

THE ACADIAN.

WOLFVILLE, N.S., SEPT. 13, 1918

Local Happenings.

Don't forget to see Charlie Chaplin in 'His New Job' at the Opera House, Friday and Saturday.

See Graham's photo frames.

The Farmers Magazine should be in every farm house. Published twice every month for only \$1.00 a year. H. P. Davidson, The Magazine Man, P. O. Box 462.

Money to loan on mortgage securities. Apply to E. S. Crawley, Wolfville.

Mrs. Richmond will not open her vocal Studio until October 1st. She is engaged in work with Mr. A. J. Hubbard the Boston vocal teacher during the month of Sept.

New Silverware just arrived at Williams'. See our Window.

Renew your subscription to the Pictorial Review this month and take advantage of the special offer, two years for only \$3.00. H. P. Davidson, The Magazine Man, phone 5.

Auto to Hire—Apply to H. D. Almaine, Phone 37 1/2.

Mrs. F. Chesley Forsyth will be at home to her friends on Thursday afternoon and evening, September 19th, from 2-4-8-10 p.m. at the home of Mrs. Fred R. Forsyth, Greenwood, N. S.

New Kodak catalogue just received. Come in and get one at Rand's.

The Give Service Girls hereby wish to convey their gratitude to the Wolfville Fruit Company, Acadia Electric Light Company, Boy Scouts and Band and all others who helped to make their Fair a success.

Service flags and pins, 25c. each at Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall G. Coldwell, of Melancon, announce the engagement of their daughter, Iva Evelyn, to Alden E. Dawson, Ph.D., of Ulgie, Prince Edward Island. Marriage to take place at an early date.

Time-waste—Money-waste—Nerve-waste are evils that the Remington Typewriter is especially designed to overcome in business. Don't try to do without one.

A. MILNE FRASER, Halifax, N. S.

Monday and Tuesday the greatest picture of all special 'The Belgian' will be shown at the Opera House. Don't fail to see the story of the invasion of Belgium and the Work of German Culture. This is not a war picture.

FOR SALE—2 new milch cows. They can be best seen any day after six p.m. J. D. Henderson, Avonport, N. S.

The concert in the evening by the Wolfville School Band and local talent was much enjoyed. This band is a credit to any town, and Wolfville is to be congratulated on the backing they give it. Mr. McAvoy has done wonders with the boys.—Hantsport Correspondent Hants Journal.

FOR SALE—The apples in the Ernest Craze Orchard, Port Williams. Apply to JOHN DONALDSON.

The services at the Methodist church for Sunday, Sept 15th, will be as follows: Morning service at 11, subject—'Running the Race'; evening service at 7, subject—'The Angel Face'; Divine service will also be conducted at Greenwich at 3 p.m. Preacher at each service Rev W H Watts.

To LET—A large, warm, furnished room near College buildings, suitable for two persons. Apply to ACADIAN OFFICE.

School Exhibition

The school children of Port Williams, Greenwich and Church Street will hold their annual exhibition under the auspices of the Women's Institute, in the Citizens Hall at Port Williams on Friday, Sept. 20th, opening at 5 o'clock. Besides the usual children's exhibition of school work, domestic science, manual training, and rural science, there will be some very attractive features of interest to all, such as a collection of war and oriental curios, a table of war cookery, samples of reconstruction work for returned soldiers and many other attractions, among which must not be omitted mentioning Mr. Robt. Fair's bird collections, ice cream and a race. A will be served late in the afternoon. The evening session will be given to viewing the exhibits, closing with a few short speeches. Come one, come all. Admission only 10c. for adults and 5c. for children. If stormy exhibition will be held following day.

WHEN USING WILSON'S FLY PADS

READ DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY AND FOLLOW THEM TO THE LETTER.

For more effective than Sticky Fly Catchers—Clean in hand—Sold by Druggists and Grocers everywhere.

For Sale or Exchange.

A thoroughbred Guernsey Cow—Dairy Queen of Hillside (123)—10 years old, due to calve in Spring. Will sell or exchange for good new milch cow.

H. ERNOY BROWN.

Men's Clothing!



We are agents for the WELL KNOWN 20th Century BRAND Tailored Clothing! Both Ready Made and Made to Measure and will be pleased to show samples of cloths and styles.

SHOE DEPARTMENT.

TWO VERY POPULAR SELLERS: Men's Mahogany, Neolin Soled Bal. \$6.75 Women's " " " " 6.75 HIGH CUT

F. K. Bishop Co., LIMITED

SUCCESSORS TO C. H. BORDEN. WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Clothing, Furnishings, Shoes, Hats and Trunks

Personal Mention.

Contributions to this department will be gladly received.

Mrs. Fernham is visiting in town, the guest of her daughter, Mrs. D. R. Mauro.

Mrs. F. B. Miller, of Truro, is in Wolfville visiting her sister, Mrs. D. S. Hart.

Mrs. T. H. Benjamin left yesterday to visit for a time with friends at Woodville.

Mrs. Alexander Ross and Miss E. de Ross, of Truro, are spending a few weeks at Acadia Lodge.

Mrs. J. F. Kennedy, of Halifax, is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Harris.

Mrs. H. C. Creed, of Fredericton, is spending a few weeks in Wolfville, a guest at Evangeline Cottage.

Mrs. (Rev.) N. A. Harkness and family left on Wednesday to visit at her old home in British Columbia.

Leut. Ronald Keristead, son of Dr. E. M. Keristead, of Toronto, arrived in Wolfville on Monday morning. His mother, who is spending the summer here, knew nothing of his return until she received a wire from Quebec on Saturday, saying he was on the way. Lieut. Keristead has done splendid work in the Royal Flying Corps and was awarded a D. S. O. medal. He has been given three months leave. THE ACADIAN is glad to welcome the gallant young officer.

Wedding Bells

McCABE-COLDWELL On Tuesday, September 10th, at 9 o'clock, in St. Francis church, a pretty wedding took place when Miss Lillian May Coldwell, of Wolfville, Nova Scotia, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Laurimer E. McCabe, of Chatham, N. B., Rev. Father Douhaie officiating. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked very pretty in a tailored suit of blue serge, carrying a large bouquet of sweet peas and ferns. She was attended by her sister, Miss Evelyn Coldwell as bridesmaid, who wore a dress of pale blue silk trimmed with swan-down and carried a bouquet of sweet peas. The groom was supported by the bride's uncle, Mr. Bernard Regan, of Wolfville.

After the ceremony the happy couple motored to Kentville and through the valley and left on the afternoon train for Boston. On their return they will reside at Truro.

