Your Community Paper

THE SIMILKAMEEN STAR

The Voice of the Valley

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CHRISTMAS GHOSTS

CHRISTMAS AT THE CRATCHITS'

Mistress Cratchit was the admired, almost revered, hub of the household of the moment, as she set about the feast.

She sprang briskly and bonnily to the great occasion in a twice-turned dress, supported by ribbons, which make a brave show for sixpence.

Master Peter, her adjutant, plunged a fork lustily into the saucepan of potatoes, but mostly managed to stuff the wayward wings of his starched collar into his mouth, the shirt being somewhat ample, handed down from his father in honor of the day. Though Peter rather fancied it in the park than in his mouth.

Then the two smaller Cratchits came tearing in to scream that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose and known it for their own, for there never could be another with such savory incense of crispy fat and sage and onions.

And they danced about the table and exalted Master Peter to the skies, till he blew with such gusto upon the slow fire, though his collar nearly choked him, that it became almost as red as his face, and the potatoes bubbled for joy.

"Now," fretted Mistress Cratchit, with all the anxieties of a happy mother, what can have become of your precious father and Tiny Tim? And Martha warn't so late last year by half an hour.'

"Here's Martha, mother," said a girl, blushing as she appeared.

"Here's Martha, mother,' echoed the two Cratch-imps, "Martha, there's such a goose."

"Why, bless you, how late you are", cried Mrs. Cratchit, taking off her shawl and bonnet and kissing her a dozen times.

"We'd a deal of work to finish" explained Martha.

"Well, never mind, so long as you are here. Sit by the fire and warm yourself."

"No, no," screamed the two young Cratchits. "Here come father and Tiny Tim."

It was little Bob, with three full feet of comforter projecting, and his clothes all neatly darned and brushed, and Tiny Tim perched on his shoulder, home from church.

For alas, poor Tim had a tiny crutch, and his little leg was encased in a cruel iron frame. But there was no Cratchit merrier than little crippled Tim.

"Wheres our Martha?" asked Bob directly.

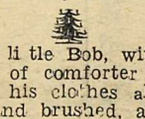
"Not coming," said Mrs. C.

"Not coming!" said Bob, and his high spirits so dropped at once that Mrs. Cratchit felt a mite ashamed; "Not coming on Christmas day?"

But Martha sprang forth to end the cruel deception, and into his arms, while the two young Cratchits spirited Tiny Tim off to the washhouse that he might hear the pudding sing and bumble in the copper.

"How did Tiny Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when Bob was soothed again.

"Good as gold," said Bob. "Sitting by himself so much seems to make him old and thoughtful. Do you know, he said he hoped people could see him, because it would be pleasant to think on Christmas Day how the lame walked and the blind could see."



And Bob said with unusual emphasis, as if he were trying to convince himself, that Tim was growing strong and hearty.

The active little crutch was heard on the floor, and Tim, escorted by his lively young kin, was hoisted to his stool by the fire, while Bob, his frayed cuffs turned up, briskly compounded a mixture of lemons and water and gin—or more properly water and lemons and gin — and set it on the hob beside Tim to simmer.

Then Master Peter, surrounded by the two ubiquitous youngsters, went off to the baker's for the goose and returned in high procession and higher glee.

Such excitement followed that a goose must have been the rarest of birds, far more wonderful than the fabled black swan.

Mistress Cratchit made the gravy hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates. Bob moved Tiny Tim beside him to the table, and the vigorous young Cratchits set chairs for everybody—not forgetting themselves, and, mounting guard over their pots, crammed spoons into their mouths lest they should shriek for goose e're their turn came to be served.

A last all the dishes were laid on and they all sat down, and Bob solemnly said grace.

The impatience mounted to a climax in a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit poised the knife above the bird, and studied its edge, as if demons might fly out, or the whole family fall in, at the fateful plunge.

But when she did, and a gush of onion and odor oozed forth, there was such delight all round the board that even Tiny Tim beat on the table with his knife and feebly shouted "Hurrah!"

There never was such a goose. Bob swore there never was. Its tenderness, its flavor, its size — and its cheapness — were themes of diligent admiration and discussion. Eked out by apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it made enough for the whole family. Indeed, Mrs. C., gazing at the lonely fragment of a bone on the platter, observed that they hadn't managed to eat it all. Yet every one was satisfied, and the young Cratchits particularly, steeped to the eyebrows in sage and onion.

Now the plates were changed by Belinda. Mrs. Cratchit left the room, too nervous to bear witness — for the entry of the pudding.

Suppose it should not be done enough. Suppose it should break in turning out. Suppose someone should have got over the wall and stolen it while they were absorbed in the goose—a thought that made the two young Cratchits turn livid. All sorts of horrors were supposed to emphasize the delight.

