

KELOWNA FRUIT LANDS

(IRRIGATED)

Ready to plant; 5, 10 and 20 acre lots situated from 1/4 mile to 5 miles from the town of Kelowna (population 2,000) in the celebrated

OKANAGAN VALLEY, B.C.

These lands are practically level and the greater part plowed. Considering location, quality of soil, marketing facilities and climate, we feel safe in saying that they have no equal in British Columbia. Our irrigation system is of the most permanent nature, being all of steel pipe, steel flume and concrete lined ditches. The Kelowna District has definitely proven, time and again, by the winnings made at the different Fruit Exhibitions, that it grows a grade of fruit superior to that grown at any other point in British Columbia. Kelowna has the largest area of good level fruit land surrounding it of any other point in British Columbia. Good boating, bathing and fishing. Markets for our products unlimited and highest prices obtained.

Prices \$200 per acre and upwards. Terms one-fourth cash, balance in three equal annual payments; interest at 6%.

If interested write for illustrated booklet and further information to the

CENTRAL OKANAGAN LANDS, LTD., KELOWNA, B.C.

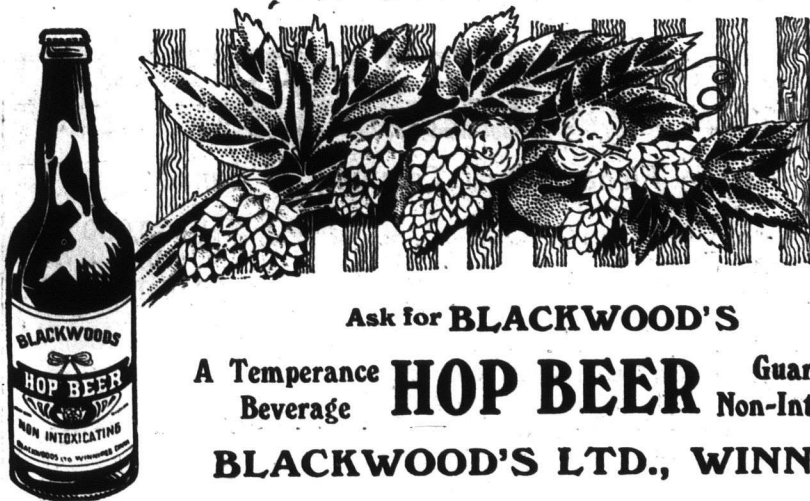
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with quiet joy, and the doctor smoothed her shining braids until her heart stopped its spasmodic thumping, and then he went upstairs to see the Grave Gentleman and the Butterfly Lady.

The Butterfly Lady was working pink roses on a strip of white satin, and the Grave Gentleman had to be dragged from his laboratory for the conference.

"She isn't any better," the doctor told them; "her brain is too active, and her heart's all wrong."

"My family have always had active brains," the Grave Gentleman asserted, with pride.

The Butterfly Lady cast a glance at the doctor from under her down-dropped lids. "Hearts in my family have always gone wrong," she murmured.

The doctor reddened and twitched himself nervously in his chair. "Her brain has been forced," he blurted out. "It's a wonder she isn't a chattering idiot."

The doctor rose. There were sparks in his eyes. "She is too much alone," he said. "I am going to let her read a half-hour a day; instead of forbidding it entirely, for she is worrying. What she really needs is young companionship—children or animals."

"Children make so much noise, I must have quiet," was the Grave Gentleman's statement.

"A puppy, then."

"I don't like dogs."

"Or a kitten."

The Butterfly Lady threw up her fluttering hands. "I hate cats."

The doctor groaned as he went down stairs.

The little girl found a half-hour a day such a teeny, weeny time. At first she tried dividing it—fifteen minutes in the morning and fifteen minutes in the afternoon. But that plan failed. It was impossible to leave Sinbad up in the air with the roc, or to desert the Swiss Family Robinson at the moment of shipwreck, to turn from the White Cat just as she shed her skin; and as for closing the fat brown book on Mr. Pickwick at the Christmas dance, it couldn't be done!

Hence the morning fifteen minutes always lengthened to a full half-hour, and there you were with one day before you! And it was such an endless

day, with oases in the way of luncheon and dinner!

In the barren stretches the Little Girl sat in front of the library fire, and thought and thought, and thought. Sometimes she would hear the swish of silken skirts as the Butterfly Lady went to and from her carriage. And now and then the Grave Gentleman stalked in to get a book and out again in silence. The little Girl, big-eyed and lonely, would wish that they might stop and sit with her, but they never did, and one day she fell asleep on the rug, and there the doctor found her.

That very morning he had an interview with the Grave Gentleman and the Butterfly Lady that left them white and shaking.