Keep posted on the world's affairs. The Review of Reviews is \$3.50 a year. H. P. Davidson, The Magazine Man, phone 5.

Acadia Seminary Notes.

The registration of resident pupils in the Seminary is already far in excess of former years. One hundred and twenty are now in residence. At least eight more are expected. The Annex will be fitted and the dining room has already been extended.

Dr. Charles R. Fisher, the new Director of the Conservatory, acquired his Mus. Bac. and Mus. Doc. degrees by examination at the University of Toronto. His musical composition 'Folly and Wisdom' received special commendation from the examiner, Dr. Pearce, the Oxford Professor of music. Dr. Fisher is also a graduate in Piano-forte Playing, Leeds Conservatory, England, and afterwards studied at Leipzig. As an organ specialist he has given recitals at the great London Exhibitions, etc. He is also a fellow of the Guild of Church Musicians, London. Dr. Fisher has had a large and successful teaching experience, at some of the best schools in the United States.

Thus his training and mature experience should insure work of a high grade.

A note will appear next week as to Miss Edith Jones, Violinist; Miss Jennie S. Reynolds, Expression and Physical Culture.

Owing to the large number of pupils in the Vocal Department it has been found necessary to appoint a successor to Miss McKenney who, unfortunately, is compelled by ill health to rest from singing and teaching for a year. The person selected is Miss Alice Maston Paillo, B. A., (Edulogy) of Gloucester, Mass. Miss Paillo after prolonged study in voice at Mt. Holyoke, spent six years with Mr. Cushman, of Boston, and has in addition thorough courses in Theory and Musical History with Prof. Louis Elson. The testimonials as to her choir and solo work are discriminating and most flattering. Miss Paillo will arrive on Saturday.

Parents desiring their children who have never taken piano to enter the special class taught by Normal pupils should communicate with Dr. Fisher.

The Household Science Department has been enlarged and re-arranged, at an expense of nearly \$5,000. More extended reference to this department will appear later.

The Rude, for music lovers. Subscription price \$1.75. H. P. Davidson, The Magazine Man, phone 5.

Reliable alarm clocks at \$2.25 that will get you up right on time at Williams.

Fight the Bug

Paris Green, Blue Vitrol, Calcine Plaster, Land Plaster, etc.

SHAKERS IN STOCK.

L. W. SLEEP.

OPERA HOUSE WOLFVILLE

Friday and Saturday, Sept. 13-14 CHARLIE CHAPLIN

The World's Funniest Actor in the amusing comedy picture

'His New Job'

Charlie Chaplin will show you the way to get acquainted with a new job.

Also, Little Zoe Rae, the Child Wonder, in "Danger Within"

Show at 8 p.m. Prices: 15c. and 25c. and 2c. tax extra

Coming!

Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 17-18 "THE BELGIAN" DON'T MISS IT!

COMING!—The Greatest Serial Ever Made—"THE EAGLE RYER." Watch for announcement.

"Pictorial Review"

Two Years for only \$3.00

This offer is good until Sept. 30th only. SUBSCRIBE NOW.

H. P. DAVIDSON, "The Magazine Man"

Phone 5. Wolfville, N. S.

ANNOUNCEMENT

We have just received a carefully selected shipment of Silversmiths of the very best quality and distinctive designs.

Silversmith has advanced in price along with other merchandise but the quality is still just as good.

We have articles priced from 65c. to \$3.75 that are most useful and yet artistic and pleasing to the eye.

Should you want anything higher priced, we will order on approval for your inspection.

WILLIAMS & CO., JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS.

JEFFERSON THE CASH SHOE STORE.

For Summer footwear

We have a full line of Ladies' and Children's White Boots, Shoes, Slippers and Pumps.

FOR MEN!

We have the Harrit Boot. Also the Strider Boot made by F. W. Slater.

G. D. JEFFERSON - WOLFVILLE

Acadia Seminary

The Fall Term begins Sept. 4, 1918.

Pupils may register in the Principal's Office at 9 o'clock. Special opportunity is offered to Pupils desiring thorough instruction in

Pianoforte, Voice, Violin, Organ, Elocution, Art, Household Science, Stenography, and Typewriting.

Students prepared for University Junior and Senior Matriculation.

For further information and Catalogue apply to

Rve. H. T. DeWolfe, PRINCIPAL.

LODE.

The following gifts are gratefully acknowledged: \$10.00 from the Greenwich Knit Co. per Mrs. Hussey Bishop. \$5.00 from Mrs. W. M. Black. \$3.00 from Mrs. C. S. Hamilton.

Until October 1, McCall's Magazine for two years for only \$1.75. H. P. Davidson, The Magazine Man, phone 5.

FOR SALE.

The residence and tenements of late C. H. Borden (3 properties), on north side of Main Street. For sale together or separately. Apply to

E. S. CRAWLEY, G. W. MUNRO, Trustees.

NEW MUSLIN UNDERWEAR



These Garments are made of the finest materials obtainable, trimmed with fine Laces and Embroidres.

At Very Reasonable Prices.

Night Dresses, 75c., 85c., \$1.00, to \$3.00 each. Chemise Combinations, \$1.25, 1.50, 1.75 and 2.00. Drawers, 60c., 75c., 85c., \$1.00 to \$1.50. Skirts, 75c., 85c., \$1.00 to \$1.50 each.

Misses' and Children's White Muslin Underwear. All styles and prices. White Knitted Undervests, Combinations and Drawers, for Ladies, Misses and Children.

Standard Fashions Patterns in stock.

J. E. Hales & Co., Ltd., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

To the Public:

I am carrying on the 'Lunimoscopy Shadow Test' system of eye examination introduced here by Mr. F. W. Mayor of Toronto, and by looking into the eye I am prepared to correct all defects of vision and to fit the glasses needed.

J. F. HERBIN Optician, Jeweler WOLFVILLE - N. S.

CONGOLEUM Art Rugs

For every room in the house

The Modern Floor Covering. Durable, Artistic, Sanitary, can be easily washed up like Linoleum. Special colored

booklet mailed on request.

1 x 1 yd.	\$1.35
1 x 2 yd.	2.70
1 1/2 x 1 1/2 yd.	2.90
1 1/2 x 2 yd.	4.00
2 x 2 yd.	3.40
2 x 3 yd.	3.00
2 1/2 x 3 yd.	12.00
3 x 3 yd.	17.00
3 x 4 yd.	19.00

Write for Big Catalogue.

We Pay Freight on orders amounting to \$10.00.

VERNON & CO. Furniture and Carpets. TRURO, N. S.

BONDS!

Victory Bonds have advanced 1 per cent in price.

