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APR 23 1912
VICTORIA, B. C.

The Abbotsford Post

VOL. IV., No. 24. ABBOTSFORD, B. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1912 8 $1.00 PER YEA

NEW PRINTS

Just at present we are putting on our shelves a full range of

Crum's English Prints

Colors guaranteed absolutely fast. Ask to see our

Lace Curtains

At 25 cents per pair.

S. Brooke

ABBOTSFORD and HUNTINGDON, B. C.

McPHEE & KERR

Boys' Suits, Youth's Suits, New Assortment of Prints.

Onion Sets, 25c per lb. All kinds of Garden Seeds.

Fresh Rhubarb and Lettuce Daily.

McPHEE & KERR

The Pioneer Store

THE MARKET.

New Westminster's market was a hummer Friday. There were more offerings, more people in attendance and larger sales than has been the case for many weeks. All morning the attendance was large and the sales were brisk. Shoppers were smiling at the large quantity of good quality offerings and the sales peop-le were smiling at the lively trade they enjoyed. Fine weather, fine goods and big attendance made a combination unequalled for many a day. When the Chilliwack tram arrived it unloaded a large quantity of eggs, poultry and veal and three crates of small live pigs. An hour or so later the steamer Transfer arrived from Ladner and way points with a good cargo of seed potatoes, eggs, veal and milk

Seed potatoes sold at $30 per ton and a large quantity of other vegetables sold at regular prices One vegetable stand had some lettuce on sale for a few moments, the supply going quickly. Veal was very plentiful at wholesale and there was quite a little beef, but mutton and pork were rather scarce. There was no change in the prices of meat at wholesale or retail with the exception of a slight rise in price of mutton at wholesale. Butter declined slightly, selling at 35 cents per pound. Eggs were very plentiful at retail but were steady in price, selling well at 30 cents per dozen. Fish were of good quality and the quantity was large, fresh halibut being the feature. Sales were steady and numerous. The florist stands were in operation and had fine assortment's of bedding plants and flowers that attracted the feminine buyers. Cut flowers sold at from 25 to 50 cents per dozen; potted plants from 15 cents to $1.50 each, bedding plants 25 cents per dozen cabbage and cauliflower plants, two dozen for 25 cents; rhubarb, three bunches for 25 cents.

There was a good supply of poultry of mixed quality and breed and the purchasers were plentiful A goodly number of transfers were made at from $15 to 18 per dozen for laying hens. Prices for other fowls were the same as last week and the demand was almost equal to the supply. A few ducks were offered at $3 each, but the buyers were not numerous.

Several live young pigs brought an average price of $5 each.

Carrots, per sack	75c
Parsnips, per sack	$1.00
Turnips, per sack	75c
Onions, per sack	$2 to $2.50
Beets, per bunch	5c
Onions, per lb.	8c
Potatoes, per sack	$1.50 to 2.00
Carrots, per bunch	5c
Cabbage, per lb.	1 1-2c
Turnips, each	5c
Eggs, retail, per doz.	25 to 30c
Eggs, wholesale	25c
Butter, retail, per lb.	35 to 40c
RETAIL	
Beef, best rib roasts	15c to 18c
Beef, loin	18c to 22c
Beef, round steak	18c
Boiling beef	10c to 14c
Veal	15c to 20c
Pork	18 to 20c
Sugar cured bacon	20c to 25c
Mutton	12 to 20c

(Continued on last Page)

FOOTBALL MATCH

Married vs Single

This interesting match was played on the school grounds last Saturday afternoon and ended in a draw neither side scoring, after a well fought game. Points were not seriously considered and the start was much delayed on account of the lengthy supplications of some of the players' wives, who seemed to fear some reproduction of a Roman Arena scene

For the married ones Farmer Vic in goal with Loaves and Sidewalks back made a substantial barricade, while in the field the Pioneer Tea Packet was ably assisted in his acrobatic feats by his Kerrageous partner. No. 1. Lumber in long lengths was in his best form at centre and the Barn Boss proved himself as fast and good a kicker as there is in the stable, while Tommy W. never lost faith in the prospects of success. Live Wires was there to stop rushes with his 230 lbs., but owing to lack of juice could not shift quickly enough. Scneamery played well and will doubtless improve with more practice and less buttermilk, while young Slithers split through as far as he could when he got the ball.

For our less fortunate brethren Fergy defended long and fearlessly while young Hardware proved a veritable wire fencing in goal. Headstuffen in the field played a steady game in keeping with his position in the town and the Banks quite was biting all the time on the right wing. The Clayburn Switcher threw favorable light on the morality of the game and Billiams though biffed early in the game stuck to it to the end. Tommy the betrothed played as if he fully recognized that this was one of the few chances left him to play without fear of getting "alked to" for coming home hurt. Con Jones was reddy when called on. Jumbo was handicapped for size being more than once mistaken for the ball Full Moon played an enlightened game while the sturdy Millman stirred stealthily. Mr. Dan Winton, M. a. D. I. W. W., kindly attended to the temporarily winded and that deviathan of the race courses, The Big Swede, made a book on the grounds offering good odds against the shelved ones. His net loss on the afternoon was two packets of peanuts and one tin of Copenhagen snuff. Dave saw that the game was played on his square.

NEW MASONIC HALL.

The concrete foundation for the new Masonic Hall is being built The contract has been let for the building and when completed it will cost $3000, and will be equipped with all modern conveniences. The size of the hall is about 30 by 60 ft. and two story high. The lodge room will be upstairs and the lower floor fitted out as a banquet room. The building will be one of the finest in the Fraser Valley.

The next meeting of the Abbotsford Poultry Association will be held in the Maple Leaf Hall on April 30th at 2 p. m. A full attendance is requested.

WEDDING CELEBRATED

A very pretty wedding took place this week when Mr. John James Bradshaw, late of Inverness, Scotland, but now of Westminster was married to Miss Livie Parkes, of Toronto. The ceremony was performed at the residence of Mr. H. L. Christie by Rev. J. S. Henderson, before a large gathering of friends

Miss Parkes, who arrived in the city on Saturday, was given away by Mr. H. L. Christie. Her bridesmaid was Miss Helen C. Day, and she was very becomingly dressed in pale blue silk trimmed with pearl trimmings. Mr. William McLean Day acted as best man to the groom.

The married couple will stay in this city for a few days before leaving for California and Old Mexico, where they will spend their honeymoon. On their return they will take up their residence in Burnaby where Mr. Bradshaw is having a home built

A quiet but pretty wedding was solemnized by Archdeacon Scriven at Departure Bay, near Nanaimo, on Tuesday morning when he united in wedlock Miss Helen Mary Towle Taylor, only daughter of the Rev. G. W. Taylor, curator of the Government Biological Station, at Departure Bay, and Mr. Charles Buckland Hill-Tout, eldest son of Mr. Charles Hill-Tout of Abbotsford, and formerly of Vancouver. The wedding took place at the beautifully situated residence of the bride's father, which had been artistically decorated with flowers for the occasion. The bride looked very charming in white satin. She wore a bridal veil and orange blossoms and carried a shower boquet. She was given away by her father. Miss Mildred Hill-Tout, a sister of the bridegroom, was also in white and made a pretty bridesmaid. Mr. Harold Hill-Tout acted as best man. The following guests were entertained for the wedding: Mr and Mrs. Charles Hill-Tout, (father and mother of the bridegroom), Mr. A. J. Taylor and Mr. E. G. Taylor (brothers of the bride) Miss Williams, Miss Alice Williams and Mr. W. T. Williams of Victoria, aunts and uncle of the bride, Mrs. Scriven and Miss Jean Orr, of Victoria, and Mr. Noel Robinson, of Vancouver. Bride and bridegroom were the recipients of many presents.—News-Advertiser, April 12.

