited Copper Mtn. and Nickel Plate camps last week.

★ Mr. Robert Brooker has joined the Princeton detachment Provincial police as probationer. Mr. Brooker's home is in Victoria.

★ St. Peter's Catholic community is considering ways and means of building a new church to accommodate its growing needs.

★ Angus Nicholson has returned to his country home at Copper creek after spending the holidays at his town mansion here.

★ Mr. Gordon Currie is temporarily out of action with a strained back and missed Saturday's basketball game at Summerland.

★ Miss Jessie Stenvold has returned to her teaching duties at Fruitvale after spending the holidays at her home here.

★ Arthur Shuttleworth again took heavy toll in his annual cougar hunt, bringing down eight of the arch-enemies of the deer—and the huntsmen.

★ Corp. Robt. Halliday of the B. C. police detachment left this week to take a special course for non-commissioned officers at divisional headquarters in Nelson.

★ Dr. Lee Smith has an excellent practice in Vancouver, and is popular with the sport fraternity. Gordon, who shows real ability with mashie and niblick, is a clerk with a shipping firm.

★ They didn't exactly kill the fatted calf for Albert White when he returned to boarding school in Vancouver, but they dug out a spare turkey and had Christmas for the boys who had "missed it" by going home. Some people have all the luck.

★ Al. Johnstone is now navigating quite comfortably with his broken arm, received in a fall on a slippery path. He did not let the injury interfere with his work. Herman Nelson, who suffered nasty head injuries the same night in the same manner, is now almost completely recovered.

★ It's good to see Perley Russell back at the old stand, and he's perking right up, meeting all the old faces and generally renewing his old interests. He did not relish hospital idleness in spite of excellent treatment, but now he is back among his old haunts he is picking up some of that lost poundage and coming right along. What a terrific beating he took is plainly visible, but Perley will pull round and soon. He stayed with the Avery's for a day or two but is back in his own bachelor digs. He is not working yet of course, Ted Cook still being on the job, and that Perley is completely satisfied is a pretty good recommendation for Ted.

★ Bill Cassidy has returned to Merritt after relieving at the local depot.

★ Stages to Vancouver and Merritt have been discontinued until better weather.

★ The airport had a nice freeze-up but the electrical thawing device soon had the water on again.

★ Mr. H. T. Ross returned on Wednesday after spending the Yuletide with his daughter in the City.

★ Miss Helen Jacobson has returned to her teaching duties at Lillooet after spending the Yuletide holidays at her home here.

★ Johnny Dalton was down with his Blakeburn hockey boys on Friday night, and right proud of them Jack is kind of big brother to the athletes at the mine.

★ Mr. Fred Foster is expected in shortly in connection with the Red Buck difficulties. Mr. and Mrs. Foster have been wintering in old Arizona. Most of the Red Buck crew is still remaining about town.

★ Just on the stroke of midnight the ice in the local rivers went out with the old year. Of course it has formed again, but a December (or was it January?) break-up is most unusual for these parts.

★ Hans Freding was remarking the other day that he and Jim Beatty are the only two left of the crew that worked on the original Hope-Princeton road building. He wonders if he'll see it finished.

★ A Coast visitor ran across George Sing on the Nanaimo boat. George, who used to live here and in Merritt, is now working at Chemainus, V. I. He will be remembered as a promising athlete. Says he is doing nothing along that line now. Was enquiring about Princeton.

★ Mrs. T. M. Wilson returned on Tuesday from a visit to the Coast. she accompanied Mina down, Mina enrolling for a business course in Vancouver. Mrs. Wilson took advantage of the opportunity to spend a few days at her old home in Extension, V. I.

★ Miss Nancy Lockhart returned Wednesday after spending several months in Vancouver where she has been taking a course in beauty culture. She recently passed her final examinations. She stayed with her sister, Mrs. Bill Brown. Both Mr. and Ms. Brown are well known here. They have a spanking little son now.

Lead Wanted

Best prices paid for Clean Battery Lead

The STAR

★ A new lot of books has arrived at the lending library.

★ Mr. and Mrs. Eugene McGillivray have arrived here from Greenwood to take up residence.

