FINEST PICTURES
at Princeton's
CAPITOL THEATRE
Every Week-Night

THE SIMILKAMEEN STAR

Cameron's Grocery
The Friendly Store
See Our Ad
PHONE 137

Forty-Ninth Year; No. 47. PRINCETON, B.C., THURSDAY, 24th NOVEMBER, 1949 5c per Copy; $2.00 per Year

Thou Hast Given Us Enough of Adversity to Keep Us Humble - - -
Enough of Prosperity to Keep U s Hopeful.

. . . The peak we have striven for, when we gain it, we may find is not the summit after all. That should not dismay us. We have gained it, and should rejoice that there is higher yet to gain. . .

The King.

Maurice J. Finnerty
M. L A. for Similkameen

May those projects which have been initiated during the past year be concluded during the coming year, and may we see the commencement of new ones for the betterment of Similkameen and our citizens.

Heartiest Good Wishes for Similkameen Success and Yours in the Coming Year.

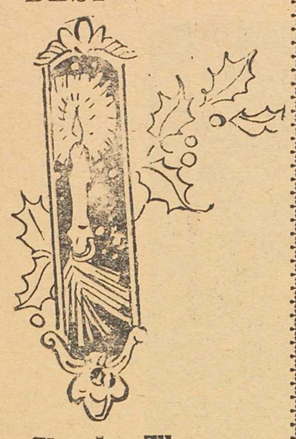
O. L. Jones
M. P. for Yale

Extends sincere good wishes for your happiness and prosperity during the coming year.

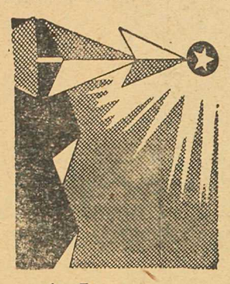
. . . That government for the people, by the people, and of the people shall not perish from the earth . . .

Lincoln.

SEASON'S GREETINGS
AND
BEST WISHES



Charles Thomas
Builder :: Contractor
PRINCETON

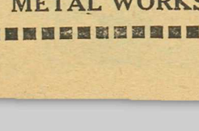


A Joyous
NEW YEAR
To All

SID BROWN
CONTRACTOR - PRINCETON

高

THIS COULD MEAN — A
Happy New Year
If it does, we have more luck than we have Chinese, because we just grabbed any and hoped. And anyway, we do mean
HAPPY NEW YEAR
But when it comes to transporation, don't just grab or hope . . there's a difference, as much as between a ricksha and a Manchu pony.
CALL A
J.B. TAXI
Telephone 66

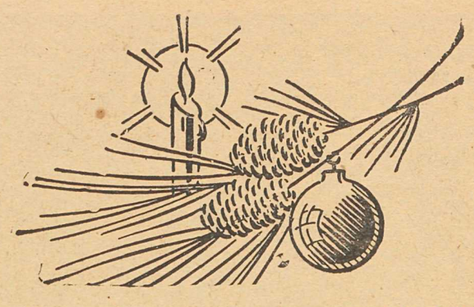


Happy New Year
Variety
STORE
J. D. Saunders

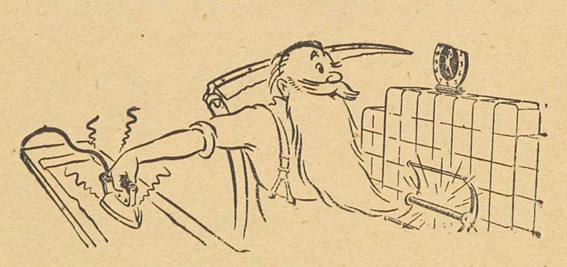
Season's Greetings

PINCETON SHEET METAL WORKS

Best wishes for the New Year



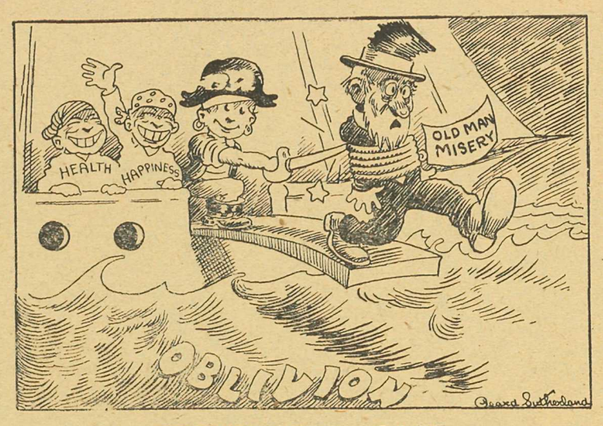
TAYLOR-BURRSON COLLIERIES
PRINCETON



Good King Winchester looked out on the feast of Stephen.
And the snew ley all about, deep but not so even;
Now d'd he call for pipe and bowl, his kingdom for a pony?
Sirrah, stout Steve was much too wise to fall for such baloney.

