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The Abbotsford Post

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE GRAND LOYAL ORDER OF BOOSTERS

VOL. VII., No. 5. ABBOTSFORD, B, C., FRIDAY, DEC. 26 1913 8 $1.00 PER YEAR

The Pioneer Store

Wishes its many friends and patrons a

Bright, Prosperous and

Happy New Year

B. B. SMITH
The Pioneer Store

ABSENCE CAUSES GRIEVIOUS ALARM

Grave fears are being held as to the unknown absence of Mr. Dan McCaskill, caretaker of the dyke and pumps visited Mission City last Thursday and made several purchases, one being a lady's hat, which he bought for his wife. Shortly after 5 o'clock he started for home, and it is presumed he intended to walk across the bridge, since then nothing has been seen or heard of him. The local police were notified, and on Sunday a lady's hat was found on a sand bar in the Fraser river, about a mile below the pumping station on the south side of the river. This has been identified as the one which Mr. McCaskill purchased here, and now his friends fear that he either stumbled and fell from the bridge into the river or that he met with foul play while crossing. The night in question was somewhat foggy about the time he started for home, and the theory that he fell off is generally conceded, although he had been in the habit of walking over the bridge sometimes twice a week or more for the last year. The provincial police assisted by the Matsqui authorities are still investigating the matter, but they can hold out no hope.

OIL DEVELOPMENTS ARE PROGRESSING

(From the Fraser Valley Record)

Mr. Briant, a representative of the Imperial Oil Company, who has been in the district for the past few weeks, looking over the recent oil finds, returned to Vancouver on Sunday last. Mr. Briant, though rather reticient in giving out news, states it would be advisable to keep an eye on the future developments in this line. Mr. Briant is a well known oil expert, and is interested in the present developments at Pitt Meadows and Albion, while he also has an option on some valuable property in Dewdney, while at the same time he thinks a richer strike will be found nearer Mission City than the present one at Hatzic Prairie. Mr. Boucher, on whose property at Hatzic Prairie, the recent find was made, left on Monday's train for Vancouver, on business connected with his discovery. Mr. Boucher has just received the following analysis from a prominent mining engineer in Vancouver, who was here recently, looking over his place, and who himself dug the sample up which he had assayed: "Dear Sir—The following is an analysis of the sample which I brought down and promised to send you: Oil, 13.75 per cent.; Coke, 47.27 per cent.; Water, 35.30 per cent; Gas and loss, 3.68 per cent.; Total 100 per cent. Specific gravity of oil, 15.5 deg. C.; 1.09 base asphalt. Assay of coke: Carbon, 13.60 per cent.; Sand, 40 per cent.; Total, 100 per cent. This was assayed by Mr. G. G. West, provincial assayer.—Yours, etc.—F. E. S. Berry, Mining Engineer."

Mr. J. H. Jones, one of Mission City's local builders and contractors, has added undertaking to his other lines, and is now prepared to handle all funeral arrangements.

SECRETARY PRESENTS HIS ANNUAL REPORT

December, 1913.

To the President and Members,

Fraser Valley Development League.

As it is now drawing to the close of 1913, although our annual meeting does not take place till after municipal elections in January, I deem it my duty to submit this report of the year's work in this League.

Our last annual general meeting was held on January 24th of this year in the Board of Trade Rooms, New Westminster, which was followed by a banquet to the delegates, given by the New Westminster City Council and Progressive Association.

At the general meeting the following officers were elected: President, Mr. E. H. Heaps, Ruskin; First Vice-President, Alderman Lynch, New Westminster; Second Vice-President, Mr. J. A. Bates, Mission City; Third Vice-President, Councillor C. Bell, Matsqui.

Executive: Messrs. R. W. Hulbert, Port Coquitlam; C. H. Stuart Wade, New Westminster; Councillor Colldicutt, Burnaby; Councillor Gay, Richmond; Councillor Galer, Port Coquitlam, Councillor McPherson, Burnaby; Reeve Barth, Coquitlam; Prof. Hill-Tout, Matsqui, with two vacancies left for places at date not represented.

Secretary: Otway Wilkie was appointed Secretary.

Since that date meetings have been held as follows:

Meetings [illegible] 8 called, 2 no quorum; [illegible] called, 1 no quorum.