Hallo! A great cloud of steam, A smell like washday and Araby mixed up. Behind the gleaming globe Mistress Cratchit entered, flushed but smiling proudly. It was perfect and round, like a speckled cannon ball, hard and firm, in the extravagance of blazing brandy, bedight with holly.

Oh, a wonderful pudding. Bob declared it, and solemnly, Mrs. C.'s greatest success since their marriage. Mrs. C. said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess her anxiety about the quantity of flour. Everyone had something to say and it all said that it was the most wonderful pudding, and not a bit small for so large a family. That would have been shameless heresy.

At last the dinner was over, and the cloth cleared and the hearth swept and the fire piled high, and apples and oranges put on the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire and the jug was tasted and pronounced perfect, and they formed a circle about the fire, with the family treasure of glassware at Bob's elbow — two tumblers and a custard cup without a handle.

These took the hot stuff from the jug as well as golden goblets would have done, and Bob served it up with beaming looks, and the chestnuts sputtered applause from the fire.

Then Bob proposed: "A merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us every one.

Which all the family echoed.

"God bless us every one," piped Tiny Tim, the last of all.

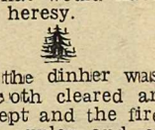
He sat very close by his father's side, and Bob clutched the tiny withered hand, as if he dreaded that he might be taken from him.

"Spirit," whispered Scrooge, with an interest in a fellow being he had never felt before, "Tell me, will Tiny Tim be spared?"

"I see a vacant stool in the poor ingle, and a widowed crutch

"No, no, kind spirit, tell me he will live."

"None of my brothers will see him here. What then? If he be like die, he had better do it, and so reduce the surplus population."



Scrooge winced to have his own words defeat him, and was overcome with grief.

"Man," charged the spirit, "if you be man of heart and not of stone, forbear this canting till you have seen. Will you dictate what men shall live and what shall die? It may be that in the sight of Heaven you are more worthless than this poor man's child and thousands like him!"

Scrooge cowed at this rebuke and cast his eyes upon the ground, but lifted them at the sound of his own name.

"Mr. Scrooge," Bob was saying. "I give you Mr. Scrooge, the founder of our feast."

"Founder indeed!" snapped his sharp spouse. "I wish I had the bounder here. "I'd give him a piece of my mind."

What, No Bicycle?

"My dear," said Bob. "The children. Christmas day."

"Well, don't abuse it with such lies. Noboby knows better than you what Scrooge is.'

"My dear, it's Christmas."

"Well, I'll drink for the sake of the day, not his. A merry Christmas to him; I'm sure he will be merry. And a prosperous New Year. I'm even surer of that'

The children drank the toast, whether for the sake of Scrooge or the sake of he drink it is in some doubt. It was the first that was drunk without hear iness. Tiny Tim drank last of all and he did not like it. The very name of Scrooge cast a shadow over the group which did not lift for a full five minutes.

When it had gone, they were ten times merrier than before, to be done with it.

Then Bob told hem he had a situation in mind for Peter which would bring a full five shillings weekly, and eyes glistened at the thought of all his extra wealth. The two youngsters frolicked at the thought of Peter being a man of business and Peter tried to look dignified from between his collars, but only managed to look uncomfortable.

Then Martha, who was apprenticed to a poor milliner's, told how busy they had been and how long hours she had had to work, and how she would sleep long tomorrow, which was a holiday. And how she had seen a countess and a lord, who was "much about as tall as Peter."

And all the time the jug went round—for they took very tiny sips and excise taxes were small then—and there was no need to stint on the chestnuts. And Tiny Tim, who had a plaintive little voice, sang a song about a little boy lost in the snow, and the two young Cratchits cheered mightily when the good king took him in.

Now there was nothing elegaic about this. It was a plain, poor home, and there were none of them very bright or good looking, and their boots were far from stylish or even new, and some of their clothes looked like those in a pawnbroker's, but they were happy, and they all seemed very pleased with eachother; and they were grateful and content.

And when it came time to go, Scrooge's gaze lingered, and it hung on Tiny Tim to the last.

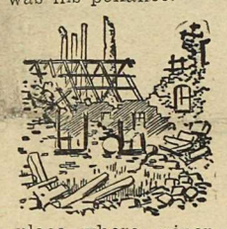
It was getting dark, and the snow was pretty heavy, and the grimness of the street made the lighted windows seem brighter and the Yule fires warmer. Here was the glimpse of linen set for the Christmas feast, with deep red curtains ready to be drawn to shut out the night. Here children were running home from their play. and here a party was going in for a family reunion, and their little brothers and sisters were running to be the first to greet them. Here the shadows on the window blinds showed the guests assembling, a silent silhouette of others' joy. And pretty girls, flushed with the cold and the occasion, mounting stairs, and woe upon the man who was the first to see them, and well they knew it, artful witches in a glow!

There were, indeed, so many people going that you feared no one could be left at home to receive them.