Sure an' he called for a
BURR'S TAXI
PHONE PRINCETON 150
AN' RIGHT BACK AT 'IM THEY SAYS, SAYS THEY
A Happy (and Safe) New Year to Yez All

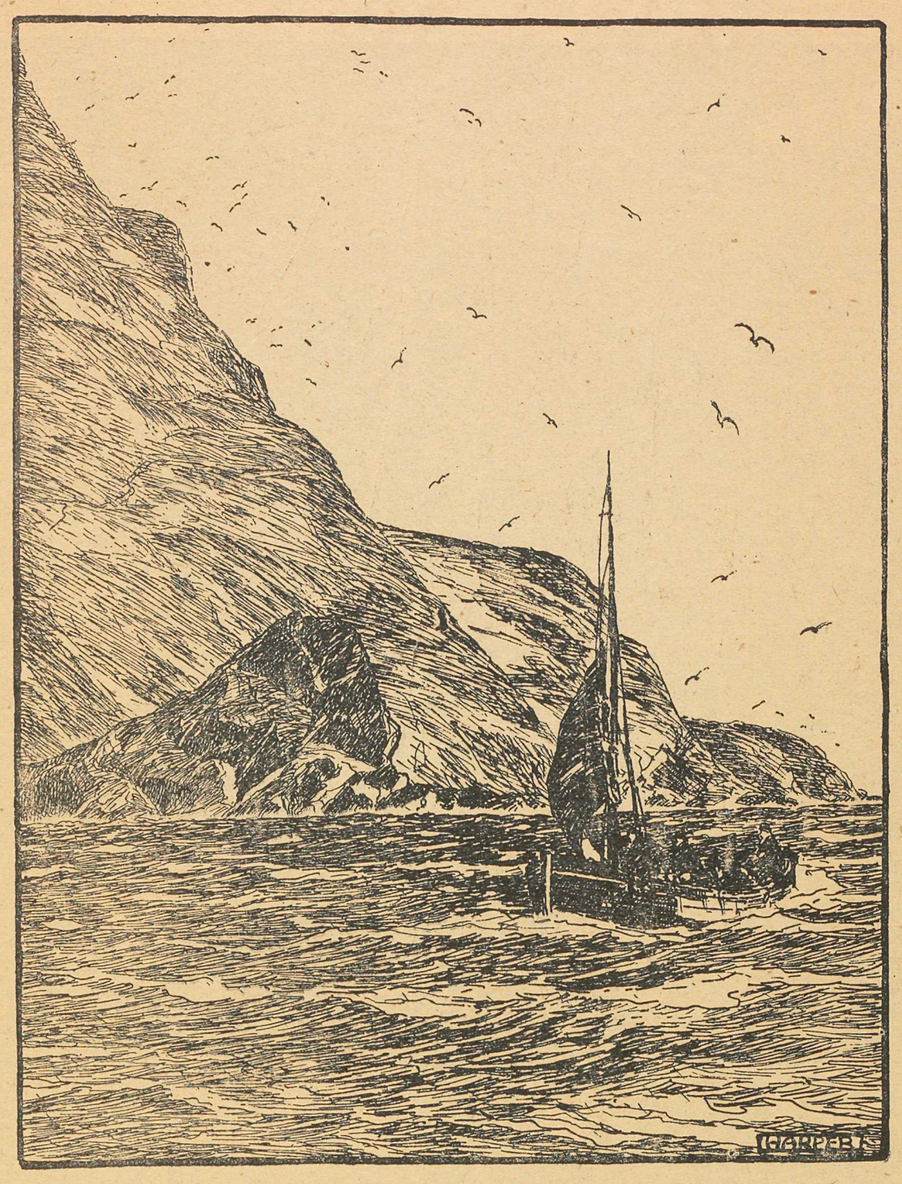
SEASON'S GREETINGS



TRAVELLERS' CAFE
And Staff
Where Good Friends Meet for Good Meat

COLLEN'S
CASH DRYGOODS
VERMILION AVE., PRINCETON

Prosperous New Year



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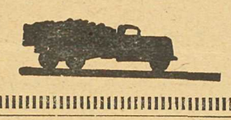
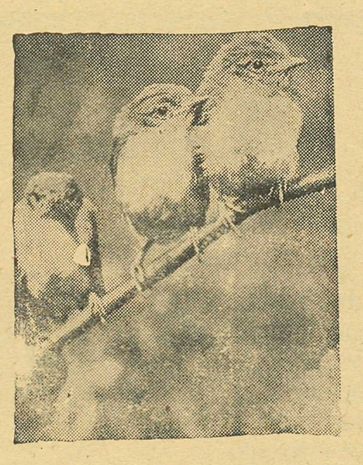


HOME GAS

Thanks & Good Wishes

HIGHWAY MOTORS
STUDEBAKER — INTERNATIONAL — STANDARD — SHELL
PHONE 101 :: WILLIAMS and HALEY :: PRINCETON



In appreciation of the land, the age, we live in - - -and you, whom we have the privilege to serve ...

SPAFFORD'S
Family Clothiers
Bridge St., Princeton

CHRISTMAS GHOSTS

(Continued)

He left and went upstairs The room was lighted cheerfully and hung for Christmas. A chair was beside the child, and signs of someone having sat there lately. Bob sat down and felt a little more composed and reconciled, and went down again quite himself.

They sat round the fire and talked. Bob said how kind Scrooge's nephew had been, though he hardly really knew him. "It wasn't for anything that he could really do; it was as if he had known Tiny Tim and felt with us."

"I'm sure he's a good soul."

"You would be surer if you knew him. Don't be surprised if he gets Peter a better situation."

"And then Peter will be keeping company with someone and setting up for himself," teased one of the girls.

"Get along with you," grinned Peter.

"Like enough", said Bob, and he did not joke. "But however and wherever we part, I'm sure we'll not forget, and that Tiny Tim will always be one of us."

"Ay, indeed," was the solemn chorus.

"I am very happy, said little Bob, "very happy."

And Mrs. Cratchit kissed him and the girls and the little Cratchits kissed him, anld eter gripped his hand.

Scrooge felt a strange glow within him yet a strange unease. He was soothed, but he could not shake the solitary figure on the bed, under the single shroud.

"Spirit," he said. "I feel that the time of our parting is at hand. Tell me, who was the man on the bed."