★ Miss Clara Foster has entered the service of the Vancouver General Hospital as a nurse in training

★ Costume prizes at the Firemen's masquerade were won by Mr. Bob Aderley and Miss E. Dickie

★ Miss G. Davis of Vancouver has been visiting with her sister, Mrs. John Ewart.

★ Mr. C. A. Howse of Vancouver was a business visitor to Princeton last week.

★ Mr. Roy Curran has returned from Vancouver where he was called by the death of his father.

★ Mr. Andy Wilson has arrived from Vancouver to take the mine run for the Grayhound people.

★ Mr. Cam Smith has returned to town after spending the holidays at his home in Vancouver.

★ Archie Lew suffered a badly cut finger while experimenting with some Christmas toys.

★ Liquor Vendor J. B. Forsythe reports Yuletide sales the best in several years

★ Road Foreman Johnston has hit upon the right idea in sprinkling sand on the sidewalks rather than chipping off the ice.

★ The Misses Betty and Mildred Muir of Vancouver Island were guests of Mrs. Charles Ekloff of Copper Mtn. over the holidays.

★ Miss Agnes Ewart has returned to her studies in Vancouver after spending the holidays at her home here.

★ Mr. A. S. Black was able to leave the hospital this week and is making good progress at home. His brother, Mr. A. H. Black, has returned to Vancouver.

★ Some fifty well-wishers of St. Cuthbert's parish gathered last Friday to tender a reception to Rev. P. R. and Mrs. Ellis, married at the Coast during the holidays.

★ Repeating a pleasant experience of last year, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Ewart and Mr. Sam Ewart left on Tuesday to spend a few weeks in Honolulu.

★ Harry Cunliffe is receiving congratulations on his recent success in gaining his third class papers as a coal mines official. He must be one of the youngest men in the province to hold this award.

★ Some of our radio amateurs are reporting real distance these days—Pennsylvania, Texas and the like. Some of the neighbors remark if they don't cut down on the howl they're likely to get hell. (Don't take it seriously, boys.)

★ Returning from Grand Forks after the holidays, the Boundary party operating the Wagenstein claims had difficulty in making arrangements to have the road cleared and finally had to put up $50 for the expenses of the government tractor.

★ After spending the holidays at his home here, Mr. Fred Pope has resumed studies at the Montana School of Mines at Butte. Fred is scheduled to graduate this year as a mining engineer. Miss Patsy Pope returns to Pullman, Wash., in February to resume her course in business administration.

★ Const. F. Lines was up from Hedley on business Friday.

★ Miss Dolly Waterman has returned to Naramata after spending the holidays with her parents here.

★ Miss Peggy Dolan of Vancouve was a guest at the Gellatly home during the holidays.

★ Stock-taking has been in progress at most local business places during the past week.

★ Mr. and Mrs. Miller and son Tommy spent New Year's with Mr. Miller's parents in Summerland.

★ Mr. Ted Burr went to Vancouver this week and returned with a new truck.

★ Mrs. K. McGillivray has returned to her home afer a spell in the Princeton hospital.

★ Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Smith have returned to Copper Creek after spending the holidays in town. Mr. Alex Broomfield drove them up.

★ Mr. and Mrs. R. Thomas, Mrs. W. Woods and Mr. K. Ahlstrom have returned from a motor trip to Calgary.

★ Mr. Al. Oelrich has returned from a spell at the hot springs and reports his rheumatism much improved by the treatment.

★ Mr. P. W. Gregory has been catching up on underground surveys at the Princeton Tulameen Colliery this week.

★ Fred Waterman, who has been engaged in survey work in the Kootenays for some months, has gone to Seattle to take a short course in engineering.

★ Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Ritchie and son spent the Christmas vacation with Mrs. Ritchie's parents at Revelstoke, also visiting Mr. Ritchie's family at Summerland.

★ Folks up here just don't realize how fortunate they are in the matter of weather. Soggy is just the word that describes the Coast and while a little anamolous, solid the word that describes the rain.

★ The many friends she made in Princeton during her short stay here were interested in the nuptials of Miss Charlotte McConnell which were solemnized in Trail on Christmas Eve. The groom, Mr. Hans Fogh-Dohm Smidt, is, like his talented bride, prominent in musical circles.