Bless us! How the great ghost exulted in it, baring his brave breast and opening his generous hand, and sprinking merriment on everyone. The very lamplighter, dashing about in his best that told of an appointment, dotting the night with dusky glows, laughed merrily as he passed, though little he guessed that he had company.

And then, without a word of warning, they were on a bleak and desert moor, with great lumps of stone strewn about, as if it were the burial place of giants. And it was cold and dank and desolate, and the sun sank with a streak of angry red

"What place is this?" Scrooge quaked, thinking that here indeed was his penance.

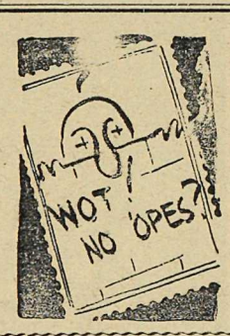


"A place where miners live, and toil in the bowels of the earth to keep you warm. But they know me. See!"

A light shone from the window of a hut. They passed through a wall of mud, but found a cheerful company inside

An old man and woman, with their children and their children's children, and another generation yet, were gathered about a huge fire, dressed in their gaudy best. The old man, in a voice that seldom matched the wind, was singing a carol, very surely, and they took up the chorus in a way that made the wind turn tail; it had been so when the old man was a boy, in the same hut. And when they sang the old man sang louder, and when they stopped, his vigor dropped again.

But the spirit whisked Scrooge away and out on the wind, aye, out to sea. And Scrooge's horror knew no bounds as the last land winnowed away, and the wind howled and the sea growled and thundered as it were like



to split, and strove to undermine the earth with hoary caverns.

On a dismal reef, which the sea had swallowed but could not quite devour, there was reared a lonely lighthouse, round which the storm raged all the year. Great clouds of seaweed clutched at its base, and wild sea birds wheeled and screamed around its tower.

But even here the two rough men who watched the light had made a huge fire that splashed through a loophole in the rude stone and flung a ray of brightness on the awful sea.

And the two men joined horny hands upon the rough table and wished eachother a merry Yule over a can of grog. And the elder. his face all scarred and wea hered like the gargoyle on a ship's prow, struck up a lusty shanty of Christmas.

But the ghost sped on and outward, until, far from any shore, they lighted on a bobbing ship. And they stood beside the helmsman and the lookout aloft, and the officers on watch, all far from human kind, and each one hummed a Christmas song, if only in his heart, and mused of other Christmases, gone by or yet to be, and of coming home

And every man aboard, on watch or in his hammock, had a kinder word for his mates on this floating island on that day. and in the galley the cook worked rough marvels out of cans.

It was a surprising thing to Scrooge, hovering over this dark abyss, which had all the horror of death for him, to hear a familiar, hearty laugh, a laugh he had often cursed.

It was his foolish nephew's laugh, and he was no longer out at sea, but in his nephew's cosy parlor, an extravagant room to be sure. And that great fool was standing beaming on his wife. If you know a man with a heartier laugh than Scrooge's nephew, you are lucky, though Scrooge never thought so till now. And—remember this — in all this world of sickness and sorrow, there is no thing so infectious as abounding good humor. Scrogee's neice laughed at his nephew's laughing, and Scrooge found himself chuckling too — and though he did not realize it—at himself.

"He called Christmas humbug, as I live, and he believed it too."

"More shame for him," scolded his wife. Bless those women; they never do things by halves; they are always so in earnest.

As women go—and Scrooge had a place to consign them—the fool had made a good choice. She seemed made to be kissed, and that somehow provoked Scrooge. She was provoking, yet satisfactory too; oh, quite satisfactory.

"He's a sour old devil", chortled Fred. "But his evils carry their own punishment, and I have nothing against him."

"Well I'm sure his wealth doesn't do us much good."

"Or himself either. He lives as he is. He hasn't even the satisfaction of thinking it will benefit anyone, but it will." And Fred quite exhausted himself with the mirth of the thought.

"Oh, I have no patience with him." And Scrooge's niece's sisters and all the other ladies there, said the same, which is one of the oddities of women, how they can only agree on condemning a man.

"Oh, I enjoy him in a way. He suffers for his whims. He takes a dislike to us—for what reason I don't know—and loses a dinner, but not a very good dinner."

But the pretty wife fired up and the company scorned him to shame, and Fred enjoyed it.

"Well, I'm glad to hear it," said the imperturbable Fred, "for I haven't had much faith in he new look of housekeepers, What do you say, Topper?"

But poor Topper — as Fred knew—was much too confused to contribute to his embarrasment, having settled a sort of fishy look on the young lady in the red tucker, not the one with the roses; and he only blushed, but did it handsomely. And Fred roared again and the infection caught from all round, even to the plump one in the red tucker, though she tried hard to resent it and suave it off with aromatic vinegar.

