CAPITOL THEATRE
FOR THE LATEST
CAPITAL PICTURES
Eevery Week Night

THE SIMILKAMEEN STAR

CAMERON'S GROCERY
The Modern Store
PHONE 137
SEE OUR AD

Fifieth Year; No. 49. PRINCETON, B.C., FRIDAY, 16th MARCH, 1951 5c per Copy; $2.00 per Year

Similkameen Silt

Long Headed Shorty

★ SHORTY DUNN, after serving his term in the "pen" as one of Bill Miner's train bandit gang, worked as clerk in Al White's store. "Never had so good a man" said Artemus Leslie.

One day an old tillicum bought a lot of stuff. "Charge it," she said. "You don't have no charge account." "Oh Billy, you know me." "Yeah, that's the trouble, I know you," said Shorty, and began putting the stuff back

☆ ★ ☆

Slippery Soap

★ FROM camps from Colorado to the Klondyke graduated our pioneers. From Colorado to the Klondyke notorious was Soapy Smith. When he outlived his welcome in the Sierras he went North.

A Klondyke sky pilot wanted to build a meeting house. Since Soapy had the screws on the camp, the practical Paul pointed out the effect of Soapy's heading the subscription list. Responding to the honor Soapy shocked him by leading with a couple of thousand bucks.

With enough to build a cathedral. the holy head dreamed of said cathedral. While Soapy slipped in and snitched the jackpot from under his pillow.

☆ ★ ☆

Castor Coach?

★ THE Fairview stage was stuck —and on a stiff grade. Bone dry was a rear axle. But the little old lady travelled prepared — for the effect of travel. The stage was soon on its way—after she produced a bottle of castor oil. Oil's well . . .

☆ ★ ☆

Cutting Retort

★ THE knife had a fine horn while. Observe the shiny steel How nice it would cut bread. prompted Perley. "Hell, I cut bread with an axe," scoffed the prospector. "So you do your own baking too?" purred the man of peace.

☆ ★ ☆

Dear Me!

★ HARRY Allison and Billy Summers were hunting out 12 Mile. Up loomed two big bucks. Harry blazed away, brought one down. The other scooted down the hill. and Billy after it.

Harry went up to his kill—and his kill got up and went after him. Without his gun, Harry wrestled the beast by the horns —and shouted for Billy to help.

But philosophical Billy, sitting on a log watching the show called back: "What's the use? By the time I get up there you 'll be dead."

☆ ★ ☆

Indoctrinated

★ PECK McSWAIN was known in every camp in the hand-set days when tramp printers followed the ore strikes. Peck invested all his earnings in such sleeping lotions as made it sacrilege to waste two bits on a bed He would curl up under the press, where he could if the shop were shut. Hay was fine

Doc and a few of the boys were having a moist game of cards. They went out to the barn, tossed the embers of the bottle into the hay. "That'll put a shine on the nag," Doc chimed. There was a stirring and a cussing—from Peck, who already had a shine. (This account is more dignified than accurate; Doc McCaffrey did not go to the barn to DRINK.)

★ ONE CELEBRATION before Princeton had a jail Charlie Squawkem over-celebrated. So they resourcefully trussed his hands and tethered him to a tree near where the telephone office is. Charlie thought it a great lark, especially since many a pitying soul gave the poor animal a drink.

☆ ★ ☆

His One Slip

Emil Voigt was a recalcitrate Swiss who toiled stubbornly to win a fortune from Vlogt's Camp Hugh Hunter was Princeton's first government agent. of divers powers and somewhat arbitrary bearing.

They fell out, and Voigt lodged with Victoria a serious complaint At the official enquiry, testifying against the complaint, Mr.

PASSING OF PERLEY RUSSELL REMOVES A LANDMARK

THE MAN WHO LOVED PEACE IS AT PEACE

Many Men Come And All Must Go But Men of Good Heartwood Stand, Endure

PERLEY RUSSELL is gone. It is hard to feel you will not see him again. Of course we have become used to the unusual. He has not been at the old stand for some years. We came to accept that, like we accept a summer shower. But this is like learning there will be no more summer.

A seasonless summer, mind. for to most of us Perely was not in Princeton but of it—a sort of human Castle Rock, the Castle Rock of an eternal September twilight, where time stood still; true and friendly, close but some how distant; and very much a personality, a landmark.

There will be few tears for Perley, because somehow tears do not belong; and the regard for so genuine a man is too genuine for any sentimentality. Yet there are few men whose passing will be so genuinely regretted.

In a way, it is like the passing of an era, like losing a landmark Like the collapse of the colonial One Hoss Shay.

PRINCETON'S PRIDE

The old order changeth, giving place to new, lest one good custom should corrupt the world Perley's hillspun philosophy was not so literary, but that is about the way we had better accept it.

It is a peculiarity of this unacademic hill town that it has been sounding board for a succession of great doctors. But more fittingly it has been stage for a remarkable array of remarkable characters. in the full breadth of that word—so apt in their environment. There could be only one of each. Yet when you say that of Perley it has somehow a special meaning.

In the same week we lost another remarkable man. There could hardly be greater contrast than Perley and Prideaux, in manner as in mien; and yet in essence of spirit they had something remarkably in common. It was pure humanity in vastly different molds. You had to see them matched to know the delight of it.

OLD HICKORY

Some folk grow old aptly, like good wine; in some—and you see it when they sleep—the spirit muscles ripple with youth when the flesh has lost its spring; there are the actors who were obviously twelve years old when they were born; and there is old hickory that was as obviously made to be old hickory. That was Perley. He was like the bit of brook you see every day, always the same, and you feel must be the same all the way up and all the way down; and go on always being the same. Like the old apple tree by the old hitching rail by the river back of the Perley Cook store. You never expected it to blossom; you almost resented the coming and the shedding of the leaf It belonged there. You could not conceive of it growing—or going.

Well, Perley gave little offence there. Conservative was the word He must have been a boy. even a babe. Even with Pop you can string your fancy back to that. and enjoy it. But somehow with Perley you resent the thought Percy has been pals for half a century. Even in Perley there must have been some change. But not to most who knew him half that time — except that sudden, but equally enduring difference when he came out of hospital after being beset by a burglar.

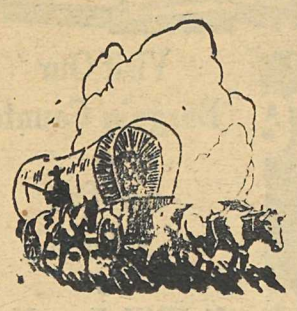
THE CONSERVATIVE

It was precisely because he was careful, methodical, rather than the opposite—carefully conservative and conservatively careful, and carefully conservatvely liberal—that the old Perley Cook store was a 20th century old curiosity shop, and Perley belonged in it.

He was not old fashioned. He bought an Oldsmobile when the Olds was the marvel of a revolutionary era; and he kept it to the end and drove it like a good man would drive a good horse.

His telephone was No. 6—wall and wind. It is hard to fancy him with a monophone.

Far from changing, you would swear he never changed his clothes. Nor were they apparently ever new, but as righteously



good type face — to do a job rather than flatter a whim. He wore the clothes he sold — you seldom saw him in a tailored suit. but never without a celluloid collar and plain string tie. And inevitable soft hat. Perhaps it was because you saw it so seldom that it seemed a funny little head—cute you might say. Only you never said such things to Perley. You accepted him, like Buddha, the authority of his being. monumental, the same

The grey felt wagged over the high box-fronted sloping board desk in the front right corner—you seldom saw Perley seated. He moved with unhurried sureness. A white-pink face with small white brush moustache. pleasant voice, carefully articulate, with an accent of frontier dignity. that made slight slang and odd syntax correct. A slight accompanying nodding of the head, an innate friendly honesty a sense of calm, security; native philosophy.

TOLERANCE

"If you could not get along with Perley you could not get along with anybody." How many times have you heard that said?

Mind, he was no putty. Seldom one so self-opinionated, so set in his ways, so severe, yet so harmless a critic. Vindictiveness and cruelty were just not in him at all. With an uncompromising sense of justice and fair play. with rugged individualism and independence, he had philosophical tolerance and generous sympathy. He was not to be lured from his way—or to be thwarted in it. But he was mild and quietly merry and essentially calm. It was amusing when you got him flustered; it was unwise to get him angry. For if you rarely found any who disliked Perley, there were those whom he disliked. And what and whom he disliked he made no bones about But at worst he would simply have no part of it and it was the thinnest slice of human waywardness that was beyond Perley's pale.

JUSTICE

To say that he was a paragon in all he did or that he always pleased everybody or was pleased with everybody or everything is to miss the whole point of Perley. He was Perley, with his own quiet way—queer if you like—in all he did. His authority was like that of a mountain that allows other mountains but is unmoved by them — with open hospitality but no trespass.

On most things in his orbit he was authority indeed. His time among us was as monumental as his being, and he took a keen-eyed interest in all he encountered. Few among us had not some transact on with him, were not in some way served by his favors.

METHOD

He had a keen eye and a good head, an orderly mind with its own peculiar sense of order judgment as well as generosity. When you remember that he was his own umpire—that he was Perley—understanding is easy.