★ Now the last decoration is down the last crumb of turkey has disappeared after its fifth offering in different guise, the last necktie has been exchanged, and Poppa has broken all Junior's toys and cut himself thoroughly on the new razor; so there is nothing left to do but pay the bills and wait for another Christmas.

★ You know, one is almost tempted to say it just ain't right the way these old timers bounce back. But then they've had more of that rarified Similkameen air than the rest of us. Perley is making rapid progress after an experience that would have stymied many a younger man. Mr. A. S. Black rallied commendably and Podunk Davis is putting on color. Al. White is getting around a lot more, and up to his old devilment. Old Peter Bennett is still in hospital with a stubborn leg fracture and is not likely to be out before the end of the winter. George Freeman, Belgie and Jim Boothe bear up well, and the rest of the youngsters are so fit they don't even rate comment

Round The Corner

★ An elderly Vancouver man of no particular genius while alive gained a manner of notoriety in death when he chose to make the leap to a more or less uncertain eternity on fumes of gas and to the jingle of poetry.

It is hardly politic to discuss the merits of suicide, but I suppose there is no particular harm in passing out to poetry, so long as it is reasonably good poetry; but in the case at bar it was enough to kill anybody, and from the angle of society quite intolerable that a man should inflict such stuff and live.

Death is profoundly fitted for poetry, but like almost every other fine thing in the arts, it has been superbly done already. There is, for example the superb meditation that Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Hamlet, worn from too much feeling. Quite on the other side there is Rupert Brooke's magnificent thought "If I should die think only this of me There is some corner in a foreign land That is forever England", and perhaps the most beautiful and finest salutation of death in the language is Tennyson's immortal "Crossing the Bar." Truly the man who loves poetry can set himself to die without scribbling doggerel.

★ No live elk for the King; and no beavers. All of which has nothing to do with His Highness emulating the Smith Brothers or joining a lodge.

It is the hang-over of one of those old customs that are often so embarrassing, like kissing the bride, or Pancake Tuesday.

Back in the days of Charles II when the Company of Gentlemen and Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay was formed, it was stipulated in the charter that as tokens from the Company the King must receive two live elk and a pair of black beavers.

The Stuarts, of course, were long on heads and having things draped around their necks, but the gentle George doesn't fancy live denizens of the Canadian wilds, and so, that the spirit of antiquity be not violated, a compromise has been entered upon whereby the monarch receives two elk heads and two beaver skins. It is typically the British way to do things.

No one seems to have hit upon it that since the King will be visiting Canada this year they could turn him loose with a lassoo and a couple of No. 4 traps.

A somewhat similar situation arose in the local police court last week. The prisoner upon confession led the police to the river and indicated where he had thrown the weapon. But meantime the ice had formed and they could not find it and it was missing among the exhibits. The logical solution was to enter the river, but nobody thought of it.

★ There seems to be current a sort of amnesia mania. It should be food for the moralist and the scientist alike.

Without pretense of analysis, it is a safe deduction that this disclosure of mental strain is but a manifestation of a dizzy age where values are distorted, essentials disregarded, all in the name, or rather the illusion, of progress.

It is a vital refuge to the overwrought mind, made taut by too much tension, to just sit and stare. But to-day for those that are in the swim there is no time for mellow meditation; and to those who are out of it, the canvas is bleak and barren of comfort.

But I am not so sure that those from whom the lap of memory has

[Continued on Page Four]

The Duty Of Kindness

PUBLIC INDIGNATION has flared and a protest is in preparation over the leniency of a County Court judge in sentencing Gordon McKenzie, confessed burglar and assailant of a pioneer local merchant to three years on a charge of robbery with violence.

McKenzie, according to the evidence, picked the lock and when surprised at the safe by the elderly merchant, brutally beat him with a hammer almost to the point of death and then took $60 from his pockets. Arrested in a local beer parlor after an excellent bit of detection in which both police and public co-operated, McKenzie was identified with a long criminal record, which included two local jobs. His wife is currently under suspicion of murder in connection with the death of her infant child.

Perusal of the facts uncomprisingly convinces that McKenzie is more than a dog with a bad name; he is a bad dog. The victim of his latest brutality is, moreover, an unusually loveable character for whom such a fate is ill-deserved, and the public's reaction is easily understood. Indeed, in a more exitable community McKenzie's fate might not have been left to the slow and steady wheels of the law.

