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The Abbotsford Post

Vol. IV., No. 25. ABBOTSFORD, B. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1912 8 $1.00 PER YEA

Our Special
For This Week

C. H. ABORN & CO.

Ladies' Shoes

Equal to the best American Made

S. Brooke
Sole Agent
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 MOST EXTENSIVE POULTRY YARDS IN PROVINCE

A Visit to the St. Ann's Poultry Yards an Education to the General Public–Chicks from day old to the hen that lays the "Golden Egg"–Single Comb White Leghorn with the best of Pedigree.

There are two industries within fifteen minutes walk of The Abbotsford Post offices that this paper delights to tell the public about—The one is the Upland Fruit Farm and the other is the St. Ann's Poultry Yards. They represent two occupations of the district, where hundreds such might and could be pursued. The one is carried on on a small acreage of the choice fruit lands within hailing distance of the town, while on the opposite side of town the other occupies just one acre of ground. The latter —the St. Ann's Poultry Yards was visited again this week just to notice the improvements during the past few months.

About a year ago the Messrs. Groday purchased a part of the Fraser estate and decided to go into chicken raising. A practical and systematic policy was laid down and followed, and today the Abbotsford Post has no hesitation in saying that St. Ann's is the most extensive poultry yard in the province. There is nothing like it within the confines of B. C. that is known to the writer. The work carried on during the past twelve months is simply marvelous. The many visitors—and they sometimes number up in the hundreds on special days—learn here more about poultry yards in an hour than they knew before. It is a delight to show guests all through and to answer questions.

At the present time the most interesting part of this large establishment is the brooder. Here the incubators, numbering nearly two dozen are busy in a room built and carried out on a scientific basis. Light comes in from the north only Above this room there are to be found the little chicks from a day old to the broilers ready for the market. There are at present over four thousand little chicks; and about five hundred broilers ready for the market at all times. Here is to be found the culmination of the dream of dreams of the man who starts out in a small way and with the idea of increasing his business The strain or breeding is carefully watched and at the different stages some are chosen for broilers, some for breeding purposes, some for the customer who wishes to raise chickens, while others are raise chickens, while others are prize birds, the value of some amounting to hundreds of dollars. You, who have a knowledge of chicken raising, will best be adie to appreciate the care taken to place upon the market a pullet with an almost guaranteed egg laying record—two hundred eggs a year Scientific breeding and scientific feeding is everywhere apparent.

The real estate agents and others—even government officials and members—who are interested in having our Fraser Valley peopled with those who will devote their time to chicken raising, would do well to visit St. Ann's and see what has been accomplished by two men in one year. It should be one of the grandest inducements and the best advertisment that the province could have. So many who started out well have given up without accomplishing the desired results, that a successful undertaking along this particular line would prove an education and an inspiration. All would sure go away and talk about it, delieving it was a paying business after all failures had been marked up against it.

Asked as to the market for the high-class birds, the reply came from Mr. Groday that were the yards twice the size there would still be a market for the bird with a pedigree, and also for the broilers.

It is not the purpose of this article to state the prices obtained for the different birds, but to call attention to an industry that has established a record for progress which has never been equalled in the Fraser Valley. To start a business of this kind and make it a paying concern within a year is going some indeed. Why should it not be successful? Eggs are always in demand, broilers are never too plentiful for chicken dinner is a luxury which all can enjoy, no matter his station in life, as times are good—never were better in the Fraser Valley. All are fond of chicken.

Finally, judging by results here, pen, although so mighty, fails to express the possibilities that may be attained in this particular line by those who go about it in a scientific manner, as the market is already made. There is room for thousands such poultry yards within a few miles of Abbotsford, and where one has been successful it is possible for others to achieve like results

FAREWELL RECEPTION TO MR AND MRS. HOUSTON.

A reception was tendered Rev. and Mrs. E. J. Houston in the lecture room of the M. E. church Tuesday evening, at which over one hundred and fifty members of the congregation were present. A bountiful supper was served by the ladies of the church, and during the evening Mr. and Mrs. Houston were presented with a twenty-six piece silver set as a mark of the esteem in which they were held. Many were the expressions of regret at their departure from Sumas and the best wishes of a large circle of friends will accompany them to their new home in Tacoma. Rev. Houston expects to conduct a series of revival services in Sumas this fall.—Sumas News.

THE MARKET.

Many people attended the New Westminster market Friday, buyers and sellers both being numerous, and the market square and market house presenting a scene of animation all morning. Early in the morning the Huntingdon tram brought in quite a few chickens and some pork. Later the steamer Transfer came in from Ladner and way points with beef, veal, pork, live pigs, milk and potatoes. Hogs from Kensington, and chickens and pigs from Glenwood were disposed of very early in the day Eggs and butter were a little higher than they were last week, the former selling rapidly at 30 cents per dozen and the latter going well at forty cents per pound, or two pounds for 75 cents. Duck eggs sold at 75 cents per dozen, goose eggs brought 20 cents apiece. Lettuce and rhubarb were quite plentiful and sold well, the latter bringing 10 to 25 cents per bunch, according to the size of the bunches Pork and beef were in good quantity at wholesale, while veal and mutton were very scarce. Prices of both veal and mutton advnaced a trifle at wholesale, but there was no change in the prices of meat at retail. Vegetables were plentiful by the sack and the prices were unchanged. There is no cabbage on the market, however. Fish were as plentiful as ever, oolichans being the leader and selling well. The florist stands were both in operation and did a good business. Bedding plants sold at from 25 to 50 cents per dozen and cabbage plants sold at $6 per thousand.

POULTRY MARKET.

Poultry was in good supply and sold well at 22 to 24c live weight. Laying hens fetched an average of $11 per dozen.

1$ Small live pigs sold at 4 each and upwards.

wholesale meat	
Beef, per lb,	8 to 10c
Veal, small,	12 to 13c
Mutton,	11 to 12c
Pork, per lb.,	12 to 12 1-2c
Retail meats	
Beef, best rib roasts	15 to 18c
Beef, loin,	18c to 22c
Beef, round steak,	18c
Boiling beef,	10c to 14c
Beef, pot roast	15c
Veal,	15c to 20c
Pork,	18c to 20c
Sugar Cured Bacon	20c
Suugar Cured Corn Pork	15 to 20c
Mutton,	12 to 20c
Dressed chicken, lb.	25c
Vegetables, retail	
Cabbage, per lb.,	1 1-2c
Potatoes, per sack	$1.75 to 2
Carrots, per sack	75c
Turnips, per sack	75c
Onions, per sack,	$2 to 2.50
Beets, per sack,	$1.00
Seed potatoes, per ton	$30
Parsnips, per sack	$1.00
Lettuce, 3c; 4 bunches	10c
Eggs and butter	
Eggs, retail per doz.	30c
Eggs, wholesale	25c
Butter, retail, per lb.	40c, 2 for 75c
Poultry	
Poultry, live weight. lb	22c to 24c
Poultry, live weight, per lb.	23c
Laning hens, per dozen,	$12 to 18
Broilers, per lb	35c
Squabs, per pair	50c
Fish	
Halibut, lb	10c
Salmon, choice, 2 lbs	25c
Salmon, white, each	50c
Salmon, half or whole, lb	10c
Red Salmon, per lb.,	15c

THE ABBOTSFORD POST

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Our Shibboleth—Neither for nor agin' the Government.