Other Bonds for sale: Newfoundland 10 year Bonds to yield 5 1/2 per cent. City of Charlottetown to yield 6 per cent. Town of Dartmouth to yield 6 per cent. City of Calgary to yield 7 per cent.

Consult your own Broker.

Annie M. Stuart, Broker. Grand Pre, June 12, 1918.

Dry Goods Department

MIDSUMMER REDUCTION SALE

NOW IS THE TIME FOR BARGAINS!

Ladies and Misses Middies and Smocks	\$1.65 each
Wash Skirts	1.65 each
Voil Waists	.98 each
Hamburg Flouncings, wide Ribbons, up to half an inch	23c. per yd
Ribbons, up to 5 inches	14c. per yd
Striped Beach Cloth, 36 inches	20c. per yd
Corset Cover Embroidery	19c. per yd
Childrens White Wash Dresses	\$1.00 each

A full range of Women's House Dresses, Children's Wash Dresses, Rompers, Hose, etc. New Curtain Scrims, Muslins, Silks. All sizes in Ladies' and Children's White Footwear. SPECIAL Smart new Mahogany Oxfords with NEOLIN Soles, per pair \$4.75

ILLSLEY & HARVEY CO., LIMITED

Port Williams N. S.

Potato Diggers

Now is the time to place your order for

THE "VICTOR"

The machine does excellent work. It will not bruise or bury the potatoes, and one pair of horses can handle it with ease.

Write, phone, or call and we will be pleased to give full particulars.

illsley & Harvey Co., Ltd

PORT WILLIAMS, N. S.

Your Money will certainly go further and you will be on the

sure road to putting down the cost of living if you buy your Groceries from WENTZELLS LIMITED.

What winter Groceries do you require? Send to Wentzells Limited for prices and buy there. You are sure to save something worth while.

Ten dollar orders, except for Flour, Sugar and heavy articles of this nature, are shipped freight paid.

WENTZELLS LIMITED "The Big Store," Halifax.

OWES HER LIFE TO "FRUIT-A-LIVES"

The Wonderful Medicine, Made From Fruit Juices and Valerian Tonic.



MADAME ROSINA FOISZ

29 St. Rose St., Montreal.
 "I am writing you to tell you that I owe my life to 'Fruit-a-lives'. This medicine relieved me when I had given up hope of ever being well. I was a terrible sufferer from Dyspepsia—had suffered for years; and nothing I took did me any good. I read about 'Fruit-a-lives'; and bought them. After taking a few bottles, my condition improved, and I have my permission to publish this letter, as I hope it will persuade other sufferers from Dyspepsia to take 'Fruit-a-lives' and get well."
 MADAME ROSINA FOISZ.
 "Fruit-a-lives" is the only medicine in the world made from fruit.
 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers, or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

White Ribbon News.

Woman's Christian Temperance Union first organized in 1874.
 Aims: The protection of the home, the abolition of the liquor traffic and the triumph of Christ's Golden Rule in custom and in law.
 Motto—For God and Home and Native Land.
 Bases—A knot of White Ribbon.
 Warnings—Agiates, educators, or gamblers.
 OFFICERS OF WOLFVILLE UNION.
 President—Mrs. B. O. Davidson.
 1st Vice President—Mrs. G. W. Miller.
 2nd Vice President—Mrs. W. O. Taylor.
 Recording Sec'y—Mrs. Ernest Liddell.
 Cor. Secretary—Mrs. (Dr.) McKenna.
 Treasurer—Mrs. H. Pines.
 SUPERINTENDENTS.
 Laborer Work—Mrs. Fielding.
 Lumbermen—Mrs. J. Kempton.
 Temperance in Sabbath-schools—Mr. Edison Graham.
 Evangelistic—Mrs. Purvis Smith.
 Press—Mrs. M. P. Freeman.
 White Ribbon Bulletin—Mrs. Dr. McKenna.
 Loyal Temperance Legion—Miss Kean.
 Red Cross Work—Mrs. J. Vaughan.

World's W. C. T. U. Notes.

Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich writes from China: At our latest W. C. T. U. meeting we decided to make 'comfort bundles' and I have organized a committee for industrial work for the cotton. Children's clothes, of strong cotton cloth wadded with cotton, are being made by fifty women. At noon we serve a warm meal of millet broth and large cakes of corn meal—into which beans have been crushed. I do enjoy my four classes in our school. Bible School where I teach hymns and home economics; the women are so eager and their eyes shine so brightly. Our shelter for the jinnik she men has proved a great boon and we have permission to build another. The protection from the heat, and the pure hot drinking water saves many men from the constant desire to drink and smoke.

The national W. C. T. U. of Japan has held in Tokyo a great bazaar for the benefit of the people living on the island of Tsushima, most of whom are sufferers from a destructive typhoon. Thousands of garments and other supplies donated by sympathizing friends were sold at a fraction of their value to the needy, the poor and the old. White ribbons stood all day in the selling booths. In preparation for the bazaar the national W. C. T. U. officers and others spent many days making, repairing and classifying the clothing. All over Japan the people and officials have marvelled at the sympathy and great work of the W. C. T. U.

A Builder of Health!

Nothing can be of greater assistance in building up the system than Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for this food reforms new, rich blood, and nourishes and restores the feeble, wasted nerve cells. Gradually and naturally the body and mind regain vigor and energy, and you feel again the joy of living which comes only to people if good health.

At a parade of a company of newly recruited-up men the drill instructor, who turned scarlet with rage as he related a new recruit for his awkwardness.
 "Now Rearty, he roared, 'you will spell the line with those feet. Draw them back at once, man, and get them in line.'
 Rearty's dignity was hurt.
 "Pize, sergeant, he said, 'they are not mine; they are Micky Doolan's in the rear rank!'"

Wherever you travel, you will find the extreme weakness often results in impaired hearing, weakened eyesight, bronchitis and other troubles, but if Chase's Emulsion is given promptly, it restores strength to the organs and creates rich blood to build up the depleted forces.
 Children should use Chase's Emulsion.

Open Wednesday mornings only during July and August.
 Port Williams, N. S.
 Meard's Lohmann Cures Distemper.