The practice, none the less, of direct interference, even on constitutional lines, with the processes of the state is, however irked, a dangerous one, and the futility of petitions is well known. But certainly an intelligent expression of passive opinion appears to be in the public interest.

In the first place, sentiment runs strong, and sentiment in the administration of justice, however excusable — even valuable — is always dangerous. It fixes too much responsibility on point of view, and jars the gates of prejudice. It was in all probability sentiment of one kind that motivated the Judge; and it is sentiment of another hue that colors this resentment.

The frowsy doctrine of an eye for an eye is as futile as it is barbarous; and yet the laudable virtue of turning the cheek has too often discovered its weakness. The doctrine of Christian kindness alone can save society from its baser self; and to be kind is sometimes to be severe.

So it is in this case. McKenzie is no broken reed, and yet no man. Humanity must ultimately be good, and no right thinking man could be guilty of Mc Kenzie's atrocity. The Judge rightly takes the view that McKenzie must be salvaged for himself and society; but he goes the wrong way about it. The technique of crime makes sauce of the well-intended appeal to decency, and McKenzie is a hardened criminal. It is the hardening that justice must knock off, to let the light of feeling in, to let the essence of man out, to make McKenzie a self-responsible man; and the way to do it is not with sugar-coated pills of kindness, but with the biting rigor of the lash, the only medicine the hardened criminal knows, who has deliberately shut the sunshine from his soul.

The prospect of the lash, against the gray grimness of solitary walls would start the wheels of Mc Kenzie's consciousness moving where no amount of kindly oil would stir them, and once the wheels are free the time is ripe for the oil. The wrong prescription has been given McKenzie, and without benefit of petitions it is to be hoped the Attorney-General, in whom responsibilty lies deep, will realize it.

Mussolini and Chamberlain

THE conference between Mussolini and Chamberlain has broken down as intelligent observers knew it must, and the European tension, falsely softened by the Munich desertion has increased to the point where the facts must soon be faced.

The conversations between Chamberlain and Hitler on the one hand and the English peacemaker and Mussolini on the other are hardly comparable. One was emergency, the other eventuality. Peace-loving Chamberlain realizes that eventually the dictators will have to be faced, and, with no immediate threat of war involved, he is facing them. At Munich it was not so. War was imminent.

Eventually the dictactors will have to be faced. Chamberlain hopes to meet them with passive rather than active force; and time is his best ally.

Hitler plans to dominate central Europe; Mussolini the Mediterranean. Both ambitions impend danger not only to Britain but also to world peace; for a war involving the great powers is to-day a world war. Especially is the Mediterranean vital to the Empire. Chamberlain cannot throw away any cards here.

The balance of world peace—democracy itself—lies in the unsuspecting hands of the new world nations, especially the United States. The Monroe Doctrine is outworn. It was never worthy of a nation of the world and its small usefulness vanished with the advent of modern instruments of war.

Futile though its efforts—and they only go to show the barbarism and hypocrisy of our age—the League of Nations, in concept, was the one real guarantee of peace, and all hope for this effort to outlaw war died with the Ethiopian sanctions debacle To our eternal shame let it be remembered that Canada led the inglorious desertion in its denial of a delegate who did his duty.

SPELL

Cold hooded silence lingered light
Upon the folded wings of night,
A star its silver sonnet trilled
And all the wheels of care were stilled.

The goblet slipped from weary lips
Like drooping sails of dim marged ships;
The senses drooled, the waking train
Distilled like gentle April rain.

It was a slumber soft but deep,
The ecstasy of shadow-sleep,
That slow dissolved the lore of men
And bubbled in a mistier ken.

Upon the purple flood that brimmed
Within the goblet, golden rimmed
It floated in a dim delight,
With new perception, airy light.

The hooded vapors rose and fell
On starry isles of asphodel
Soft smokes from aromatic fires
Ensconced the lilt of lazy lyres.

E'en such a soft and stilly dew
The lotus eaters never knew;
E'en such a magic mist could bend
The stern Ulysses from his end.

The lavish laugh, the truant tear,
The poignant pains of care and fear
The beating bosom, furrowed face,
All these were foreign to its grace.

It was the mood where senses blend
And feeling still, ne'er comprehend;
Ambition winnows on the wind,
And languor is with love entwined.