FRIDAY, APRIL 29 1912

There are few people in this beautiful world of ours—this good old world—who do not believe in advertising. Advertising value is even part of the faith of some of our small school boys. From the man who occupies the most menial position which it is the lot of human beings to hold to the man who fills the highest and most honorable within the power of the people to bestow, there are but few who do not believe in the power of advertising—the power of the press Princes and kings acknowledge that the pen is mightier than the sword. To see with the eye and thus understand with the mind is a combination that is hard to beat and has had in the past a powerful influence in the world.

Probably the greatest modern medium of advertising is by means of the newspaper—be it the small weekly of the country town or the fashionable daily of the large city with its boosted circulation. And many are the methods of seeking publicity through this medium—the newspaper. Some employ one method and some employ another, but the real principle underlying the whole scheme is self-agrandisement. It is the "free reader" that the cheap skate is after, usually with the proviso that "this will be interesting to your subscribers." Thousands of dollars are spent each year by men seeking public notoriety, in order to have their name appear in print. But it is not the publisher who gets this, in many cases, but some other fellow who possesses the self-assurance necessary to convince the publisher that it is absolutely for the public weal that this or that article should appear in the paper. Man is frail. He likes to see his name in print. He knows that if people talk about him, it means business to him. To have his name on every man's lips—as favorably as possible—spells notoriety, fame and even money to him. Little cares he whether the source that produces the above effect profits thereby so long as he himself is able to increase his seeming popularity and incidentdally his bank account. Newspaper men should all adopt a motto, "what shall it profit a publisher should he boost the whole world, and deprive himself thereby of the real comforts of life." Every line of print costs the publisher money, and if he is not paid for it he is that much the loser, but the 'swell guy" knows the editor's weakness for copy and profits personally thereby.

Good roads in the Fraser Valley are an absolute necessity, but to have MY picture alongside that of the Duke of Connaught is pretty near the limit.

A NEW CONSTELLATION

The Huntingdon Star has made its appearance and the first issue reaches our editorial sanctum. It is a four page five column paper, brimful of local boost for the town which it is to represent. The editor is Mr. T. Bradstock Brown, and he deserves all the credit and support coming to any man who undertakes to boost and advertise the district by means of a local paper. The new paper carries a fine lot of advertising. The Post wishes its neighbor the unbounded success which should attend the endeavors of the editor in making his Star a powerful force for the upbuilding of his town.

WHO'S WHO IN CANADA

MICHAEL MATOFF, The Brilliant Violinist Montreal.

Since Michael Matoff the young Russian violinist came amongst us to charm Canada with his music, he has created a love for, what is after all, the best in all of us, by his brilliant interpretations of the Masters that would have been thought impossible

MICHAEL MATOFF

in a country that is but in the making. How true it is while listening to this gifted exponent "earth's sordidness is forgotten" and how after a recital we go back to our work with a new idea of what is best in life.

Michael Matoff who was born in Russia in 1886, after a thorough training under Europe's best teachers, gave a series of brilliant recitals in the Capitals of the world. These triumphs were consumated in Madame Donalda, the Canadian queen of song inducing Matoff to join her Canadian party of 1906. On the completion of the tour Mon. Matoff was induced to locate in Montreal where he opened a school for the violin. Since then this great violinist has given many recitals in Canada and the U. S. A. where he is a favorite. Mon. Matoff is about to give a number of recitals in the European capitals but Canadians need not be afraid that he will stay away long as Canada is to him the beau ideal of what a country should be.

SENATOR COX, Peterborough

The thriving town of Peterborough, in Ontario and Senator Cox are so much part of each other that no one thinks of the one name without the other cropping up across one's mind. Both have been kind to each other. While Peterboro has helped the Senator to make his wealth; Mr. Cox has been a generous benefactor to the town; he has also done much to build up the rising city by inducing industries to locate in the vicinity.

The Hon. George A. Cox was born in Colbourne and came to Peterboro in 1871 to engage in the life insurance business. While in this business he secured control of the Midland railway and became President; a position he kept until he sold his interest to the C. P. R. To-day Mr. Cox is President of many companies.

Mr. Cox was called to the Senate in 1896.

MARK BREDIN

Mark Bredin is a pretty well-known man in Toronto. He came originally from the North of Ireland, and there is just enough velvet sticking to his pronunciation to make this fact apparent. He used to drive a bread wagon many years ago, and finally he started a small shop himself in this city. He baked bread and finally scraped enough money together to buy a horse. One day the horse got blind staggers or some other dreadful disease, and up and died. Bredin was in despair, and the business was crippled. But he was a hard aggressive worker, and he pulled through all right.

"To what do you attribute your success?" Mr. Bredin was asked the other day.

"I never made a dollar till I stopped taking my coat off," he replied.

FARM AND FIELD

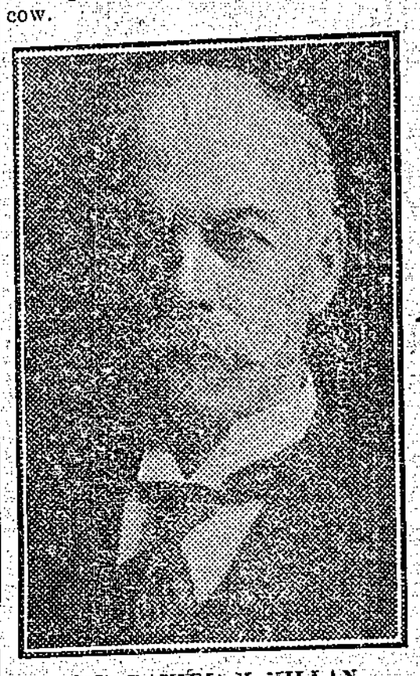
GET ALL THE MILK

One of the Surest Methods of Prolonging the Supply is to Milk the Cow Dry Every Time.

Probably no single cause tends more to check milk secretion than the failure to remove all the milk at the time of milking. The presence of even a little milk in the ducts may act as a powerful check on the secretion of fresh milk. Hence the extreme importance of clean milking; that is, milking the cow dry, which will be found one of the surest and best methods of prolonging the milk supply. Generally twice a day is sufficient; and it is best to so arrange that the period mentioned is divided evenly into parts. There are certain animals which yield rather more by being milked oftener, such cases being indicated by an undue distention of the udder between milkings.

The most important part to impress is the extreme necessity of regularity in the time of milking, for it has been ascertained by careful experiments that the difference of an hour may, and often does make a difference of as much as 9 per cent. in the amount of milk yielded. Repeated irregularities of this kind soon tend to diminish the flow of milk permanently.

