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THE SIMILKAMEEN STAR

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Forty-Ninth Year No. 43 PRINCETON, B.C., THURSDAY, 28th OCTOBER, 1949 5c per Copy; $2.00 per Year

After Midnight

THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW

THE rat-tat-tat of the hammer was hollow. It brought a suspicion of monotony and melancholy, but it was impatiently dismissed. The rapping was steady and quick, but the lady was impatient. It is annoying to lose a heel when one is hurrying to keep an appointment, and you are not likely to over-value the blessing of an emergent cobbler, —or its permanent significance. "Please hurry," the lady said. "I'll pay."

The little odd look on the little old face startled her, interested her, despite her haste. "Lady," said the odd little voice, "It will only take a minute; I like to do a good job."

There was an odd little tinge of pride and sureness in the odd little look, the odd little voice when he looked up again, stood up and handed her the shoe. "There," he said; "that will last longer."

It did; and somehow she came back with the other shoe; she came back with others, and somehow she found herself dropping in to chat with the odd little, plain little man even when she had no shoes to mend, and she came to realize over the rat-tat-tat of his little hammer that it was not monotonous or melancholy at all, but the quiet, determined pulse of an odd but solid little philosopy of the man and his work.

"You see," he told her one day when the odd friendship had firmed, "My father was a good shoemaker, I have a tradition to uphold." And he expounded his odd little philosophy of tradition and the pride and pleasure it gave to his monotonous rat-tat-tat. And she smiled with companionship understanding thereafter when she saw the hollow smudge of light and heard the little rat-tat-tat far into the hollowness of the night. His fellow countrymen of the neighborhood dubbed him "la luce alla finestra"—the light in the window.

Then one night the little window was dark. The little odd man had died at his bench, his task; died happily, she knew, in his odd little philosophy of the sacredness of tradition . . .

★ ★ ★

★ LONG AGO, in a far land, a great artist set out to do a frieze for a famed cathderal. Seized by the consuming force of his mission, he threw himself into his task with restless but ecstatic energy. He must be worthy of his opportunity.

He chose a tableau of bible figures and all came readily to his eager eye and expert hand but two, and these defied his imagination. They were Christ and Judas, the best and the worst in human weal.

He searched feverishly for his prototypes, long but tireless. Then one day in an olive grove he found a curly headed peasant lad who served as his inspiration for the Christ.

But there was still the Judas, and for years his masterpiece lay imperfect, incomplete.

One evening in a wayside inn he sought solace in a weary cup of wine. Suddenly a beggar flung himself before him, desperate for drink.

It was the most hideous face the artist had ever seen, horrible but fascinating. He felt a surge of mingled pity and exultation. For here, in this terrible plight, was—at last—his Judas.

"Wine," he said. "Yes, I will buy thee wine, all thou cravest; and food and raiment: and more, for I will give thee immortal fame. Only come and sit and be my model."

And the wretch went readily, and he sat patiently while the sculptor modelled his hideous features into the completion of an immortal masterpiece.

Then suddenly, near the end, he burst into frantic grief. The artist, amazed, enquired, to comfort him.

"Do you not know? Do you not know me?" sobbed the vagrant. Do you not remember a little boy who sat for you to model the Christ? Master, I was that boy."

★ ★ ★

★ AND WHEN the sun slanted pink shafts o'er Pelion's steeps, the crags resounded with cheery noise, and the golden haired Jason ran to meet the hero playmates of whom the wise teacher had told him.

And the great, gentle centaur reared his shaggy head and his eyes burned with a moist fire in the pride of his heroes and the glory of their strength. And to each he gave mete praise, according to the merit of his trophy.

"See, father Cheiron," cried Typhis, "I have killed two deer." And Heracles the hardy dragged a mountain goat by its horns And Coeneus carried a bear cub under each arm, and laughed when they clawed, for no spear could hurt him. And so every one according to his quality. And last of all came slender, silent Asclepius, and his manner was quiet but his eye was steadfast. And his bosom was filled with herbs and flowers, and round his wrist cuddled a spotted snake. And he told how he had watched it cast its skin and grow young and bright again; and how he had gone into the village and cured a man with a herb he had seen a sick goat eat.

Then Cheiron the prophet smiled and said: "To each the gods have given some trait and each is worthy in his place; but to this child they have given an an honor beyond all honors, for he improves where others only kill and destroy."

And in all his brave adventures Jason the Golden remembered.

★ ★ ★

★ MAMA FIORELLO was famous for her macaroni; in fact she was beloved. Contrary to the customary, her boarders never tired of it; indeed, they could never get enough.