At these meetings the following subjects have been taken up, viz.: State of farming; freight on milk and farm produce; paved road through the Fraser Valley, both sides of river, corresponded with Government re same; bridge at Rosedale and Agassiz, Government promised a suitable ferry as soon as possible. The ferry at Pitt River which has been put in good condition night and day; laid land clearing plan before Farming Commission; laid same before Councils and Boards of Trade in Fraser Valley; this land clearing plan has been endorsed by most of the Councils and Boards of Trade, also by the Colonist newspaper in Victoria, and by the Deputy Minister of Agriculture; delegation to Government at Victoria, re space in Progress Club and to meet Honorable J. W. Bowser in Vancouver re space in Progress Club Chambers; co-operation of farmers; fruit farming, and methods in State of Washington; market gardening and Chinese peddling vegetables; market question; canal between Port Moody and Pitt River or Fraser River; industrial sites; securing employment for farm hands; bridge over Pitt River; preserving of specimens of fruit for exhibition purposes by the Government; booklet on Fraser Valley to be published by the Government, each municipality to furnish data; noxious weeds; assistance to settlers; a Department of Agriculture to be established apart from Finance, agriculture being neglected; land bureaus under control of Councils in municipalities. These questions have all been taken up by this League and no doubt will have some effect.

I regret our meetings have not been as well attended as they might have been, but our members live quite a distance apart and are very busy men, having very little time to spare for public affairs but still at great inconvenience have attended as many as possible.

Your Secretary has attended at the office regularly with the exception of a time during the assizes in New Westminster when subpoened as a witness, even then was at his post when possible.

The promised exhibits have not been attended to by the Councils and Boards of Trades as promised, although we had the best space—400 superficial feet in the Club for this purpose, but we were fortunate in having a Government exhibit of fruit, etc., which was largely grown in the Fraser Valley and in which great interest was taken by visitors.

Some visitors from New York stated that it would pay us well to have an exhibit like it in New York. Another fruit expert from California said it was better than in San Francisco. The grain exhibit and grass from Chilliwack, since Westminster Fair, has been greatly admired and I believe has done a deal of good for the Fraser Valley. Visitors visit the room from all parts of the world and are surprised at the splendid specimens of fruits, grains, grasses, etc. I consider it a great pity that we have not had a first-class exhibit such as we might have had if a little more interest had been taken by the different sections in the Valley, as when experienced farmers see for themselves they can judge what we have in the way of soil and climate. It was from what he saw of the fruit here that Mr. Turner was induced to investigate the Fraser Valley as a suitable place for the fruit and vegetable drying plant now established at Ladner. Since our office was opened here on April 1st, hundreds of visitors have visited these rooms, looking for information regarding British Columbia as a suitable place for farming and industries. A number of these I have found had no idea of such a fine country as the Fraser Valley being so convenient to Vancouver, some saying they had never heard of it, but had heard of Okanagan and Victoria. A number of these I have prevailed upon to take a trip through the valley as an excursion if nothing else, and they have come back quite delighted. Two Americans who had [illegible] through the [illegible] and Mexico stated that the Fraser Valley was the finest [illegible] they had seen. [illegible] hundred [illegible] into the Fraser Valley to investigate its possibilities as to farming and settling down on it. Some of these have settled, others I have not had definite reports from. Some have come back and stated that they had been at places in the valley and had met settlers who had told them they could not grow fruit and that there was no money in farming and they came back discouraged. This I find is one difficulty. Settlers running down the country and I am sorry to say is not confined to one section.