"I was only going to say that I am sure uncle loses pleasanter company and surroundings than his own through his grouch. But I shall defy him, though he resist me till he dies. I shall go every year. It can only confirm me if I defy him with good humor. Even if he only leaves his clerk fifty pounds when he dies, that will be something of a victory, and I mean to match him.

"I think I shook him yesterday, for I made him angry."

And they laughed of their own accord at the idea of shaking Scrooge.

But who was trembling behind the curtain?

After dinner they sang, and to some purpose, for they were a musical crowd. especially Topper, who could growl away in the bass like a good 'un. And one of the tunes was a favorite of the fragile little girl who had fetched Scrooge from the boarding school.

And Scrooge suddenly thought that had he learned to listen to music his life might have been different.

And then they played at Forfeits; for it is good to be children sometimes, and never better than a Christmas.

And there was blind man's buff, though I shall never accept that Topper was blind. The way he sought out that plump sister was against nature, even instinct, and I do believe it a conspiracy with Fred who tied the napkin, with the spirit in on it, and he plump sister got unwilling despite her shrills.

When it came to the games of wit, Scrooge's niece had her own and loved her beloved in all the letters of the alphabet. And Scrooge, for he had no mean wit himself, and was unconsciously fascinated, was proud of that niece of his. and a bit jealous, too, and without realizing, he played along with them, and often guessed right, too, forgetting that his voice made no sound.

The spirit looked with great geniality upon this state in Scrooge, so that when he gave the sign to go, Scrooge begged to stay for one more game.

It was the old game of yes and no. The nephew had to think of something and only answer yes or no till they guessed it. It developed that he was thinking of an animal, which was somewhat alive, and more than somewhat cross, and he couldn't quite say if it was human—and so on. And with every guess poor Freddy went into such paroxysms of hilarity that he had to lie down on the sofa and laugh himself out, where the infectious plump sister in the red tucker soon joined him, and caught the infection completely and guessed it to be Scrooge. And Scrooge indeed it was, though he hadn't guessed it himself.

But some protested that Fred had misled them when he answered "no" to "bear."

And when they had recovered the generous nephew averred that they owed a toast to old Scrooge for all the merriment he had unwittingly given them. And he proposed: "A merry Christmas, uncle, wherever you may be. You would not take it, but you shall get it none the less. And they all laughed, and Scrooge did take it, and laughed as heartily as any—at himself, and the spirit beamed for it is a fine thing now and then.

Now Scrooge might well have resented all this, even had he not been Scrooge. But strange to say, he was moved to such an unwonted good humor that he wanted to answer the toast, and would have held his own, too, had he not at that moment been unceremoniously whisked away.

Much they saw and far they went. They stood beside their fellows in sick beds, in prisons, and in foreign lands; at their jobs of service, that others might enjoy; in barracks and at sentry posts; in misery and in failure and in fame; and scarce a one but was happier and humbler and kinder at the thought of Christmas, until Scrooge felt more and more

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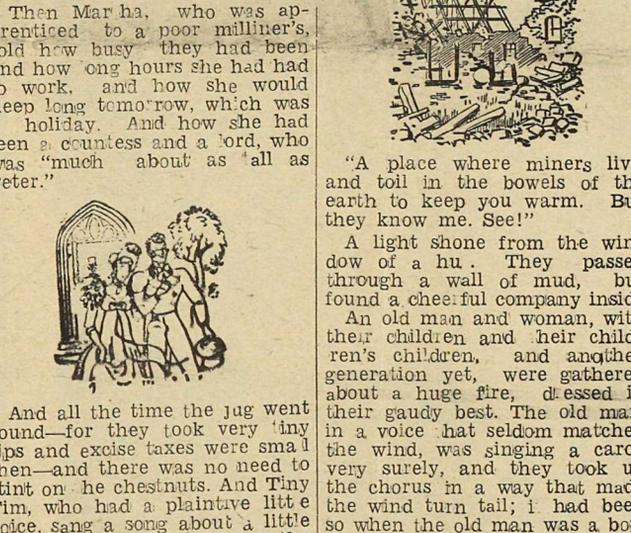
Season's Greetings



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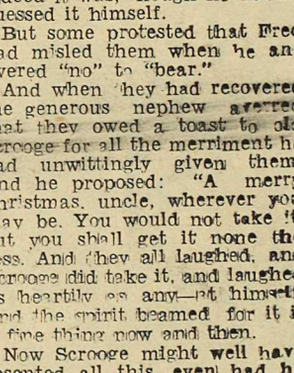

"Better let me wrap it up for you, Sir. You don't want Stafford Cripps to know you're not having an Austerity Christmas"

A Wish ~
that the blessings and the Joys of Christmas be yours this Year ~
~ ~ ~ ~ that Peace on Earth and Goodwill among Men return

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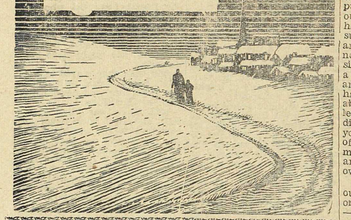

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SEASON'S GREETINGS

Let It Therefor Be Christmas In Your Heart Always

THIS space is usually occupied by the preachers. Sometimes we feel, and in this one thing some of you will at least agree, that from this editorial pulpit we do too much of that ourselves. An empty space would hardly ornament a Yuletide issue, and what we feel, we are, and we cannot help it, and can not wish it else. Suppose we just sit by the big stove and chat in a friendly way about the season and what it means. The rum is handy at this season; it is not abused, and you can take it or leave it with equal respect. We dislike only hypocrisy, and as you are, we love you. At the risk of preaching, we would like you more were you what you could and ought to be; and we see our own face in these coals.