One of her student boarders in due course left her and went out into the world and became a success. But he never forgot Mama Fiorello's macaroni.

A new brand came on the market and soared to spectacular fame. It claimed to be the finest Italian recipe and guaranteed money back and double if the buyer did not agree it was the finest macaroni he had ever tasted. He grudgingly bought a can; no one could make macaroni like Mama Fiorello.

He stormed the company's office, determined to avenge an insult. He was promptly offered twice the purchase price, but he demanded to see the president.

And when he was ushered in, there, behind the president's desk sat—Mama Fiorello.

My Pal M'Gillicuddy and His Pals The Chinese Make Much Talkee

閃門叫譁又あ

★ **MY FRIEND M'GILLICUDDY** has been thinking — it wasn't blasting, you see—about his ancestors, and the progress of human thought, from Sophocles to the C.C.F., and that has involved brushing up on his Chinese. After all, there are so many of them, if the C.C.F. could just organize them to spit together they could drown the Coalition, except that that woud be too sweet a death for any self-respecting C.C.F. to endorse. But I mean to say you just can't get very far in any direction except nor'-north east without brushing up against the Chinese.

★ **CHARLES LAMB** tells us more or less (Dissertation, Woolworth and Co., two and sixpence, that the Chinese originated with roast pig, or maybe it was the other way round. Hoo Hit Hin accidentally set his house on fire and came up with roast rib. Pigs in those pre-C.C.F. days apparently were not so particular, and did not mind living in Chinese houses, which I can tell you I do not blame the pig for to-day. And I can too tell you with my own ample ears that John is still some sucker for roast pork and especially the tails, and Stan Wil Son would be considered to keep a very poor emporium indeed, without his windows draped with brown greasy tails suspended with a suggestive circle of his (pig's) rump and punctuated with ducks fried with their original stuffings. Moreover, the Chinese have a very dim opinion of Charles Lamb (of whom they have never heard), and all the sheep tribe for that matter. They say the white man smells like mutton, which is the dirtiest and disgustingest stink on earth, so just remember that at your boudoir, Belinda. But we don't seem to be getting very far with our Chinese, which we never did in any event.

★ **CHINESE** is really a very simple and natural language. It grew up through the desire to call a spade a spade and a mother-in-law a so-and-so and mean the same each time, and give it to your friend, to whom you would no doubt very much like to give the mother-in-law.

The sun is a circle with rays around it; the moon is a crescent and a mountain a series of permanent waves. One is a short vertical stroke and two is two of 'em. Up is up and down is down M'Gillicudy is all for Chinese—so far.

Ideographs are all very well for simple natural objects, but how are you going to express the binomial theorem in terms of simple, self-sufficient Morse, or Worse?

Well, John Pigtail is a resourceful geezunk, with plenty of imagination, also more than plenty mother-in-laws. Whom M'Gillicuddy admires very much, except for the mother-in-laws.

A man (I know) is a couple of legs with a doubletree. A woman (I suppose) is a cat with an extra big mouth. A house (basic knowledge again) is a square with a peaked roof; so happiness is a house with a pig and a woman in it; ecstasy, two pigs; discord, two women. If you don't believe me ask Confucius or your vegetable man. 'S truth.

★ **THE CHINESE** language is syllabic—monosyllabic. There are no big words, like monosyllabic. There is no alphabet; you don't have to learn no A.B.C.'s. And there ain't no grammar. (Loud cheers from all the little M'Gillicuddies.)

You start at the top right hand corner, and if you are like M'Gillicuddy you finish on the table cloth.

But all this is not as simple as seems, just as gears make your limousine easier to push than your wheelbarrow, since, like me, you frequently have to push both no doubt.

Each word has three elements — form, sound and meaning. Every basic character is a picture, drawn from nature. It combines six features: pictorial (as the sun circle); indicative (as the two strokes for two). suggestive (as brightness is conveyed by the sun added to the moon—which something our science has never been able to manage).

The fourth, phonetic, is the heart of Chinese, and maybe the liver and onions too. It covers three-fourths of Chinese characters; your aunt Matilda is sitting on the rest. It is where nature takes the side track and human cussedness hops on the caboose. These characters have two parts (like M'Gillicuddy playing Hamlet and The Egg and I).

The first part is the phonetic, and indicates the pronunciation. The second is the radical, and characters are grouped by their radicals: they take the place of our alphabet.. So eat, drink, speak and undoubtedly cuss (for every second word in Chinese is a cuss) belong to the mouth radical; and Chinese mouths are plenty radical. Travel, far, carfare and the like belong to the foot radical; and I suppose also there is an elbow-bending radical, without which any language would stutter in these parts, outside the fourteen provinces.