* * *

A waking wind of wonder stirred;
Anon the starry vision blurred;
The phantom crashed in milky spray
Upon the brightening rim of day.

Correspondence

CORRECTION

Editor, The Star:

In the story about myself in the "Similkameen Silhouette" series, a minor inaccuracy occurred, which for the sake of record should be put right. In the chase of the cowboy who shot Newlands it was Bill Scorover who arrested the culprit, not the man who shot him. His friends might not like the assertion for he was a fine man.

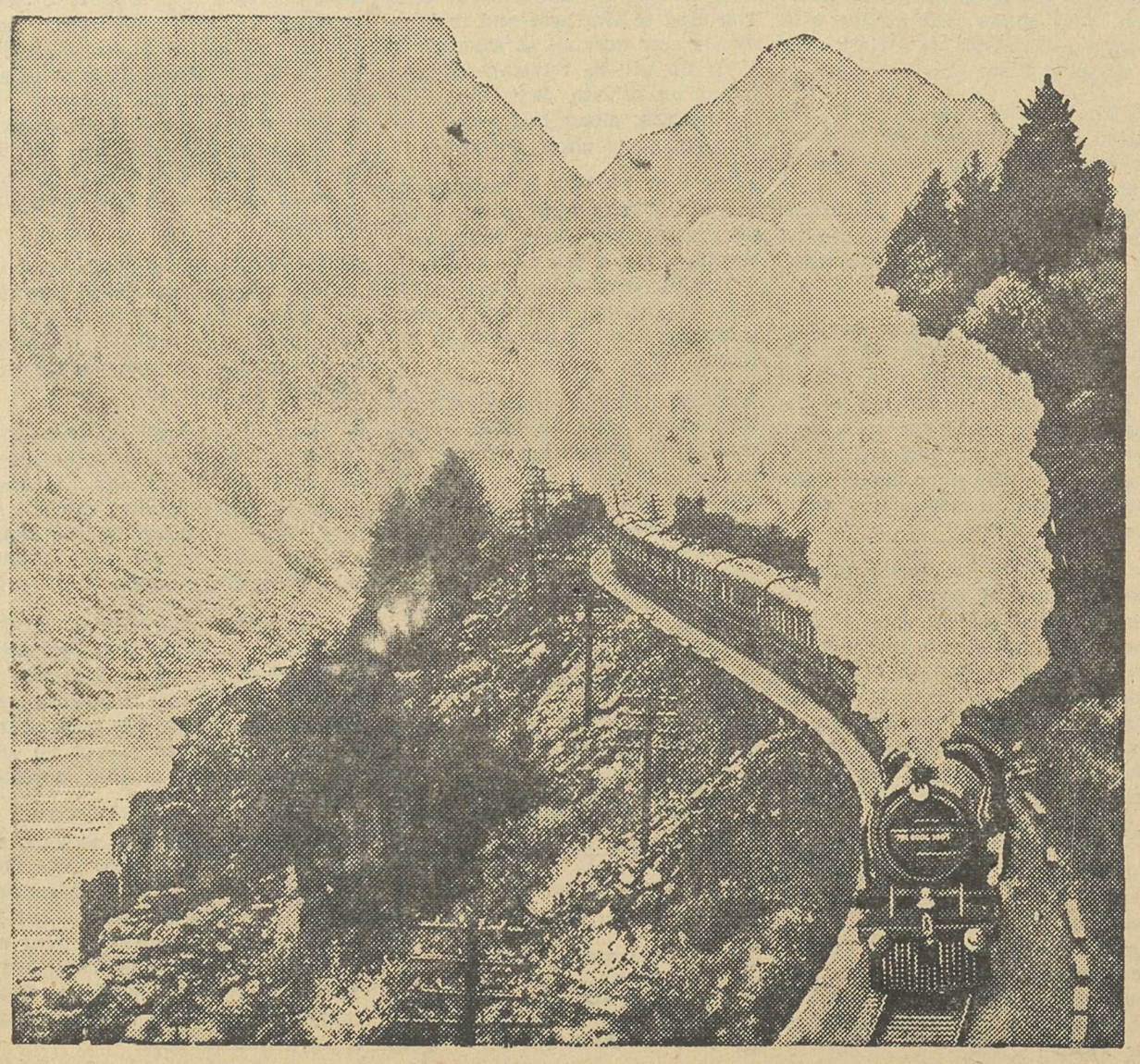
Your history section is very interesting, and you must have gone to a lot of trouble to ge the necessary data.