His shop was typical of him. He was a general merchant in human values. He had been round a long time and he threw nothing away. His sense of house keeping was not that of the domestic scientist — bare simplicity. A fiddlestring was a fiddle string. It had right and value as much as a can of peas. So did an old magazine, a muzzleloader and an anecdote of Charlie Asp. Elimination is throwing away life.

Though he wrote a natural fine artistic arched hand and lacked neither intelligence nor eagerness for improvement. Perley made no claims to the academic—but he drew a fine line of scorn against the pseudo expert. He had a natural nimbleness of word and wit that made his mildly caustic criticisms unoffensive and entertaining.

INDEPENDENCE

His organizing and accounting aspects were in the same delightful naivete. His filing system, be it socks or stories, was hardly that of the New York public library and his accounts rebelled against efficency forms. But they satisfied Perley and his opposites in a long saga of sometimes strange transactions and anyone who had dealings with him will have no doubt that they satisfied St. Peter.

The old firm whose destinies devolved on him in absolute trust had its origin in the hell-roarin' days of the Granite Creek gold rush of '85—wildest of them all. They paid with pokes of gold, backed out over a hundred miles of trail in baking powder cans and every odd item in a general stock of bare essentials was wet and warm.

It was much more than the general store—it was the general mecca of the camp's needs, in every venture that the camp was in—too often too directly.

There was the Deadhorse of local folklore. Only hope of recovering lost grubstakes was to grubstake them anew, in a camp run by the store. Needless to say

(Page Six please)

Three Per Cent Poli-Tax

HAVE you paid your taxes—for 1900? Here's the score, from the inaugural issue of The Star, over the official signature of Hugh Hunter (Princeton wasn't incorporated then either):

Real property three - fifths of one per cent.

Wild land two and one-half per cent.

Personal property —one-half of one per cent.

Nothing said about income tax, but remember the consternation when Mr Gladstone introduced it at a penny on the pound?

The Treasurer Had A Golden Treasury Of Local Memories

Perley Colored Princeton Scene for Half a A Century and His Influence Will Live on

PERLEY RUSSELL, who perhaps more than any other typified Princeton, died last week—in the "exile" of his own home. For though he left near the old homestead where he was born, no man more belonged to the land of his adoption. For 40 years he was a pillar of Princeton—its uncrowned prince.

So fundamental was Old Perley that you would as lief query the composition of Castle Rock. and though he rates a book, the simple cardinals of his obituary defy you.

Not even his buddies of fifty years could supply them. But these facts are from Perley himself, collected for The Star's reference library in 1937.

He was born of an old New Brunswick family on the old homestead at Millerton, a tiny old town near Newcastle. Somewhere in his background was a touch of Irish. but by generations of settlement as by the mold of the man, Perley was Canadian if anyone is.

He was born at Derby, 19th June, 1869—82 years ago. That was just two years after the original ocnfederation—"of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Canada", in the aura of Tupper and Tilley. The federation railway to British Columbia began running in '85—the year of Similkameen's Granite Creek gold rush.

THE ADVENTURER

After a frontier boyhood, attending a rustic school and helping on the family ranch, at 23 our young Greeley went West in '92. He worked in a logging camp in Michigan, another near Seattle, then in its first boom.

He moved up to Vancouver in 1893. That was rare time and place for a man like Perley to get in on the ground floor, and but for the the siren lure of Similkameen he might well have become a merchant prince of the metropolis.

Prolific Perley

(Similkameen ☆ 7 April, 1900)

★

MINING LOCATIONS —Thackery, Copper Mtn., Perley Russell

ASSESSMENT — Tusk, Perley Russell.

TRANSFER—Petrel and Blackbird. W. Sullivan to George B. Connor and Perley Russell.

After the "big" fire Vancouver bounded, natural center for a rich empire, ousting planned Port Moody as the railway terminus. Princeton was launched as a royal city in 1860.

Granite Creek revived interest in Similkameen placers and there were many mechanical ventures, natural aftermath of the pan and sluice orgy.

And of course we drew colorful adventurers. One was Napoleon of pooh-bah "Colonel Bobby" Stevenson. And a pair of marine colonels, Captains Scott and Copp. As a side venture, before there was any townsite, Cap'n Copp started—but never finished—a big log hotel — the Garrison "livery barn."

DRY LAND PIRATES

But the big promotion was a hydraulic operation at the mouth of Whipsaw, nine miles up the river. Perley joined the land-lubbing captains' crew in Vancouver, came in 1895. Percy says Perley had been up for a look before that.

And rumor says they had blue apprenticeship in pirate gold.

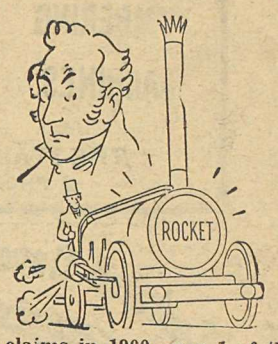
They built a long flume past Whipsaw falls and the famous "White House" on the river.

Lumber was whipsawed. This was a common method of making boards in frontier days. It was a ripsaw, as long as a cross cut, worked by two men, above and below. Hence Whipaw Creek

There was later a bridge across the river at the same point.

A townsite of Ashnola was promoted by "Windy" Young of Nelson. His hotel was for years the Jim Jameson ranch home. (This is not to be confused with the later townsite near the Harry Allison ranch promoted as a rival to Princeton by the Allisons and ex-Governor Dewdney or the Ashnola near Keremeos.)

Among the crew were Perley Russell, George Freeman, Gus "Belgie" Pouwels and Charlie Bonniver, cronies long after.



ing claims in 1900, year 1 of the real Princeton.

But Perley had a fling in the Greenwood-Phoenix camps and in Similkameen road work before settling to the status with which he is always identifed. In 1904 he joined the firm of F. P. Cook. Cook & Blair had opened one of the earliest stores at Granite Creek and Foxcrowle P. Cook soon became sole proprietor and acquired many other interests. He needed a smart young fellow.

Perley was with the Granite Creek H.Q. till 1908, when he came to the Princeton "branch" The Coalmont store however carried on until the wane of the Blakeburn collieries.

On the death of Mr. Cook his trusty adjutant took over most of the responsibility for the far-flung estate — with as varied interests of his own. How much these grossed is probably not realized, least from the mildness of the man.

Or how many he helped. And of course he could have papered a palace with worthless stocks. He belonged—by his own count — to eleven lodges and held scores of offices, mostly treasurer

LIVES IN MEMORY

Perley never looked the same after he was attacked by a burglar in the store in 1937, and retirement in 1945 from a job he had sat close on for 40 years gave him a chance to revisit the old homestead and his folks. He meant to come back but never did.

He died on Tuesday, 6th March and was buried in the family plot.

He is survived by two sisters in New Brunswick—one of whom never married, by a brother, a doctor in Detroit; and by at least two nephews.

A sister visited Perley here some years ago, says Percy.

His pal Percy Rowlands visited him at the old home in '49. He says Perley would have come back with him—except that Percy trusted planes.

Though Perley is at peace, and his memory is his monument. surely some mark will be raised to one who moved so long and so kindly among us.

★ REPRINTED, written about a year ago.]

Perley's Last 'Ad'

Received your long looked for letter, as I expected to get one as I knew you would write sooner or later. Expect to see you soon. Don't know how I will travel yet, as there is so many flying accidents I won't go that way, then there was so many recks on the railways I thought of walking but it is too far (Perley sent the letter BY AIR.

The new highway must be a wonderful piece of work. but all governments like to spend $$.

The people back here are raising hell about high Taxes. so everyone has a kick comming. Price of pit props went away down on account of scarcity of money (Percy has it all, Perley) Things is nearly as bad as when Bennett was paying the people 40c a day, to keep them eating.