Though of course there is nothing in Chinese as radical as the C.C.F.

Oh but we're not finished yet. Fifth category is deflective. These characters are formed by a different internal arrangement of existing characters—like Hamlet swallowing the egg, and things happening in his tummy. Thus old is deflected to form ancestor, whereas with us she uses a hair dye and becomes 16.

The last category—thank Confusion—is adoptive—words written and pronounced the same, but with different meanings, which makes Chinese just as daft as English. The sun is also day, and root the beginning, which is somewhat more sensible than bear and bear.

★ **THE PHONETICS** are just as radical as the radicals. Each sound has four tones—and now you really begin to talk Chinese.

The first is the flat, even, upper level tone like "ding." Then the lower-level tone, coming up, —as "what." Third, the rising or moduating tone—"well." And (4) the vanishing tone—"now!" Try them on your saxophone; just so long as you don't on my telephone.

★ **YOU HAVE,** of course to memorize a character for every word, and most of you, no doubt, have a vocabulary of 10,000, with which Shakespeare more or less got by on. M'Gillicuddy boasts four, though he is sometimes suspected of overwroking them: "me wanchee mo' beer."

But it is not quite as bad as it looks. There are some 50,000 Chinese words. Like M'Gillicuddy, if your ambitions are simple, you can get by on less. And all these characters are produced from eight basic strokes, not including sunstroke and the breast stroke.

These are—(1) the dot (2) the dash (here Jimmy Farley will be thinking Chinese is a cinch); (3) the vertical; (4) the hook (no jabs, please); (5) the upstroke right; (6) the down stroke left; (7) the up stroke left; and (8) the down stroke right.

★ **EVERY WORD** represents a single idea, which goes for the mutiple idea of marriage too; it is common for a mandarin to have a bigger harem than he has a vocabuarly. But like the mandarin's family, one concept (though not conception) can combine several characters.

For example, Bob Taylor notwithstanding, there is just one cow character. It can be a bull a steer, a milch cow or a calf and as Bob has probably found out already, there is just nothing you can do about it; at any rate, in Chinese. So you just say mama cow, papa cow, or little cow, or Hang Kow. A water buffalo is a water cow, which is probably too much like calling a spade a spade to suit our milk man; and I suppose you could call a Jersey Lana Turner.

Pork is pig meat and veal is little cow meat. Democracy may seem as hard to reduce to naturalism as it is in practice, but you can always call it, with your tongue in your cheek, master people rule. As to the Amighty, they treat him as one of themselves—a doubtful compliment. He is familiarly known as "the old fellow."

★ **IN CHINESE** there is no grammar — no conjugations, no declesions, tenses, number or person; no syntax, which is just as well, for sin is prolific and the taxes are collected by the village lily on behalf of the local warlord (let's hope the C.C.F. isn't looking) a hundred years in advance.

Be is always be and never was or has been; and he and she are always "it" Nor is any midnight oil wasted over punctuation.

There are no articles, though adjectives are prolific. You say One man go, fifty man go; I be here to-day, I be here yesterday, some day tomorrow I no be here; which may make the pigeon English of your vegetable man more understandable.

If you want yes when you mean no, maybe, you say "You bling alt-choke tomollow question."

If this seems funny it isn't fooling. It will be something, anyway, for most of you agree we aren't funny when we try to be. Jack Benny may even take to Chinese. Better than they would take to him at any rate. There is no richer sense of humor than the Chinese, though it can be disconcerting. A guy clinging to an eleventh storey window sill would mow 'em down To hear the variation in emotional reaction to one of our movies—and they love 'em—is something not included in the admission fee. The Chinese, a smart business man has slipped up on this.

★ **SO YOU SEE** Chinese is not so difficult after all, nor yet so easy. Like most languages, it has its points, good and bad. It is especially unsuited to the sciences and to exact expression.

And even speaking it is no cinch. Most Foreigners make flattering progress at first. But it's the tones that get them — like the bear's and buys in English. But it's much more subtle, and many a smug Anglo fancies he is asking his Chinese boy for his slippers when he is really asking for his donkey.

Teaching the eager Chinese English is no cinch either. Is is no better that he has an alert mind and catches on quick, by umps, and lands in unsuspected humor.

Nor has he an inferiority complex in the glory and authority of antuiqity. He adopts and translates to his own idiom, just as he rides in our (his) street cars with his poles an his fish baskets. Hence the naturalness of pigeon English.