Yours truly,
W. H. HOLMES,
Coalmont, B.C.

★

Truly, it is a funny world. You work quietly week after week, pouring searching thought and studied language into your own little sheet, and nobody sees you. Then, because you're in a hurry and short of news so you scramble your column in the city daily that doesn't approach the standard of your own sheet, in silly doggerel, and presto! you are stormed with attention.

Science Storms the Fortress of the Fraser



WHERE once the Engineers carved a ribbon of rocky road through the stern Fraser Canyon, and canvas-hooded caravans carried the traffic of the gold-seekers, now giant trains and high-powered motors skim through the gorgeous setting of rugged peaks and surging water.

Back On The Job Again

You remember the fable about the man and the donkey; how he first let the boy ride, because he was young, and then rode himself, because he was old, all because people criticized, and finally ended up by carrying the donkey and letting it drop over the bridge. You can't please everybody. Even the Printer's Devil can't do that with all his brains. Indeed, there's just one thing that will please everybody and that's the famous

FIVE ROSES FLOUR
F. P. COOK ESTATE
—Established 1886—
PRINCEON and COALMONT

SPORTS

D.T.'s

★ Let's hope for a thaw! Hard on hockey mebbe, but it's the consensus of reasoned opinion around the Travellers that it's the only thing that will keep Nicolay da Bushopolis out of Essondale He's got to the point where he's serving ketchup with buckwheats.

★ And this from baby-faced Tom Lindsay, image of modesty: "Copper Mtn plays Merritt and I play Allenby."

★ That's the trouble with being a big time writer (?) and an athlete (???). They had me making a come back with Royals the other week. Of course they meant Dave Turner. Of course we were comtemporary and there is a similarity, only Turner was never in my class—quite!

★ Skipper Lucas can pay that bet any day. I knew he couldn't quit. But condition or no condition, I'll make another bet that I'll still be warming the bench when he really is through.

★ A little orchid for Hedley's enterprise in bringing in Helen Stephen's winsome wonders. If I were n't off women ad. inf. could go for playing in that one mineself.

★ Big Chief Eddie Anderson is out to bring the Dominion Championships here next year. The skiers have had a quiet shake-up and will follow different tactics from this point.

★ Mark this in your little black book. A record Similkameen entry in intermediate puck playdowns with five valley teams concerned.

★ Probabilities are that some of Merritt's—and even local— games will have to be taken to Copper Mtn. for ice.

★ Then there was the Pythias who let Damon go through for the winning goal because he didn't like to body-check an old pal.

★ What! No Vaydo?

Copper Mtn. Leads Valley Hockey Race

	W	L	D	F-A	Pts.
Copper Mtn.	2	0	1	5-2	5
Princeton	2	1	0	8-7	4
Blakeburn	1	2	1	11-12	3
Hedley	1	2	0	10-11	2
Allenby	0	1	2	7-9	2

IT was like old times in the valley, with league hockey in swing and Copper Mtn. on top of the pile.

The race became an open affair Monday as Princeton came a cropper up the hill and the copper miners moved ahead with a 3-1 last period victory. Mild weather is interfering with the schedule but the teams are managing to keep fairly well abreast. Right now it looks like Copper Mtn. or Princeton for the Ferguson cup but on results to date anything can happen—and probably will.

Three of the eight games have gone into overtime and the result of one still hangs with the committee room. Allenby claims a 1-0 victory over Copper Mtn.

Even some of the old faces are on view, as Cy Drake and Pete Pesut who played in the last hook-up here ten years ago.

Hamilton Beats Gray To Take Inter - Rink

	W	L	Pct.
Hamilton	7	0	1.000
Wallace	5	2	.714
Gould	5	2	.714
Gray	5	2	.714
Sorenson	4	4	.500
Avery	4	4	.500
Lyall	2	5	.286
Hooper	1	6	.143
Ewart	0	8	.000

CURLERS "conceded" Hamilton inter-rink honors when the ex-prairie rink nosed out Gray to record its seventh straight win Tuesday night, 9-7. With new rinks they move into the Brewery event Sunday.