The spirit pointed, and led on. They were back amongst the streets of offices. There were many whom he knew, but he saw not himself. They were in his own court, his own office. It was the same office, but it was not his. It was brighter, and the furniture was changed and another was at his desk. And still the phantom pointed on.

A churchyard. And here the tablet would tell what he yearned to know. It was a worthy place for death. Walled in by black houses, overrun by weeds, the growth of death and not of life. A worthy place. Scrooge would have said so, but now he felt it desolate, eternally desolate. Choked with too much burying.

In a wilderness of graves, the spirit pointed to one. But now Scrooge was strangely loth to look. "Before I go, tell me are these shadows what must be? Is time not merciful?"

The spirit pointed mutely to the mound.

"The courses men pursue foreshadow the end that must follow," observed Scrooge. "But surely there is mercy in penitence. Tell me first if there is still hope."

But the spirit only pointed to the stone. And the name was that of Ebenezer Scrooge.

"No. spirit, no. Hear me, for I am not the man I was. I did not think, I did not realize. But I will make amends."

For the first time the adamant, expressionless hand appeared to tremble. Scrooge fell down before it on the ground.

"Good spirit, your nature pities me and intercedes for me. Tell me that I may yet change these shadows."

The kind hand trembled.

"I will honor Christmas in my heart and keep it all the year. I will live in the past, the present and the future. The spirits of all three I cherish within me. Tell me I may change the writing on this stone."

And he gripped the hand. It struggled to repulse him, and dissolved in his grasp, and he was left kneeling, as in prayer.

And the phantom faded in the weak morning light and became his own bedpost.

VISION COMES TO A NEW SCROOGE

YES, the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. But best of all, time was his own, to make amends in. "I shall live in the past, the present and the future; the spirits of all three shall strive within me," he repeated.

"Thank thee, friend Jacob; on my knees I thank thee.

Yes, this was Scrooge, and he was fully awake now, and it was broad daylight, and his own room, just as before.