DR. HALL'S LECTURES.

The people of Abbotsford had a great privilege last Sunday when Dr. Hall, of Victoria, lectured here, and those who heard him will not soon forget the stirring words spoken by him and the graphic pictures thrown on the canvas illustrative of the address. He gave some special words of warning to parents in the morning at the Presbyterian church. In the afternoon and evening the meetings were held in the Maple Leaf Hall, kindly placed at the disposal of the church by Mr. Gazley. The subjects dealt with by Dr. Hall are out of the usual line but none the less needful for the health and welfare of the community. Ignorance of the laws of health will not prevent transgress-

(Continued on last Page)

THE ABBOTSFORD POST

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Our Shibboleth—Neither for nor agin the Government.

FRIDAY, APRIL 19 1912

A MAIL ORDER DEAL.

"Down in Oklahoma the other day a man went into a store to buy a saw. He saw the kind he wanted and asked the price. It was $1.65 the dealer said.

"Good gracious," said the man "I can get the same thing from Sears, Roebuck & Co for $1.35."

"That's less than it cost me," said the dealer, "but I'll sell it on same terms as the mail order house just the same."

"All right, you send it along," said the customer, "and charge it to my account."

"Not on your life," the dealer replied, "No charge accounts. You can't do business with the mail order house that way. Fork over the cash."

The customer complied.

"Now two cents postage and five cents for a money order."

"What——"

"Certainly, you have to send a letter and a money order to a mail order house, you know."

The customer, inwardly raving, kept to his agreement and paid the seven cents.

"Now twenty-five cents expressage!"

"Well, I'll be——!" he said, out paid it, saying, "Now hand me that saw and I'll take it home myself and be rid of this foolery!"

"Hand it to you? Where do you think you are? You're in Oklahomo and I'm in Chicago, and you'll have to wait two weeks for the saw."

Whereupon the dealer hung the saw on a peg and put the money in his cash drawer.

"That makes $1.67, he said. "It has cost you two cents more and taken you two weeks longer to get it than if you had paid my price in the first place."—Saturday Sunset.

The Ladies Aid of the Presbyterian church met at the home of Mrs. Gazley on Wednesday last. Ladies present as follows: Mrs Campbell, hon president, Mrs. Elliott, president; Mrs Fraser, vice-president; Mrs Parton, secretary pro-tem also treasurer

Mrs A. Johnstone, Mrs. Yenny, Mrs McMenney, Mrs. H. Smith, Mrs. Bedlow, Mrs Walters, Mrs. H. McKenzie, Mrs Gazley and Rev. Campbell. After the opening exercises and transaction of business refreshments were served and a very pleasant social time was spent Much amusement was caused by the discovery of a poetess in our midst On the request of the president for a recitation a member responded with the highly original poem given below.

The Ladies Aid of Abbotsford,
If you search the country through
You'll find no band of women
More sociable and true.

We have prayer and scripture reading
To help the cause along;
And the ladies all are willing
To help out with a song.

Our presidentt is quite active
In her we have a treat,
For getting members for the Aid
You bet she can't be beat.

Our secretary is "pro-tem,"
Now, that is Latin to me;
Have you ever heard the h-anthem
Please, I'll take another cup of tea?

As the seconds make the minutes;
So she—by hook or crook—
Takes notes of all our doings
And writes them in a book.

Our treasurer, you all must know
Her duty in our rank;
The dimes and quarters all must go
With her to the Royal Bank.

Once a month we call the roll
Then we must stop our chatter
And, like a child, we all are told
"To go and get our quarter."

The meeting now is open
For each to have a say.
And the hostess now gets busy
To make a cup of tea.

Some lady made a motion,
'Twas seconded by a score,
To purchase some pure white dishes
From an uptown hardware store.

And now we have the carpet
Tacked down upon the floor.
And a strip of cocoa matting
From the pulpit to the door.

Next time we meet we have a place
Where we can talk quite freely
Come one, come all with smiling face
To the home of Mrs. Gazley.

My verses now are ended;
We'll lay them on the shelf,
And if you'd like some better ones
Just make them up yourself!

P. S The secretary pro-tem feels that such talent should not be hidden and that publication in the Post is a sure road to fame.

LAND OF REVOLUTIONS

More Rebellions Have Taken Place in China than in any other Country on Record.

There are probably more revolts rebellions and revolutions recorded in the annals of China than can be resurrected from the histories of all the nations of the west. This is partly because Chinese annals of an authentic character go back much further than western annals and partly because the Chinese, inoffensive and docile though they seem, are predisposed to insurrection.

The tendency has persisted since the first of the eighteen emperors of the Hia dynasty mounted his throne away back in the dim mists of antiquity when the early Pharaohs were building their temples by the Nile and erecting their pyramids in the desert.

The Hia dynasty issued from 2205 to 1766 B.C., when it was overturned by the Shang, or Yin, dynasty, an equally active race, which ruled until 1122 years before the Christian era. Disaster overtook the Shang Emperors at last, from a rising of the people under the banners of Chou, although Rome had not been built and the Greeks were still scattered tribes when they gave way to the princes of the Chou line. A protracted period of unrest followed.

In many respects the greatest of all the Chinese Emperors, Kubla Khan began his reign in 1257, and held the throne until his death in 1294. In these years the nation was more illustrious and powerful than ever before. A succession of Mongol emperors followed Kubla Khan, principally remembered for their sanction of the introduction of Christianity. In 1368 the Ming dynasty was proclaimed upon the ashes of the political structure built up by the warlike Mongols, and it ruled successfully until the Manchus of the North, the fierce, well-built hill Chinese, swept down upon Peking and installed their own princes in 1651.

The Manchus have never been numerous, and although they have managed to keep their saddles by dint of cowing the peoples under them, they have been unable to preserve absolute order and tranquillity. One of the first steps they took to impress their sovereignty upon the country was the publication of an edict compelling the people to adopt the pig-tail. The Manchus were horsemen, and the pig-tail was prescribed as a national institution because, the Manchus contemptuously said, the Chinese were of the same status as their horses.

Rebellion after rebellion marked the troubled reigns of the Manchu Emperors, and in most cases the germ of revolt was first in evidence in one or other of the three provinces that are causing trouble to-day. Shansi Chuen, Hu-peh, and Hu-nan have always been centres of discord.

Most Remarkable Piano.