Out of the Shadow

By SUSAN CLAGETT

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Dear miss kin yo help we use me an in Crawford is havin a hard time givment tuk our usens as we alls tryin to git vittles an cloths to Give the chilrun to eat we eat an miss Honey we alls mos pursh me an in an her but baby is livin with' not wide an arfer we als dun git thru the wuk thurs sunn to do but set fore the Fire an in a knit an wovar of our mensil kum hum an we alls git thru the Winter is Awful cold an we an not go up the mountain an cut down pine sapplins an drag em hum i aint plaina miss honey an i aint begin but i just wants to know of yore friensil buy we alls Tatin.
 "With great Respec yore
 "Frien liza rankin."
 Lavinia read the letter over and over again. She could make nothing of it but a jumble of words all but fleegibly written. Not a comma, not a period. She glanced at the name: liza rankin, and light came to her. The meaning of the letter became clear. Her throat contracted with an uncomfortable ache and tears hid the package in her hand.
 "Liza! Liza! she fumbled with unseeing eyes.
 It was roughly and insecurely tied and she wrestled with it, had come intact through the mails. As she thought flashed through her mind a smaller package dropped upon the floor. With an exclamation she picked it up and opened it. The contents of the larger bundle, she found it contained several sets of table mats with crocheted borders and coarse, homespun linen centers.
 Her mind went back to the summer just past and the several summers before when she had helped spin the cloth from flax raised in the little clearing about the cabin. If she had been asked she could not have told how she had heard of the little home in the Tennessee mountains across the border from Virginia, but each summer thereafter had found her a visitor, and she and liza rankin had become fast friends.
 She had helped liza make her wedding dress; had returned to the mountain for the wedding, taking with her from her own store of furniture enough to make comfortable the tiny two-room log house that was to be liza's future home. She had been with her when the child was born; had been with her when, dry-eyed, the grief-stricken mother had laid the still little form in its crib for the last time, and it was in the rough little cabin that Lavinia came under the influence that altered the course of her own life when she raised her head from her spinning and met the keen, questioning gray eyes of the mountain doctor who had stopped for a moment to ask for a drink of milk.
 She had often in her wanderings about the mountain, but aside from the pleasure of an occasional meeting she had given him no thought until she raised her head that day and her eyes were held by the dominant gray eyes of the man standing in the doorway.
 She felt as if he was reading her very soul. Filled with resentment, the angry color flooded her face under his searching gaze. Indignantly she straightened in her chair. Then, to her everlasting shame, she left the spinning wheel and walked directly into his arms.
 "Oh! That's it! A mountain man is not good enough! You want the fine clothes, the suavety and convention to which you are accustomed. You can have them if you want. I do not doubt it. But whoever he be he will never have what you have given to the mountaineer."
 She had risen and faced him. "How dare you?"
 He had laughed roughly in interruption. "Dare? I dare anything, my dear young lady, and I tell you plainly that in that half hour in liza rankin's cabin you gave me what you will never give another man, and that was your love," and turning on his heel he left her as the train pulled into the station.
 She heard from him once, months later. He wrote that he had volunteered and must see her before he left for France. The note was unanswered. He did not come, and as the days passed she knew her day of reckoning was upon her; that she had let him go to his work thinking her heartless.
 If all came back as she looked at the work in her lap and as she felt the beautiful latching slip over her fingers her resolution was taken.
 Naturally she met opposition when she told her family she was going to the mountain for a brief stay, but she went on about the carrying out of her plan and blessed the aunt who left her a small legacy to do with as she would.

It was a rough and insecurely tied and she wrestled with it, had come intact through the mails. As she thought flashed through her mind a smaller package dropped upon the floor. With an exclamation she picked it up and opened it. The contents of the larger bundle, she found it contained several sets of table mats with crocheted borders and coarse, homespun linen centers.
 Her mind went back to the summer just past and the several summers before when she had helped spin the cloth from flax raised in the little clearing about the cabin. If she had been asked she could not have told how she had heard of the little home in the Tennessee mountains across the border from Virginia, but each summer thereafter had found her a visitor, and she and liza rankin had become fast friends.
 She had helped liza make her wedding dress; had returned to the mountain for the wedding, taking with her from her own store of furniture enough to make comfortable the tiny two-room log house that was to be liza's future home. She had been with her when the child was born; had been with her when, dry-eyed, the grief-stricken mother had laid the still little form in its crib for the last time, and it was in the rough little cabin that Lavinia came under the influence that altered the course of her own life when she raised her head from her spinning and met the keen, questioning gray eyes of the mountain doctor who had stopped for a moment to ask for a drink of milk.
 She had often in her wanderings about the mountain, but aside from the pleasure of an occasional meeting she had given him no thought until she raised her head that day and her eyes were held by the dominant gray eyes of the man standing in the doorway.
 She felt as if he was reading her very soul. Filled with resentment, the angry color flooded her face under his searching gaze. Indignantly she straightened in her chair. Then, to her everlasting shame, she left the spinning wheel and walked directly into his arms.
 "Oh! That's it! A mountain man is not good enough! You want the fine clothes, the suavety and convention to which you are accustomed. You can have them if you want. I do not doubt it. But whoever he be he will never have what you have given to the mountaineer."
 She had risen and faced him. "How dare you?"
 He had laughed roughly in interruption. "Dare? I dare anything, my dear young lady, and I tell you plainly that in that half hour in liza rankin's cabin you gave me what you will never give another man, and that was your love," and turning on his heel he left her as the train pulled into the station.
 She heard from him once, months later. He wrote that he had volunteered and must see her before he left for France. The note was unanswered. He did not come, and as the days passed she knew her day of reckoning was upon her; that she had let him go to his work thinking her heartless.
 If all came back as she looked at the work in her lap and as she felt the beautiful latching slip over her fingers her resolution was taken.
 Naturally she met opposition when she told her family she was going to the mountain for a brief stay, but she went on about the carrying out of her plan and blessed the aunt who left her a small legacy to do with as she would.