We are just getting over a hard winter and the election (we'll never get over it, Perley)

(Page Six please)

General Cooks

(Similkameen ☆ 7 April, 1900)

★

FOR SALE—20 Mile Creek properties. 1-3 interest—Cook & Co

FOR RENT—Blacksmith shop

MARCH

Mars, Roman god of war; first month of the Roman year
Flower—Violet; Gem—Bloodstone. Virtue—Courage

1—THURSDAY —	St. David's Day (Welsh)	6:39—5:47
2—FRIDAY—	Princeton Hotel Fire 1911	6:37—5:48
3—SATURDAY—	G.N Hotel fire (Jackson) 1912	6:36—5:49
4—SUNDAY—	First Canada Air Mail, 1939	6:34—5:51
5—MONDAY—	Death of Sun Yat-Sen 1925	6:32—5:52
6—TUESDAY—	Death of Perley Russell 1951	6:30—5:53
7—WEDNESDAY—	First Fenian Raid. 1856	6:28—5:55
8—THURSDAY—	Hitler occupies Rhineland 1936	6:27—6:56
9—FRIDAY—	Ice Jam, Princeton-Normans '32	6:25-5:57
10—SATURDAY—	Record cold snap, 1951	6:21—6:00
11—SUNDAY—	Franco wins Spanish war. 1949	6:19—6:01
12—MONDAY —	Blanchard, 1st gov., ar Victoria	6:23—5:59
13—TUESDAY —	US purchase of Alaska. 1867	6:18—6:03
14—WEDNESDAY —	Hitler invades Czechoslovk'a'39	6:16—6:04
15—THURSDAY —	'des of March. Caesar murdered	6:14—6:05
16—FRIDAY —	Rev. Goodfellow ordained 1923	6:12—6:06
17—SATURDAY—	St. Patrick's Day, Irish	6:10—6:08
18—SUNDAY —	Copper Mt bunkhouse fire '28	6:0-96:09
	Time to think of plants—Printn. Nursery	
19—MONDAY —	Big German offensive, 1918	6:06—6:10
	Easter Meats at Princeton Meat Market	
20—TUESDAY —	First Can. wirless message '02	6:0..—6:12
	Fresh Hot Cross Buns—Home Bakery.	
21—WEDNESDAY —	First day of spring, equinox	6:03—6:13
	Annual Gen. Meeting Princeton Hospital	
22—THURSDAY —	Dr. Black killed on horse, 1871	6:01—6:14
	Cut Flowers for Easter—Ptn. Nursery	
23—FRIDAY —	Good Friday (Public holiday)	5:59—6:16
	Your Merchants wish you a Joyous Easter	
24—SATURDAY —	First Canadian Newspaper, 1752	6:57-6:17
25—SUNDAY —	Easter Sunday	5:55—6:18
26—MONDAY —	Easter Monday	5:53—6:19
27—TUESDAY —	Reil Rebellion, 1885	5:51—6:21
28—WEDNESDAY —	Contract Copper Mt bridge '00	5:50—6:22

Princeton Girls Win Volleyball Honors

AUGURY for the future, with fine new gym facilities, the Princeton girls won the sectional volleyball title—and the tournament was played here.

Our bashing amazons now meet the Okanagan winners. In the boys' section Penticton took the honors.

Lacking a gym, volleyball was one of the few sports our lasses could play. With a gym, they are better still. A good grounding is now being laid in basketball. This year's poor showing should be seen accordingly.

Order Your NUMBERING MACHINES from THE STAR ★ PHONE 36

Bergmann: We Are Out-tempted

BERGMANN, top jumper on this continent, is not expected to take in the Princeton tournament. Bergmann, now living at Revelstoke, was an unexpected visitor for the recent clinic. He broke the hill record with a 242 ft. leap—and his skis

Amber, anxious to have him for the big tourney, sportingly paid for the skis, offered him expenses, all an amateur is allowed. But he has no lack of invitations from the Yank$$$. It is a longer trip and more expence$$$.

Dear Mr. Bergmann: Maybe you come to Princeton via Trondheim and Copenhagen, yah?

★ Or maybe Mr. Rossalini will loan us Ingrid.

Lead – By Gould

MIXED curling spiel (half men half women) was won by Mme. Sammy Goldilocks Gould (half man half woeman). Constipation series went to Signora Pauline Fredrickson McFinstersnort McRae. Official, incredible

Captured flavour of the Indies....

OLD INSPECTOR RUM

OVER 4 YEARS OLD

Old Inspector RUM

R-9

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WANTED

ROUGH SPRUCE LUMBER

Straight and | or Mixed Cars

1" and 2" x 4" to 12" - R|L

Price - $51.00 Net F.O.B. Cars Shipping Point

Prompt Shipment

REPLY BOX ALS, STAR.

PREPARE NOW

For SPRING...

SAND GRAVEL

GARDEN SOIL

ETC.

BOND'S TRANSFER

OVERWAITEA LIMITED

TEN DAY ANNIVERSARY

SALE!

Compare Our Prices

Visit Our Bargain Counters

See Our Sales Bill

It Will Pay You

OVERWAITEA LIMITED PRINCETON

BE WISE

Switch — to Gas

Statistics will surprise you. Despite gremlins and gadgets, the use of Gas outstrips any other fuel. In installation and upkeep it is cheaper and better. PROPANE Gas IS Modern

RELIANCE SERVICES

E. J. GOTT—VERMILION AVENUE

Your Best Buy

Harwood's Rye

Canada's Finest

H50-14

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YOU NEED PROTECTION

Don't Risk It . . .

Don't take cances—a slip may mean a Pink Slip—or a broken bone — or a burglary or a fire. The onus is on you. Shift it to us Let us take the chance on you. We are able.

. . . Insure It

EARL W. NOWELL - Insurance - PHONE 5

PRINCETON MEAT MARKET

Home of Fresh Beef

CHOICE MEATS

POULTRY

NOCA BUTTER - FRESH EGGS

Fresh, Smoked and Frozen FISH

S. A. WILSON, Proprietor

TELEPHONE 21 BRIDGE STREET, PRINCETON

Check

Let Us Check Your RADIO, WASHER and Other Appliances for Summer Comfort . .

Our charges are reasonable, and all work is guaranteed.

We carry a good stock of Radio and Washer Repair parts.

We stock Hearing Aid Batteries — Marconi Philco, Northern Electric, Easy, Speed Queen and A.B.C. Radios and Appliances

MANSFIELD ELECTRIC

BRIDGE ST., PRINCETON—PHONE 130

SKILL — Superior — SERVICE

ROBERTSON'S CLEANERS

South Bridge Street — Princeton

★ PHONE 1-2-3

Ladies' DRESSES A Specialty

Men's Clothing

Blankets

Chesterfield Covers

Drapes

Net Curtains

Pressed while You Wait

Expert CLEANING

Insure on your Automobile NOW!

CONSULT...

P. W. GREGORY

concerning your new driving responsibilities under the Public Safety and Financial Responsibility provisions under Provincial law, now ih effect. Otherwise you risk impounding of your automobile and loss of your driver's licence. We have policies designed for just this legislation.

Boys!

EASY SPENDING MONEY for

BATTERY LEAD

Your Commerce Branch

D. M. Houstoun, O.S.A.

Keystone of Main Street

The towns of Canada are friendly places. There's the drug store, the post office... and your bank, where you meet your friends and exchange a neighbourly word with the people who serve you.

Your Commerce manager is a man to know... a man who wants to know you. You can trust him to keep your confidence. You can trust the men and women who work with him... they are trained to be discreet about your business.

Yes, our Canadian towns are friendly places... and the men and women at your Commerce branch are good people to know.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

"The Commerce"

140-50A

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FOR THE LATEST
CAPITAL PICTURES
Every Week Night

THE SIMILKAMEEN STAR

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Fiftieth Year; No. 50— PRINCETON, B.C., FRIDAY, 16th MARCH, 1951 5c per Copy; $2.00 per Year

After Midnight

* MY PAL M'Gillicuddy is a dutiful little cuss. A rebel born to imposed authority, the true child of nature, he is most indulgent to nature's obligations, and mayhap subject to an urge or three

Now as our undoubtedly literary clientele undoubtedly is aware, this is the season, in calendar if not in weather, when a young man's fancy is susposed to turn to thoughts of something or other — I can't think what it is, and nobody knows what it is anyway.

Nevertheless, it is an occasion for something and the natural M'G naturally figures he should do something about it. As indicated, he is most meticulous about such stirrings, though as natural as the weahter and almost as predictable, he seldom gets round to celebrating Christmas before the first of July, which after all is no worse than materialist Mort, who celebrates it all year, but strictly in the festive sense.

« « » »

The lissom list of spring and that kiss 'em sort of thing made M'G of a mind to try hs hand at pottery, but, of a rebellious mood, watt, he notoriously has trouble with his meter, and moreover he couldn't find anything to rhyme with flirt except squirt and shirt and hurt and dirt, which it will be conceded are more truth than poetry.

So he resorted to research. His elucdiations are illuminating—and thoroughly scientific. You can look it up for yourself in Britannica, Volume 6, Cole to Drama, specifically Courtship; though M'Gillicuddy is not loaning any more books, this being a too cultured type of larceny.

To go back to the beginning the crazy poet who splayed about the iris and the dove had an able assist in the hit and run play from a crazy fish, pal of Darwin, who walked out on the land and so started this daffy business of life and sex.

As everybody knows, it has evolved into devious dishes of shemale mayhem, but some of them are interesting, even funny, so long as they happen to birds and butterflies and not to us; but do they?

« « » »

Common sense notwithstanding, but consistent in the very senselessness of the subtler half of sex, whereas each is equally necessary to the other, and the female, in her function, desires the male more, she does not know it, and despises him in her need, which after all is consistent with the inconsistency of the screwball sex. But the important point is that if she is a good normal female, the female resents the male. The more she loves him the more she resents him, which made M'Gillicuddy realize that after all he is very much loved indeed.

But there are higher animals than M'Gillicuddy to consider, so let us start with the worm, which all the ladies will agree is cuddy and cute, for most marry them, by their own urging albeit belated, discovering what fools they married, but fail to see how it makes them fools to have done it.

Most dames like to dance. The male bristle worm doesn't, but he does it. He has to put on a pathetic little show sans partner for his prospective partner. Like all females, she makes him dance to her tune thereafter.