The bed curtains were not torn down. They were there, rings and all; and the blankets; and his best shirt was in the drawer. But Scrooge did not feel triumphant or cheated. He was full of humble determination

His hands were absently busy all the time, making such fantastic patterns with his garments, and everything he touched that he might have been the merest child. And he did not know what he drooled at all.

"Mercy!" piped Scrooge when he saw, "I am as light as a feather, as happy as an angel, as merry as a schoolboy, as giddy as a drunk! Whoops! Merry Christmas everybody, Happy New Year."

"There's the saucepan the gruel was in. There's the door the ghost of Jacob came by. There's the window where the spirits hovered. It's true all right, it all happened!"

What a strange change in old Scrooge. And for a man who had been out of practice so long, he put up quite a spirited laugh. The daddy of a long line of good laughs to come.

"I don't know what day it is. I don't know how long I've been away. I feel like a baby. It's good."

He put his head out of the window. No fog now. Clear, cold, bright. Golden sun. Heavenly sky. Marvellous air. Merry bells.

"What's to-day?" called out Scrooge to a boy below who was wearing his Sunday clothes.

"Eh?" with a might of wonder

"What day is it?"

"Why, it's Christmas, of course."

"Eh?" said Scrooge. " Good. Good!"

"Ha, I haven't missed it," he said to himself. "It's been all in one night. The spirits can do anything. Why, of course they can."

Well, you have to admit they had done a lot, to do this to Scrooge.

"Hello, boy!"

The boy helloed back, beginning to wonder if this were a game or a lunatic.

"Do you know the poulterer's at the corner?"

"I hope I should."

Clever boy, this, thought Scrooge. "Do you know the big prize turkey in the window? Not the little big one. Is it still there?"

"It's still there. I saw it but now."

A most remarkable boy. A pleasure to talk to him.

"Well, go and buy it."

He's balmy, thought the boy, I'll humor him. "Right, gov'nor."

"No, I'm in earnest. Tell him to bring it here that I may direct him where to take it. Tell him Mr. Scrooge. Be back in five minutes and there's half a crown in it."

Now everybody thereabouts knew Scrooge was worth half a crown, and the big turkey too, but the question was, was he in his right mind? For half a crown, the lad risked it. He was off like a shot, a half crown shot

"I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's" mused Scrooge. Of course you guessed that. "Its twice as big as Tiny Tim. He'll never guess who sent it. Ha, ha! Capital. My nephew never thought of anything so capital." And he rubbed his hands at the most extravagant joke of his dry old life.

The callous hand that signed off—or on—thousands made an awful mess of a ten bob a week clerk's address, but it managed it, and he stood in the door impatient for the poulterer. He saw the ugly knocker and patted it affectionately. "I shall love you as long as I live," he cooed, with as as much passion as if it had been the leading lady at His Majesty's. "It's a wonderful knocker." Then he saw the panting poulterer, and quite forgo his ardency in a new one.

"It's a wonderful bird; you're a wonderful man. Merry Christmas." It was, at least a wonderful bird. How it ever stood up to be axed was the wonder; the legs should have snapped like wax.

"Why, you can't carry that to Camden Town", beamed Scrooge. "We must have a cab." Good heavens, Scrooge paying for a cab, let alone for a poulterer. But he did, and the boy for getting it, and tipped the cabbie, and chuckled every time he put his hand in his pocket. Then he sat down and chuckled over every chuckle.

Shaving was a precarious task For the benefit of the ladies and the young in years, it takes a steady hand; but if Scrooge had mis-sliced his nose off—and he had quite a nose — he'd have patched it up with plaster and laughed that off too. For Scrooge had found something worth more than noses or notes, and really a bargain, too.

And he togged himself in his very best, even to the special shirt that the laundress had sold. Then he went out into the streets.

The crowds were pouring forth now, as with the spirit. And for every human soul Scrooge had a most ostentatious greeting and a most lunatic smile, as if he too had to sprinkle cheer on everyone. But he was so irresistably pleasant and so obviously delighted with himself and everything and everyone that no one even thought to titter, but rather thought him the kindest, jolliest old man in all London, or all Christendom for that matter.

He had not gone far when, as chance would have it, he ran into one of the very men whom he had turned out of his counting house the day before when soliciting for the stupid poor.

Scrooge winced to think how the man would look on him, but he was glad of the meeting just the same. And he walked right up and greeted him merrily and gripped both his hands, and apologized handsomely, and whispered in his ear. The man stood back astonished. "But surely you are not serious?"

"Upon my soul I am," and forthwith pulled out his cheque book. "And I trust you will do me the favor of allowing me to make up back payments."