It was a thrilling finish as Gray lost a chance to create a four-way tie, or at least a saw-off between himself and the unbeaten Hamilton Hamilton was one up as he and Gray picked up the last four rocks He also had one inside, but Gray had the next two positions, with the house fairly clear. Hamilton tried for a second with his first rock but went too far, and Gray pushed it off. Hamilton next tried to guard the match rock but was a little wide. Gray went for the opening, trying to take out the No.1 rock which would have left him one up. The shot looked like a winner but was a little heavy and just flicked the guard, to float harmlessly to the side.

Rinks

GRAY (skip), Bonvin (3), Miss M. Avery (2) and A. N. Other.

AVERY, Wilson (L. Q.) Rotherham, Hill.

LYALL, Samuel, Taylor (J.) and Smith (C.)

GOULD, McKendrick, Brown (Jas.) and Mrs. T. M.. Wilson.

HOOPER, Biggs, Gregory and McCrum.

WALLACE, Hilton, Fraser and Mrs. Jas. Brown.

EWART, Hall, Smith (J. W.) and Mrs. E. Doerflinger.

SORENSON, Holliday, Seamann and Webster.

HAMILTON, Kenward, Nelson and Mrs. Hamilton.

BLAKEBURN — Bond; Barnes, Boag; Morris; Hoggan, Whitelaw; J. Rhodes, Murray, C. Rhodes, Gilmour, Markle, T. Boag.

PRINCETON—Lawrence; Thomson, Oreskovich, Broomfield, Lindsay, Burr; Kovich, Garrison, Mc Gillivray, Vaydo, Stalker, Caruso.

If managers will be good enough to turn in summaries we shall be pleased to print same, and keep track of individual scoring.

Skates Sharpened

Hollow Ground and Set by Experts. Shoes fitted and Repaired

C. V. Prosser

Shoes, Men'swear, Princeton

STOP, FRIENDS!

Now centrally located in the Hotel Princeton Block. We invite you to call on us

Tobacco. Confectionery. Magazines. Souvenirs

JAMES CORRIE

PRINCETON, B.C.

SPORTING GOODS

For Every Occasion

A. L. White

Basketball

Friday, 4th February

Community Hall, Hedley

HELEN STEVENS'

Olympic Ladies' Champions on Continental Tour

—versus—

HEDLEY Senior Men

Don't fail to see these sensational girl athletes, led by the renowned sprint star, in their only appearance in the Valley.

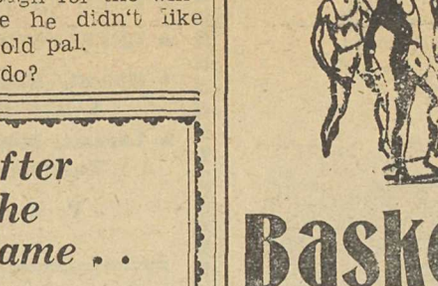
9 p.m.—Preliminary at 8

Adults 50c ★ Children 15c

After The Game . .

A Quiet Snack at the

Travellers' Cafe



No Holdup!

when you buy your Tobacco here. We have a nice line of Candy, Lighters, Smokers' Supplies, Razor Blades, Bill Folds, Leather Goods and many interesting novelty lines. Soda Fountain service.

PRINCETON BILLIARD HALL

WILSON AND LESSARD, Proprietors

★

For thirty-five years the Princeton Brewery has been an integral unit of the Similkameen community. Support a local industry and a local payroll. ☆ ★ ☆

FREE DELIVERY of . .

PRINCETON BEER . . ★

With Return Privilege on Bottles at 25c the dozen. . . .

PHONE 46

PRINCETON BREWING COMPANY, LIMITED

☆ This advertisement is not published or displayed by the Liquor Control Board or Government of B.C.

VIOLENT ROBBERY

(Continued from Page One)

logger's boots, also pair of breeches the latter no the floor beside the bed.

At 2:30 p.m. 29th McKenzie took witness to rear of the Tulameen Hotel where he recovered two bits of celluloid. Accompanied by Corp. Halliday, they next went to the Tulameen river near the auto cabins, where McKenzie indicated he had thrown a hammer. It could not be located. The river had recently frozen.