Weighing the milk is the best means of registering the capabilities of a cow.



SIR DANIEL McMILLAN, Manitoba.

PICKING OUT THE BEST SHEEP

The shrewd shepherd has learned to sell off the culls from his crop of lambs, and also to get rid of inferior older individuals from his flock. Some prefer to keep at least some of these for the Christmas market, and perhaps some nice wethers until Easter, but generally speaking this season of the year, following the weaning of the lambs and preceding the breeding season, is considered a very opportune time to go through the flock and discard all those individuals which, because of age, sickness, faulty conformation, or other reasons, are not suitable to be used as breeders any longer. It is generally wise to turn over to the butcher all ewes which did not breed last season, if this has not already been done. All those ewes which have not brought forth a desirable class of lambs should also be culled out, as well as any whose teeth are so badly gone as to make keeping them over another season risky. Of course, with high-class, pure-bred breeding stock, a ewe that has proven herself an exceptional breeder is often profitable even after her teeth are very badly gone, but with sheep of indifferent breeding and uncertain value as breeders, it is very seldom advisable to take any chances on defective specimens.

If the lambs have been weaned early, which should always be practiced, the ewes will pick up in flesh rapidly, and they are soon in good condition to be disposed of to the butcher. Besides their being in good condition, the fact that mutton is usually a fair price at this time, is also an advantage to be gained by disposing of the undesirable breeders just now. Not only should the old ewes be turned off, but very often there are shearlings in the flock which are scrubby individuals of defective conformation, which, if used as breeders, would be a detriment, rather than an improvement to the flock, and all such individuals should be disposed of. One sometimes hesitates to part with a young ewe, but if she does not give promise of becoming a good breeder, the sooner she is removed from the flock, the better. Many two-year-old ewes which have produced scrawny lambs should go with the other poor ones. Nothing but the best type of strong, healthy ewe should ever be kept for breeding purposes; and, to bring the flock up to the highest possible condition, and keep it there, requires severe yearly culling. Few other seasons offer as good an opportunity for this as does the time just previous to the breeding season in the fall.

BICKMORE'S GALL CURE
BE SURE AND WORK THE HORSE
TRADE MARK

STABLE SUPPLIES

AXLE GREASE, HARNESS OIL, WHIPS, CURRY COMBS, HALTERS, BRUSHES, SWEAT COLLARS, and also BICKMORE'S GALL CURE, which we warrant a satisfactory Cure for Galls, Wounds, and Sores upon animals.

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

Abbotsford
Livery, Feed and Sales Stables

The best and most comfortable Livery Rigs, and an automabile for hire. Teaming and Draying

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

WANDERING JUDY
OR
HER DEAR CANADA

by

MARSHALL SAUNDERS,

Author of "Beautiful Joe"

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tangled up with luggage, and porters and passengers, and having to be disentangled, before the little party could move on. I was most interested in the sixth child at the tail of the procession, an ideal-looking little girl—pink cheeks, blue eyes, fair hair. She trotted along, quite independent of the others, and never ran afoul of anything. While her brothers and sisters seemed timid, she acted as if she were quite accustomed to travelling. She was also dressed differently from the others. They were all in dark blue serge, with natty little caps—she had on a white suit, with a dash of gilt braid, and wore a white felt hat with a huge gold pompon. I soon lost sight of this interesting looking child, but a few minutes later, found her calmly dragging at a camp stool in the heap on the platform beside me. I assisted her, and she sat down close to me, and gazed with apparent interest at the busy scene before us.

"'Are you going far?' I asked her. She wagged her head calmly, and emitted a sound like, 'Wow-wow.'

"'Can't you talk?' I asked in surprise.

"She said something like 'bow-wow-wow,' this time, and I said, 'Why, you must be nearly three years old.'

"She held up three fingers, so I knew she understood me.

"'Arrested development,' I said. 'You will probably burst into perfect speech some day.'

"She grunted like an Indian, and drawing an apple from a little side pocket in her pretty suit, began to gnaw it with some remarkably sharp, pearly teeth.

"Now as she sat there beside me, we began to pull out of the station. Just look at the map, and watch the course of our St. Lawrence river. I hope you may all see it some day. We soon left the great city behind us, and passed through many places having French names—Dorval, Valois—don't they take you back to your French history, girls?—Rigaud, St. Eugene? Here is one with an English name—Caledonia Springs. There the pretty child by my side exhibited signs of excitement, jabbering and pointing, and a lady who had come out and seated herself beside me, said that the big building she was pointing to was a health resort built by the Canadian Pacific Railway beside some medicinal springs. I began to realize that I was hungry, and as soon as the first call to luncheon came, I got up and went through the observation car to the dining car. The child followed me, but when we passed through a Pullman where the lady of the six Blessings sat with five of them around her, the sixth one left me and joined her family, as I then supposed it was.

"As I sat at the snowy table in the dining car, an exquisite pink rose in a specimen glass before me—the railway is very generous with flowers, and away out west you see men bearing big bunches of hot-house beauties climbing on the dining-car with them,—I recalled my eyes from the flying scenery, and sent them to the doorway. The lady and her blessings were entering, and in the rear of the procession, was my little friend in white. As the dining-car conductor led them by my table in search of a larger one, the white child slipped into the vacant seat opposite me.

"I beamed on her, and turning round, caught the eye of the harrassed lady who was finding herself and the others a snug fit at a table behind me. I raised my eyebrows, by way of asking, 'Can you spare me this one little olive-branch.' She smiled wearily, and I gladly devoted myself to entertaining my charming vis-a-vis. I ordered soup for her and parsley omelet, and preserved figs. Well, little Goldie Locks ate the figs, then pointed to her mouth. I pushed a glass of water toward her.

"'No, no,' and she shook her head and looked irritable. 'Ma-ma-ma,' she ejaculated and pointed to my bottle of mineral water.

"I was about to appeal to her mother, when the waiter said, 'I know Miss,' and he hurried away and brought back a bottle of Magi. I tasted the water and found it salty, but the child liked it, and drank it all. Then she slipped out of her seat, and ran to join the other children at the table behind us.

"I paid for her luncheon, rather wondering why her mother did not do so. 'She may later,' I thought, or perhaps she imagined I gave an invitation. I sauntered back to the rear of the observation car, and did not see my little friend again till we left beautiful Ottawa, two hours from Montreal, and the capital of the Dominion."

"The population, please," said Biddy.

"Eighty-six thousand, and the city is perched on high ground at the junction of the Rideau river with the Ottawa. There are some fine falls giving power to saw-mills and manufactories, and immense numbers of logs are floated down this river."

"Haven't we heard Ottawa called the baby Washington of the North?" inquired Peanuts.

"I daresay," laughed Judy. "It is a federal government place with magnificent government buildings, and quite an imposing residence for the Governor-General."

"That's Rideau Hall—I've heard of it," said Peanuts. Didn't the Countess of Aberdeen live there when her husband was Governor-General, and didn't she have pages to hold up the train of her dress at entertainments?"