« « » »

To go to the other extreme, it is hard to conceive any suitor better suited than the peacock. As a fact, outside the human female, who knows best, nature says the male is and requires to be the more beautiful, and do the dolling up. Now if a doll with the curves of a peacock wore a peacock dress, every man would turn wolf, but the plain peahen doesn't care peanuts for the proud peacock. While he whisks around to rouse her interest she commonly goes to sleep. Imagine Mort going to sleep with Dorothy Lamour strutting around in peacock garb, or something less.

A proper pansy is the butterfly, who for all he is garbed like an admiral could take lessons from a sailor.

The male butterfly carries scent on his wings, not because he likes the stinking stuff but because she does, and one, the Heipolus, carries a powder puff Imagine Two Gun Prideaux tiptoeing through his prize tulips with a powder puff. The male cricket carries a jug of wine, but unlike Mr. Prideaux's Scott's emulsion, it is not for his own consumption.

But the biggest pansy of all is the bower bird. The coquettish Lady Bower wants all the trimmings. He has to lay out a fantastic fairy garden as the stage for romance, decking it with silver leaves and red petals and blue berries and bits of bone and glass, and is not beyond snitching a real sparkler in the vain hope of pleasing a worthless wench.

This of course is only the setting for the balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet. He now does an involved ceremonial dance of passion in A flat minor, with a dash of (or after) Paprika, to which his beloved turns up her noses and intones "We are not amused." "But I am abused", Lothario complains and gives up in disgust and goes fishing with Harry Truman and Bob Taylor.

P.S. — When he came home Julie-et him and went off with anoder feller. Hy-men.

OLD RUSSIA EASTER

Christ Is Risen; His Folk Rejoice

EASTER among the old Russians of sub-Siberia is a truly joyous and blessed festival.

Continuing the ritual of the Eastern Orthodox Church—the oldest in Christendom — they cling too to the Julian calendar. Thus Easter falls two weeks later than ours and has a special joy in the release from the long cruel winter.

On the evening of Easter Saturday the community churches are ablaze with light — inside and out. At the wealthier churches—such as Harbin's cathedral of St. Sophia the exterior outlines are illuminated electrically. The mosque-like domes and the eastern cross are thus peculiarly effective for the original Catholic church was based on Constantinople and retains semi-Oriental features.

From something like a maze of stages, richly ornamented and crowded with incongrohpy that has crossed continents and centuries, a march of priests, in ornate vestment and flowing beards moves in and out in almost endless, quasi-mystic ceremony. In niches throughout the church are ikons and statuettes and myriad candies in silver sconces.

All through the night the exotic ceremony proceeds, bewildering but ordered, and the thronging congregation reacts in as varied a pattern, on the dominant chord of pious joy.

The service is profound, marked by ritual and resrtaint, with warm simplicity of almost folklore, yet pious sincerity. There is no instrumental music, there are no seats. The auditorium is beautiful but austere, but the altars are contrastingly ornate.

Interspersing the interminable drone of incantations, the choir, high in a balcony at the rear, quite unaccompanied, swells solemn and profoundly beautiful, only the more moving in strange idiom of language and music.

There are elegant and threadbare, but all scrubbed and polished for the great day, and every face algow with a religous fervor, a universal love and joy that creates a spritual bond of love, every one for the other.

Peasant women nurse their babes, families snack from baskets: some doze. But there is always a subdued, avid intensity.

As the inscrutable pageant rolls on, gray shafts and roseate beams of the April dawn filter through the pictured windows and the haze, perfumed by censors and the myriad of fluttering tapers. Then, as if an electric switch were thrown, the tempo quickens and the monotonous pageant turns to exciting drama.

More and more priests crowd the stage, until at last the Metropole appears, a venerable figure. He lights a taper from a holy flame, preserved from the time of Christ, passes it to that of another dignitary, and so it goes thro' the multitude, each presenting it with a kiss and exuding "Hristos Wostrists" — Christ is risen!

Then they fall into procession round the church — the Candle Mass. In the street, as the great bell tolls, and carillons from all the other churches join in, the procession, bearing ikons anr banners, takes its place, led by the highest dignitaries, with the massed concourse from all the others, which have converged in sequence, the most distant setting out first.

It is a day of reunion and rejoicing. Everyone tries to be home for Easter and Epiphany and it is unpardonable not to visit all your friends, even neighbors.

Whomever you meet you greet and embrace, whether you know him or not—not least the pretty mmlle.-skayas! The priest visits every home and plants kisses through a flowing beard.

In every home at noon comes the great Easter feast, with savory dishes and the round Easter cake of seeds and spices. And how they eat! How overwhelming their hospitality, no matter how poor. If you cannot satisfy their utmost indulgence you are unhappy, you do not like their hospitality; and on both sides this is crowning dis-

(Page Six please)

Easter In Exotic Mood

The cathedral of St Sophia, [illegible] North Manchuria.

Easter

EASTER, for those who whether in sincerity or not, justify the holiday, is the Christian festival of the Resurrection.

But, like the other sacred celebration of Christmas, it is in origin and continuity a strange admixture of pagan and Christian, a religious celebration where the season coincided to superimpose its Christian significance upon prior pagan practice.

As Christmas was long befor the time of Christ the pagan festival of winter, so Easter was the feast of spring.

Central figure of Christmas the Norse deity Igdasi Easter takes its name from the Anglo-Saxon Eostra, goddess of light or spring.

When the church finally gave authority to the holiday that converts had adapted to their new religion, and it spread over Christendom, the function of the pagan festival of spring was a factor in the doctrinarian decision.

The Jews had commemorated the Passover—their deliverance from Egypt—with an eight-day festival from 14 Nisiam, roughly at the end of March; but of course the Jews did not recognize Christ.

Neither the New Testament nor early church records indicate any observance of Easter, but during the Second and Third Centuries a dispute rose on the date, the Jews claiming it should be governed by the Passover, the Gentiles by the Resurrection.

The Council of Nicaea in 325 set the date—the first Sunday after the first full moon on or after 21st March, and when the full moon falls on a Sunday then Easter shall be the Sunday after. Thus Easter can be as early as 22nd March and as late as 25th April.

Further, it is not the true full moon, but an ecclesiastical hypothetical one, also in dispute.

In this pedantry so typical of dogma it is odd to note that the deciding factor—in an occasion of joy and harmony—was the continuing custom of the pagan celebration of the coming of spring.

In 1054 the church finally split into east and west and since then many sects have arisen. Even before the Reformation Easter was observed on different dates in Britain and Rome, due to different systems of reckoning. Many attempts have been made to set a fixed date, even in the League of Nations.

The Orthodox church still observes the Julian calendar and Easter, like all religious holidays comes two weeks later. It is marked by a night-long candle mass, with mystic ritual, the exterior outlines of the mosque-like cathedrals illuminated.

The Monday is a day of true Serb rejoicing after austere devotion. Friends visit and there is warm hospitality and much feasting, an Easter cake of ancient recipe being the smybol piece. Kissing is the conventional expression of religious joy and everybody kisses everybody, with the joyous greeting "Hristos Wostrisos"—Christ is risen; not least fervently the priest, in black flowing robes and black flowing beard, who visits every family on this day and blesses the sacred corner which is a must in every home.

But even here, its deep religious significance preserved, Easter is a festival of the gladness of spring. And work is set aside and best clothes go on, and crowds flock on the Tuesday to a rousing picnic—in the cemetery.

For Easter in a double sense does signify joy and release, and it is right that the bonnets should appear with the birds and the green shoots and brave yellows of the first flowers, for religion should be friendly and happy, and one with nature.

Nice Lookie Cookie

SATURDAY was cookie day for our Girl Guides. Quite unlike the Chinese derivative, they came round with energetic business efficiency, blushed, stammered, wetted their pencils and took orders. They duly came round in their Hibernian fitba' shirts with the goods, suncrisp too and with more than two dozen freckles—canopener cookies, but worth even more than their wares.