My friend Chou—the Chinese have a way of adopting a foreigner with an intense devotion always, it is suspected, for social prestige among his fellows, just as the hunter instinct in universal man sends us bagging a fat and scrumptuous wench, not because she is useful or we really want her, but because other guys envy us her.

Chou-san never ceased to ardently express his devotion, in these love-worn words: "I lou you pig," which seriously if not sincerely meant to convey: I like you very much. Of course Chou in the inevitable acid esprit of Chinese wit had to add something that was equally ungramatical and utterly unprintable. It's odd how the naughty words come easiest.

The wee White Russian nipper would blaspheme like a negro minister in the five prevailing languages.

They made you envious, too when you couldn't eat in one you could be darned dry in Japan for lack of mitsu. But a smile and affiliated contortions are universally eloquent and a Megocha (all Canadians are Americans) was looked upon by the ragged descendants of the dragon in the land of the flowery middle kindgom (the beginning and axis of everything) as a sort of anthropological curiosity, in utter good nature, and always good for a joke—with something of a delighted paternaism; especially as he was utterly stupid with his money and had far too much to be good for him—there were bad Chinese who would take it away if they didn't.

You wanted to buy some eggs The word is jee-zur, but you didn't know it. After vainly looking around — most shop wares are littered with delightful abandon and questionable aroma—in desperation you tried a timid cackle and sat down on a box. They brought you toilet paper.

You lamented your manly voice and not having acquired an old hen, decided to play your own role. Sat down again and did a loud cockadoodle-doo, rose up and flapped your wings. And amid contortions and congratulations they brought you the eggs. The Chinese are a smart people. They knew they could get a better act out of you. Perley would like them.

★ **YOU DON'T** really see Chinese here at all. In the first place practically all the Chinese who go abroad come from one area, around Canton—and there never seem to be any less of them at home, though they are all over the South Pacific and into Liverpool and Glasgow, which makes them hardly more particular than their aforesaid pigs.

Moreover, they do not act like Chinese, but discretely as you expect Chinese to act, which isn't how Chinese act at all.

You know the story of chop suey? In the early gold days of California the Chinese tagged along to grow rich on the white man's waste.

The boys were pretty rough. Ah Sing was washing up in his restaurant one night when they banged at the door. He had no wish for drunken miners but he was afraid to offend them. So he hit on a strategy. He'd let them in but they wouldn't come back.

He mixed up all the scraps and leavings. They raved about it, and chop suey was born. The Chinese being what he is, now you can get it in China. He doesn't want it.

★ **BUT** about his own sacred institutions he is very different. His culture is very old, and you are simply unfortunate. The Four Books are all there is to know and if he delights to chase the yellow dog with firecrackers from eating the moon in eclipse, then you may think yourself sophisticated, but you are missing a lot of fun and the Chinese dote on the fun of living, even when he's starving to death; and how many do you have no idea

His language may be tedious and he has no aversion to making a dollar in yours, but he is very proud of it and if you think he is going to change it for Esperanto you had better have a talk with Confusius or your vegetable man. He looks on his labored characters, lovingly done with camel hair brush and charcoal ink just as they were when we were painting ourselves with woad. With a reverence and craftsmanship sadly missing in our modern penmanship—or the mind it gives expression to.

Though power and money are exploited in China with a ruthlessness that we ape but can never equal, they keep their sacred side. The social status is clearly defined and dates to antiquity. On top is the scholar and at the bottom the soldier. Next to the gun is the barber's razor, which may be curious, but it is truly Chinese. A Chinese war, as you may have learned, takes some understanding until you understand that it is stupid to fight.

★ **CHINESE WRITING** is very old. Bone shell script—they were smart before they discovered paper—has been found dating back 4,200 years.

It is not, however, the Chinese we know—or rather don't know. That originated in the T'ang dynasty, about the beginning of our Christian era. It has changed handly at all.

It is the same all over China and Japanese and Chinese are so basically alike that you can read them equally (but of course you can't).

Mandarin—the Peking version has been proclaimed the official universal tongue, but old lady China has paid as much attention to that as to most reforms released by the revolution.

And though every Chinese and his yellow dog can play God Save The King on his abacus—which is a manual cash register—only one in a couple of hundred can read at all, and the average vocabulary is somewhat less than the prescribed 40,000 characters.

It has always seemed strange to M'Gillicuddy that people who are smart enough to have fine cars, with gears, should miss so much by keeping one wheel on their mental barrows. But of course that only applies to China

And though the pao (newspapers) are run by better business men and even poorer scholars than ours, and have blackmail down to a really fine art, it is often convenient not to understand the editor.