An artist, Jan van Beers, designed a piano of a magnificent nature. The body is of natural wood, the legs and ornaments being of bronze, chiselled and gilded by the most expert artists in bronze work that could be found in Paris. Set into the front and sides are five Van Beers paintings, depicting the four seasons and a minuet scene in the time of Louis Quinze. Small ivory plaques line the cover. But the most remarkable instrument in the world is that known as the "Napoleon piano." It was built in 1808 by the famous house of Erard to the order of the Emperor. Its keys are of mother-o'-pearl and tortoiseshell, the case is of rosewood, and there are five pedals, working drum, cymbal and triangle attachments. It was a present given by Napoleon to Josephine, and many years later the Empress Eugenie took great delight in playing upon it. When the Tuileries were sacked the piano was stolen; it was eventually recovered and put up to auction, when it was bought by a representative of the firm who originally built the instrument.

Nervousness in Children

Nervousness takes many forms, and parents should be on the look-out for any signs of it in a growing boy or girl. For it usually indicates that something is wrong — the child's work or play or companions, or food, or general health. To trace it to its real source sometimes needs both great tact and much firmness on the mother's part, but no trouble must be spared to remove the cause, as excessive nervousness in childhood may, later on, reappear in a very serious form.

Scolding is, of course, the worst possible treatment for nervousness of any kind, though excessive sympathy is almost as bad. The child should be made to understand that his fears and shyness are the results of ill-health, and must be conquered by will-power duly accomplished by nourishing diet, plenty of sleep, and plenty of enjoyed exercise out-of-doors.

Playing His Cards

It was the custom of Mr. Cameron to fall into an easy attitude wherever he might be. This habit led to an occasional dialogue of a spicy nature, and the dialogues led to a small square package which Mr. Cameron presented to his wife one night.

"What in the world are these?" inquired Mrs. Cameron, as the unwrapping of the package revealed a few cards neatly marked, "For Use," and two or three dozen marked, "For Show."

"Those, my dear," said Mr. Cameron, "are for you to attach, by the small pin on the under side, to the various sofa cushions, chair-backs, and unoccupied wall spaces in this house. Then neither my head nor that of any chance visitor will rest in or on any object designed for ornament: and once more, even with Christmas coming every year, and your friends as loving and generous as ever, we shall have a happy home."

WARSHIPS AT TANGIER

French Vessels Exchange Salutes With Spanish Cruiser.

TANGIER. — The warships Leon Gambetta and Edgar Quinet, which were ordered here a short time ago after a Spanish vessel had arrived, came into the harbor. Salutes were exchanged with the Spanish cruiser Cataluma.

The natives here are restless and sickness and misery are prevailing.

Proper Table Manners.

Teach the little one table manners as soon as he can sit at the table and handle a spoon, says an exchange. Nothing forms so complete a dividing line between well-bred and ill-bred people as their manners at table Eating in company with others should be taught as a festival, not merely for the gratification of appetite. Many a child whose education at home has been neglected has suffered untold mortification when making mistake in company in the little etiquettes of the table.

CITY TREASURER ROBB, Montreal.

City Treasurer Robb of Montreal has earned the right to retire. For nearly fifty years he has served his fellow-citizens faithfully, efficiently and uncomplainingly. Few men in the City Hall and very few outside it have an adequate idea of the combination of issues involving millions and disputes over pennies which the City Treasurer has to deal with. For half a century, Mr. Robb untangled and straightened out and kept in order this whole complicated fabric of the Commercial Metropolis' finances in spite of the passive indifference of some Finance Committees and the active efforts of those who stood to profit by confusion in the Department.

BLANKET SALE

Now is the proper time to get a bargain in horse blankets. Selling in order to clear out the winter stock

20 per cent Below Marked Price

B. J. GERNAEY

P.O, Box 45 Abbotsford, B. C.

LIVERY AND FEED STABLE

Having purchased the interest of Mr. D. McKenzie, I am prepared to give the best of satisfaction as to prices and comfortable rigs. Stables open day night to do business.
I solicit your patronge.

H. McKENZIE, PROP.

See Page Five

If your Subscription to the Post is not paid or if not already a Subscriber

Abbotsford Hardware Co.
ABBOTSFORD, B. C.

Spring is Here

all and see our line of Garden Tools, Poultry Netting and Paint for that HOUSE of yours.

Jas. Elliott Manager

INSURANCE LOANS

Abbotsford Homesites

If you are looking for a home or snappy investments in town lots, acreage or farm property see

J. W. McCALLUM

The Pioneer Real Estate Broker of Abbotsford

FARM AND FIELD

POULTRY BREEDING

Some Pointers to Bear in Mind When Good Layers are on Demand.

A general knowledge of the simple laws of breeding is very necessary in dealing with any class of stock, and poultry are no exception to the rule. For one thing, it is very unwise indeed to use related birds, since this so often ends in disaster. Sometimes in-breeding, as it is called, is necessary, but this does not apply to the ordinary utility poultry-keeper. Many cases have been known in which quite close in-breeding has been carried on with no apparent ill-effects. On the other hand, in many more cases, as a result of using related stock birds, the prolificacy and health of a strain have been very greatly impaired. The progeny of related parents generally possess poor constitutions, they are difficult to rear, while they do not develop so quickly or to so large a size as do the chickens of unrelated stock birds. Another law that should be borne in mind is that like produces like, and thus the bad as well as the good points are likely to be reproduced in the offspring.

A Point in Selection.

By rigidly excluding all weedy-looking specimens from the flock a strain of birds of vigorous constitutions and good type can be built up. A word as to size may not be out of place. Very small birds are decidedly objectionable, if only because they lay small eggs; but, on the other hand, a very big bird is rarely a good layer, although she may lay an egg of good size. The present tendency of the fancy breeder is to produce birds of abnormal size in every breed, and while this is allowable for the purely table varieties, it is directly opposed to good laying, and fatal to the utility qualities of the non-sitting breeds. While the skilled breeder builds up his strain by judicious in-breeding, the novice depends on fresh stock each year. Here one of the greatest difficulties confronts the beginner. It does not matter how the hens are selected, no rapid progress can be made unless male birds of known laying pedigree are used. Those who purchase stock birds entirely from outward appearance will never build up a strain of layers.

Wasted Food.

Much waste occurs in many poultry yards so far as feeding is concerned. It is impossible, of course, to make any calculations in this respect, but probably 25 per cent. more fowls could be supported upon the same quantity of food as is now used. A large proportion of this waste could be saved if more careful supervision were exercised. It is a very common sight on many farms to see grain, and even soft food sometimes, thrown upon the ground, with the inevitable result that a considerable quantity is wasted. When the ground is quite hard there is no objection to scattering a little grain, but great care must be taken in this case not to throw down too much, for there is no means of collecting it.

Under no circumstances, however, should the soft food be thrown on the ground, but it should always be placed in troughs. A few ounces of food wasted daily amounts to a quantity in a year that is truly astonishing. In nearly every poultry establishment, even among the most carefully managed, there is more or less wastage in feeding, generally arising from giving too liberal a supply. This might be entirely overcome if only those having the poultry in charge could be persuaded to devote a little more time to the fowls when feeding them, and give only as much as they eat up greedily, never on any account giving any more until every particle of the last supply has disappeared.