For we are no ashamed that our Christmas message is the one we preach—and fall short of —all the year.

I think we shall take as our text Tiny Tim, first, because we like him, and he seems to typify the true spirit of Christmas; and second, to please the realist who figure as a sentimental idealist—because we seem to go through life blessing everything and everybody in varying tones of voice, but always in unconditioned honesty and sincerity.

And because Tiny Tim is 984 per cent. pure sentiment, we are going to ake sentiment by both horns, and our sermon will be that so is Christmas, and so is life, else all is hypocrisy and humbug.

We said sentiment, mark you, not sentimentality.

We have opened a few of life's doors in the adventurous idealism of Ulysses, which challenges the cowardly sentimentality that sentiment is unmanly just enough to be humble but hopeful, in the discovery that each portal reveals many more, for the search of which the span of opportunity is all too small, yet every one broached yields new treasures of brave, enlightened living; to drink life to the lees, and follow knowledge like a sinking star.

And our simple thesis is that he true cowards and the real losers are those hard-boiled, successful people who scoff at sentiment, and seek false values, and think their way through life instead of feeling a while, and think only with their heads, forgetting he heart as the inspiration and most powerful instrument of thought, and close the doors of life and their own lives to the true warmth of living, and are just too sure of themselves to stumble a little and bruise a little, and know that you only get some things by losing, some happiness in hurt. If life's glass is to see all, you cannot doctor it, or in desensitizing it to the one, you shut out the best of the other, the true, rare essence of life, even as the pleasure creed safes the palate to the delicate delinesses of true happiness; a happy Christmas is a much finer and more seasonal wish than a merry one.

The doors of life swing closed steal hily; it is hard from the inside to see how the windows dim or tint the picture. The only antidote is the clear, pure light of a good, warm heart, without which he best heads go far and fast, in false direction.

If living a brave, full, free life in the pure light is preaching, then this is preaching, and we are not ashamed of it.

General Gordon was not, when wi in the rabble at the gates, he sat calmy with his Bible by him, and wrote a let er to his Mother of the beauties of the desert; and a woman made a sucker of Sampson and and her of Anthony, and one was a strong man, the other a good soldier; and we are no forgetting Desdamona.

We have seen a Tom Brown in the barracks go on his knees in the barrage, and only the fool sneered at one courage over the other, and is capable of neither.

Perspective is an indefinable miracle; i is the soul of the picture, and a monkey can spill as much paint as an artist.

Christmastime is the season of lights, and for the dimming of lights, to light up dark corners and make heart glow steadily for the and he world. It is a season of sentiment, and sentiment is the inspiration of babes and bridges and all hat lives in life. It is dull hypocrisy to be ashamed of it, or think that beauty is not brave, or streng h ungentle. It is closing the treasure doors and pulling the windows. To all who really live, Santa Claus is very real, and we have no need to make bearded images of him, where, in all life, it is the spirit only hat lives and is real. The motor without spirit is simply dead, without direction, simply dangerous; and clouded glasses are as dangerous as empty tanks.

The closed doors of life do not easily jar loose. The cloudiness is hard to detect from the inside. We cannot, in the conventional fancy of Dickens, slide panels and conjure up spectres to show us as others see us, and as we really are, and might have been. But where the heart glows, there is light, and it will seek the light.

This is the sentiment they snee it, a thing for children. But is it really false hat the toy soldier and the woolly doll bring a truer surge of happiness than the million dollar deal or the scalp of an arrogant Samson? Can happiness be fa se? Is it really a state of mind, built block by block, or as the child buids blocks? You may reason against the childish mind, but if you win you lose. It is only when you reason with the mans mind and the child's heart hat you really surpass the child. That is what Dickens wan ed to say; you need not be ashamed to improve on Dickens or on us; we'll give you a run for it, and be happier in it, all of us.

Looking out on the Christmas world, it is not a starry-eyed, picture book panacea. The idea is never deceives himself in that. He is the truest realist, who sees wha is, and what could be, and glories in working for it and in the summits of disillusionment tha lie ahead. These are the blocks with which he builds a higher happiness.