The Butterfly Lady followed him downstairs. "How could you say such things to me!" she reproached as they stood together in the lower hall.

"You have neglected her."

"For the sake of old times you might have been kinder."

"I am a busy man," he said gravely. "I had forgotten old times until the other day you called me in to attend to the child."

"You said you would never forget."

"I was very young," he replied quietly.

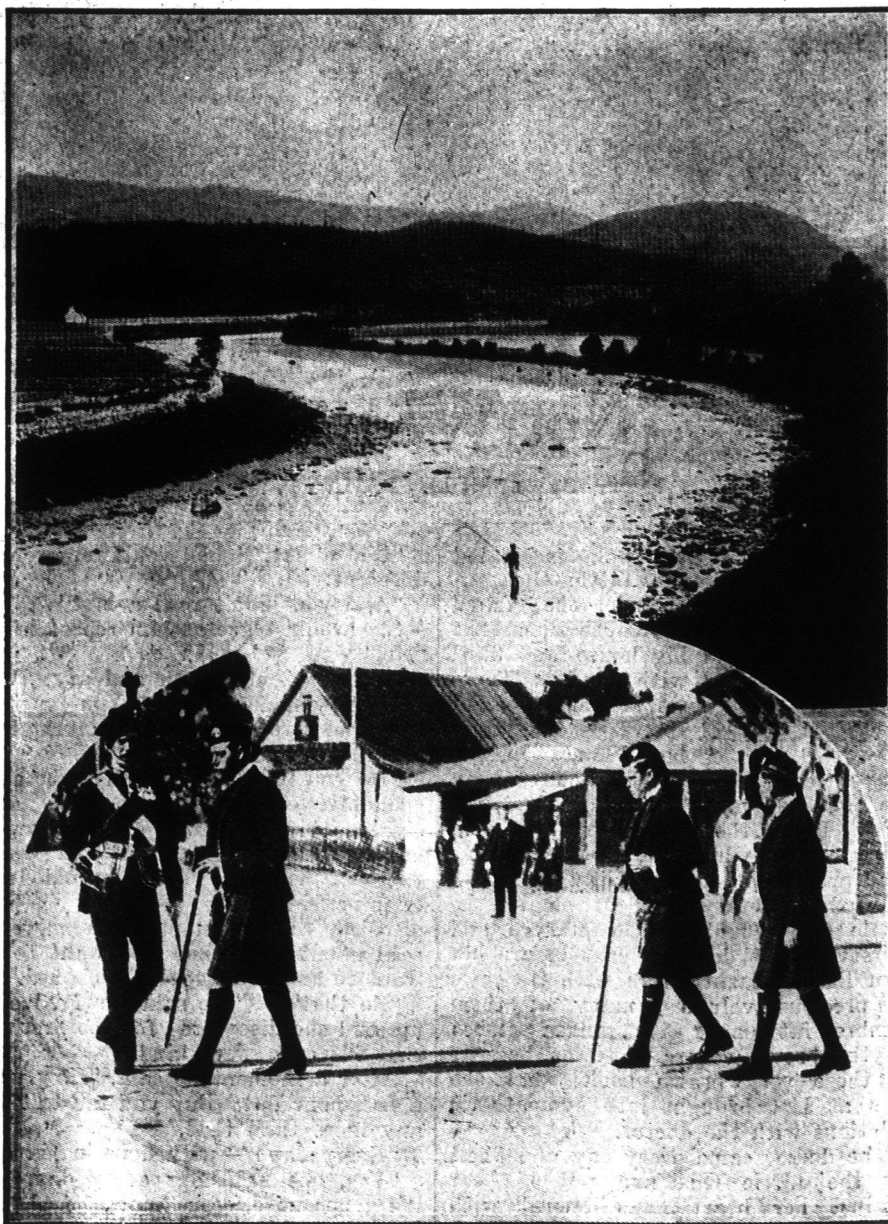
At the very first opportunity he took the Little Girl with him in his motor, and they rode away together through the long miles of streets. After a time they came to the country where the apple trees were pink and white by the roadside, and the lambs frisked in snowy bunches across the green pastures.

"Where are we going?" asked the Little Girl, with her cheek against the doctor's rough coat-sleeve, for the doctor had a way with him. It was just as if he loved you, and you couldn't feel afraid!

"We are going," said the doctor, "to a little red house with a garden in front, and in the little red house lives a little old lady who has four big cats and a brindled dog and a cow and a tame crow."

"Oh!" the Little Girl sat up and stared at him with shining eyes. "It sounds like a fairy tale."

"It is a fairy tale," said the doctor, "and you are going to live there for three months."



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