Alfalfa, a Soil Builder

One great virtue of alfalfa, is its ability to increase the nitrogen content of the soil. About 77 per cent. of the air is nitrogen. It is estimated that there are 35,000 tons over every acre of land, worth, at the present rate of 18 cents a pound, over $12,000,000, if it could be used. It is taken out of the air into the soil by very minute plants called bacteria, which live in the little nodules found on the alfalfa roots. It takes about 25,000 bacteria to measure an inch.

They take the nitrogen from the air and use it in their life processes and then give it up to the alfalfa plant in another form. Alfalfa plants remove a large amount of nitrogen from the soil, but the bacteria collect so much that a portion is left for other plants that follow.

If the soil is too wet, the bacteria cannot work, and if too hard, the air containing the nitrogen can not get to them.

All plants which have the ability to add nitrogen to the soil, like alfalfa, are called legumes. Some legumes closely related to alfalfa are sweet, red and white clover; some more distantly related are beans and peas.

ganizer of the American Federation of Labor, and business agent of the Montreal District Council of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters & Joiners. Attended many conventions of the Trades Congress and took part in all of Montreal Labor Day demonstrations. Received the largest majority for controller in the last municipal elections in Montreal, was working at the trade at the time and left the bench and plane to go to the City Hall, to legislate in Montreal's interest.

LORD STRATHCONA'S HEIR

The Hon. Mrs. Robert Howard, the daughter of Lord Strathcona, is the heir to his barony. Three years after his elevation to the peerage Lord Strathcona obtained a new patent, in which the succession was granted to his daughter and her heirs male. Her husband, Mr. Howard, is a surgeon of Queen Anne Street, London, and they have several children, the heir, who has been at Eton, being named Donald after his distinguished grandfather.

MISS CARRIE M. DERICK,
Professor of Botany at McGill College

Give Fowls Plenty Lime

Lime is necessary both for growing chickens and laying hens. For the former it is required to assist in the formation of bone, and in the latter for supplying the largest ingredient of the shells. In 100 ordinary-sided eggs there are over 20 oz. of pure lime, and all of this must be taken into the system in one form or another. Unless the hens receive a sufficient supply of shell-forming material soft eggs will result, entailing a considerable amount of loss, especially early in the season, when eggs are scarce. In the case of young growing stock lime is also necessary, for if they are stinted they will not possess strong frames, and leg weakness and other complaints are liable to ensue. Broken oyster shells is one of the best forms in which to supply it if the birds are on a soil which is deficient of lime or if they are kept in confinement. Oyster shells can generally be procured for nothing, and it is quite a simple matter to break them up.

Boiled for Preference.

French poulterers belive in boiling the grain. It is put in a pan of water and boiled until soft enough to be easily bruised between the fingers. It is claimed that four pints of oats boiled will fill a pint measure 10 times, four pints of buckwheat boiled will fill a pint measure 14 times four pints of corn (maize) boiled will fill a pint measure 15 times, four pints of wheat boiled will a pint measure 10 times, and four points of rye boiled will fill a pint measure 15 times.

Water the Hogs.

Keep plenty of water before your hogs at all times; this applies to breeding and growing stock as well as to fattening stock. Water, of course, has no food value, and, therefore, will not produce fat or bone or muscle, but more nutrients will be extracted from a given amount of feed by a hog that is supplied with an abundance of water than by one that is not getting all the water it needs.

McNAMARA DEFENCE FUND

Federation of Labor Fights Shy of Resolution.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA. — Labor leaders are trying to prevent the introduction into the convention of the American Federation of Labor now in session here of a resolution framed by the California delegation appropriating $50,000 for the defence of the McNamara brothers.

A large sum has been raised already for this purpose by private subscriptions and the leaders contend, it is said, that whatever money is needed for the McNamara defence can be obtained in this manner without drawing on the funds in the none too well stocked treasury of the federation.

Two brief sessions were held by the convention today, but practically no busines was transacted.

WANTED

Reliable men with selling ability and some knowledge of the fruit business or Nursery Stock, to represent us in British Columbia as local and general agents.

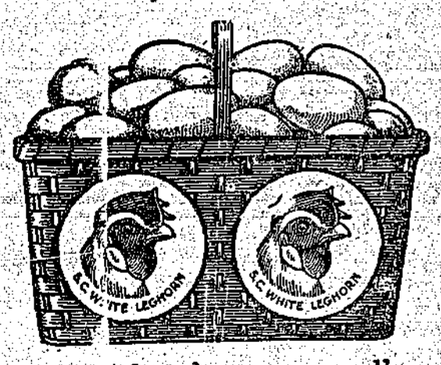
Liberal inducements and permanent position for the right men. Write for full particulars.

STONE & WELLINGTON
The Fonthill Nurseries.
(Established 1837)
TORONTO, - - Ontario

Matsqui Hotel
MISSION CITY, B.C.
This hotel makes a specialty of home-like comforts for Commercial Travellers. Comfortable sitting-room and best of hotel service Cuisine Unexcelled.
Rates: $1.50 to $2 per day
CHAS. E. DeWITT, Proprietor

Vancouver City Market
This Market is owned and operated by the City, thus guaranteeing all transactions. We solicit your consignments of Fruit, Poultry, Veal Eggs, Etc. Highest prices, sharp returns, smart settlements.
John McMillan
Manager

St. Ann's Poultry Farm
By scientific breeding we have developed two distinct and practically unrelated strains o our Snow S. C. W. White Leghorns. These have all been developed from our original two unrelated families of birds by the most careful selection and correct breeding.



We are ready to book any order, large or small.
E. & G. de la GIRODAY
Proprietors - - - Abbotsford, B. C.

IMPORTANT NOTICE
WANTED --- Fruit growers and farmers to grow stringless beans and sweet corn. In order to insure the right variety being grown for canning purposes, we have a snpply of seed on sale at the factory. Apply immediately.
Kootenay Jam Co., Ltd.
Mission City, B. C.

WANTED—Tender for clearing one acre on Lots 160-1, corner Cedar Valley and Silverdale Road. H. O., care this office.

FOR SALE—Purebred S. C. White Leghorn Cockerels; also purebred barred Plymouth Cockerels. Apply S. M. TRETHEWEY, P. O. Box 21, Abbotsford, B. C.

Self Conquest

How Love and Bravery Saved a Man From Himself

By CHRISTOPHER BARKLEY

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Not far from Fort ——, in what was then called the far west, was once a ranch house. In those days the American Indian was not kept in continued subjection, and the rancher built his house near enough to the fort to go there with those of his household for protection in case of necessity. The fort, now that the Indian has been eliminated, has sunk to nothingness in importance, and the ranch house is but a charred spot, having been burned by the redskins years ago.