And so from the blocks of our modes Christmas pu pit in, an ostensibly Christian land this is our Christmas sermon, and we are sure the minis ers will not object.

We ask you to think of Christmas as i is and was meant to be, or else Christmas, and the orbit of life tha moves about it, is vanity and hypocrisy and truly humbug.

A season of he light of the spirit, of inward and outward light, of sentiment, which is neither mawkish nor childish but the spring of creative good.

We are all something between Scrooge and Tiny Tim and the Angel Gabriel, except that all women are angels. We had better know wha we are, and judge ourselves as we will be judged.

There is no special divinity for any of us, and in vanity and hypocrisy we cheat ourselves most.

We don't ask you to be ministers or angels — except the women, who cannot help being— or even s arry-eyed idealists or little children. But we do urge you to be men and women — the ones you could be; you will find that ideal and practical enough. Trim your lights as you trim the tree, and don't go out tomorrow and trim your neighbor, or you haven't had a happy Christmas at all, and we want that for you, for we love you all.

So endeth the lesson, and our preaching for and her year. We have said hard things, and we are sorry if we offended you; not sorry that we said them, but hat they had, in your service, and in love, to be said.

Go out and glow, and win. God bless you every one.

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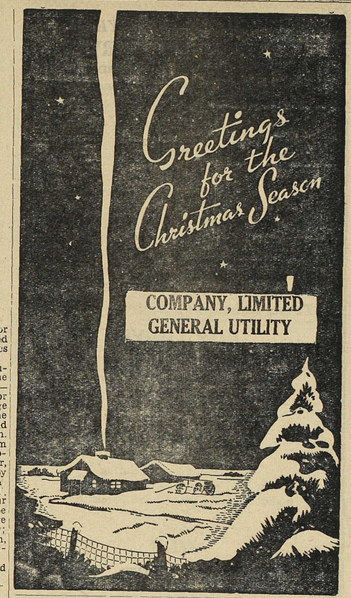
H. A. MILLER
Builder, Cabinetmaker



AVERY & AVERY
Insurance and Real Estate

The Other Christmas

Christmas—a time of candle-light flickering on happy faces, a time of carols and good cheer, of brightly-wrapped gifts and tinselled trees.

And deep within us all is still another Christmas, the Christmas guiding our *every* day—a Christmas born for us of a tolerance and understanding that goes beyond words; born for us so that men may live in harmony, with purpose to their lives and benevolence in their hearts . . . This is the *other* Christmas, the spiritual Christmas.

THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM

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Heartiest Greetings

PRINCETON BOX & LUMBER CO.

Compliments of the Season

KETTLE VALLEY LUMBER CO.

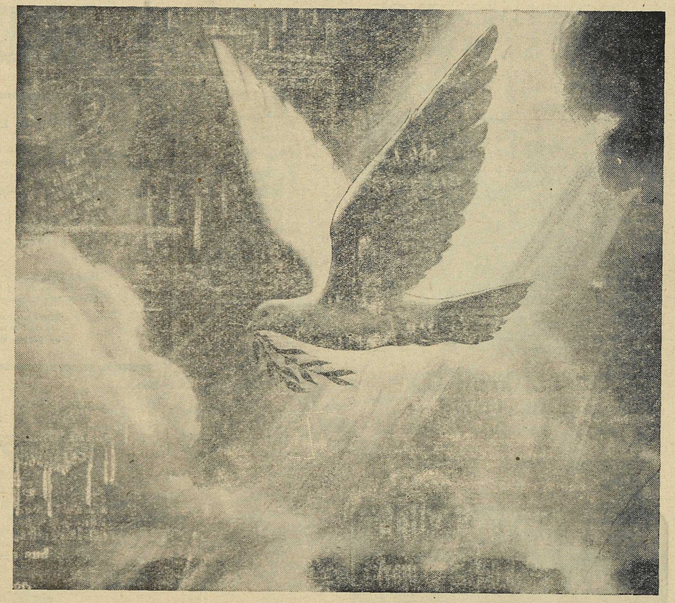
Happy New Year

COPPER HILL BUS LINES
LIMITED

Hughie Bennett

Greyhound Agents

PENTICTON SAWMILLS, LIMITED
Lumber for Every Purpose
N. F. ROBB, Princeton Manager



On Earth Peace to Men of Good Will

With the advent of Christmas this year,
these words hold for us an added significance:
"Peace to men of good will!"

Peace, prosperity — what are they? How many of us really know them? We know, of course that this international twilight is no true peace; that you can never really force people to be free, or happy, in what they ought to want rather than what they grasp at. What we think we want is vividly what we want, and wanting the right thing presumes a wisdom which is the apex of our climb. How often, looking back, do we realize how sincerely we were wrong. To go on, but keep looking back and correcting our sights is living wisdom; with all the eagerness and inner peace of honest searching, and the true prosperity of finding real value May this year bring you peace, prosperity.