"But I don't know how to—"

"Don't say anything. Come and see me. Will you come and see me?"

"Pon my soul I will!" And indeed he did, though upon his feet. Scrooge knew he would, though from the way he said it. That was the first, and Scrooge felt like he had won a medal.

And then he went to church, and enjoyed it and walked the streets again, and patted children on the head, and bought them sweets, and stood to look at dogs rollicking and wrestling in the snow, and even beamed upon the topers. And indeed little things he had never seen, and nursed the gift like a new toy.

Then in the afternoon he turned his steps. yes, deliberately towards his nephew's house. Admitted he walked past two or three times before he managed it, but at last he went up and knocked boldly. And he thought what a nice girl she was who answered the door. She would direct him upstairs, but already his hand was on the dining room door. He turned the knob gently and sidled his face in. They were engrossed at the table. He called "Fred."

"Why, bless my soul," said Fred, thinking it was his turn to see a ghost. "Who is it?"

"It is I, your Uncle Scrooge. and I have come to dinner after all. Will you let me in?"

Would he let him in? Why, bless my soul, don't you remember his threat?

It's a wonder he didn't shake the old codger's arm off. He was at home in five minutes. The niece was the same as he had seen; so was the plump sister when she came, and Topper's growling in the bass when he sang. It was a wonderful party, and Scrooge did right well at the games and they all remarked on it, and he was as proud as a pouter cock.

But he was early at the office the next morning. He had to be, and catch Bob Cratchit coming in late. He had schemed upon it. And he did. And sat with the door open to trap him.

Bob whisked in like a lost minute. His hat was already off at the door, and his comforter too and he was on his stool and with his pen up before Scrooge could speak, looking very guilty indeed.

Scrooge strode up like thunder "What do you mean by coming in at this hour?"

"I'm sorry, sir," the little clerk stammered, so scared that Scrooge was delighted. "We made rather merry and rather late; it's only once a year. and it will never happen again."

"Now I'll tell you what, my friend. I am not going to stand for this sort of thing any longer—and he gave Bob such a dig in the ribs that he staggered back into his box—"and therefor I am about to raise your salary."

It was a cruel joke, even for the new Scrooge. Bob hardly survived it. He staggered from no shove now, and gripped the ruler, half resolved to knock Scrooge down and scream for a strait-jacket.

But Scrooge was beaming too benignly, and said Merry Christmas, Bob, so sincerely that the clerk could not doubt him, and certainly not the slap on the back that accompanied it.

"A merrier Christmas it shall be. I'll raise your salary and I seek to be your friend. We'll discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a smoking bishop, Bob. Make fires and buy another coal hod before you dot another i, you scoundrel.'

And Scrooge was as good as his word. He became as good a master and as good a friend as the City ever knew, or any city for that matter.

Some people laughed, of course and thought him an old fool and an old hypocrite, but Scrooge was too wise to mind, and far too happy in his wisdom. His own heart laughed, and that was enough for him.

He had no further intercourse with spirits; indeed he signed the pledge; nor had he any need of them. His own were good enough and high enough too.

And Tiny Tim? Of course he didn't die. Scrooge saw to that, and became a god-father to him if ever there was one, and deserved — and enjoyed — the tiny—but was it?—blessing in a very special sense.

Of course Tiny Tim didn't die; we can thank Scrooge for that —or should we say Marley?—and die he never will, as long as hearts are young, and all hearts can be young at Christmas, and all the year.

And Scrooge? Oh, you'd never have believed that a man could change so much. For he had discovered, which so few really do, that to give is to live and success and happiness are so simple in wanting what is right.

He kept Christmas as well as any man, and all the year, and he found wild delight in so many stupid "humbugs", that they were good business, that sentiment is mighty good business. Of course we don't need ghosts to find what Scrooge found. And that indeed is the simple blessing of thoughtful Tiny Tim — God Bless Us Every One.