Const. Nelson blushed when his superior, prosecuting, suggested that he had expert knowledge of breaking and entering. Witness said the picking of this lock was a skilful job. It could be done with the strips of celluloid.

On 30th November witness recovered from McKenzie's home a flashlight which McKenzie told him he had used.

Corp. R. Halliday confirmed evidence of Const. Nelson and Sergt. Halcrow and told of arresting Mc Kenzie in the Princeton Hotel Beer Parlor about 10 p.m. 24th November. McKenzie was sitting at a table with his wife and one McKay, a jewellery salesman, and was examining wrist watches. McKenzie was well dressed.

Blood Compared

Ulan Patrick Byrne, pathologist at Essondale, described an examination of a black Mackinaw, on the left sleeve of which were three blood stains. These were of human blood.

Privately, Dr. Byrne explained to The Star that a blood test only afforded generalizations. It was impossible to say that this was Mr. Russell's blood. It was ,however, in the same blood group.

Harry Russell Priest said he saw McKenzie in the vicinity of the Cook store about the time of he robbery. A pool room atterdant, he had seen McKenzie frequently during the preceding few weeks.

On the 24th, McKenzie came in about 5 p.m., wearing clothes similar to those found in his home by the police. At 5:50 Priest went out for supper, and saw McKenzie near the Cook store. A few minutes later he was still there. He saw McKenzie again at 7:50. This time he was dressed.

David Lloyd Smallbone (Lloyd Cooper) said he knew McKenzie "slightly" and had been at his house. Early in November McKenzie was chopping wood and his wrist watch fell off. Cooper picked it up. He identified it as the one on exhibit. It bore the initials "G. A.M." McKenzie had remarked that he would have to get the clasp fixed.

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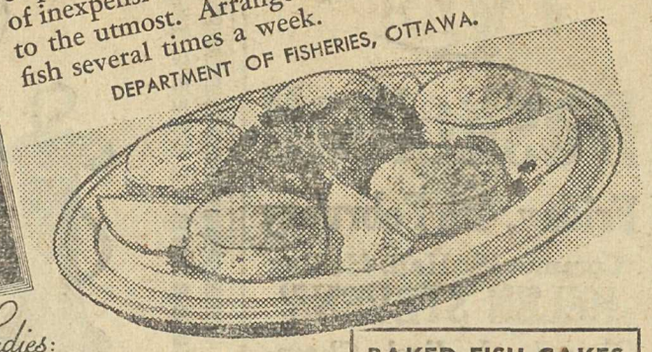

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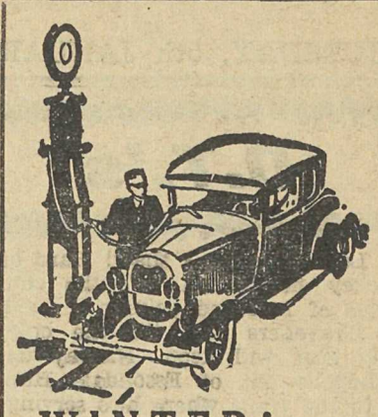
Combine flaked fish, bread crumbs, seasonings, green pepper and lemon juice. Beat eggs, combine with milk and mix with fish. Press into greased custard cups and bake in oven (350° F.) for ½ hour. Serves 6 to 8. Serve unmoulded with egg-onion sauce. Garnish with parsley.



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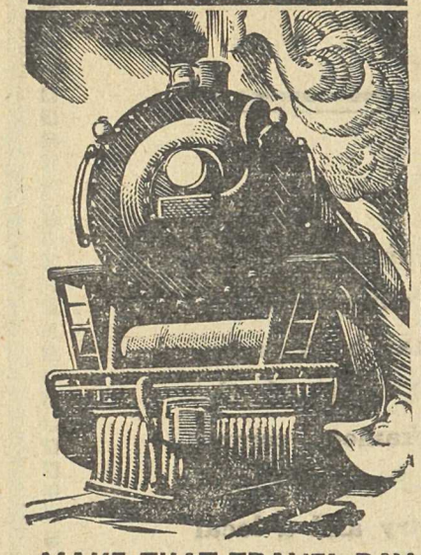

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