☆

PRINCETON BREWING COMPANY, LIMITED

HAPPY NEW YEAR...

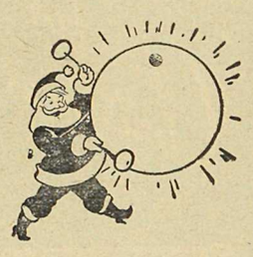
RELIANCE SERVICES

J. E. GOTT PRINCETON 58K

CHUCK TUPPER
Tenor Sax

IVANO CASARIN
Trumpet

JACK STULTZ
Bass



To the Dancing Public:

ROY LIND'S ORCHESTRA

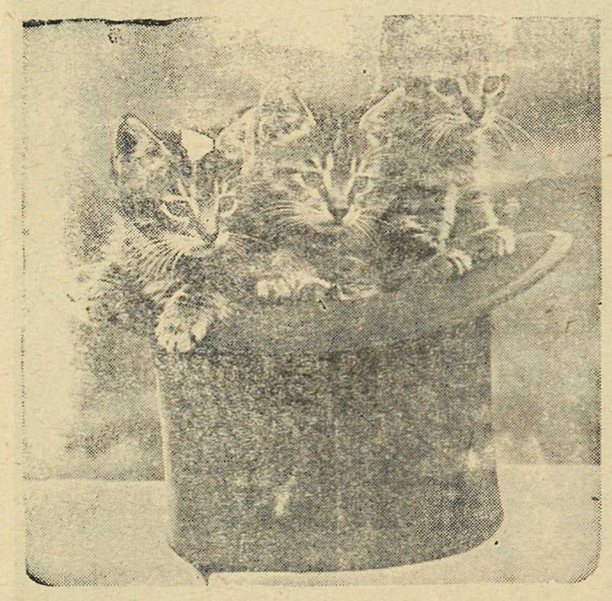
☆

Takes this opportunity of thanking you for the privilege of entertaining you during the past season and extend best wishes for a Happy and Prosperous New Year to all

Drums
JACK McKAY

ROY LIND
Piano and Piano Accordion

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON



PRINCETON DRUG & BOOK STORE

BRIDGE ST. — Don Atkinson — PHONE 15

GREYHOUND ANNOUNCE

Special CHRISTMAS *and* NEW YEAR RATES *for*

STUDENTS . TEACHERS
GENERAL PUBLIC *and*
COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS

For further information on fares and schedules phone your local Greyhound Agent.

GREYHOUND

Christmas *Ghosts*

(From Page Seven)

ashamed, and very much alone.

And Scrooge observed that his host, so young and hearty when they started out, had grown gradually but rapidly aged. "My life on this planet is very short" said the gay ghost, "and at the hour of Christmas midnight man may no longer see me, though he may feel me if he will."

And at the spirit's feet, clinging to his skirts, Scrooge now saw two wretched chidren, a boy and a girl, haggard and evil and horrible to see, so that even Scrooge was horrified.

"Spirit, are they yours?" he asked.

"No, they are yours. They are every man's. Called Ignorance & Want, begot of man's carelessness and selfishness and neglect They cling to me, appealing from their fathers. Beware them both, until their sordidness can be erased, through vigilance and kindness and learning and love. For in their breed is writ man's doom lest ye alert."

"Have they no refuge or resource?"

"Are there no prisons, no work houses?" the spirit mocked. "Do not they breed virtue and love?"

And the bell tolled twelve.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

J. B. TAXI

Telephone 66

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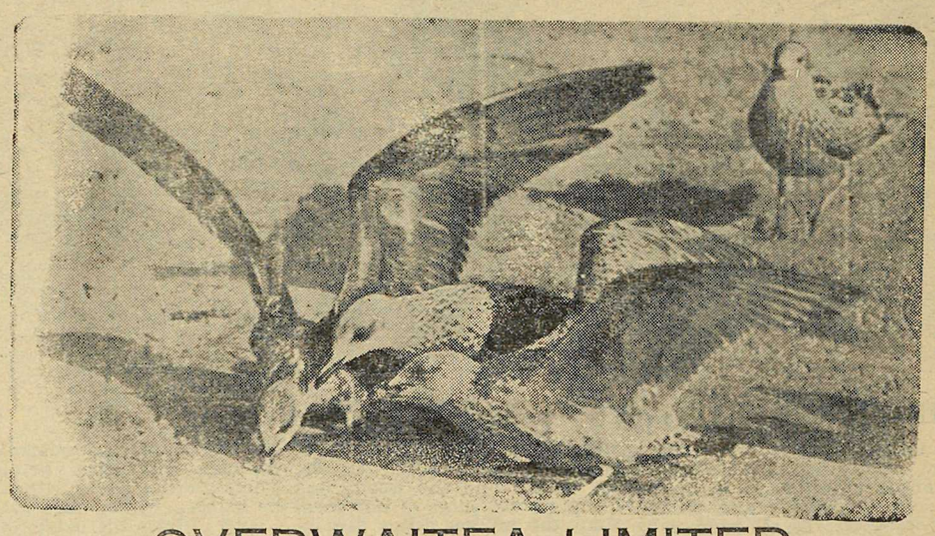
Prosperous New Year



OVERWAITEA, LIMITED

— Purse - Easy Groceries —

PHONE 11, PRINCETON

CURRENT

Instalment Payments

FOR B. C. HOSPITAL INSURANCE PREMIUMS

ARE NOW DUE

PAYMENT BY INSTALMENTS IS FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE.