The Snack Bar
MARGARET McGOWAN
Princeton's Home-Cookery

An Old Fashioned Wish - - -

— A Typical Scene from Dickens

O'SULLIVAN'S GROCERY
ALLISON TOWNSITE'S COMPLETE STORE
TELEPHONE 48H, ALLISON FLATS

From 4,500
Telephone
Men and Women

Heartiest
Season's
Greetings

BRITISH COLUMBIA
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and
Associated Companies

Seasons Greetings

Shop with
complete confidence
at

MUSSENDEN'S
Your New Style Centre

BRIDGE STREET PRINCETON, B.C.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND BEST WISHES FOR
A HAPPY NEW YEAR

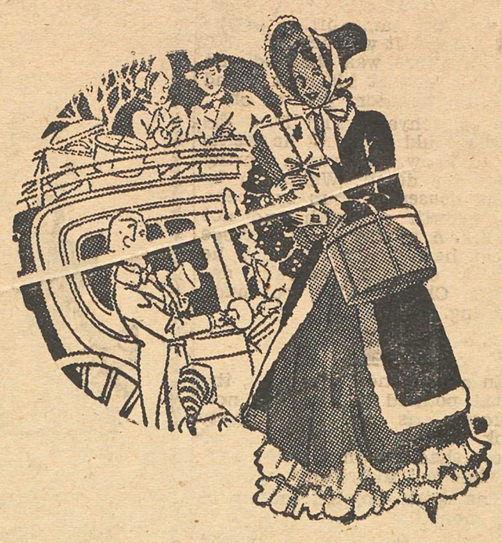
The Greyhound travel system takes this opportunity to wish everyone the Season's Greetings, and to thank its many passengers for their past patronage. CG.2

GREYHOUND
LINES

The Management of

THE GRANBY CONSOLIDATED MINING, SMELTING & POWER COMPANY, LIMITED

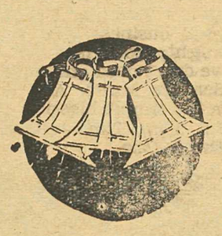
extend to their employees and to merchants and residents of the Similkameen Valley best wishes for Happy and Prosperous New Year



Compliments of the Season

to one and all

KELOWNA EXPLORATION COMPANY. LIMITED

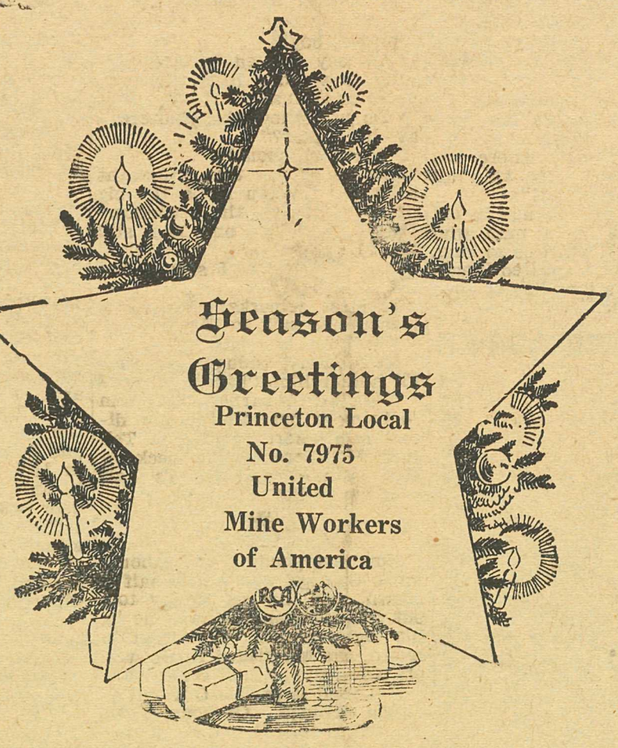


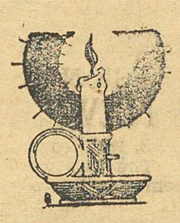
KEREMEOS GROWERS' CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION

KEREMEOS, B.C.

Extend To All Their Employees and Other Residents of the Similkameen Valley

Best Wishes for the New Year





PRINCETON TULAMEEN COAL MINES, LIMITED

Extend to their employees and to all residents of the Similkameen sincere good wishes for

A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

COPPER MOUNTAIN MINERS' UNION

LOCAL No. 649

INTERNATIONAL UNION OF MINE, MILL & SMELTER WORKERS

extends sincere good wishes to everyone in our Valley for a Happy and Progressive 1949 of mutual prosperity through mutual co-operation

That you and yours may enjoy a harmonious and a Happy and Prosperous New Year is the sincere wish of the Management & Staff of the

STORES DEPARTMENT

of the

THE GRANBY CONSOLIDATED MINING, SMELTING & POWER COMPANY, LIMITED

We take this opportunity to extend thanks to the Employees of the Company and all other friends and patrons for their splendid support and co-operation during the past year and sincerely hope for a continuation of this friendly relationship during the coming year.