★ **AMONG** the so-called literate writing is an obvious lingua franca, though we seldom saw it resorted to. But any Shanghai hand has seen a spruce business man from Hong Kong conversing with a Shanghai tycoon in English(?) for the simple reason that they couldn't do it in Chinese There are a score of dialects and it is nothing like the mere difference between the Glasgow burr and the Cockney twang. In Peking it is ee, ur, sang and in Canton it is yip, sep sar but both write it one, two, three little flat strokes.

There is a dialect for every district, and, as is typically Chinese, they seem to enoy it for a San Francisco Chinese will explain that his guest—whose forebears both surely came from Canton—speaks "Los Angeles dialect'

Knowledge was with the Orient the prerogative of the scholars, as in our Middle Ages of the monks. So it is that there was a common script.

It is the one thing there is in common and it by no means belongs to everybody. It is a great mistake to think of China as a nation, far less a democracy.

There are fourteen provinces and each one is virtually ruled by a war lord or his modern political counterpart. The strongest one is China's ruler, and each provincial one, rendering to the central government a percentage of what he collects, virtually runs his own show. This is the traditional pattern and the modern adaptation is less militarism and more politics, but it works out just the same. Even the laws are pretty much a matter of power and influence. Corruption is hardly the word; from the Chinese point of view Dexterity is in common acceptance, and they are an ingenious race. But the Americans, who tried to set the old lady on her feet, called it corruption, which it would be from our point of view and threw up the sponge as any old China hand could have told 'em they would have to For four thousand years the Chinese have matched their wits against a myriad of devils in a delightful game; but if they are finally going there they are sure to insist on going their own way. And whoever forgets it doesn't know the first thing about China and the best are the first to protest how little they know.

There is no census, no true cadastral system. The way to sell half your land is to tear your century-old fan-tan paper in half and give it to the buyer. And if you lose yours, lord help you—if anyone can prove it. For wrong entirely depends on being found out, officially. Even the Chinese dollar is not worth the same in different parts and it used to be a profitable business buying stamps in Heilungkang, where the dollar was low and selling them in Shanghai. But of course a Chinese government is of the same shrewd stuff and soon there were local stamps. But a book of Chinese tricks would make our local business tycoons feel very amateurish and must surely tickle also the Old Fellow himself—for it is hard to fancy a Chinese God without a sense of humor.

Though surely at the top of the scholars he had better be handy with the abacus, for if only one in a hundred Chinese can read, they all can count and though they have never heard of Micawber, they all know and follow Micawber's law about having the cash (a Chinese coin before they taught us deflation) on the right side. Many a man gets his start with a stock in trade of a pack of cigarettes, selling a half fag at a time, or even a drag at a fag if times are bad enough.

★ **SO** as has been on public record for the few who are interested since Sophocles sensed that the true scale of values was in doing good instead of running a bad Greek restaurant, it is a fact in China as well as in other strange lands I could mention (writes our correspondent M'

(Turn to Page Seven)

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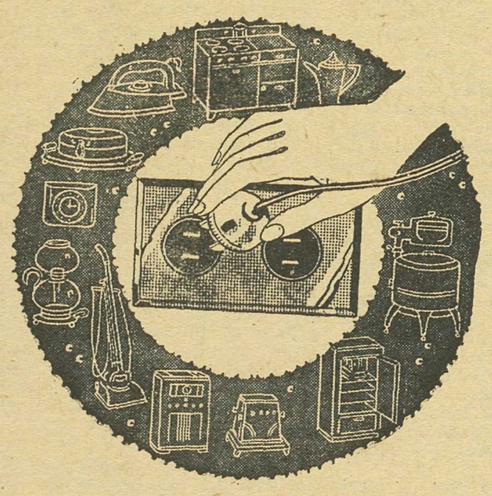

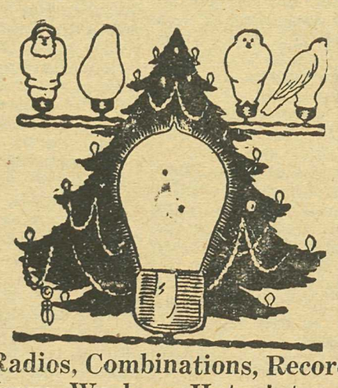

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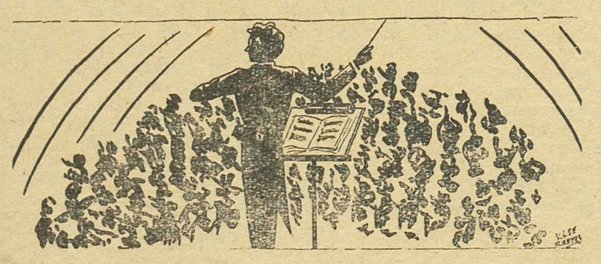