Prepayment is an essential feature of any type of insurance. It helps to guarantee general participation and is the best way of ensuring continuation of the present low premiums. Prepayment also protects hospitals from unpaid bills and operating deficits.

22, BOARD OF TRADE BLDG. PENTICTON

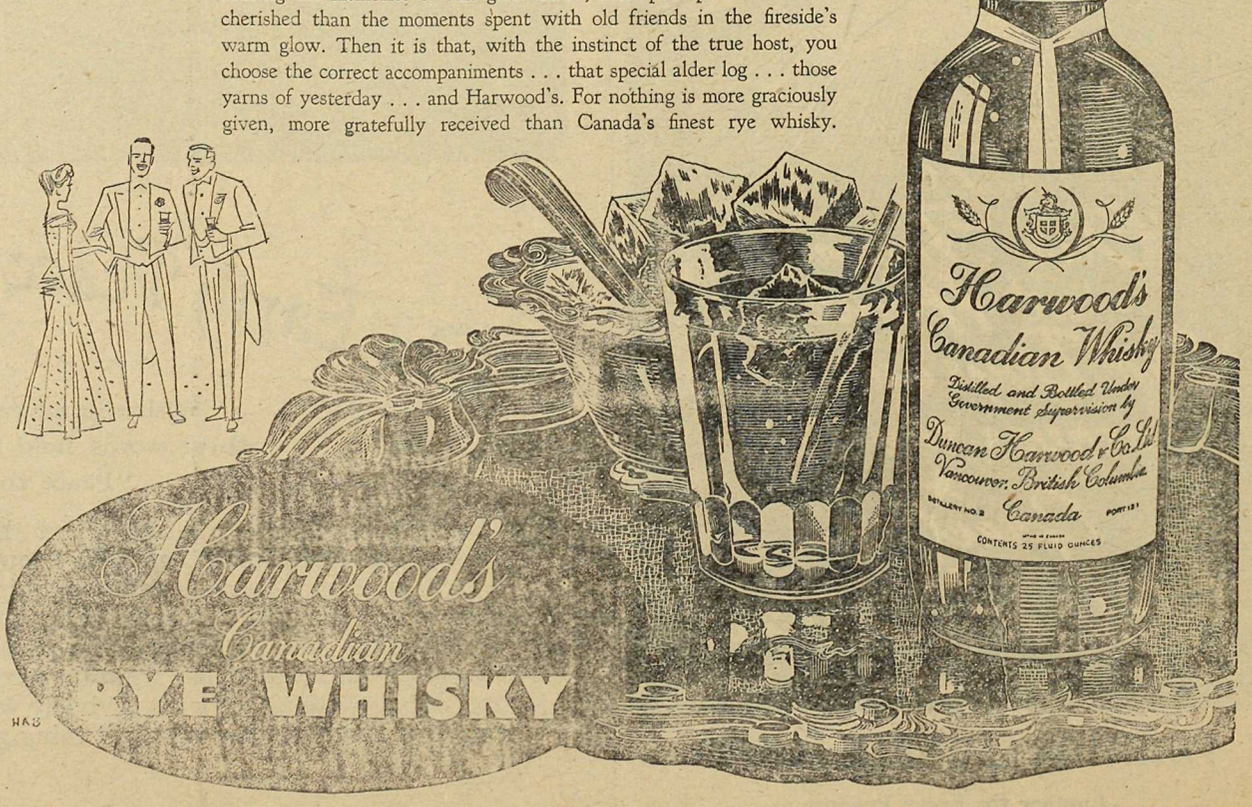
COURT HOUSE PRINCETON

DELAYED REGISTRATION: If you have not yet registered, you should immediately obtain a registration form from your local B.C. Hospital Insurance Service Office, complete and return it as soon as possible.

The Plan comes into effect on January 1, 1949. Make sure you are eligible to receive your Hospital Insurance Card in December, by paying six months' or a year's premium by November 30.

In Perfect Taste

Among the memories of this glad season, none perhaps will be more cherished than the moments spent with old friends in the fireside's warm glow. Then it is that, with the instinct of the true host, you choose the correct accompaniments . . . that special alder log . . . those yarns of yesterday . . . and Harwood's. For nothing is more graciously given, more gratefully received than Canada's finest rye whisky.



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