Your Star Calendar of Events

APRIL

Latin aperire—to open; the bull poughing the field of star buds
Flower—Daisy; Gem—Diamond; Virtue—Innocence

1—SUNDAY—	All Fools Day	5:42—6:27
2—MONDAY —	Star changes hands, 1929	5:40—6:26
	Time for a spring tonic—Princeton Drug	
3—TUESDAY—	Bell store opens, 1900	5:38—6:29
4—WEDNESDAY —	Dave Innis Ker-Prtn pack service 1900	
6—FRIDAY —	Rich gold, Sunnyside, Hedley '99	5:34-6:32
	Order Bedding Plants now—Prin Nursery	
5 — THURSDAY—	Wind offs power 36 hr '33	5:33—6:32
7—SATURDAY —	Esquimalt drydock started '845	5:31—6:34
8—SUNDAY —	1st Gov'nor N.W. Territory '75	5:29-6:36
9—MONDAY —	Vimy captured, 1917	5:27—6:37
10—TUESDAY —	Departure Bay explosion 1896	5:25—6:38
11—WEDNESDAY —	Robert Dunsmuir dies 1889	5:22—6:41
12—THURSDAY —	Thos. Jefferson born, 1743	5:20—6:42
13—FRIDAY —	Single Canadian currency, 1871	5:18-6:43
14—SATURDAY —	Titanic sinks, 1912	5:15—6:46
	Cameron's for Easter Groceries.	
15—SUNDAY —	Reil expelled from Commons '74	5:15-6:..6
16—MONDAY —	Welling on pit explosion, 1879	5:13—6:47
	Big League Baseball Season opens.	
17—TUESDAY —	Alexander McKenzie dies 1892	5:11—6:48
18—WEDNESDAY —	Paul Revere's ride. 1775	5:10—6:50
19—THURSDAY —	Toronto fire 1904	5:08—6:51
	Seeds and Fertilizers—Granger's	
20—FRIDAY —	Trial by jury, in Canada 1785	5:06—6:52
21—SATURDAY —	Spanish-Am. war starts 1898	5:04—6:53
22—SUNDAY —	St. George's day, bloody English	5:03-6:55
23—MONDAY —	Klondyke gold strike 1896	5:01—6:56
24—TUESDAY —	1st miners reach Victoria 1858	5:00-6:57
25—WEDNESDAY —	Shakespeare born, 1564	4:58—6:58
26—THURSDAY —	G. Aldous born '62; Blk Plague 1665	7:00
27—FRIDAY —	Yanks capture Toronto 1813	
28—SATURDAY —	but we damn fools got it back	4:55-7:01
	Princeton votes on Incorp'n, 1951	
29—SUNDAY —	Dick Whittington born 1769	4:53—7:02
	Local Baseball League opens.	
30—MONDAY —	Kamloops-Nicola phone 1900	4:52—7:03

NICKEL PLATE MEN WANT INCREASE

A DISPUTE betweeen men and management at Nickel Plate involving hours and wages has gone to the government conciliation board for arbitration. A strike is not imminent.

The mine, oldest in Similkameen and second gold producer in B.C., employs about 190 men in B.C., employs about 150 men above and below.

Demands include a 40 hour work week in place of the present 44; increase of 25c an hour; extension of holidays and leaves with pay; overtime at double rates (now time and a half) and other minor claims.

A shift differential is sought, (premium for less desirable work hours) of 5c an hour for the afternoon shift and 8c for the night shift.

The contract expired 30th September last but work continues by an understanding.

Four years ago there was a strike of several months.

Nickel Plate has always been a happy mine and the conditions sought are in line with comparable standards in the mining industry.

But these inflation times are difficult ones for the gold mining industry. The price of gold is pegged by law. Thus its value actually declines in the ratio that the economic spiral rises. The men need more; the operators earn less. Of course it is the opposite in depression times.

(Paradoxically famous old Nickel Plate closed during the last depression, but that was because ore was thought to be exhausted.)

'Mined Out'; Yields More Than Ever

SO Hedley camp is finished?

Official production figures:
1949 — ore 121-732 tons; gold, 43,026 ounces.
1930 (before the orignal mine closed—worked out)—39,000 tons

Fabuous Camp McKinney in its whole life (1887-1894)— 123,457 tons ore; 69,581 ounces gold.

Granby Men For South America

TWO top Granby men are off to South America to act as engineers for development of a property the company has taken over in Chile.

They are assistant superintendent Ross of Copper Mtn. and mill expert McKay of Allenby.

★ MORT 'd ruther they bring the mine here. It can get plenty chilly and exceptin' the Sons of Light we don't have no revolutions (but no senoritas, Mort) and we speak English (now Mort!) and could even loin Spinach. Please recumsider!

Our Skiers Fail

PRINCETON'S high Olympic ski hopes have fallen flat. Last time this little ski nursery led the world with two on—the Irwin brothers — and a spare; and this time we had five probables.

Johnny Ray and Noel Paul led off with somewhat surprise placings on the jump squad.

Bertie Irwin made a great comeback bid in the glides. Andy Kassa was more than eligible and Laura Allin seemed a cinch.

They were all picked for top training and with two weeks among the stars should have been at their peak. They weren't. Ill luck and illness But the operative point is they were beaten. Not one Westerner made the team. The East looked good.

Billy Irwin, now at Fort William, fanned out too. And as pointed out, it is by no means sure that John and Noel will go.

THE ISSUE IN A NUTSHELL

THE BALLOT

● ARE you in favor of the incorporaton of the area known as Princeton as a Village Municipality?—Vote yes or no.

☆ ★ ☆

TIME and PLACE

● Saturday, April 28, from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. in I.O.O.F. Hall. Returning officer: J. S. McGraw

☆ ★ ☆

WHAT IT MEANS

● Self-government for Princeton. It collects its own taxes on property, which now go to the provincial government But it pays its own expenses, including most works now taken care of by the government. It is also responsible for certain social services. It would presumably take over fire protection, now directly taxed under the Fire District. School taxes would still be collected, and costs paid by, the provincial government, through the present School Disrict. The government makes certain grants, on population rating. It is estimated that revenues would be about $40,000 a year. Suggested budget is about $7,000 less

Borrowing powers are limited by provincial law.

Very little has been explained by the advocates of incorporation. There has been no public meeting, no opportunity for discussion.

Administration would be by three elected commissioners, one retiring each year. There would be a full time clerk and part-time employees.

☆ ★ ☆

WHO MAY VOTE

● Individuals or corporations registered at least one month prior to the poll as owners of property in the prescribed area. Voters must also be at least 21 years of age and be British subjects. Agents voting for corporations must, in addition, present their authority as such.

The owner is the person registered as such. In case of a life estate this includes the tenant for life. Where an agreement of sale is registered, where the purchaser pays the taxes, the owner is considered to be the person last registered as the holder of the agreement.

Regardless of how much property he holds no person (or corporation) has more than one vote.

☆ ★ ☆

VOTERS—APPEALS

● List of qualified voters is posted in the post office and court house. For the purpose of appeal therefrom a Court of Revision will be held in the office of P. W. Gregory on Saturday, 21st April, from 2 to 4 p.m.

☆ ★ ☆

THE AREA

● Area included is roughly from the Tunnel across to the Tulameen River, up China Creek to the Airport boundary, taking in the dump ground, across the river to the cemetery and up the river to the Tunnel. This would include no Granby installations, would include Allison Flats, the dump ground, Hunter flat (but not East Princeton), Memorial Park (though this is Indian Reserve under lease to a society!) the cemetery, West Princeton, Princeton basin and a large tract on Princeton Heights.

☆ ★ ☆

596 OWN 869

● The roll shows 869 parcels of land in the area, held by 596 registered owners.

Estimated assessed value is land $250,000; improvements, $1,000,000. Estimated tax revenue —$18,612.50.

☆ ★ ☆

ITS HISTORY

● Princeton is the largest incorporated town in B.C. Many times it has been rejected.

In 1924 a petition to incorporate failed. In 1925 and 1926 petitions again failed. In 1927 a plebiscite rejected incorporation 48 to 44; in 1928 49 to 33. Later attempts had the same fate and this one at least deserves it, for there has been no attempt to give a clear understanding of the issue. How many know what they are voting for?

Princeton began—and got its name—in 1860. The modern town dates from 1900.

Watch Those Fires!

SO THIS is Pop's idea of a mild winter. On Monday—flash flood day—it was 87 in Los Angeles, 37 in ALASKA and —27 in Princeton; the doubtful honor of second coldest spot in B.C.

It will still go down as mild—but miserable — a hodgepodge of early cold, heavy snow, sloppy thaw and severe sudden freeze.

Serious things have happened in this inconsistency and there is warning even in the warmth ahead. A dangerous winter.

Always A Good Show at The Capitol

☆ PRINCETON **Capitol** THEATRE ☆
T. M. TOWRISS, MANAGER

Wed., Thurs MARCH 21-22—
7:00 and 9:00 P.M.—
BLUE BLOOD
with Bill Wiiliams, Jane Nigh

Fri., Sat. MARCH 23-24—
7:00 and 9:00 P.M—
COPPER CANYON
— IN COLOR —
with Ray Milland, Hedy Lamarr

Mon., Tues.- MARCR 26-27—
7 and 9 p.m.—
KEY TO THE CITY
with Clark Gable, Loretta Young

Wed. Thurs. MARCH 28-29—
7:00 and 9:00 P.M—
KISS TOMORROW GOODBY
ADULT ENTERTAINMENT ONLY
with James Cagney, Barbara Payton

SAVE NOW!

END OF THE SEASON SALE
• ELECTRIC BLANKETS
• HEATING PADS

Be Snug—Be Shrewd—Buy Now

GOULD *ELECTRIC*
BRIDGE ST., PRINCETON

★ FINEST EASTER PRINTING AT THE STAR ★

1950 FORD PICK-UP $1685
Only 11,000 miles; heater, antifrteze.

1940 STUDEBAKER PICKUP $980
Studebaker quality at a bargain price.

1935 FORD SEDAN $395
Look at the price!

1929 CHEVROLET SEDAN $125
A substantial car at a ridiculous price

Buy Now—They'll Soon Be Scarce!

RIVERSIDE MOTORS
Fargo, Plymouth
GIBSON BROS. BRIDGE STREET

Your Best Buy
Harwood's Rye
Canada's Finest
H50-14
This advertisement is not published or displayed by the Liquor Control Board or by the Government of British Columbia.