Your Secretary has corresponded with such firms as the Yarrow, shipbuilders of the Clyde, Scotland; Sir William Lever, of Port Sunlight, England, soapmakers; Sir William Hartley, of Aintree, Liverpool, England, jam makers, and numerous other heads of industries and land seekers, farmers, poultrymen, fruit-growers, etc. The splendid opportunities of the Fraser River and Valley have been laid before all of these. Free sites and cheap sites have been offered the Yarrows for shipbuilding on the Fraser. The splendid chances for model townsites have been laid before Sir William Lever for his soap works, now about to be established in Burnaby on Burrard Inlet. Such industries as these are a benefit to the whole district. The Douchesney fruit and vegetable drying plant is now established at Ladner after investigating the Valley through this League. Sawmill men, drain pipe, box makers, jam makers, paint workers, iron pipe makers have gone out in the Valley with cards of introduction to investigate the possibilities of establishing their industries, but what I find is that they are not encouraged, but meet with some pessimist who discourages them. One man not long ago, who had some capital, and whom I got a place on a farm to learn something before he purchased land, called to see me a week or two ago and told me that he had been on the farm all summer and that they made him work from 5 a.m. to 8 p.m., and often on Sunday and gave him eight dollars per month and that when he wanted to buy some land, he was asked eight hundred dollars per acre. Now this young man had money to buy a place with but got disgusted with the treatment he had received. I told him where he could get land for forty dollars per acre up and gave him a card of introduction. I have not heard from him since. Reports from persons like this are very harmful to

(Continued on Page Four)

VAUDEVILLE SHOW IN ALEXANDRIA NALL

Monday evening will be a treat for theatregoers as the Ideal Vaudeville Co. shows in the Opera House, for one night only. The show has six big acts, including that clever little actress, Gran Martin, who captivates the audience as soon as she appears on the stage. The Rose Sisters give some very clever dancing acts, also some catchy songs, which seems to keep the audience in roars of laughter all the time. The farce, "Saragota Springs" consists of a Frenchman, Irish and Jew, comedians, also there is a race track scene. The Frenchman is supposed to be an inventor and trys to sell the Irishman and Jew a doll which he claims can talk and walk and they naturally jump at his offer and of course they get stung as the doll turns out to be a real live girl. Barney Solomon and George Blake also keep the audience in roars of laughter with comedy. The Manager, Mr. Brewer, wishes you all a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year and will be pleased to see you next Monday evening at the show.

Owing to various counter attractions the Quadrille Club will not hold their weekly dance on New Year's Eve, but they will be resumed after New Year.

Mr. Sutherland, principal of the Abbotsford school, was the lucky winner of the three storey cake which was on display in Lee's bakery window last week.

ALDERGROVE NEWS.

A most enjoyable Christmas entertainment was held at Aberdeen school house on the 19th which was a great success. The evening was ideal and the attendance large. Rev. A. C. Alder, pastor, occupied the chair and in his own happy method introduced the subjects and persons that took part in a lengthy program. Recitations, dialogues, songs and instrumental music were well rendered. The children executed their part with feeling and taste. Aberdeen for years has been fortunate in having teachers who took a lively interest in the training of the children, and one could see, especially in the drill, how well they succeeded in their task. The pieces, too, were a good selection, chaste and appropriate for the occasion. Santa also made a good personation, was well received by the people and helped to distribute the presents. Tea, coffee and cake were afterwards served by the ladies.

Surveyors have spent a whole day on the John Shortreed farm, a mile south from here, laying out the land in ten acre lots for immediate occupation. It is understood that part of the land is sold and that in the spring a family is coming to occupy and improve. That will be a much needed occupancy on this road where the land is good, but the settlers few.

Mr. Allan Purvis, manager of B. C. E. R. interurban lines, has received word that his recommendation that the company furnish a private ward in the new building of the Royal Columbian Hospital has been favorably considered and the ward will be furnished at an estimated cost of $175. The ward will be called B. C. Electric Railway Ward. Mr. Purvis took the matter up with the company as the result of a request made of him by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the hospital.

THE ABBOTSFORD POST.

Published Every Friday by The Post Publishing Company.

A weekly Journal devoted to the interests of Abbotsford and surrounding district.

Advertising rates made known on application.

LEGAL ADVERTISING—12 cents per line for first insertion, and 8 cents a line for all subsequent consecutive insertions.

Our Shibboleth—Neither for nor agin the Government.

Friday, Dec. 26, 1913

The mildness of the past two months will make the winter appear much shorter than it otherwise would be. Few have reason for complaint of the climate of the Fraser Valley this year.

Christmas is a time of giving, in order that friends and relatives may be happy, not because of the gift, but because of the expression of good will which the present brings, and the associations of the past extending over a period of more than nineteen hundred years. It does us all good to open our hearts once a year and extend to friend and neighbor the good old greeting associated with the season's greetings. The business of the country goes on all just the same, but perhaps a little happier, as a genuine Christmas greeting is sure to carry with it a warmer feeling in the days that follow. Then the wish of this paper to all is that this may be the happiest, merriest Christmas ever spent in Mission City and district.