Not an hour before its destruction a couple, a young officer from the fort and a girl, the rancher's daughter, were sitting on the broad veranda in the light of a full moon. Allen Kimball had enlisted in the United States army because he could neither be controlled nor control himself. He had given in to almost every kind of dissipation, and at the end of a spree, not having the hardihood to meet his father and being out of money, in a fit of desperation he had enrolled himself in a cavalry regiment, choosing that arm of the service since it would send him farthest from his home.

He had not been long at his station when trouble with the Indians came on, and Kimball showed himself so brave that he was rapidly promoted through the noncommissioned grades and before the fighting was over was made a lieutenant. This gave him heart, and he determined to redeem himself with his family. But a passion for gambling stood in his way. At those remote posts there was little or nothing for the men to do except drink and gamble, and Lieutenant Kimball found the temptation to gamble too strong for him. Once he had begun to play all caution deserted him, and he bet wildly. The result was that he became indebted to his brother officers in large amounts. One or two of his creditors in order to get what they considered to be their just dues formed a clique against him, and he found himself a "cut" man, which is the army expression for one whose brother officers will not speak to him, though some dissented from the rest on the ground that Kimball did not deserve what was inflicted upon him.

Kimball had formed the acquaintance of Winifred Armour, the ranchman's daughter, at the height of the reputation he had made for bravery and efficiency. He loved her, and his loved was returned. He confessed his previous life to her and announced his intention thereafter to be a credit instead of a disgrace to his family. She sympathized with him deeply and promised him that if he adhered to his resolution for a given time she would marry him.

"But," she said, "I will confess that there is in the east a man of sterling worth who has asked me to be his wife. He is much older than I, and thus far I respect him only. My love is yours. If you relapse into your former condition when I return to the east I shall accept his proposition."

Doubtless she put the matter thus to furnish an incentive to him to conquer himself.

He had ridden over to the ranch house on this moonlight night to bid her goodby. He had failed to conquer himself and had lost her. The interview was painful to both.

"Well," he said, "in one thing I rejoice—you in time will be happy. Thank heaven, I am not to drag you down with me! You will be a member of a family, while I—I am every day expecting an invitation to resign."

Winifred made no reply. What could she say? She could not find it in her heart to upbraid him. And there was nothing she could say to relieve the mental torture both suffered. She simply put out her hand in a mute farewell.

They were both recalled from the melancholy status existing between them by hearing distant sounds of a galloping horse, evidently coming at full speed. Both listened. The animal was not coming from the direction of the fort, but toward it. Kimball knew that the Indians on the nearby reservation had been unruly, and something told him the comer was a messenger bringing a warning. His fear was realized. A horseman, reaching a point in the road opposite the ranch gate, pulled his horse back on his haunches and cried out:

"The Indians are coming! They're right on us!"

Without a word Kimball ran for the stable near the house and in a few minutes returned, leading Winifred's mare, saddled and bridled. Her father was away from the ranch, and there was no one in the house but employees and servants. They, too, prepared for flight. Kimball put his companion on her horse, mounted himself, and they tore through the open gate and away toward the fort. They had scarcely started when behind them came that terrible whoop which only an Indian can give.

The fort was six miles from the ranch—not a long distance for an ordinary ride, but too great to enable the fugitives to reach safety with a horde of yelling savages in their rear. The horses knew that yell and put forth all their strength.

Scarcely a mile had been covered when the gallop of a single horse was heard that had evidently distanced the rest. Kimball knew that he was gaining upon them.

"I'm going to slow up and fire," he said. "You go on; don't lose any time. I'll overtake you."

He pulled his horse back on his haunches and turned him as quickly as possible, but not too quick, for an Indian was right on him. Seizing a repeating rifle that he carried hooked to his saddle, he fired when the man was not a hundred yards from him and dropped him. Then, turning, he followed Winifred. She had preferred to reduce her pace, and he consequently soon caught up with her.

"Why did you not go on when I drew rein?" he asked. "I am doing this for you, not for myself. You know that death is my only refuge."

"I shall draw rein every time you do," was the reply.

"You are demented. Those men who are following us are savages. When I halt again go on. If you fall into their hands you will add a thousandfold to my anguish."

"Do you suppose I can ride to safety leaving you behind to be tortured and then murdered?"

"You are a woman. I think of the agony you will occasion me, the sadness for your loss that will be for others."

There was no reply to this.

On the two galloped, maintaining the distance between themselves and those behind, who were delayed on coming to the body of the buck who had been shot. Here they divided, a part remaining with the dying Indian, the others continuing the pursuit. Half the distance between the ranch house and the fort had been passed when suddenly a red glare was added to the pale light of the moon. Kimball said nothing. He knew that the glare came from the burning of the ranch house. On, on they sped, the glare adding to their terror of the whooping savages behind them.

Again the footfalls of the pursuing horses, by their varying distinctness, indicated that the Indians were separating in accordance with the speed of their ponies. Then Kimball saw that he might save the girl by sacrificing himself.

"There's a rise in the ground ahead," he said. "I'm going to stop there and take them as they come on. Hurry to the fort. With what delay to the savages I cause you can certainly reach it."

"No! No!" cried Winifred, who knew very well what this meant. "Keep on. We shall soon meet a force from the garrison."

"Either we or that red light will be the first news they will get that the Indians are on the warpath."

"I will remain with you."

"Go!" he cried. They had reached the crest, and, reining in his horse, he dismounted. Seeing that she, too, had stopped, he said, "My only chance is to hold them at bay till you can send assistance."

She hesitated a moment; then, thinking that he might be right, she gave her horse a cut and dashed onward.

Kimball, who had trained his horse for Indian fighting, forced him to lie down on the crest, and, placing himself on his stomach behind him, waited for the first Indian to come within range. But a few moments passed before, on a rise in the ground, a hundred yards away against the glare of the burning ranch house, appeared the silhouette of an Indian. The man was coming swiftly, advancing straight toward Kimball. For the few seconds the savage was on the crest he seemed to be standing still. The officer used these few seconds to draw a bead on the man's breast and fired. The Indian rode down on to the lower ground, his arms thrown up above his head, then fell backward, not fifty feet from his enemy.

Kimball saw that in the burning building he had a great advantage. But there was no time to consider. Before the Indian he had shot had fallen another appeared on the crest. At the moment one of those bursts of flame that shoot up now and again from burning buildings added intensity to the light, and the body of the savage was pictured with inky blackness. Kimball took a sure aim at his head and pierced his brain.

At that moment many silhouettes of Indians appeared on the crest. Kimball felt that his time had come, but he welcomed it. Life to him had lost all charm; indeed, it was his wish to leave a world for which he had proved himself unfitted. Nor did he wish to remain to know that the girl he worshiped was in possession of another. He began a rapid fire at the advancing Indians.

This is all that is known of that remarkable battle in which a single man killed five redskins and wounded four more. His own account and the Indians he put out of the fight are all there was to tell the story, and he remembers nothing more than has been given here. A troop of cavalry from the fort met a party of Indians and put them to flight. In the road where the meeting took place, unconscious and badly wounded, the soldiers found Lieutenant Kimball. When he came to himself he was being carried on a stretcher in the moonlight, and beside him walked Winifred Armour. Bending down, she whispered to him:

"My life is yours, to help you."