"Yes, yes," replied Judy, "there is a semi-regal etiquette kept up at Government House. Lady Aberdeen did an immense deal for Canada in many ways, notably in starting various departments of women's work."

"She is now president of the International Council of Women," said Marigold. "I know, for my mother belongs."

"What is that?" asked Dixie curiously.

"Women workers of the world," said Judy, "joined together for carrying on all sorts of good enterprises."

"Tell us," said Dixie, "more about vice-regal etiquette. Have you got any in your home?"

"A little," replied Judy. "Each province has a Lieutenant-Governor, and a government house for him. He wears a uniform on state occasions, like the opening of our House of Parliament. If you get a white and gold invitation with 'To the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod,' in the corner of it, you attend this opening, and see the governor drive up to the old Province Building. The guns on the Citadel thunder a salute, and as he steps over the ancient threshold, a band plays the national anthem, and the soldiers present arms. He walks up the stone staircase with its steps worn by the feet of many generations, past the Assembly Chamber, past the Legislative Library crammed with archives and musty historical books, and enters the Legislative Council Chamber hung with portraits of distinguished Nova Scotians and of some of the kings and queens of England. Keeping his hat on, he seats himself in the Throne Chair, makes a speech, and Parliament is opened."

"Your lieutenant-governors are something like the governors of our states," said Dixie.

"A little. Our system of government is, on the whole, quite different from yours."

"Do the lieutenant-governors give parties?" asked Dixie.

"Yes, all sorts of functions, and they preside at many public affairs, as royalty does in England. Then when any notable stranger, or titled person comes to a Canadian province he, she, or they, are often entertained at Government House—and lots of bother some of them are with their suites, and dogs, and horses and keeping meals waiting, and so on."

"Tell us what some of these things are like," said Dixie.

Judy smiled. "I'm not a society woman, and haven't often time to pretend I'm one, but I'll do my best for you. First of all, one calls at Government House on the day at home of the Governor's wife. There is a big book in the hall in which one signs one's name, and a big drawing-room where one is announced. If one's rank in society warrants it, invitations to teas, dinners, luncheons, balls or receptions may follow. In that same austere old parliament building, there have been entertained royalties from England and other countries—the late King Edward when he was a lad, the Duke of Argyle, the Princess Louise, the present King and Queen of England when Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. What a crowd there was the night they received the citizens of Halifax. The Duchess became so tired of shaking hands that she had to retire. They had gone round the world shaking hands—those two democratic royalties. I don't believe it should have been required of them. Our governor-generals don't always shake hands."

"Now she's up in the clouds for sure," said Biddy.

"And what do you say to the king and queen?" pursued Dixie.

"I have heard," returned Judy, "that Queen Victoria was addressed as 'Ma'am' by her household, and the nobility and gentry, and 'Your Majesty' by all other persons, and all the royal princes and princesses were 'Sir' and 'Ma'am,' but 'Royal Highness' to anyone outside the upper circles. But Dixie, you make me feel like the late Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent. I heard him say that once when he was summoned to an interview with the Czar of Russia, he wondered how in the name of all that was proper, should he address him, as he hadn't been brought up with kings and queens and emperors."

"In this country," said Dixie, "anyone may be thrown into some sort of association with the President and our aristocrats."

"It isn't so in England and other old countries," said Judy. "As I said, I shook hands with the present king and queen. I won't likely see them again in the course of my life, unless it might be on some state occasion."

"Do you care?" asked Dixie.

"Why should I? If I were immensely rich, or powerful, I might hanker for some association with royalties and the nobility. As it is, I am quite content to live my own life. There are natures you know, even among royalties themselves, to whom form and ceremony is an abomination. A dear fellow in New York state, a friend of mine, was coming down the steps of a palace in Rome where he had been making a visit of ceremony with his wife. She heard him say, under his breath, 'Thank the Lord for our bungalow in the woods.'"

"Then, Judy, you wouldn't enjoy swimming in the sea of court etiquette," said Firefly.

"No more than our gracious king and his lovely wife would enjoy swimming in the sea of unconventional life," said Judy, "though as royal people go, I believe they are simple and sensible in their tastes."

"I should just love court etiquette," said Dixie gushingly.

Judy surveyed her curiously. "I believe you would. Strange isn't it, about inherited tendencies. Your ancestors were titled people, weren't they?"

"Yes," said Dixie softly. "We have old paintings. On my father's side is a noble duke. His youngest son emigrated to Virginia and started our family."

"Well, Dixie, you shall have my description of a presentation at court," said Judy. "A girl friend wrote it for me. You'll enjoy those details of the way in which the Lord Chamberlain's instructions guide the flock of lady aspirants into the royal presence."

"Some of our ancestors also bore titles, Judy," said Jane jealously. "Remember our family tree."

Judy laughed. "The aristocratic tendencies have been pretty well weeded out. You and I are complete democrats, Jane.

'When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?'"

"What do they mean, Firefly?" asked Mara.

"They refer to the time, two years ago, when Judy joined the club. It was a winter evening, and we all sat here, tired from our day's work, and thankful that we hadn't to go out again. That great big flower, Marigold, had gone down to the housekeeper's room for something. She came back with someone in tow that she had fallen in love with instanter. That was Judy. When Jane saw her, she almost fainted. Then she gasped, 'Who are you, where do you come from—you are the very image of my father who has been in heaven for many a year.' Judy said in her quiet way, 'I'm not from heaven, but I'm from a paradise on earth—Nova Scotia—and I number eight Mayflower Pilgrims among my ancestors.'

"'Warrens?' cried Jane.

"'Numbers of them,' said Judy. 'They intermarried a lot.'

"That explained it. Judith Alden and Jane Warren had common ancestry. Several branches of New England families had gone up into Nova Scotia four generations ago, and the family traits had been so well preserved that Judy looked more New England than the New Englanders. Her appearance had a peculiar psychological effect on Jane. She threw her arms around her, and the Nova Scotian's fate was settled. She wasn't American, but unless she came into the Pilgrim Circle, we'd lose Jane."

"Hush, Firefly," said Marigold, "Judy is going to start."

CHAPTER IX.
A Lost Child.

"First let me tell you something," said Firefly. "It is a conversation I had in Indianapolis with an Englishman who was a prosperous grocer. We were discussing social problems and I said, 'You came from London, judging from your accent.'

"'Yes,' he said, 'and I'm never going back.'

"'You like this country better,' I observed.

"'Yes,' he said, 'for in Hengland I was in with the aristocracy and I didn't like it. Titles stuck in my throat.'

"Then he went on to tell me that he didn't mind saying, 'Your Grace' once, but he didn't want to repeat it. He had been an out-door servant on a country estate of a certain duke, and was promoted to be an in-door servant in His Grace's town house. He often waited at table, and he reeled off a string of titled names of people who used to dine and sup with his master. He said he was exceedingly curious to know what they were talking about, but the conversation was nearly always in French. He would get the sound of the words, then dash to the kitchen to the chef, and between them they would get a fair idea of what was being discussed."