It was a rough and insecurely tied and she wrestled with it, had come intact through the mails. As she thought flashed through her mind a smaller package dropped upon the floor. With an exclamation she picked it up and opened it. The contents of the larger bundle, she found it contained several sets of table mats with crocheted borders and coarse, homespun linen centers.
 Her mind went back to the summer just past and the several summers before when she had helped spin the cloth from flax raised in the little clearing about the cabin. If she had been asked she could not have told how she had heard of the little home in the Tennessee mountains across the border from Virginia, but each summer thereafter had found her a visitor, and she and liza rankin had become fast friends.
 She had helped liza make her wedding dress; had returned to the mountain for the wedding, taking with her from her own store of furniture enough to make comfortable the tiny two-room log house that was to be liza's future home. She had been with her when the child was born; had been with her when, dry-eyed, the grief-stricken mother had laid the still little form in its crib for the last time, and it was in the rough little cabin that Lavinia came under the influence that altered the course of her own life when she raised her head from her spinning and met the keen, questioning gray eyes of the mountain doctor who had stopped for a moment to ask for a drink of milk.
 She had often in her wanderings about the mountain, but aside from the pleasure of an occasional meeting she had given him no thought until she raised her head that day and her eyes were held by the dominant gray eyes of the man standing in the doorway.
 She felt as if he was reading her very soul. Filled with resentment, the angry color flooded her face under his searching gaze. Indignantly she straightened in her chair. Then, to her everlasting shame, she left the spinning wheel and walked directly into his arms.
 "Oh! That's it! A mountain man is not good enough! You want the fine clothes, the suavety and convention to which you are accustomed. You can have them if you want. I do not doubt it. But whoever he be he will never have what you have given to the mountaineer."
 She had risen and faced him. "How dare you?"
 He had laughed roughly in interruption. "Dare? I dare anything, my dear young lady, and I tell you plainly that in that half hour in liza rankin's cabin you gave me what you will never give another man, and that was your love," and turning on his heel he left her as the train pulled into the station.
 She heard from him once, months later. He wrote that he had volunteered and must see her before he left for France. The note was unanswered. He did not come, and as the days passed she knew her day of reckoning was upon her; that she had let him go to his work thinking her heartless.
 If all came back as she looked at the work in her lap and as she felt the beautiful latching slip over her fingers her resolution was taken.
 Naturally she met opposition when she told her family she was going to the mountain for a brief stay, but she went on about the carrying out of her plan and blessed the aunt who left her a small legacy to do with as she would.

It was a rough and insecurely tied and she wrestled with it, had come intact through the mails. As she thought flashed through her mind a smaller package dropped upon the floor. With an exclamation she picked it up and opened it. The contents of the larger bundle, she found it contained several sets of table mats with crocheted borders and coarse, homespun linen centers.
 Her mind went back to the summer just past and the several summers before when she had helped spin the cloth from flax raised in the little clearing about the cabin. If she had been asked she could not have told how she had heard of the little home in the Tennessee mountains across the border from Virginia, but each summer thereafter had found her a visitor, and she and liza rankin had become fast friends.
 She had helped liza make her wedding dress; had returned to the mountain for the wedding, taking with her from her own store of furniture enough to make comfortable the tiny two-room log house that was to be liza's future home. She had been with her when the child was born; had been with her when, dry-eyed, the grief-stricken mother had laid the still little form in its crib for the last time, and it was in the rough little cabin that Lavinia came under the influence that altered the course of her own life when she raised her head from her spinning and met the keen, questioning gray eyes of the mountain doctor who had stopped for a moment to ask for a drink of milk.
 She had often in her wanderings about the mountain, but aside from the pleasure of an occasional meeting she had given him no thought until she raised her head that day and her eyes were held by the dominant gray eyes of the man standing in the doorway.
 She felt as if he was reading her very soul. Filled with resentment, the angry color flooded her face under his searching gaze. Indignantly she straightened in her chair. Then, to her everlasting shame, she left the spinning wheel and walked directly into his arms.
 "Oh! That's it! A mountain man is not good enough! You want the fine clothes, the suavety and convention to which you are accustomed. You can have them if you want. I do not doubt it. But whoever he be he will never have what you have given to the mountaineer."
 She had risen and faced him. "How dare you?"
 He had laughed roughly in interruption. "Dare? I dare anything, my dear young lady, and I tell you plainly that in that half hour in liza rankin's cabin you gave me what you will never give another man, and that was your love," and turning on his heel he left her as the train pulled into the station.
 She heard from him once, months later. He wrote that he had volunteered and must see her before he left for France. The note was unanswered. He did not come, and as the days passed she knew her day of reckoning was upon her; that she had let him go to his work thinking her heartless.
 If all came back as she looked at the work in her lap and as she felt the beautiful latching slip over her fingers her resolution was taken.
 Naturally she met opposition when she told her family she was going to the mountain for a brief stay, but she went on about the carrying out of her plan and blessed the aunt who left her a small legacy to do with as she would.

It was a rough and insecurely tied and she wrestled with it, had come intact through the mails. As she thought flashed through her mind a smaller package dropped upon the floor. With an exclamation she picked it up and opened it. The contents of the larger bundle, she found it contained several sets of table mats with crocheted borders and coarse, homespun linen centers.
 Her mind went back to the summer just past and the several summers before when she had helped spin the cloth from flax raised in the little clearing about the cabin. If she had been asked she could not have told how she had heard of the little home in the Tennessee mountains across the border from Virginia, but each summer thereafter had found her a visitor, and she and liza rankin had become fast friends.
 She had helped liza make her wedding dress; had returned to the mountain for the wedding, taking with her from her own store of furniture enough to make comfortable the tiny two-room log house that was to be liza's future home. She had been with her when the child was born; had been with her when, dry-eyed, the grief-stricken mother had laid the still little form in its crib for the last time, and it was in the rough little cabin that Lavinia came under the influence that altered the course of her own life when she raised her head from her spinning and met the keen, questioning gray eyes of the mountain doctor who had stopped for a moment to ask for a drink of milk.
 She had often in her wanderings about the mountain, but aside from the pleasure of an occasional meeting she had given him no thought until she raised her head that day and her eyes were held by the dominant gray eyes of the man standing in the doorway.
 She felt as if he was reading her very soul. Filled with resentment, the angry color flooded her face under his searching gaze. Indignantly she straightened in her chair. Then, to her everlasting shame, she left the spinning wheel and walked directly into his arms.
 "Oh! That's it! A mountain man is not good enough! You want the fine clothes, the suavety and convention to which you are accustomed. You can have them if you want. I do not doubt it. But whoever he be he will never have what you have given to the mountaineer."
 She had risen and faced him. "How dare you?"
 He had laughed roughly in interruption. "Dare? I dare anything, my dear young lady, and I tell you plainly that in that half hour in liza rankin's cabin you gave me what you will never give another man, and that was your love," and turning on his heel he left her as the train pulled into the station.
 She heard from him once, months later. He wrote that he had volunteered and must see her before he left for France. The note was unanswered. He did not come, and as the days passed she knew her day of reckoning was upon her; that she had let him go to his work thinking her heartless.
 If all came back as she looked at the work in her lap and as she felt the beautiful latching slip over her fingers her resolution was taken.
 Naturally she met opposition when she told her family she was going to the mountain for a brief stay, but she went on about the carrying out of her plan and blessed the aunt who left her a small legacy to do with as she would.