All residents of the north bank of the Fraser River are looking forward to the day when the tram line will be built from Mission City to Vancouver, and the earlier the date the better most residents would like it. The building has been delayed because of a bridge across the Pitt River, at least that is one reason given, besides the stringency in money. The provincial government in the purchase of the old railway bridge from the C. P. R. would undoubtedly have hastened the construction of the bridge so far as they are concerned, and we were told sometime ago that as soon as the plans had returned signed from Ottawa, where they are at the present time, that work would be begun.

The other day a delegation from New Westminster and Coquitlam waited upon the provincial government asking that the bridge be made higher than the present plans called for, the reason being given for this that it would assist navigation. Of course the heads of the government at Victoria, according to the report, "held out considerable hope that the change would be ordered." Well, why was not this thought of before the plans went to Ottawa?

If the change asked for means anything it means the return of the plans to the British Columbia government, then the altering and the return to Otawa for approval and signature. This means delay in the construction of the bridge, and the delay in our tram connections with the coast.

It certainly would have been much more appropriate if the complaint against the present plans of the bridge had come from some other place than New Westminster, and incidentally Coquitlam. Of course no one would be surprised or have objection to Mayor Mars, but when it comes to New Westminster making objections it smacks too much of that old feeling which has delayed progress throughout the Fraser Valley; and the question arises "Does New Westminster want to see the tram line built at the earliest possible date, or is the complaint at this late date done for the purpose of delaying operations for selfish reasons?"

THE MARKET

There was a busy scene at New Westminster's market place this morning, the corridors being crowded with buyers and sellers all forenoon, and trading being brisk.

Naturally the greatest demand was for poultry and as a consequence hogs that no one seemed to want as usual to dispose of, and the price fell off a little from last week. Beef was a bit stronger in price.

The supply of turkeys was not as large as one would expect within so few days of Christmas, but the offering of geese was particularly large. Ducks were also plentiful. Turkeys sold at 32 cents to 35 cents live weight, and at 35 cents to 40 cents, dressed. Geese brought from 18 cents to 22 cents, live weight, according to condition, and the few dressed birds offered brought 30 cents a pound. Ducks sold at practically the same prices. There were lots of live chickens and not a large offering of dressed birds. As far as one could find out by listening to the dickering Chinamen the prices were unchanged from those of last week, 16 cents to 22 cents.

The offering of pork was large and varied in quality. There were great heavyweights, mediums and smalls—good, bad and indifferent. One big porker, weighing 425 pounds, sold at seven cents; some good looking mediums brought ten cents, good smalls sold at 11 to 11½ cents. There were three very poor hogs that no one seemed to want at any price. A few dressed suckling pigs sold at from $2.00 to $2.50 each. Live sucklings brought nearly the same price, and a fine lot of twelve three-month-old Yorkshires were bought by Mr. R. J. Leslie, of Delta, for feeders. Veal was a bit lower in price, 16½ cents being the highest price for smalls. Large veals sold at from 13 cents up.

There was a better supply of potatoes than last week. Good tubers sold at $1.10 a sack, or $20 by the ton. Other vegetable prices remained the same as last week.

Behind the long side table there were more vendors of such products as eggs, butter and dressed birds than has been seen in the market for many months. For the first time eggs appeared bearing the rubber stamp of the Surrey Poultry Association. They were offered by G. F. Price, of Strawberry Hill. Eggs sold at 55 cents, butter at 40 cents.

The offerings of flowers and potted plants was much larger than usual, and the traders did fine business. Chrysanthemums led in cut flowers, and there was a good demand for azaleas, begonias, potted ferns, hyacinths and potted house shrubs.

There will be a special Christmas market next Tuesday, and the butchers promise a showing of holiday stuff that will be worth seeing. Then, too, will come the big display of Christmas poultry.