"A queer man," said Judy thoughtfully. "Nothing human is alien to me—footman or duke, but we can't all be equal."

Firefly's black eyes were snapping, and her firm little mouth was opening, when Dixie cried hurriedly, "Stop that demi-socialist, she's going off on one of her tirades."

Judy laughed at her, then she said dreamily. "In my dear old city by the sea, with its aristocratic and conventional traditions, the girls and women have, I think, the most charming manners of any women I ever met."

"Prejudiced!" exclaimed Firefly.

Judy went on unheedingly. "You cannot convince me that the cultivation of perfect manners is any drawback to anyone. Rather, it is an enormous help. Some of the girls and women in Halifax are obliged to do something to support themselves, and the pretty manners they have sedulously cultivated are of a distinct value to them when they enter into competition with other girls and women in the business world."

"And sure, Firefly isn't talking against culture," said Biddy, "it is against manners and form carried to an excess."

"And sure then, she's all right," said Judy. "All over the world there is a revolt against that excess, and one sees even aristocrats of the aristocrats fleeing from social red-tapeism, to the free and easy life of the forest and the plains. Personally, I may say that I hate society, but adore good manners."

Little, dry, hard Peanuts, who rarely spoke, but when she did, spoke to the point, gave a quick, short sigh and said, "Judy, you are worse than Dr. Pother in 'The Farmer's Wife.' Do you remember how he mixed his stories together? Ha, ha, ha! Can tell you a prodigiously funny story on that subject. Went last summer to a watering-place—lady of fashion—feel pulse—not lady but lap-dog—talk Latin—prescribe galvanism—out jumped Pompey plump into a batter pudding, and lay like a toad in a hole. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" echoed her listeners, Judy in particular laughing so heartily that the tears ran down her cheeks. At last she wiped her eyes and said, "I'll run right back to Ottawa before my train goes, but just before it leaves will say that this fine little city up in the woods is the world's great hockey centre. They have a local ice-palace where thousands and thousands of people go to see the games. I remember one once when the girls and women got so excited and screamed so loudly, that one just felt upborne into the air on a wave of enthusiasm."

"Won't you tell us some more about that child?" asked Mara gently.

"With all my heart," said Judy, bestowing an affectionate glance on her. "I was just coming back to my little protege, but I must also tell you that I never thought of her during our twenty minutes stay in Ottawa, for one of my beloved brothers lives in this, our capital city, and he had run down to the train to have a few minutes' with me."

"I thought you had only one brother," said Dixie.

"Oh no—the two best in the world."

At this there was another uproar, but Judy quieted her friends with a wave of her hand, and went on. "After our train left Ottawa on its long way across Ontario, I felt a little hand in my side pocket. Goldilocks was after some chocolates I had there. I let her take them, and she sat down beside me and munched them enjoyably. I was still in my favorite place on the observation-car platform. It was now getting on in the afternoon, and Goldilocks presently fell asleep. She was so uncomfortable in the canvas chair, that I took her on my lap. She was a darling child, and as she lay in my arms, I wondered that neither the mother nor nurse came to look after her. After an hour's nap, she woke up and rubbed her eyes with her little hands, so dirty that I wondered how long it was since she had been washed. Then she ran into the car, and through it like a deer, and I saw her no more till after dinner.

"I was so tired, that I decided to go to bed early, so I went to my sleeper and asked the porter to make up my berth. While I was sitting stifling yawns, and reflecting that others were sleepy too, for several sections had been done, a gentleman who had been staring at me in rather a marked way, came up and said, 'Madam, I am sorry to trouble you, but may I request you to take your child out of my berth. I want to go to bed.'

"Girls! Imagine my feelings. I thought he was crazy. Not for an instant, did I connect Goldilocks with this blow. Then I smiled, for I have learned through many travelling tribulations, always to take a surprise cheerfully.

"'I have no child with me,' I said soothingly.

(Continued)

Start Them Well

The better condition the cows and calves are in at the beginning of the winter, the better profit for their owners, and the less feed will be needed. In short it is a poor business when stock of any kind begins the winter in poor condition. Much easier to keep them up to a certain notch than to raise them to that notch once they have slipped back.

For Sale to Make Room

Young Pullets S. C. W. Leghorns fron six weeks to two months old.

These Chickens have been raised from winter layers. Price 75c up.

Some specimen Cockerels weighing from 1 to 1 1-2 lbs. se'ected from more than eight hundred chickens raised in our big poultry yards.

Price $1.00 and up

E. & G. de la GIRODAY

Proprietors - - Abbotsford, B. C

A LAND MYSTERY

The building of a railroad by the British from Persia to Karachi across Mekran may not of itself, as the New York Sun says, be a project of importance. Europe has offered little opposition, and engineers say the route presents few serious obstacles; but it brings the rest of the world into contact with some of the earliest scenes of Eastern history, and opens a land of mystery of which there have been only glimpses about every thousand years.

Mekran is the coastal region of Baluchistan and extends from India to the Persian Gulf. Sailors before and since the voyage of Alexander's Admiral, Nearchus, have coasted along its white shores and found themselves surrounded by spouting whales such as the first map makers delighted to picture. High pooped native crafts like ancient galleys carrying pirate slave traders and gun runners dodge into its shallow harbors. British steamships sometimes stop at one of its ports for a cargo of dates or rice for the Indian trade. But sailors never penetrate into the range of yellow hills or cross the sterile plain, "the hottest land of all Asia," where the sand rolls in waves and floats in stifling clouds. Oases are rae along the streams that flow from these ridges; the country is dry, weather worn, desolate, shunned by man.

The few inhabitants are the flotsam and jetsam of the civilization that have passed over it. They are the wreckage that drifted into this obscure world from the earliest movements into and from India to the first search of Europe for Eastern empires. The Portuguese that conquered Muscat and captured the islands of Ormuz and Kishm and founded colonels at Bander Abbas and Gwadur left their tribute of adventures, as did the Dutch, French and English that came atfer them. These found here older people of whose origin all trace was lost, colonies of half bred Arabs left by the decline of the Arab dynasty at Sind, Mongols from the time of Genghiz Khan, negroes, descended from mediaeval slaves, and stragglers from every central Asian tribe.

Yet Mekran cannot always have been such a dry, desolate land. Buried in the sands beneath some of the little towns are the ruins of cities. At one place an explorer found the walls of six towns that must at some time have been places of some importance. In the hills above Gwadur are the remains of a great reservoir Tombs with fragments of pottery that no one seems able to identify are often uncovered; many of the hills are closely covered with stone houses with dome shaped interiors. There are remains of works of masonry that were great dams for catching the waters of the river at flood time. In arid deserts explorers have found forests of dead trees that have stood stark for centuries, and on some of the hills terraces that must some time have been in a high state of cultivation. No one apparently is able to tell who built these cities add reservoirs, cultivated the terraced hills, or were buried in the tombs. The very reason why this land to-day is only a rebion of great heat, thirst and death is one of the secrets of nature.