A wild joy triumphed over all else, but he could reply only by a pressure of the hand.

In the army bravery overtops almost any offense. Kimball remained in it, respected and admired. His wife's love was all that was needed to enable him to keep himself in subjection, and, supplying, as she did, support for his weaknesses, he conquered.

Her Mission

How She Kept It a Secret and How She Performed It

By MANUEL GORDA

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I was born in Madrid of eminent though not noble parents. When I was sixteen I formed the acquaintance of Alonzo Gonzales, an anarchist.

I entered the university a year before Gonzales left it, and it was during this year that I was converted to the theories of the anarchists. There were others of our set that were captured by Gonzales, among them a girl, Dolores Sierra, who had been a playmate of mine. But Gonzales, so far as he was able, kept his converts apart, maintaining great secrecy in all his proselyting work. I conceived a great reverence for him, which later was turned to horror. When I was nineteen he persuaded me to join one of the anarchist circles of Madrid. I had been initiated only a few months when the society decided to put out of the way a statesman high in power, who was considered an obstacle to anarchistic principles. One night when I went to a meeting of the circle it was announced that lots were to be drawn with a view to determining some member who should assassinate the person in question.

Up to this moment I had been fascinated by the romance I conceived to pervade these efforts to equalize the social strata. When I put my hand in a hat to draw a bit of paper that might compel me to kill a man and probably be executed myself as a felon, the illusion vanished like a mirage, or, rather, it was changed into repulsion, and when the paper I drew was opened and I saw by a skull and crossbones on it that I had drawn the order to commit murder I was frozen with horror.

I did now what I should have done in the beginning—I made a confidant of my father. He saw at once the terrible position in which I was placed, but, instead of making it worse for me by reproach, kept his head and considered what it would be best for me to do. The result of his deliberations was that I should pass out of existence—that is, that I should disappear from the world as myself and reappear as far away as possible from the place of my exit as some one else.

A few days later, with what ready money I needed and certificates of deposit in the Bank of France, payable to me as Ebenezer Swift, disguised as an old man, I left the city. My object in taking an English name was that I proposed to settle eventually in America, and I intended to give out that I had been born of an American father and a Spanish mother.

It was a year later that I turned up at New York as nature made me, except that my beard had grown. Pretending that my eyes were sensitive to the light, I continually wore dark glasses. It was not absolutely necessary that I should earn a living, for once a year my father remitted sufficient funds to carry me for twelve months. We knew that my family would be watched, that my location might be discovered; hence there was to be no communication oftener that that interval.

One day, so I learned long afterward, Dolores Sierra went to my mother and told her that for my safety she must know where I was, stating that the circle to which I had belonged had condemned me to death, that they knew where I was and that I must be warned at once. Without thinking what she was doing my mother told her where I would be found in New York. My father was absent at the time and when he returned my mother, having learned that she had been indiscreet in giving my whereabouts, did not dare tell him what she had done. She trusted Dolores implicitly and preferred to rely on her to protect me rather than reveal her action to my father. The consequence was that I was not advised of the matter.

Living with a sword suspended over one's head is by no means pleasant. In my case it brought on a nervous breakdown. The summer was on, and I was advised to go up to the Catskill mountains. I therefore went to one of the hotels on the summit, hoping to recover my lost nervous vigor. I had not been there a week before I met with a great surprise. Walking out one afternoon, I met a girl coming toward me, and when we met who should it be but Dolores Sierra.

Cut off as I had been for more than a year from every one I had known before, her appearance gave me a thrill. I sprang toward her with a cry of joy. Instead of meeting me in the same spirit she stood as if paralyzed, all the color leaving her face.

"Dolores!" I exclaimed. "What brings you here?"

"I am so surprised," she stammered, "at meeting you that I"— She could get no further.

"But, Dolores, how strange that I should meet you of all others, and the very one I would rather meet"—

She put her hand to her breast. Her breath was coming quick. For a moment I thought she would fall. I sprang forward to catch her, but she waved me back. I waited till she had somewhat recovered, when she said to me:

"My meeting you unexpectedly after your sudden disappearance has startled me. It was reported that you had been made away with by the anarchists."

"But what has that to do with your coming to America?"

"To meet one in the flesh whom you have supposed to be dead you must admit is liable to cause a shock," she replied without noticing my question.

"But"—

"Come; let us walk together."

By slow degrees she brought out that she had come to America because there are fields open to women in which they may make their living. She had no dowry, and in Spain a dowry was necessary to marriage; therefore she preferred to be occupied among those of her own sex who were used to work and where there was work to do.

"There is no work to do up in these mountains," I said.

The question took her unawares. That her presence in America was not explained by anything she had told me I did not doubt. But what was her object in coming? As we walked on I probed the matter, wondering all the while at the strange occurrence. Then suddenly a theory suggested itself to me. Might she not have come to protect me? And would she have come all the way across an ocean on my account except for one reason—that she loved me?

But such a suspicion I was not inclined to make known to Dolores. Nevertheless it caught my fancy and brought a wild joy to my heart. Set apart from those with whom I had been reared, dead to every living being I had known, the bare suspicion that this girl loved me and loved me so well that she had come all the way from my beloved Spain for me was like a new birth to me. With this girl for a companion I would be willing to live on in my changed existence.

I said no more to her as to the reason for her coming. In any event it was her secret, provided she chose to keep it a secret, and not mine. I found that she was stopping at a house not far from mine, and there later on I left her, having arranged to call and walk with her the next morning.

And so I did. In that mountain air we strolled, I invigorated not only by its purity, but by the companionship of Dolores. But while I grew strong she seemed to be wasting away. Something was distressing her. I asked her to confess it to me, and she declined. I pressed her to do so, and in a spasm of feeling she cried:

"If you don't leave I shall go mad."

To express my sympathy I took her hand in mine, but she snatched it away.

"One would suppose," I said, wounded, "that a viper had touched you."

"Or that you had touched a viper," she replied.

I was looking her in the face at the time she said this and saw her bite her lip. Perhaps the words and the action should have given me a clew to her secret, but they did not. I was as much puzzled as ever.

One day when we were walking together we met a woman with dark hair and eyes.

"That woman," I said, "came either from Spain or Mexico. At any rate, she's Spanish."

I turned to look at Dolores and saw that she was struggling with some emotion. But by this time I had given over questioning her upon these strange matters and said nothing. To attempt to extract from her their cause seemed only to madden her. We met the same woman again the next day, and I saw on her face a look that assured me that there was some understanding between them; but, as before, I refrained from speaking of it.

One night I awoke with a start. The moon, shining in at the window showed a woman's figure standing near. She held something in one hand, while with the forefinger of the other she was smearing what she held. Then suddenly she flung the article out of the window. A ray of moonlight struck it and revealed what I took to be a knife.

I rose, supporting myself on my elbow, and asked:

"Who's there?"

A hand grasped mine—a hand cold as ice.

"Hush! I am Dolores."

"What are you doing here?"