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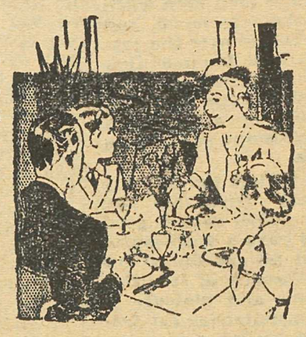

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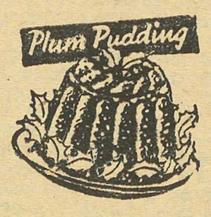

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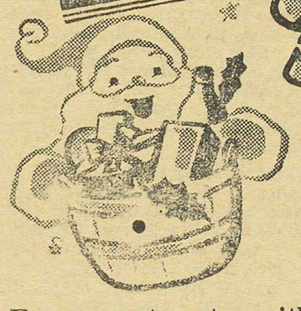

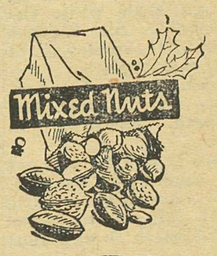

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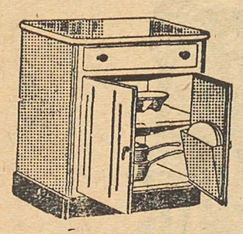

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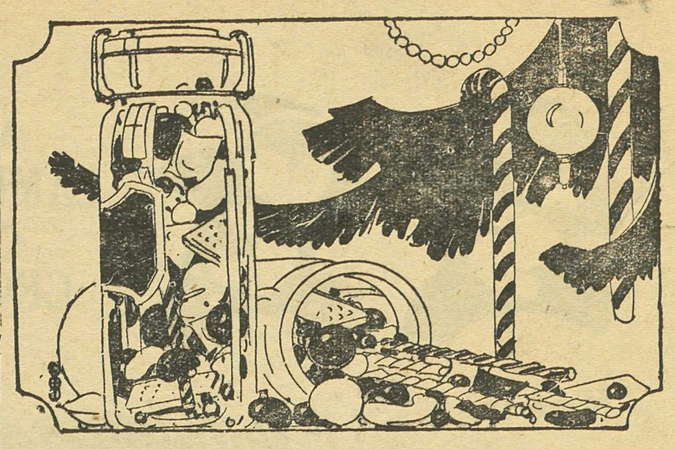
Home and Office
Fixtures
Built to Your Requirements,
Finished to Harmonize
or to Your Taste
— IT COSTS NO MORE —
●
Princeton Products
Cabinetmakers, Builders
H. MILLER
Opposite Tulameen Hotel

Mr. R. Forsyth was in Princeton for the funeral of his mother.

Miss Mel Towriss is home from Nanaimo for the holidays.



From a sad-iron to a glad (shootin') iron, you'll find values galore at your second hand store.

SKATES!
TOOLS!
STOVES!

HAMILTON'S
SECOND HAND STORE
Bridge Street, Princeton

A Subscription to Your "Star" Makes an Ideal Gift

GAS

Gives You Everything . .
Speed . . Instant Action . . Economy . . Finger-Tip Control . . . these are a few of the outstanding advantages of our new home-help —

L.P. GAS
for Cooking, Refrigeration, Lighting.
●
We do everything . . installation . . maintenance
Fuel Supply Guaranteed
Let Us Demonstrate
FINDLAY GAS RANGE

When you buy a Moffat you will be the proud owner of the finest gas range that engineering skill and craftsmanship can produce.

L. P. Gas is also conveniently adapted for REFRIGERATION, LIGHTING and various HOUSEHOLD CONVENIENCES, COMMERCIAL and INDUSTRIAL USE.
IT SAVES YOU MONEY—THREE STYLES TO SUIT