THE MAN WHO LOVED PEACE --

From Page Three

it was good money after bad.

For this queer pattern of unorthodox business Perley was the ideal man. In the anti hises of shrewd dealing he was involved in a volume of delightful transactions which if they did not always swell his coffers as surely enhanced his collection. And it is ribute that he prospered well enough where the shrewd would never dream of dealing.

In the same mold, it was the same in all works of a rare and intensely lovable man. He was not infallible. Every dead horse did not hit pay dirt. Though a recent fire was a revelation — from chests some wayfarer had stored with him long forgot en by all but him to kegs of square nails, not to mention ancient firearms and gallons of the original hair slick—though there were things that learned and travelled men had never seen before, there were those rare occasions when the methodical man could not find a left hand collar button—and even mislaid or was let down by the magic little black book in which—one of his rare boasts — he allowed you to feel there was final authori y on everything from Adam

THE BLACK BOOK

Then under the un versal ribbing that such a rarity inevitably drew, the man immutable turned a delightful shade of em barrassment; his neck shrank into his hard collar and he sputtered stiffly, "Well you see young felluh." From then Perley lived for the day when he could find a flaw in your academic logic, and paid you back in cracked ice interest.

For the most part, though, Perley just listened his way through situations that would have floored a professor of psychology. for he was magnet to every type, and as tolerant of the screwball as he was anathema to the sharper. He would accommodate a frothy tirade with a periodic comforting but noncommittal "yaas" and at the end come up with a simple but satisfying solution—too often by putting his hand in his pocket.

But it would be more than wrong to conclude that Perley was soft. He liked peace and goodwill above all else, but his rare blunt firmnesses were some thing of a shock, and more remarkable still were his deflating innuendoes of unanswerable wi'.

And despite his humanity, his tolerance, his innate sense of justice and his sheer good sense he had an amusing stock of sheer irrational pet peeves, at which he rode in his old Olds with a Quixotic lance of inimitable dry ice.

AND BRINDLE CAT

Round the old iron stove here was in an encyclopedia of discourse by a catalogue of types with Perley periodically poking in a chunk of wood and wisdom. His diagnosis of all ills centred on incorporation and was remedied by Five Roses. Princeton lost an institution when the hot stove senate was dissolved and Perley's ad left the paper. It is a time for honesty and it must be confessed that for all his friends and all his flair, he was harder to get going than his old Olds, and he wrote as he travelled — intriguingly but not often; and though the original mold was inimitably his, most of his epistles were forged by his apostle, his beloved Printer's Devil, with whom, except on occassion, he was well pleased as a "smart — but provoking — young fellah."

Perley got along with most everybody, but attached himself to few, and even then on his own never too intimate terms He was an unspoilt child when you got close to him and as fond an image as life could hold is how he glowed at a bachelor's Christmas party.

He wrote a letter only when it needed writing—but his letters are worth keeping. If you got one you are honored.

He had a chum in his early years here, and the second has been Percy Rowlands, for more than forty years. But though Perley was authority in scores of obituaries even Percy cannot contribute the simple vital statistics on Perley. Not that there was any mystery. You just accepted Perley as he was—always was and always would be.

Like him and the old cat. They made no fuss. and when Perley did fondle her you chided him for being too rough. But not the old cat. You developed that kind of tacit understanding with Perley.

There were no end of kitten coveters and the old brindle obliged no end. But none turned out. Perley and his cat came one of a kind.

They say he had equal effect with that other kind of cat, and indeed the ladies made him an officer of their logdes. And in dimmer days a blazing romance with the ancient sage no mere willing Barkus. But these are things beyond our orbit. We did know Perley, and a Madame Perley it is pretty hard to conceive of.

MRS. WIGMORE

He was much more liberal in bestowing them on bachelor cronies. It is pretty hard to conceive a community effort that Perley was not some way in — even the girl scouts. He had properties and mining claims, as often by trying not to, and he must have had stock in the French Revolution and subscribed to the Shorthorn Bugle and the Girls' Own Paper, especially if the cavassing kitten was working her way through college. It is easier to list the lodges and organizations he did not belong to than those he did—and he was always treasurer or trustee.

When Princeton's frontier celebrations were picturesque with kluchmen races down the main street, Perley was automatically clerk of the course — more to keep track of the prizes than from any addiction to sport.

Some of these dusky native daughters had names as picturesque as their persons. Perley would listen patiently—and put down "Mrs. Wigmore." She was a versatile and ubiquitous woman. Joe Wigmore was a local character—and a bachelor.

He was a Mason and an Elk and an Oddfellow and a Pythian and would have been an Elephant or a Suffragette— by line of least resistance. But he was an Orangeman and a Tory by sheer conviction.

For one who seemed so born to be a clerk, he surprised you with his handiness. until you remembered he was raised on a frontier farm, worked his way West and earned his spurs here with lumber and building roads. On the trail he was a good — and useful—companion, which is a fair test of a man.

He handled merchandise without affection — but people and book work — he worked feverishly, holding a magnifying glass to his bad eye. A curse on anyone who called it a monocle. It was a plain lens; he would not have spex.

Perley had much in common with his old cat: he liked a ramble—as long as it was close to home. About 1935 he made a business trip to Vancouver. Nothing very odd about that—till you learn he hadn't done it for nigh thirty years. So the printer's imp had a story on it.

MAN OF METHOD

Perley was vexed—nay, hurt, and the rascal felt a bit of a heel. About a week later Perley came in a little shamefaced and asked if he could have half a dozen copies. And he kept coming till the offender had to do a re-run. From all over the country came requests for that story. Such was Perley's fame—the man who only wanted peace

He was cruelly wrenched from it one night in the fall of 1937. He walked calmy after a lodge meeting into the store that had befriended the community for half a century—and was slugged by a burglar.

That was the start of a series of events that shattered the placid half century of the old store—never a robbery or a fire in the gold rush days.

It was also the beginning of the end for Perley. He must have been young once. But even those who knew him when he was say he always looked much the same. His hair was always flaxen fair and turned prematurely gray. His eye was injured when he worked with road foreman George Goldsborough putting in the Summers Creek bridge about 1906. The bridge still serves; and long will many of Perley's human works. He was the soul of kindess and his word was his bond. He was as native as Castle Rock and so missed that we shall always be mindful of him thereby.

The old order changeth and the time came for Perley to leave the old store. Like a cat he headed for his earlier home—the generations-old homestead in New Brunswick where his few kin were. He meant to come back, but those who knew him best—before and after that bump—doubted in logic that he would But in spirit you always believed in Perley; and always will. Men like him leave something that absence—even that one—can never take away.

HAPPY HUNTING

How many funerals Perley honored who can count. But his was one that the least sentimental and hypocritical among so many who knew him honestly owed. Perhaps it is just as well. When you gaze into the setting sun in the deep south-west, the red man's happy hunting ground of all true men. somehow you cherish the faith—and the challenge—that you will indeed see Old Perley again.

So long, old timer, from all the young fellahs who are smart enough to be humble—and grateful for having known a prince of men. Peace be with you, who loved peace and fellow men.

Perley's Last Ad

From Page Three

when the politicians made all kinds of Promises to build new Roads, new Bridges, new Halls, new Schools to cost $7-50,000 each and it was fine then but it is different now as the People are looking for a job on the Roads, new Bridges, one was to cost Fifteen Million. A Canal, that might cost as much as the Panema canel, now there is no money to build any, so the government s having a tough time.

So the government has no money, the People is hungry. and no money. The — Church was Wise. They sent collectors round collecting and got ($800 000) and you know they get the Cash and as that was some of he money the People expeked to buy grub with well they had no money left to buy grub. So you see how it goes. Lets all join the — Church.

Well this is all this time. Best wishes. Don't work too hard. So long—PERLEY.

PRINCETON ROTARY CLUB

AMATEUR NIGHT

PRINCETON SCHOOL AUDITORIUM
WED., APRIL 11

If you—
Sing. Dance, Act, Recite
Play an Instrument—have entertaining talent of any kind—Here's your chance.

INDIVIDUALS—GROUPS
Open to All Valley Points
— GOOD PRIZES —

Address entries to Princeton Rotary Club by 31st March

ALFRED DOWNING
OPTOMETRIST
WILSON BLOCK ,Princeton
PHONE 167

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of PATRICIA GAIL McCREADY who died in Princeton 27th February, 1950.

Dear is the grave where our darling is laid,
Sweet is the memory that will never fade;
Her little soul so pure and sweet
Will blossom at the Savior's feet
—Inserted by Mom, Dad, Brother and sisters.

PRINCETON AMBULANCE SERVICE
24-HOUR SERVICE PHONES 13 and 190

☆ NOTICE

THE
ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
of the
Princeton General Hospital (Society)
will be held in the
PARISH HALL, PRINCETON, B.C.
Wednesday, 21st March, 1951
at 8 p.m. on

20th CENTURY CLEANERS
— EXPERT WORK
— PERSONAL SERVICE

: AGENTS FOR :
LEISCHMAN CLOTHES
BEN. J. GASPERS
Bridge St, Princeton

QUALITY RYE AT A POPULAR PRICE
Adams OLD RYE WHISKY
A50-4
This advertisement is not published or displayed by the Liquor Control Board or by the Government of British Columbia.