It was a rough and insecurely tied and she wrestled with it, had come intact through the mails. As she thought flashed through her mind a smaller package dropped upon the floor. With an exclamation she picked it up and opened it. The contents of the larger bundle, she found it contained several sets of table mats with crocheted borders and coarse, homespun linen centers.
 Her mind went back to the summer just past and the several summers before when she had helped spin the cloth from flax raised in the little clearing about the cabin. If she had been asked she could not have told how she had heard of the little home in the Tennessee mountains across the border from Virginia, but each summer thereafter had found her a visitor, and she and liza rankin had become fast friends.
 She had helped liza make her wedding dress; had returned to the mountain for the wedding, taking with her from her own store of furniture enough to make comfortable the tiny two-room log house that was to be liza's future home. She had been with her when the child was born; had been with her when, dry-eyed, the grief-stricken mother had laid the still little form in its crib for the last time, and it was in the rough little cabin that Lavinia came under the influence that altered the course of her own life when she raised her head from her spinning and met the keen, questioning gray eyes of the mountain doctor who had stopped for a moment to ask for a drink of milk.
 She had often in her wanderings about the mountain, but aside from the pleasure of an occasional meeting she had given him no thought until she raised her head that day and her eyes were held by the dominant gray eyes of the man standing in the doorway.
 She felt as if he was reading her very soul. Filled with resentment, the angry color flooded her face under his searching gaze. Indignantly she straightened in her chair. Then, to her everlasting shame, she left the spinning wheel and walked directly into his arms.
 "Oh! That's it! A mountain man is not good enough! You want the fine clothes, the suavety and convention to which you are accustomed. You can have them if you want. I do not doubt it. But whoever he be he will never have what you have given to the mountaineer."
 She had risen and faced him. "How dare you?"
 He had laughed roughly in interruption. "Dare? I dare anything, my dear young lady, and I tell you plainly that in that half hour in liza rankin's cabin you gave me what you will never give another man, and that was your love," and turning on his heel he left her as the train pulled into the station.
 She heard from him once, months later. He wrote that he had volunteered and must see her before he left for France. The note was unanswered. He did not come, and as the days passed she knew her day of reckoning was upon her; that she had let him go to his work thinking her heartless.
 If all came back as she looked at the work in her lap and as she felt the beautiful latching slip over her fingers her resolution was taken.
 Naturally she met opposition when she told her family she was going to the mountain for a brief stay, but she went on about the carrying out of her plan and blessed the aunt who left her a small legacy to do with as she would.

It was a rough and insecurely tied and she wrestled with it, had come intact through the mails. As she thought flashed through her mind a smaller package dropped upon the floor. With an exclamation she picked it up and opened it. The contents of the larger bundle, she found it contained several sets of table mats with crocheted borders and coarse, homespun linen centers.
 Her mind went back to the summer just past and the several summers before when she had helped spin the cloth from flax raised in the little clearing about the cabin. If she had been asked she could not have told how she had heard of the little home in the Tennessee mountains across the border from Virginia, but each summer thereafter had found her a visitor, and she and liza rankin had become fast friends.
 She had helped liza make her wedding dress; had returned to the mountain for the wedding, taking with her from her own store of furniture enough to make comfortable the tiny two-room log house that was to be liza's future home. She had been with her when the child was born; had been with her when, dry-eyed, the grief-stricken mother had laid the still little form in its crib for the last time, and it was in the rough little cabin that Lavinia came under the influence that altered the course of her own life when she raised her head from her spinning and met the keen, questioning gray eyes of the mountain doctor who had stopped for a moment to ask for a drink of milk.
 She had often in her wanderings about the mountain, but aside from the pleasure of an occasional meeting she had given him no thought until she raised her head that day and her eyes were held by the dominant gray eyes of the man standing in the doorway.
 She felt as if he was reading her very soul. Filled with resentment, the angry color flooded her face under his searching gaze. Indignantly she straightened in her chair. Then, to her everlasting shame, she left the spinning wheel and walked directly into his arms.
 "Oh! That's it! A mountain man is not good enough! You want the fine clothes, the suavety and convention to which you are accustomed. You can have them if you want. I do not doubt it. But whoever he be he will never have what you have given to the mountaineer."
 She had risen and faced him. "How dare you?"
 He had laughed roughly in interruption. "Dare? I dare anything, my dear young lady, and I tell you plainly that in that half hour in liza rankin's cabin you gave me what you will never give another man, and that was your love," and turning on his heel he left her as the train pulled into the station.
 She heard from him once, months later. He wrote that he had volunteered and must see her before he left for France. The note was unanswered. He did not come, and as the days passed she knew her day of reckoning was upon her; that she had let him go to his work thinking her heartless.
 If all came back as she looked at the work in her lap and as she felt the beautiful latching slip over her fingers her resolution was taken.
 Naturally she met opposition when she told her family she was going to the mountain for a brief stay, but she went on about the carrying out of her plan and blessed the aunt who left her a small legacy to do with as she would.

It was a rough and insecurely tied and she wrestled with it, had come intact through the mails. As she thought flashed through her mind a smaller package dropped upon the floor. With an exclamation she picked it up and opened it. The contents of the larger bundle, she found it contained several sets of table mats with crocheted borders and coarse, homespun linen centers.
 Her mind went back to the summer just past and the several summers before when she had helped spin the cloth from flax raised in the little clearing about the cabin. If she had been asked she could not have told how she had heard of the little home in the Tennessee mountains across the border from Virginia, but each summer thereafter had found her a visitor, and she and liza rankin had become fast friends.
 She had helped liza make her wedding dress; had returned to the mountain for the wedding, taking with her from her own store of furniture enough to make comfortable the tiny two-room log house that was to be liza's future home. She had been with her when the child was born; had been with her when, dry-eyed, the grief-stricken mother had laid the still little form in its crib for the last time, and it was in the rough little cabin that Lavinia came under the influence that altered the course of her own life when she raised her head from her spinning and met the keen, questioning gray eyes of the mountain doctor who had stopped for a moment to ask for a drink of milk.
 She had often in her wanderings about the mountain, but aside from the pleasure of an occasional meeting she had given him no thought until she raised her head that day and her eyes were held by the dominant gray eyes of the man standing in the doorway.
 She felt as if he was reading her very soul. Filled with resentment, the angry color flooded her face under his searching gaze. Indignantly she straightened in her chair. Then, to her everlasting shame, she left the spinning wheel and walked directly into his arms.
 "Oh! That's it! A mountain man is not good enough! You want the fine clothes, the suavety and convention to which you are accustomed. You can have them if you want. I do not doubt it. But whoever he be he will never have what you have given to the mountaineer."
 She had risen and faced him. "How dare you?"
 He had laughed roughly in interruption. "Dare? I dare anything, my dear young lady, and I tell you plainly that in that half hour in liza rankin's cabin you gave me what you will never give another man, and that was your love," and turning on his heel he left her as the train pulled into the station.
 She heard from him once, months later. He wrote that he had volunteered and must see her before he left for France. The note was unanswered. He did not come, and as the days passed she knew her day of reckoning was upon her; that she had let him go to his work thinking her heartless.
 If all came back as she looked at the work in her lap and as she felt the beautiful latching slip over her fingers her resolution was taken.
 Naturally she met opposition when she told her family she was going to the mountain for a brief stay, but she went on about the carrying out of her plan and blessed the aunt who left her a small legacy to do with as she would.