RELIANCE SERVICES
Vermilion Ave. Princeton 58K
ED. GOTT, Proprietor

PREPARE NOW

For **WINTER**

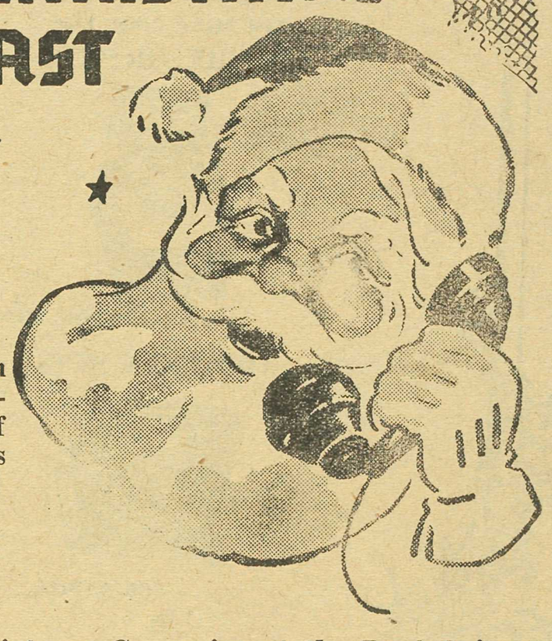
Stock Up NOW!

- COAL
- WOOD
- SAWDUST

Save MORE

BOND'S TRANSFER
PRINCETON—PHONE 16W

Santa's Headquarters For the ★
BIG CHRISTMAS FEAST
★ ★



HOLIDAY SPECIALS
Cigarettes and Tobaccos in gift wrappings, Cakes, Puddings — Candy — Nuts of all kinds—Table Dates, Figs Raisins, Glace Cherries, etc.l Mince Meat, Peel, Spices, Biscuits, Jellies, Jams, etc.
EVERYTHING AVAILABLE IN FRESH FRUIT, GREENS and VEGETABLES

Everything in Christmas Groceries at the Best Prices

CENTRAL MARKET
Bridge St., Princeton — E. DALLOW. Proprietor Phone 75

Christmas Cards . . .

Printed with your Personal Greeting

From $1.00 a dozen

Please Order Early

☆ THE STAR
Your Community Paper

FINE SELECTION CARRIED IN STOCK
OR BRING YOUR OWN FOR PRINTING
ONE DAY SERVICE—

Everything in Yuletide
Oven Goodness
Except The Fowl

CAKES—All Kinds and Sizes
Pies, Pastry and Dainties
From our own special recipes
BREAD - - Full Parade
Don't Go Short — Lay In

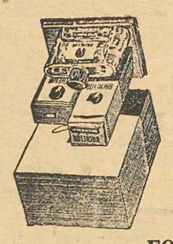
HOME BAKERY
BRIDGE ST. — PRINCETON 54

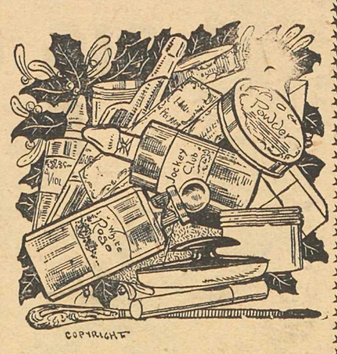
Gifts Beautiful & Lasting

... At Your Drug Store

PERFUMES — BATH SALTS —
PEN AND PENCIL SETS— GIFT
STATIONERY—SHAVING SETS
GIFT STATIONERY — CARDS
LEATHER GOODS — PURSES
BRIDGE & CRIBBAGE SETS
CHOCOLATES, SMOKING SETS
And Many Other Lines