PRINCETON STORES
EASTER
HOLIDAY CLOSING
GOOD FRIDAY
EASTER MONDAY

Closed All Day

— Open All DayThursday ---
Check Your Larder — Please Come Early
Happy Holiday

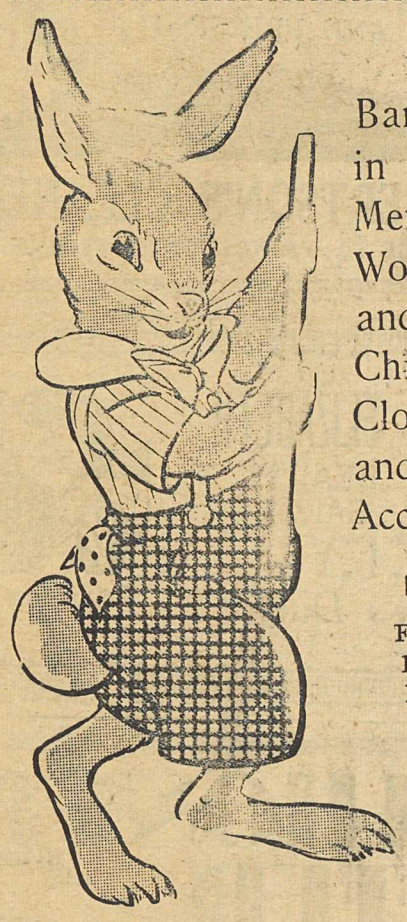
RETAIL MERCHANTS' ASSOCIATION
PRINCETON BOARD OF TRADE

IT'S SMART TO LOOK SMART

Join the EASTER *Fashion Parade*

MUSSENDEN'S
YOUR NEW STYLE CENTRE
BRIDGE ST., PRINCETON

Say It With Flowers
PRINCETON NURSERY
ALLISON FLATS—PHONE 127-K



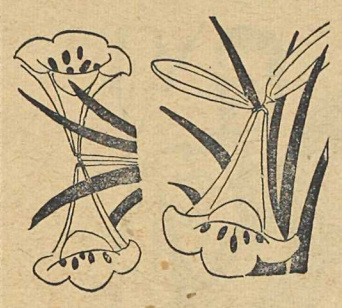
Bargains in Men's Women's and Children's Clothing and Accessories

For Work, Dress and Play

Latest in Style, Best in Quality

COLLEN'S CASH STORE
VERMILION AVENUE - PRINCETON

A JOYOUS EASTER



John Ewart
Hardware Ltd.

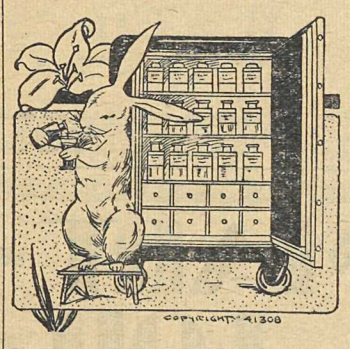
Bacon for Breakfast!

FINEST EASTER GROCERIES
COSMOPOLITAN RED & WHITE
Vermilion Ave., Princeton
TELEPHONE 85

Happy Easter

TWO RIVERS
Lumber & Building Supplies, Ltd.
Bridge St., Princeton

A JOYOUS EASTER

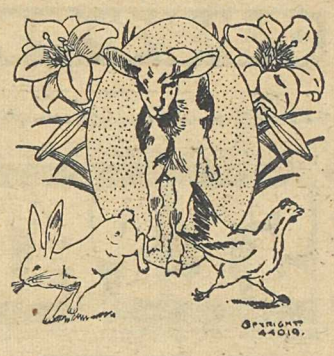


Princeton Drug & Book Store

The Easter PARADE

Leads to . .
Princeton Meat Market

Meat, Fish and Fowl
Fine Ham and Bacon
Eggs, Butter
Relishes, etc.



Sparkling Fresh and Deliciously Tasty

Princeton Meat Market
PHONE 21 S. A. WILSON BRIDGE ST.

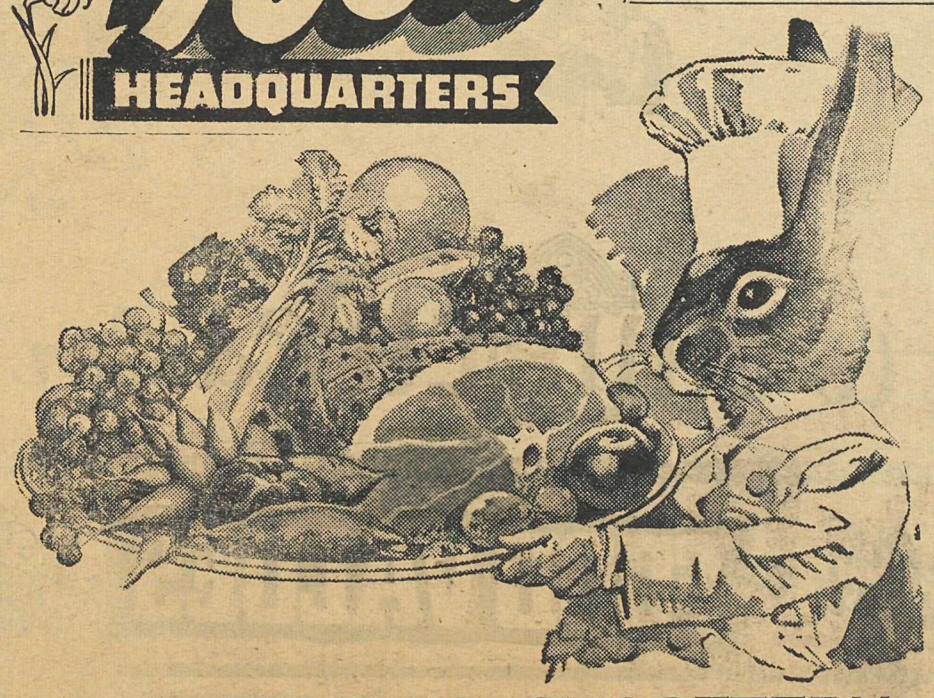
EASTER SPECIALS
S. OSMAK
PRINCETON'S JEWELLER

EASTER
GROCERIES

THE CENTRAL MARKET
BRIDGE STREET - E. DALLOW - TELEPHONE 75

EASTER Food HEADQUARTERS

Full Stock of FRESH VEGETABLES



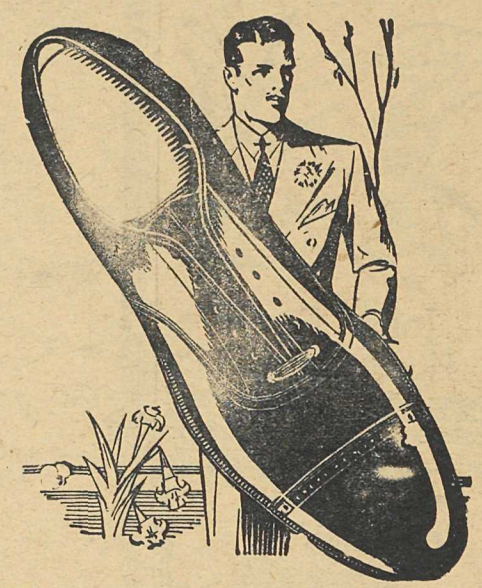
PRINCETON GROCETERIA
BRIDGE ST. ROBT. MITCHELL PHONE 38

ST. PATRICK'S

• Cards. • Candy
• Decorations • Perfume
et cetera

PRINCETON DRUG & BOOK STORE
DON ATKINSON — — BRIDGE STREET

Easter Footwear ...



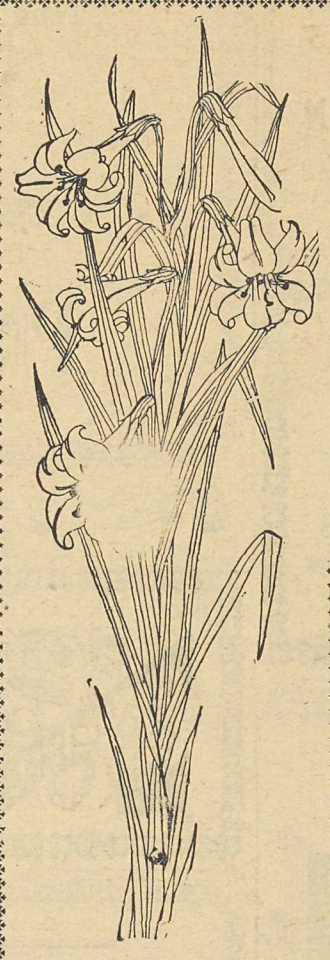
COLLEN'S CASH STORE
VERMILION AVENUE - - PRINCETON

YOURS FOR A

TWO RIVERS
Lumber & Building Supplies
BRIDGE STREET - - - PRINCETON

ST. PATRICK
MEATS
. . For All Nationalities of Irishmen . .