Bohemian Summer Resorts.

According to the latest statistics about $40,045,000 is expended each year by visitors from foreign countries who take the "cure" at the natural mineral spring resorts in western Bohemia, along the Erzebirge (Ore Mountains.)

This does not include the sum spent by foreign transient visitors who stop for less than eight days or by those from the various crown lands. The grand total isn ot less than $45,000,000 to -50,000,000.

Some idea of the volume of business transacted at the great Bohemian spas may be deduced from the fact that the railroad office in Marienbad, which has a resident population of 6,279, receives from outbound passengers for transportation tickets alone, exclusive of baggage receipts, -400,000 annually.

The post office in the same city turns over to the government after payment of all expenses a net profit of a like amount. These figures can be multiplied by three of Carlshad The three resorts depending on their natural mineral springs for cure purposes (Carlshad, Marienbad and Franzenbad) pay $913,500 annually in direct taxes exclusive of the special assessments

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

Matsqui Hotel

MISSIONCITY, 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

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

Vancouver City Market

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

John McMillan

Manager

SEND ME YOUR BOOK

When a farmer opens his first bag of cement

he has taken a long step in the march of Progress, which leads to Prosperity.

After he uses that bag—if only for a hitching-block or a porch step—he has learned some profitable lessons.

He knows that it doesn't take an expert to use concrete successfully.

He knows that he has added a permanent improvement to his property, something that will last as long as the farm itself.

He knows that he has added convenience, and therefore profit, to his home.

He knows that it didn't cost him more, in money or time, than if he had used an inferior material and made a temporary improvement.

He knows that he wants to read the book,

"What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete"

to find out how he can apply these lessons to other places on his farm.

This advertisement is to tell him that his copy of this profusely illustrated book is ready to be mailed as soon as he sends in his name and address. It makes no difference whether he has yet used that first bag of cement or not. If he hasn't, the book will tell him how to use it to the best advantage. And in any case it's

ABSOLUTELY FREE

A hundred and sixty pages of plain description, telling how other farmers have used concrete, with photographs to illustrate every paragraph in the text.

Just send your name and address on a postal, in a letter, or use the coupon, and the book will be sent by return mail.

Address

CANADA CEMENT CO., Ltd.

National Bank Building

MONTREAL

"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 a subsciptin at our office. "Go Ahead" and subscribe for the

Abbotsford Post

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

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Manufacturing Optician
Does the Finest Optical Work. Medical men and others pay tribute to his skill.
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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

The Scheme of Providing Farms Already Broken-In is Proving a Strong Attraction.

The ready made farms which the Canadian Pacific Railway company has prepared and is selling in the Sedgewick district, are attracting a great deal of attention, and while those who have purchased the ready made farms have not yet had the opportunity to show their farming ability, they certainly cannot complain because they have not been given a chance. The company first instituted the ready made farm system at Strathmore two years ago, when the financial expenditure was $65,000, and so successful was the first attempt that the company spent $400,000 on ready made farms last year. This year the expenditure will be about $1,000,000 and unless something untoward happens, that much will be spent every year until all the company's holdings are disposed of.

In the Sedgewick district, 50 ready made farms were prepared last year and this year 110 will be completed. The railway company has placed 50 families on the 50 farms prepared last year in the Sedgewick district. These families come in practically empty-handed and buy their supplies from local merchants.

Each of the farms consist of from 160 to 320 acres of land and the price is graded according to its quality. On each farm is a house worth $900; a barn with accommodation for eight horses and five tons of hay; a well and a pump. On each of the ready made farms 50 acres are broken, disked, harrowed, and seeded 30 acres of wheat, 17 acres of oats, and 3 acres of potatoes. All the farms are fenced and the houses painted and well finished. To give the settlers a fair start, the company supplies each of them with 100 bushels of oats and 50 bushels of potatoes. The settlers pay the actual cost of the land and the improvements, the first payment being one-tenth and the balance in nine annual instalments.

The ready made farms are selected by number and should the purchaser not feel satisfied, his money will be returned.

SPORTING COLUMN.

A FOOTBALLER, BRAINY, HUSKY AND FAST

Frederick Conklin leads Michigan eleven. Conklin made a name for himself last year, playing through the schedule with his hand in splints, suffering from a broken finger, which did not interfere with his effectiveness.

Conklin is a husky, tipping the scale at 187 and standing close to six feet. He is a brainy player, and remarkably fast for so large a man. He captained his high school team at Schoolcraft, Mich.

Capt. Conklin is a senior medic and the first blond leader the Wolverines have had in years. He will doubtless play left tackle, the position he filled on last year's eleven.

THE HEAVY HITTERS

Batting is the Ball Players Chief Asset and Heavy Sluggers the Heroes.

The most spectacular feature of a baseball contest is the batting and correspondingly the most showy talent of the individual player is his work with the stick. Some really great players have been poor batters, but a glance through the list reveals the fact that almost all the real stars of the game have been heavy hitters.

Of the individual members in the team it is generally the pitcher who gathers in the largest number of laurels of any individual member of a team. He has more of an opportunity to distinguish himself, individually, than any other member of the team, and is censured or praised in accordance with his work. His place on the team is held only by his pitching ability; his stick work is not considered if he is a great twirler. With other infield positions, however, it is slightly different. A player must not only have the ability to cover his position with credit, but must have a batting eye as well. Both qualities come in for an equal share of consideration.

AUTO SPEED HAZARDS

That automobile track racing is hazardous sport as compared with reliability tours is shown by the tragedy recently at Syracuse, when Lee Oldfield, driving a high-speed racing car, crashed into the fence ,killing nine persons and injuring many others.

Oldfield will be remembered as the driver of the pilot car in the Munsey Historic Tour last year. This tour, which was the biggest automobile event of the year in the East, was run without a single accident. Tommy Skeggs, Lewis Strang, and Walter Donnelly, three men who drove cars in the Munsey tour, have since met violent deaths while driving racing cars, and Oldfield's accident may cripple him for life.

That the American Automobile Association will put a ban on automobile racing on dirt tracks, is expected by many followers of the game, says Harry Ward in the Washington Times. The tragedy has stirred up in the minds of the public a feeling of antipathy to this form of sport, and if the automobile makers who support racing and the association that makes and enforces the rules do not do something to stop the slaughter of drivers and spectators the Legislatures may take a hand in the matter.

It is known that almost a majority of the automobile makers are opposed to these dirt track events because the results do not prove anything. Track racing on mile and half mile courses formerly used for horse racing has not ranked high in the estimation of the public during the last year or two. There have been too many flukes and fiascos in connection with them, to say nothing of the loss of life, and it is probable that automobile racing may be restricted to the big road events and to the speedways, where the public may be given protection.