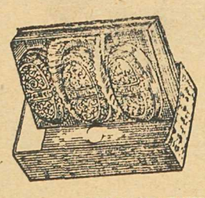
BACHELOR SETS

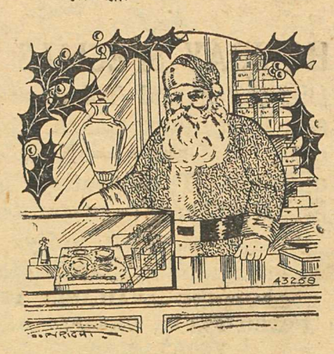




FOR MEN

ADRIENNE SETS

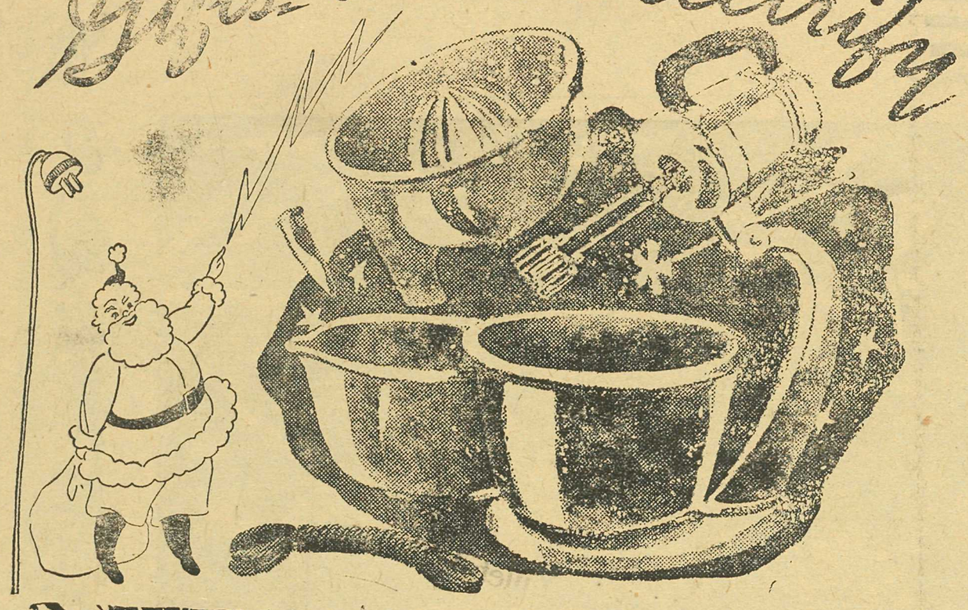




—FOR LADIES

PRINCETON DRUG & BOOK STORE
DON ATKINSON, Proprietor
BRIDGE ST. PHONE 19

Gifts that Electrify



The Gift That Lasts

And Pays It's Way Every Day

... These gadgets — these tools of modern living: once an undreamed of luxury; now a necessity to economy and happiness. Be modern; be practical. In the urge of teh season, treat your home — and yourself and those on your list — to something really worthwhile. There's value in volts when you know what's watt. **From a flashlight or decorative light to a radio-combination and washer and ironer you'll find ideas here to serve all the years.**

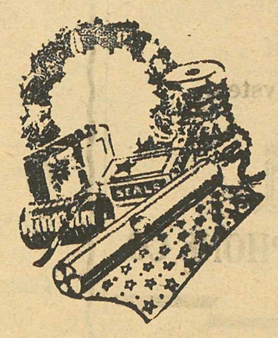
The ELECTRIC BLANKET - - Insured, Insulated Sleep

GOULD ELECTRIC
BRIDGE STREET PHONE 107

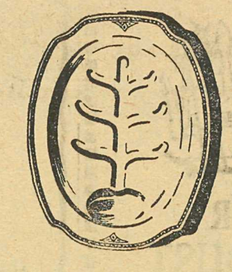
AT CAMERON'S CASH GROCERY

Make This Your H. Q.

Almond Paste — Table Figs—Dates
Mixed Candied Fruit — Table Ginger
Cranberry Sauce — Table Jellies
Mince Meat—in bulk and jars
Maraschino and Glace Cherries
Baker's Dessicated Cocoanut
Christmas Cakes—many makes, sizes.
Christmas puddings, wrapped, tinned.
NUTS—every kind, whole, srelled salted, mixed—new varieties
CANDY—Fine selection, including Christmas mixes, gift chocolates.
Apples—Oranges—Bananas—Grapes



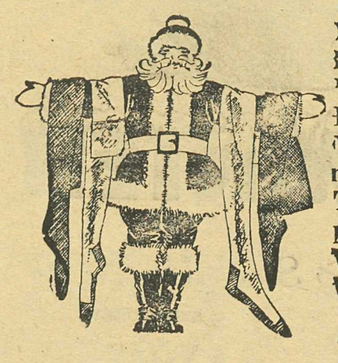
JAP ORANGES
* Please place orders early—



FRESH VEGETABLES

CHEESE, HAM, BACON, FRESH MEATS EGGS
LARD — FRUIT JUICES — PICKLES — JAMS
SOFT DRINKS—CHRISTMAS WINES— SOUPS
CANNED FRUIT, MEAT, VEGETABLES, ETC.
SPICES — EXTRACTS — CURRANTS, RAISINS
EVERYTHING FOR THE CHRISTMAS COOKING
TOBACCOS—CIGARS—CIGARETTES
BISCUITS—EVERYTHING IN GROCERIES
FRESH BREAD, BAKERY LINES DAILY

Gifts that will please



eals, Tags, Decorations
Christmas Cards, Wraps
Boxed Stationery; Pen & Pencil Sets; Clocks and Hardware Lines; Dishes Fancy Gift Soap, Shaving Sets, Flashlights etc. Ties, Hankies, etc, and practical items in men's Women's and Children's Wear; gifts for the home

Come In — See For Yourself!

and a full stock of Groceries, Fruits & Vegetables, Prepared Meats, Hardware and General Merchandise

CAMERON'S GROCERY
SOUTH BRIDGE SREET, PRINCETON
PHONE 137 : : WE DELIVER