PRINCETON MEAT MARKET
BRIDGE STREET, PRINCETON



Wishing You a
Joyous Easter

PRINCETON
BREWING
CO., LTD.

Keep Your New
Togs New

EXPERT CLEANING
AND PRESSING

ROBERTSON'S CLEANERS
BRIDGE ST., PRINCETON : : PHONE 123

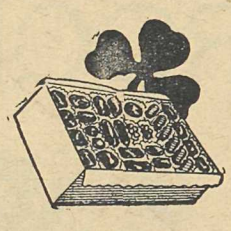
TOBACCOS CANDY
BOOKS SOUVENIRS

J. CORRIE
BRIDGE ST.

EASTER B*E*A*U*T*Y
Is Milady's Duty

ELIZABETH
BEAUTY
SALON

Princeton 57



Our Own Made Finest Pure
CANDIES
AND ICE CREAM FOR YOUR PARTY

TRAVELLERS' CAFE
BRIDGE STREET, PRINCETON

SMART · FASHIONS
FOR · EASTER

SPAFFORD'S
Men's, Women's and
Children's Wear
— *For Every Occasion*
:: BRIDGE ST., PRINCETON

Princeton Hospital Ladies' Auxiliary
— ANNUAL —
Saint Patrick's DANCE

Auditorium FRIDAY, MARCH 16
REFRESHMENTS AID HOSPITAL FUNDS

Special Easter FOOD VALUES

OVERWAITEA LIMITED - PRINCETON Phone 13

Motorists!

Highway Motors

JIM HALEY

the comet) — Back (the guy who caught on the job and b'g things coming up!

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

We Aim to Bring You Something New in Service

RIGHT NOW WE ARE ABLE TO OFFER QUICK WORK ON THE ECONOMICAL, DEPENDABLL

AUSTIN

STATION WAGONS, PICK-UPS, VANS

— Delivery Within a Week —

ALSO GOOD BUYS IN USED CARS

MANY MAKES AND MODELS

SAVE

With Smiles

HIGHWAY MOTORS

JIM HALEY. Manager

STUDEBAKER — AUSTIN
SHELL PRODUCTS
EXPERT REPAIRS
EVERYTHING AUTOMOTIVE

BRIDGE ST., PRINCETON — PHONE 101

● PROF. GOTT'S CORNER

Not This Way

JOHN DOE came back from holiday, put on a nice big fire. Soon a nice big bang. No hot water tank; no bathroom; pretty near no John.

This did happen in Summerland. It could happen in winter land. Before you start a fire see your pipes ain't froze.

Or This Way Either

THIS guy started a nice big fire too. He found a frozen pipe first. Went after it with a blow torch. Leave the blow torches to the experts like Mort and M'Gillicuddy.

This did happen in Pent'cton.

VOLLEYBALL SCORES

GIRLS— Princeton 21, Penticton 6, Keremeos 1, Oliver 9; final Penticton 5; Oliver 21, Keremeos 4; Penticton 21, Keremeos 4, Oliver 9

BOYS—Princeton 21, Keremeos 6, Oliver 18. Penticton 21 Princeton 10, Keremeos 8, Oliver 13: Oliver 21 Keremeos 8.

Men! Want pep, vim normal vitality?

Thousands Regain Vigor, Easy Way

Quit feeling weak, pepless, worn-out, rundown, older than your years. Try a little "pepping up" with stimulating, invigorating, revitalizing, blood-regenerating Ostrex. Especially advised for men, women of 40, 50 or 60. Costs little. New "get acquainted" size only 50c. Try Ostrex Tonic Tablets to renew pep, vigor, vitality and feel years younger, this very day. At all druggists.

Prize, Celebrated

SEED POTATOES

PINE PARK RANCH

TAYLOR & SON

PRINCETON, B.C.

For Spring Planting — Order Now

FIELD CROPS

Grains, Grass, Roots

Buckerfield's Best

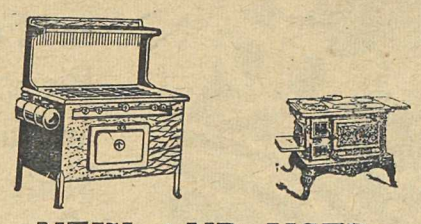
FERTILIZERS, ETC.

In Any Quantity

GRANGER'S

FEED & STORAGE — PRINCETON

STOVES



NEW AND USED

Whatever Your Needs—*We've Got It*

● COAL ● WOOD ● SAWDUST

● OIL ● GAS ● ELECTRIC

EXAMPLE USED RANGE— EMPIRE—4-hole, only one year old; hot water coil, sawdust burnes. SNAP!

We Recommend

ENTERPRISE

Canada's outstanding Kitchen Range

WE PREDICT—

This Year . . WINTER!

Now is the time to prepare! We are heating experts; bring your problems to us; advice is free. And Remember GOTT'S GOT IT!

RELIANCE SERVICES E. J. GOTT Vermilion Av. PHONE 58K

BEDDING PLANTS

FLOWER AND VEGETABLE

Snapdragons — Asters — Lobelia — Alyssium
Portulaca — Pansies — Marguerites
Zinnias — Stocks, etc.
Cabbage — Cauliflower — Tomatoes — Squash
Brussels Sprouts — Cucumbers — Celery, etc.

READY FOR SPRING PLANTING — PLEASE ORDER EARLY

PRINCETON NURSERIES

ALLISON FLATS — PHONE 127-K

F·I·S·H

Fresh As The Waves

Salmon,
Halibut
Sole Fillets
Oolichans
Smoked Haddock,
Kippers, etc.
Fresh Cod & Fillets

Princeton Meat Market

S. A. Wilson, Proprietor

PRInceton 24

TWENTIETH CENTURY CLEANERS

Has been taken over by

MR. BEN J. GASPERS

formerly of Cranbrook-Kimberley

With more than fifteen years' experience, you will find us eager to please you expertly

WE ARE ALSO AGENTS FOR THE FAMOUS LEISCHMAN CLOTHES

— A Trial Solicited —

BRIDGE STREET, PRINCETON, NEXT POOL HALL

ALBERTA

PROPANE

GAS

Now Low Prices!

Economical Automatic Cooking and Water Heating

CONVENIENT TIME-PAYMENT PLAN AVAILABLE FOR PURCHASE OF APPLIANCES

::

RELIANCE SERVICES

COOL :: CLEAN

COTTONS

Latest Patterns
and Fabrics
Piece Goods
and in
Made - Up
Garments

LADYFAIRE LADIESWEAR
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S WEAR
BRIDGE STREET ☐ PRINCETON

★ FINEST EASTER PRINTING AT THE STAR ★

EATS MEATS
for Eastertide
Confections :: Ice Cream

CAMERON'S GROCERY
: We Deliver :
PRINCETON PHONE 137

Easter

☐ CARDS
☐ CANDY
☐ MUSIC
☐ NOVELTIES

Variety
STORE
J. D. Saunders

Easter
Candy
Novelties
Ices
REX CONFEX
VERMILION AVE.

Choice
Easter
Candy

OUR OWN FINEST MAKE
AND OF COURSE FINE FOOD
TRAVELLERS' CAFE
BRIDGE STREET, PRINCETON

EASTER
MEATS

Mary had a little lamb,
But John preferred our pinky ham;
Whatever may your fancy be,
You'll find ours tops in quality.
CHOICE HAMS, BACONS
MEATS OF ALL KINDS
TURKEYS, POULTRY
FRESH FISH
EGGS, BUTTER, etc.

QUALITY
MEAT
MARKET
A. E. BLOOM, Prop.
TELEPHONE 100

Easter Millinery . . .

SPAFFORD'S
BRIDGE ST., PRINCETON

HOT ✕ BUNS

From Our
Own Choice
Recipes

Please Order Now

HOME BAKERY
J. GABRIEL, Proprietor
BRIDGE ST.—PHONE 54

Perfumes
Cards
Candy

Princeton
Drug &
Book Store

For EASTER

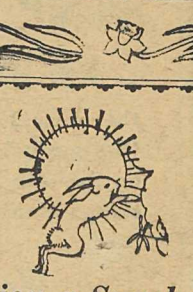
Confections
with the spice of Spring

Choice
Home
Cooked
Foods
Cakes
Ices

THE SNACK BAR
McGOWAN BRIDGE ST. PRINCETON

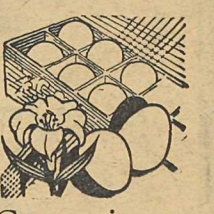
EASTER PRINTING

★ THE STAR

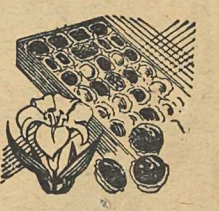


Enjoy a Snack
Or an Ice at
DEPOT LUNCH
VERMILION AVENUE

Easter



Groceries
Meats
Confections



O'SULLIVAN'S
GROCERY
ALLISON FLATS
PHONE 48-H

Dainty
Dresses

Sparkling patterns in
Prints for Spring
We'll Make You Neat
From Head to Feet

ADORABLE
LADIES-CHILDRENS
— WEAR --
STREET