Dr. Theodore Lessing, one of the most distinguished scientists of Germany, declares that man's desire to make noises is inborn, can never eradicated, and is as natural in him as breathing. In this case as in so many others, man, of course, embraces woman too.

THE POVERTY OF CHINA

So Poverty Stricken are Certain Classes that no Weed or Fungus Escapes the Gleaner.

"Nowhere can the student of man's struggle with his environment find a more wonderful spectacle than meets the eye from a certain seven-thousand-foot pass amid the great tangle of mountains in West China that give birth to the Han, the Wei, and the rivers that make famed Szechuen the 'Four-river province.' Except where steepness or rock-outcropping forbids, the slopes are cultivated from the valley of the Tung-ho right up to the summits, five thousand feet above.

"Were it not for an agriculture of incredible painstaking, the fertility of the soil would have been spent ages ago. In a low-lying region like Kiang-su, for example, the farmer digs an oblong settling-basin, into which every part of his farm drains. In the spring, from its bottom he scoops for fertiliser the rich deposit washed from his fields. It is true the overflow from the fo[illegible] cious elements, but these he recovers by dredging the private canal that connects him with the main artery of the district.

"No natural resource is too trifling to be turned to account by the teeming population. The sea is raked and strained for edible plunder. Seaweed and kelp have a place in the larder. Great quantities of shell-fish, no bigger than one's finger-nail, are opened and made to yield a food that finds its way far inland. The fungus that springs up in the grass after a rain is eaten. Fried sweet potato-vines furnish the poor man's table. The roadside ditches are bailed out for the sake of fishes no longer than one's finger. Great panniers of strawberries, half of them still green, are collected in the mountain ravines and offered in the markets. No weed or stalk escapes the bamboo rake of the autumnal fuel-gatherer. The grass-tufts on the rough slopes are dug up by the roots. The sickle reaps the grain close to the ground, for straw and chaff are needed to burn under the rice-kettle. The leaves of the trees are a crop to be carefully gathered. One never sees a rotting stump or a mossy log. Bundles of brush, carried miles on the human back, heat the brick-kiln and the potter's furnace. After the last trees have been taken, the far and forbidding heights are scaled by lads with axe and mattock to cut down or dig up the seedlings that, if left alone, would reclothe the devastated ridges.

TEACHING THE DOG

The training of animals, to teach them to perform all sorts of entertaining tricks, is a task that requires talent on the part of the trainer, but, above all, demands patience and a thoroughly methodical procedure. Begin with the dog, and see how he is taught his tricks.

The first thing every dog must learn is his name. Select a short, sharp-sounding name, and stick to it. Never call him anything else. If you have several dogs, the name is taught on the same principle. Divide their food, and then, placing a piece on the ground call each in turn by his name, and give him the food when he comes for it. Send the others back if they come forward out of their turn. By and by they will learn that a certain name is always associated with a certain dog. Ramble among the dogs, and call out one of their names every now and then. If the right dog comes to you, reward him with a piece of cracker. Pay no attention to the other dogs. They will learn very soon; and the first great lesson — dependence and obedience — will have been learned.

Having taught a dog to fetch and carry — which he will easily learn — the next thing is to teach him to go and get any object called for. Place a glove on the floor; then say to the dog, "Fetch the glove," putting the accent on the last word. Then, when he has done this several times, place a shoe on the floor; and teach him to fetch this in a similar manner. Now place both objects on the ground, and teach him to fetch either one, as asked for — rewarding him when he brings you the right one, and rebuking him when he fetches the wrong, which you take from him and replace. He will soon learn to distinguish the articles, when a third may be substituted, and so on until a number are on the floor. You should then go into the next room, taking the dog with you; and send him to fetch any article you mention. After a little time he will bring you the right one every time.

Similar methods can be adopted with regard to other articles and the letters of the alphabet.

A memorial service was held in the Presbyterian church on Wednesday April 24. Addresses were delivered by Revs. Yates and Campbell. The sermon by Rev. Yates was from Psalm 39, chapter 9. An offering of $15 was taken up to be sent to the Sailors' Home, Vancouver.

The congregation at Clayburn and Straiton have given a call to Rev. J. L. Millar.

Mr. J. T. Smeeton has been appointed missionary to Upper Sumas Musselwhite and Kilgard.

Tenders

Tenders for construction of two storey hall to be erected at Abbotsford will be received by Abbotsford Temple Co., Ltd., until twelve noon, May 4th, 1912.

Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Plans and specifications to be seen at Dr. Swift's office, Abbotsford, B. C.

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

HAPPY HOMES

Are always supplied with fine ranges. The famous

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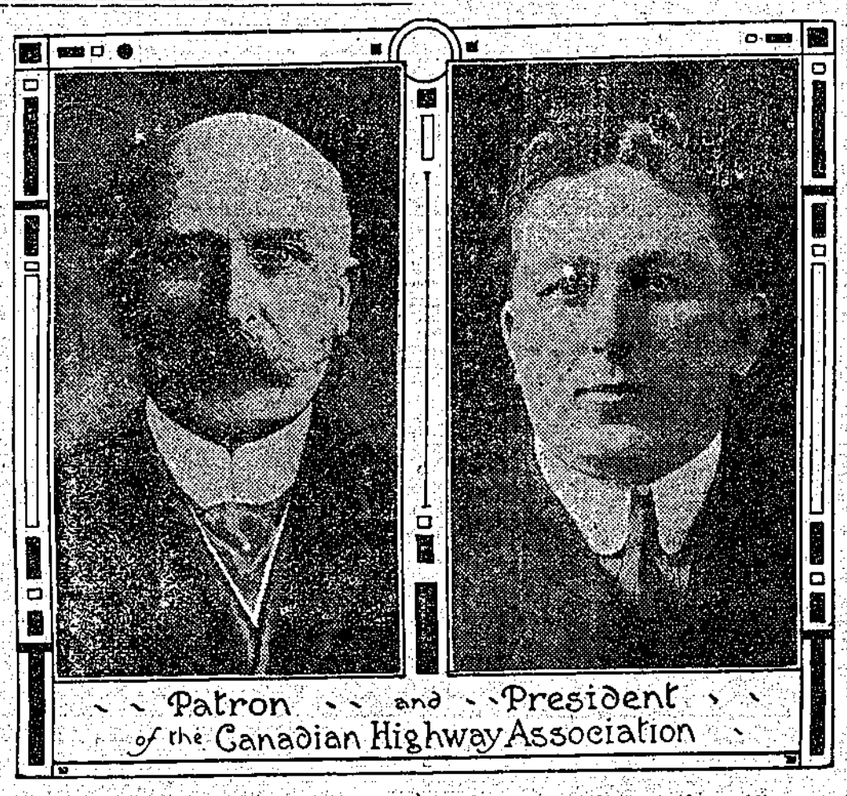

Patron and President of the Canadian Highway Association

CONNAUGHT AND KERR JOIN IN MOVEMENT FOR GOOD ROADS.