"Don't interrupt me while I tell you and what to do. Our lives depend upon it. I came to America ordered by the circle to kill you. A woman was sent with me to see that I did the work. She is the Spanish woman we met. Tonight I told her that I would come to your room, plunge a dagger into your heart and throw the dagger out of the window to prove to her that I have done the deed. I have smeared it with beef's blood. She is to leave by one route, I by another; she by the stony clove and I by the clove leading down eastward. Goodby!"

"Dolores!" I cried, "I will go with you!"

"Where—to death?"

"We will hide ourselves from the world."

"Hide yourself. If you are discovered alive I must die."

"But, Dolores, darling, this woman, not hearing of a murder here, will know that you have not done the deed."

"I have thought of that. But she will not stop till she reaches Madrid."

"Go with me, sweetheart. I love you and so far as I can will protect you."

That was many years ago. I recall how, long before day we met at the mouth of the clove; how we walked ten miles to a railway station and, boarding a train, went so far as those who had known us were concerned out of existence.

Cross-Firing

Many are the stories told of "Bobs." Here is one of the best (says a "Daily News" writer), although I do not vouch for its accuracy. He was watching the firing at Bisley and noticed two or three errors on the part of the markers. So he went to the telephone and rang up the officer in charge. "The marking is very bad," he observed. "It's the best you'll get," retorted the officer. "Do you know who I am?" sternly demanded Lord Roberts. "No, I don't." "I am Lord Roberts." "Well, I am Lord Wolseley," came the reply. Lord Roberts loves a joke, but how he took this one is not recorded.

And If Not, Why Not?

Did you save any onion tops, beet leaves, carrot tops, cabbage leaves or turnip tops with which to feed your ducks and chickens during the winter? It may not be too late yet. Dry the leaves in the shade, and boil them at convenient times during the winter with finely cut roots such as potatoes, turnips, carrots, onions and beets. They can be mixed with bran, shorts, chopped meats, etc., in equal parts and make splendid feed, especially for ducks.

CLARK'S
Gents' Furnishings, Boots and Shoes

10 per cent. discount off all Boots and Shoes for next two weeks.

GEO. C. CLARK, Abbotsford, B.C.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL

J. McELROY & Co.

LIQUORS, WINES AND CIGARS OF THE BEST QUALITY

Cor. Essendene Ave. and Oscar St., CITY

ABBOTSFORD HOTEL

ABBOTSFORD, B. C.

Strictly first-class in every respect. The bar is stocked with the best of wines, liquor and cigars,

RATES, $1.50 TO $2.00 PER DAY

PECKHAM & HUTTON PROPRIETORS

A. M. KING
BUTCHER
Pork, Mutton, Beef, Veal, Pork Sausages, Weinies and Balogna always on hand. Fish every Thursday

G. W. GRIMMETT
Eyesight Specalist
Manufacturing Optician
Does the Finest Optical Work. Medical men and others pay tribute to his skill.
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Henderson & Taylor
(Associate Members Can. Soc. C. E.)
Civil Engineers
R. A. HENDERSON
B. C. LAND SURVEYOR
Office, next P. O. P. O. Box 11

FOR
Chickens, Fruit and Market Garden

Ten Acres one-quarter Miles from Abbotsford will soon be annexed to town. Four acres cleared, good house, barn, sheds, etc. Nearly all fenced. **Price $2750, $1500 cash.**

SEE SUMNER For this fine Proposition

"Go Ahead"

WE want your subscription to the Abbotsford Post and as an inducement to those who pay one year's subscription we will give a box of "Go Ahead" Chocolates, specially made for us by the new chocolate factory at Mission City, B. C. Chocolates sweet and mellow and guaranteed to make you feel sweet

For 30 Days

THIS offer is good until May 24th when the chocolates will be distributed at Abbotsford, or at any other point convenient to the subscribers Secure coupon when you pay subscription either at our office or at Geo. Clark's store. "Go Ahead" and subscribe for the

Abbotsford Post

Joins the Irish-Americans

Le Roy Dorland, former captain of the Pastime Athletic Club, and holder of the 200-yard indoor record, has been expelled from the club at which he developed into one of America's greatest runners and hurdlers.

For several months Dorland had not been in good standing in his club. Several times he asked for his release, only to be refused, and piqued by this he competed unattached. This earned the wrath of the officials of the club, and they preferred charges against him, with the result that when the meeting was held every one present but Harry Smith, the captain of the club, voted to expel him. Smith was present, but refused to vote. Dorland took his expulsion gracefully. In fact he seemed pleased.

Dorland has been in the athletic game for five years. He has won many titles. Besides the Pastime A. C. he was a member of the Seventy-first Regiment. Before developing into a champion both the New York A. C. and the Irish-American A. C. tried to get him for their club. Each time he refused. He is now a member of the latter club.

GOLF CHAMPIONS

Year.	Club.	Player.
1895	Newport	C. B. Macdonald
1896	Shinnecock	H. J. Whigham
1897	Wheaton	H. J. Whigham
1898	Morris County	F. S. Douglas
1899	Onwentsia	H. M. Harriman
1900	Garden City	W. J. Travis
1901	Atlantic City	W. J. Travis
1902	Glen View	L. N. James, jr.
1903	Nassau	W. J. Travis
1904	Baltusrol	H. C. Egan
1905	Wheaton	H. C. Egan
1906	Englewood	E. M. Byers
1907	Euclid	J. D. Travers
1908	Garden City	J. D. Travers
1902	Wheaton	B. A. Gardner
1910	Brookline	W. C. Fownes, jr.
1911	Apawamis	Harold H. Hilton

14

Sun isn't good for grindstones. Its rays harden the part of the stone on which they shine and thus make the stone wear unevenly. If the grindstone is not under a shed, or if the sun strikes it, make a box cap for it . 20 minutes 'work.

Mrs. B. J. Gernay returned to town on Monday.

Mrs. L. Sparrow returned from a visit to Vancouver.

Mr. Ross, of Aldergrove, spent Monday in town.

Wm. Johnston, of Vancouver, is spending a few days in town.

Jas. Murphy has moved into his new residence on Pine Street.

Watch L. McPhee. You can't tell what he intends doing next.

Timothy, Clover and Field Peas to be had at the Abbotsford Feed Store

Mr. Jack Vanetta has been appointed one of the fire wardens in the district.

Some of the lumber for the new sheds to be erected by the B. C. E. R. on their yards has arrived

Work has begun on the new B. C. E. R. freight shed, the new customs building and the Masonic Hall.

Mr. Lindsay Russell of Vancouver sold two more lots in the Provincial Investment's sub-division, east of the townsite.

Last week's issue should have contained the notice given re the basket social and concert at Mt. Lehman in aid of the Manse fund

The building of a sidewalk on the grading of Gladys Ave. is proving to be some of the most marked improvements our provincial government road department has done for this town

The contractors for the building of the foundations of the Masonic Temple have been busy working this week. What a fine motto that is, "Thoroughly or not at all."

When two or three car loads of crushed rock come into the siding of the B. C. E. R. here one hears many on anxious whisper of "I wonder if those are for our Main street."