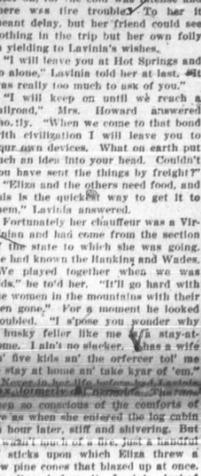
It was a rough and insecurely tied and she wrestled with it, had come intact through the mails. As she thought flashed through her mind a smaller package dropped upon the floor. With an exclamation she picked it up and opened it. The contents of the larger bundle, she found it contained several sets of table mats with crocheted borders and coarse, homespun linen centers.
 Her mind went back to the summer just past and the several summers before when she had helped spin the cloth from flax raised in the little clearing about the cabin. If she had been asked she could not have told how she had heard of the little home in the Tennessee mountains across the border from Virginia, but each summer thereafter had found her a visitor, and she and liza rankin had become fast friends.
 She had helped liza make her wedding dress; had returned to the mountain for the wedding, taking with her from her own store of furniture enough to make comfortable the tiny two-room log house that was to be liza's future home. She had been with her when the child was born; had been with her when, dry-eyed, the grief-stricken mother had laid the still little form in its crib for the last time, and it was in the rough little cabin that Lavinia came under the influence that altered the course of her own life when she raised her head from her spinning and met the keen, questioning gray eyes of the mountain doctor who had stopped for a moment to ask for a drink of milk.
 She had often in her wanderings about the mountain, but aside from the pleasure of an occasional meeting she had given him no thought until she raised her head that day and her eyes were held by the dominant gray eyes of the man standing in the doorway.
 She felt as if he was reading her very soul. Filled with resentment, the angry color flooded her face under his searching gaze. Indignantly she straightened in her chair. Then, to her everlasting shame, she left the spinning wheel and walked directly into his arms.
 "Oh! That's it! A mountain man is not good enough! You want the fine clothes, the suavety and convention to which you are accustomed. You can have them if you want. I do not doubt it. But whoever he be he will never have what you have given to the mountaineer."
 She had risen and faced him. "How dare you?"
 He had laughed roughly in interruption. "Dare? I dare anything, my dear young lady, and I tell you plainly that in that half hour in liza rankin's cabin you gave me what you will never give another man, and that was your love," and turning on his heel he left her as the train pulled into the station.
 She heard from him once, months later. He wrote that he had volunteered and must see her before he left for France. The note was unanswered. He did not come, and as the days passed she knew her day of reckoning was upon her; that she had let him go to his work thinking her heartless.
 If all came back as she looked at the work in her lap and as she felt the beautiful latching slip over her fingers her resolution was taken.
 Naturally she met opposition when she told her family she was going to the mountain for a brief stay, but she went on about the carrying out of her plan and blessed the aunt who left her a small legacy to do with as she would.

It was a rough and insecurely tied and she wrestled with it, had come intact through the mails. As she thought flashed through her mind a smaller package dropped upon the floor. With an exclamation she picked it up and opened it. The contents of the larger bundle, she found it contained several sets of table mats with crocheted borders and coarse, homespun linen centers.
 Her mind went back to the summer just past and the several summers before when she had helped spin the cloth from flax raised in the little clearing about the cabin. If she had been asked she could not have told how she had heard of the little home in the Tennessee mountains across the border from Virginia, but each summer thereafter had found her a visitor, and she and liza rankin had become fast friends.
 She had helped liza make her wedding dress; had returned to the mountain for the wedding, taking with her from her own store of furniture enough to make comfortable the tiny two-room log house that was to be liza's future home. She had been with her when the child was born; had been with her when, dry-eyed, the grief-stricken mother had laid the still little form in its crib for the last time, and it was in the rough little cabin that Lavinia came under the influence that altered the course of her own life when she raised her head from her spinning and met the keen, questioning gray eyes of the mountain doctor who had stopped for a moment to ask for a drink of milk.
 She had often in her wanderings about the mountain, but aside from the pleasure of an occasional meeting she had given him no thought until she raised her head that day and her eyes were held by the dominant gray eyes of the man standing in the doorway.
 She felt as if he was reading her very soul. Filled with resentment, the angry color flooded her face under his searching gaze. Indignantly she straightened in her chair. Then, to her everlasting shame, she left the spinning wheel and walked directly into his arms.
 "Oh! That's it! A mountain man is not good enough! You want the fine clothes, the suavety and convention to which you are accustomed. You can have them if you want. I do not doubt it. But whoever he be he will never have what you have given to the mountaineer."
 She had risen and faced him. "How dare you?"
 He had laughed roughly in interruption. "Dare? I dare anything, my dear young lady, and I tell you plainly that in that half hour in liza rankin's cabin you gave me what you will never give another man, and that was your love," and turning on his heel he left her as the train pulled into the station.
 She heard from him once, months later. He wrote that he had volunteered and must see her before he left for France. The note was unanswered. He did not come, and as the days passed she knew her day of reckoning was upon her; that she had let him go to his work thinking her heartless.
 If all came back as she looked at the work in her lap and as she felt the beautiful latching slip over her fingers her resolution was taken.
 Naturally she met opposition when she told her family she was going to the mountain for a brief stay, but she went on about the carrying out of her plan and blessed the aunt who left her a small legacy to do with as she would.