Moved by the same high public spirit and the single purpose of bringing the roads of Canada up to a standard that will be a credit to the nation, and an example to the world at large, His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, and W. J. Kerr, hold the two highest positions in the gift of the Canadian Highway Association, that of patron and president respectively

The Canadian Highway will be an accomplised fact within the next few years, and the outside world will then know that in this broad Dominion there is a road more than 3,000 miles long over which an automobile can travel in safety and with comfort. The country that offers the wealthy tourist the splendid roads that Canada will have, the magnificent scenery and exceptional opportunities of investment, will reap a large harvest from its visitors.

This association was formed in New Westminster, B. C. last November and it was at this meeting that Mr. Kerr, a wealthy resident of the coast and the principaal mover in the convention that resulted in the formation of the association, was elected president. Some time later the governor-general of Canada, whose activity in the cause of good roads is well known to those interested in this work, was approached and requested to permit his name to be used as patron, the following resolution being forwarded to him after a meeting of the executive of the association:

Moved by President W. J. Kerr, seconded by Vice-president A. E. Todd, "His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, Governor-General of Canada, having in many ways shown his interest in good roads, and more particularly by his speech from the throne at the last formal opening of parliament, be it therefore "Resolved, that the secretary extend to his Royal Highness the thanks of the officers of the Canadian Highway Association for lending his influence to the cause of road improvement, and further, "That the secretary respectfully informs His Royal Highness that it is the earnest desire of the members of this association that His Royal Highness should consent to become Patron of the Canadian Highway Association."

The following reply was received a few days ago by P. W. Luce, secretary of the association:

Government House, Ottawa,

Dear Sir,

I am desired by the Governor-General to acknowledge receipt of your letter, and to inform you in reply that His Royal Highness will be pleased to become Patron of the Canadian Highway Association as requested by your executive committee.

His Royal Highness is much interested in the subject of good roads, and wishes your association every success. I am,

Yours faithfully
Arthur F. Sladen
Private Secretary

The Duke of Connaught has long been interestd in good roads and has shown in many ways that he is strongly in sympathy with any movement that will tend to better the transportation facilities of this or any other country. Travelled man as he is, and trained in observations of things that make for public weal, His Royal Higesshn has put to practical use the knowledge gained in Canada, England, on the continent and in foreign countries, and he believes he has acted very wisely in allowing his name to become associated with the enterprise fathered by the Canadian Highway Association.

"Good roads are a social and economic necessity, and good roads we will have all over Canada before I am ready to acknowledge that the work of the Canadian Highway is finished," says President W. J. Kerr, and he means every word of it.

The monthly meeting of the W. C. T. U. was held on Monday, 15th in the Presbyterian church. It being the end of the society's financial year the election of officers took place when the following ladies were elected by acclamation to fill the offices of the union: Mrs. Campbell, president; Mrs. Millstead vice-president; Mrs. Faden, corresponding secretary, Mrs. Parton, recording secretary; Mrs. Boyd, treasurer. The society hope to take up several departments of work in the near future. After the transaction of business and election of officers tea was served and a short programme was given by some of the ladies present. A very pleasant social time was spent. There were about thirty ladies present.

ABBOTSFORD FALL FAIR

On Saturday the Matsqui council meets at Mt. Lehman. It is the intention of one of our leading men backed by the signers of a large petition to again ask the council to make a donation to meet the current expenses of the Fall Fair.

Sumas council has donated one hundred dollars, and government assistance is assured. Many Matsquites will show here, and it is the belief of the petitioners that aid should be given by the council.

HOTEL ARRIVALS

Abbotsford Hotel.

A. E. Rorison, Vancouver
W. D. Rorison, Vancouver
Jno. Miller, Vancouver
S. Ribick, Vancouver
Chas Morley, Sumas, Wash.
C. E. Marckel, Spokane, Wash.
R. P. Gallant, Vancouver
C. N. Beebe, Vancouver
Wm. Burrell, Vancouver
J. H. Johnston, Vancouver
S. McDonald, New Westminster
J. Anderson, Vancouver
Frank Hurley, Vancouver
Bill Longfellow, Vancouver
D. McInnis
W. C. Chancey, Vancouver
N. Darling, Vancouver
W. H. Taiser and wife, Vancouver
J. Teplin, Dennoon Station
D. McGregor and wife, Vancouver
W. T. Fay, Jefferson, Wis.
C. Olmstead, Vancouver
D. Gregor and wife
Dan Hall, Chilliwack
M. Lemon, Chilliwack
Jas. R. Anderson, Chilliwack
Jas. A. Brennan, Chilliwack
Wm. Hart, Chilliwack
Frank Kipp, Chilliwack
F. Campbell, Vancouver
Thos. Still, B. C. E. R.
D. McLeod, Vancouver
J. S. King, Seattle, Wash.
C. R. Gordon, Vancouver
Geo. L. Doyle, Vancouver
T. J. Conway, Vancouver
L. D. Birley, Montreal
T. L. Gamon, Vancouver.

Commercial.

W. J. Campbell, Vancouver
John Hanson, Vancouver
C. Freeman, Vancouver
D. Greenton, Vancouver
A. Wells, Mission City
T. Myhoh, Tye, Wash.
Thos. Campbell, Abbotsford
A. Brown, Abbotsford
Major Pottinger, Abbotsford
R. J. Featherstonehaugh, Abbotsford.
Fraser Campbell, Abbotsford
W. J. Whitley, Vancouver
J. Colgen, Abbotsford
J. A. Blair, Vancouver
Fred Beckott
J. Birnie, Victoria
B. Reynolds, Barrie
W. G. Gamble, Matsqui
H. Savage, Abbotsford
W. Ash, Abbotsford
Geo. Moathly, Vancouver
Alex St. Cain, Portland
E. H. Caskell, Abbotsford
W. Forsyth, Clayburn
J. Forsyth, Clayburn
J. A. McEwen, Abbotsford
J. B. King, Abbotsford
E. Howland
Wm. Porter, Vancouver

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 ransfer 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.

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.

WANTED FARM LAND—In exchange for my $1150.00 equity in Vancouver lots. Act quickly for a snap. R. A. Cooper, Clayburn B. C. A26.

Painting, Sign Writing
General repair work
J. E. PARTON
Abbotsford - B. C
Good Storage Room for Furniture.

If your Grocer has not
Five Roses Flour
On hand you can get it at the
Abbotsford Feed and Grain Store
J. J. SPARROW, PROP.

CARRIAGE PAINTER
Geo. Zeigler
Carriage, House and Sign Painter
Call and get prices.
All work guaranteed
Abbotsford - B. C.

HARRON BROS.
Embalmers and Funeral Directors
Vancouver, Office and chapel—1034 Granville St., Phone 3486
North Vancouver, Office and

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.

Electric Light
For the Residence, Store or Office.

Electric Power
For Factories and Industrial Plants

Convenience Comfort Economy

Attention will be given to all applications for service from our lines.
Address all enquiries to
Light and Power Department
Holden Block, Vancouver.
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