It is hoped that a deciding match will be arranged between the married and single men of the town this Saturday. The married men be better represented this time as no "darling" was hurt last match

Th: Abbotsford water wagon was in front of McMoneny's blacksmith shop being repaired for next New Year. Quite a number have signified their intention of climbing on it later.

The contract for the building of the Catholic church has been let and we should see a handsome structure within two months. The work will be done by Messrs. Hammond & Love.

The Sumas Milk Shippers Association held their meeting this week for election of officers. The following were elected: A. Archibald, as President; Wolfe, Vice-President; Perry Starr, Sr., Secretary-Treas.; Board of Directors, Messrs. Serle Wolfe and W. Porter.

The new Convalescent Home is doing a fine business and appears to be full up. The gardens are being beautifully laid out, the inmates assisting in making the place a delightful home of rest. The establishment is run on entirely new lines each patient bringing his own medicine.

Mr. Buckingham of the Lower Mainland Shippers Assn. attended the meeting Friday evening, making an address after which the Sumas Milk Shippers decided to join the L. M. S. A. and work with them, and Messrs Archibald and Perry Starr were appointed delegates to the next meeting to look after the interests of the Sumas Association.

How to be Happy though Married!

Eat Bread made and sold by the Abbotsford Baker, "the kind that mother made."

The Abbotsford Bakery

ALBERT LEE, PROPRIETOR

John Olson BUILDER and CONTRACTOR
Estimates Promptly Furnished
Work Guaranteed P. O. Box 227

(Continued From Page One)

Dressed chicken, per lb	25c to 30c
Sugar Cured Bacon	20c
WHOLESALE	
Veal, large	9c to 10c
Veal, small	11 1-2 to 12-12
Beef, front quarter	9c to 10c
Beef, hind quarter	11c to 12
Spring lamb	12c to 13c
Mutton	10c to 11c
Pork, per lb.	12c to 12 1-2c
Poultry.	
Geese, live, each	$1.50 to $2
Hens, small, dozen	$6 to $7.50
Hens, large, retail	$12
Hens, small, retail	$7 to $9
Broilers, dozen	$5 to $6
Chickens, dozen	$7 to $9
Dressed chicken, lb.	25c
Ducks, dozen	$12 to $13
Honey, per comb	25c

(Continued From Page One)

ion of these laws or lessen the great suffering that may follow the transgressors. Knowledge is power and safety. Many young people ignorant of the evils and dangers of intemperance and impurity are yearly going to destruction. Parents should know the dangers to which their sons and daughters are exposed when allowed to go unaccompanied to cities or towns or to social gatherings at home and Dr. Hall's timely words may save some from shipwreck. Think of 60,000 young girls wrecked on the altars of lust and greed every year in the United States and Canada and we shudder of the wreck of the Titanic when 1200 went down.

Timothy, Clover and Field Peas to be had at the Abbotsford Feed Store

When next your watch needs attention leave it with Campbell, the Abbotsford Watch-maker. Shop located in Clark's Gents' Furnishing store.

STRAYED—Red yearling heifer onto my place on 3rd March. Owner can have same by paying expenses. W. L. Barrett, old Campbell place, Clearbrook Road.

LIQUOR ACT, 1910.

(Section 49)

NOTICE is hereby given, that on the twelfth day of May next, application will be made to the Superintendent of Provincial Police for transfer of the hotel license to sell liquor by retail in the hotel known as the Commercial Hotel, situate at Abbotsford, in the Province of British Columbia.

Dated this 12th day of April, 1912.

JAMES McELROY & Co.
Holders of License.
JAMES McELROY,
BERNARD McELROY,
Applicants.

Timothy, Clover and Field Peas to be had at the Abbotsford Feed Store.

MY LADY'S COLUMN.

CARE FOR THE TEETH!

It is useless to say to intelligent persons that the teeth should be brushed at least twice every day, with unfailing regularity, and that selection of the toothbrush is a matter deserving some thought. Anyone who will buy a cheap, inferior toothbrush, and spend money on things more ornamental and less useful, does not deserve good teeth.

For ordinary use, a good, stiff brush that fits the mouth is the best to use, and do not be afraid to use it. A prominent dentist once told me that a tooth kept polished would never decay. This itself is an argument in favor of the untiring use of the toothbrush.

Some good dentifrice should be used two or three times a week, and there is nothing superior to plain "prepared chalk." It forms the basis of all the expensive tooth powders, and is just as good as the best of them. If one objects to the flat taste of the chalk, it can be easily converted into a pleasant dentifrice by flavoring with extract of rose.

A still more effective dentrifice is prepared chalk and powdered orris root, and about a half teaspoonful of finely shaved Castile soap. This formula may be used a lifetime and never be improved upon, as it contains every essential for cleaning and whitening the teeth.

Heavy Macrim Lace combined effectively with sheer chiffon.

HAPPY HOMES

Are always supplied with fine ranges. The famous

McClary Manufacturing Co's.

Ranges

are sold and guaranteed by

H. ALANSON

Hardware and Furniture

Washing Silk Gloves

For washing silk and Lisle-thread gloves use a soft suds made of soft warm water and a good white soap; put the gloves on the hands just as you would to wear, and wash your hands in the suds as though the gloves were not there, rubbing more soap on any soiled place. When clean, rinse through several waters, wipe with a soft towel, but do not rub them; then take off carefully and hang in a draught to dry, pulling them into shape occasionally. Pure white gloves should be hung in the sunshine, but delicate tints should be dried wrong-side out in the shade. The delicate threads of such gloves can not stand rubbing on the washboard. All rents and repairs should be made before washing.

Water of Eternal Youth

The beauties of the Austrian court used a lotion which was so effectual in keeping the face smooth and free from winkles, even in the aged, that they named it the "water of eternal youth."

Some one has recently divulged the secret of this wonderful, though exceedingly simple wrinkle lotion, which in her gratitude she has similarly dubbed as a preserver of youth. One ounce pure saxolite (powdered), dissolved in a half pint of which hazel—that's all there is to it. Any woman can get these ingredients at her drugstore, put them together, and use the solution with entire safety. To bathe the face in the same brings immediate results, even in case of the deeper wrinkles and furrows. This is also effective for hanging cheeks and double chin.

Protected and Royal

The grey and gaunt form of the lonely heron is not unfamiliar by Scottish water-sides, but, although one of the tallest birds, standing about 30 inches in height, it is far from conspicuous or readily seen, so long as it remains motionless. In repose, the bird, with its delicate ash-grey and white plumage, harmonises so completely in tone with its environment that it becomes one with its natural surroundings. Even on a flat beach or shore, it may pass for a fragment of rock or wooden stake, or some other long-shore object, until it moves.

A patient fisher is the heron, but when its prey comes within reach the long neck curves and the rapier-like bill is shot out quickly and unerringly.

The Dawick-Herony is a good instance of the attachment of the species to one locality, as nests are to be found there at the present day; and, so far back as 1497, "Quyk (living) herounis" were being supplied from "Dawikkis" to the King, as is stated in the "Accounts of the Lord High Treasurer."

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