It was a rough and insecurely tied and she wrestled with it, had come intact through the mails. As she thought flashed through her mind a smaller package dropped upon the floor. With an exclamation she picked it up and opened it. The contents of the larger bundle, she found it contained several sets of table mats with crocheted borders and coarse, homespun linen centers.
 Her mind went back to the summer just past and the several summers before when she had helped spin the cloth from flax raised in the little clearing about the cabin. If she had been asked she could not have told how she had heard of the little home in the Tennessee mountains across the border from Virginia, but each summer thereafter had found her a visitor, and she and liza rankin had become fast friends.
 She had helped liza make her wedding dress; had returned to the mountain for the wedding, taking with her from her own store of furniture enough to make comfortable the tiny two-room log house that was to be liza's future home. She had been with her when the child was born; had been with her when, dry-eyed, the grief-stricken mother had laid the still little form in its crib for the last time, and it was in the rough little cabin that Lavinia came under the influence that altered the course of her own life when she raised her head from her spinning and met the keen, questioning gray eyes of the mountain doctor who had stopped for a moment to ask for a drink of milk.
 She had often in her wanderings about the mountain, but aside from the pleasure of an occasional meeting she had given him no thought until she raised her head that day and her eyes were held by the dominant gray eyes of the man standing in the doorway.
 She felt as if he was reading her very soul. Filled with resentment, the angry color flooded her face under his searching gaze. Indignantly she straightened in her chair. Then, to her everlasting shame, she left the spinning wheel and walked directly into his arms.
 "Oh! That's it! A mountain man is not good enough! You want the fine clothes, the suavety and convention to which you are accustomed. You can have them if you want. I do not doubt it. But whoever he be he will never have what you have given to the mountaineer."
 She had risen and faced him. "How dare you?"
 He had laughed roughly in interruption. "Dare? I dare anything, my dear young lady, and I tell you plainly that in that half hour in liza rankin's cabin you gave me what you will never give another man, and that was your love," and turning on his heel he left her as the train pulled into the station.
 She heard from him once, months later. He wrote that he had volunteered and must see her before he left for France. The note was unanswered. He did not come, and as the days passed she knew her day of reckoning was upon her; that she had let him go to his work thinking her heartless.
 If all came back as she looked at the work in her lap and as she felt the beautiful latching slip over her fingers her resolution was taken.
 Naturally she met opposition when she told her family she was going to the mountain for a brief stay, but she went on about the carrying out of her plan and blessed the aunt who left her a small legacy to do with as she would.

It was a rough and insecurely tied and she wrestled with it, had come intact through the mails. As she thought flashed through her mind a smaller package dropped upon the floor. With an exclamation she picked it up and opened it. The contents of the larger bundle, she found it contained several sets of table mats with crocheted borders and coarse, homespun linen centers.
 Her mind went back to the summer just past and the several summers before when she had helped spin the cloth from flax raised in the little clearing about the cabin. If she had been asked she could not have told how she had heard of the little home in the Tennessee mountains across the border from Virginia, but each summer thereafter had found her a visitor, and she and liza rankin had become fast friends.
 She had helped liza make her wedding dress; had returned to the mountain for the wedding, taking with her from her own store of furniture enough to make comfortable the tiny two-room log house that was to be liza's future home. She had been with her when the child was born; had been with her when, dry-eyed, the grief-stricken mother had laid the still little form in its crib for the last time, and it was in the rough little cabin that Lavinia came under the influence that altered the course of her own life when she raised her head from her spinning and met the keen, questioning gray eyes of the mountain doctor who had stopped for a moment to ask for a drink of milk.
 She had often in her wanderings about the mountain, but aside from the pleasure of an occasional meeting she had given him no thought until she raised her head that day and her eyes were held by the dominant gray eyes of the man standing in the doorway.
 She felt as if he was reading her very soul. Filled with resentment, the angry color flooded her face under his searching gaze. Indignantly she straightened in her chair. Then, to her everlasting shame, she left the spinning wheel and walked directly into his arms.
 "Oh! That's it! A mountain man is not good enough! You want the fine clothes, the suavety and convention to which you are accustomed. You can have them if you want. I do not doubt it. But whoever he be he will never have what you have given to the mountaineer."
 She had risen and faced him. "How dare you?"
 He had laughed roughly in interruption. "Dare? I dare anything, my dear young lady, and I tell you plainly that in that half hour in liza rankin's cabin you gave me what you will never give another man, and that was your love," and turning on his heel he left her as the train pulled into the station.
 She heard from him once, months later. He wrote that he had volunteered and must see her before he left for France. The note was unanswered. He did not come, and as the days passed she knew her day of reckoning was upon her; that she had let him go to his work thinking her heartless.
 If all came back as she looked at the work in her lap and as she felt the beautiful latching slip over her fingers her resolution was taken.
 Naturally she met opposition when she told her family she was going to the mountain for a brief stay, but she went on about the carrying out of her plan and blessed the aunt who left her a small legacy to do with as she would.

A Lovely Lake on the Pacific Slope



Okanagan Lake and Kettle Valley Railway. Inset is a C. P. R. steamer at Penticton, on the Okanagan Lake.

What an alluring, suggestive place name it is.
 First locate it on the map. Down in Southern British Columbia, due south from Kamloops, on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, due south from picturesque Vernon, due north from Penticton, is the boundary country of British Columbia. Between Vernon and Penticton lies the lake known as Okanagan.
 Okanagan is a lake of rare beauty, even in a land of lakes of rare beauty. Each mile of its length is a mile of scenic loveliness, each league of its bank a league of varied charm. The journey over the long and winding lake is a day's journey of unique interest, from the moment the steamer is launched at Penticton, Landing till it ties up for the night at Penticton. A comfortable boat is

is, and a comfortable day of travel follows as the panorama of ports passes by.
 The nature picture is complete. The shimmering waters that reflect every passing sun ray or carolling, fleecy cloud, are bordered by green, grassy meadows. At their base rest on the tier of bench lands that spell Okanagan for afield. How the eye feasts on smiling orchards and vine yards, as the mouth feasts on their luscious crops. Down the steep slopes come the leached waters that irrigate rich fertility, for they bear the fruits that have spread its fame and name of Okanagan for afield. How the eye feasts on smiling orchards and vine yards, as the mouth feasts on their luscious crops. Down the steep slopes come the leached waters that irrigate rich fertility, for they bear the fruits that have spread its fame and name of Okanagan for afield. How the eye feasts on smiling orchards and vine yards, as the mouth feasts on their luscious crops. Down the steep slopes come the leached waters that irrigate rich fertility, for they bear the fruits that have spread its fame and name of Okanagan for afield. How the eye feasts on smiling orchards and vine yards, as the mouth feasts on their luscious crops. Down the steep slopes come the leached waters that irrigate rich fertility, for they bear the fruits that have spread its fame and name of Okanagan for afield. How the eye feasts on smiling orchards and vine yards, as the mouth feasts on their luscious crops. Down the steep slopes come the leached waters that irrigate rich fertility, for they bear the fruits that have spread its fame and name of Okanagan for afield. How the eye feasts on smiling orchards and vine yards, as the mouth feasts on their luscious crops. Down the steep slopes come the leached waters that irrigate rich fertility,