REFEREE GETS HIS--- SO DOES THE PRINTER

From the Fraser Valley Record

The smoking concert, supposed to be held under the auspices of the Chilliwack Athletic Club last Friday evening in the Imperial Hall, from a financial point of view was a decided frost, but the spectators who were present enjoyed witnessing the various bouts, especially the wrestling match between Indian Dan Phillips and Joe Mason, both of Chilliwack, which was won by Phillips after a hard contest.

During this bout, much amusement was caused by the official timekeeper, Mr. H. Sweeney, allowing his chair to topple backwards, precipatating him to the mat. The chair won considerable applause for winning the first fall.

In the preliminaries, Kid Lewes, of Mission City, made his debut in the squared circle, his opponent being Kid West, of Sumas, the local boy won the decision after several spirited rounds.

The main event was that of Young Jackson, the Canadian bantamweight, who was matched to fight Young Griff Smith, of Chilliwack, but as the gate receipts were not large enough, the latter declined to go on, but his place was ably filled by Young Griffo, of Hatzic, although he wore the famous Jack Johnson smile and very much resembled that fighter, received the fatal punch that put him to sleep—for about half a second—in the third round. Young Jackson showed himself a clever boxer, and no doubt if matched against someone in his class would have given a better exhibition. Mr. Dud Bryant officiated as referee to the satisfaction of all, including the sporting editor of the Fraser Valley Record. Very appropriate music was rendered during the evening by Mr. Rex Bryant, assisted by Mr. C. Tucker.

Appearing with the Ideal Vaudeville Co. Monday night in the Alexandria Hall, Abbotsford

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DEATH OF MR. SIMPSON

The death occurred on Sunday morning of an old and respected resident of the district in the person of Mr. Matt. Simpson, death being due to a paralytic stroke.

Mr. Simpson was well known in Coquitlam, where he had resided for some years, previous to making his home in Mission City some three years ago. While in Coquitlam he took a prominent part in all civic matters, having served for several years on the council there. Mr. Simpson was over 70 years of age at the time of his death, and had been feeling in the best of health up to a few days previous to his demise.

Mr. Simpson was one of the few fast disappearing pioneers who had the distinction of taking part in the Fenian raid for which he was decorated with a medal for valor.

Mr. Simpson was a native of Bruce, County, Ont., and leaves to mourn his loss, a widow and an unmarried daughter, Miss Gertrude Simpson, of Mission City, besides three sons, Matt, of Seattle, and Edward and John, of Coquitlam, also four married daughtsrs residing in Coquitlam, Mrs. Welcher Mrs. King, Mrs. Feury Mrs. Young, and Mrs. Isreal of Mt. Lehman.

The funeral was held on Tuesday afternoon to the cemetery at Hatzlc, Rev. J. Thorburn Conn officiating, followed by his friends and relatives.

The sorrowing family have the sympathy of entire community in this their time of sorrow.

The pallbearers were Messrs. R. McKibbon, C. McKibbon, D. M. Moore, J. Philcox, J. O. Manzer and D. McLean.

One marked ballot makes a noise that is more effective than all the talk of critics who neglect to use their franchise. The man who has the qualification of a voter and fails to avail himself of the opportunity to be registered, or the man who, having his name listed, refrains from voting, ought to be just as backward about criticising an administration he has neither supported or opposed, but he seldom is.

MT. LEHMAN NOTES.

The schools closed here on Friday, the 12th inst., with a dramatic performance by the children of both rooms. Over forty took part in the performance, which was admirably conducted by Miss Margaret Reid, who had the pupils well in hand, and everyone was delighted with this rather unique closing exercise. The subject was Longfellow's beautiful poem, "Hiawatha." The children were all dressed in Indian costumes with their faces colored, and did their parts splendidly. At the close of the drama, lunch was served by the young Ojibways to a large crowd of parents and friends.

Mr. Irwin Israel is busy blasting and clearing away the stumps in front of his home near the B. C. E. R. station, which greatly improves the appearance as it meets the eyes of the passengers travelling between New Westminster and Chilliwack.

Mr. Leslie Ferguson has built a water tank and done some good work improving his place during the past few weeks.

Mr. A. O. Thompson is enlarging his barn and preparing for the housing of more stock in the near future.

Mr. Murdock Gillis is relieved of his duties as juryman at New Westminster and is now home for the holidays.

The Young People's Society of the church here are arranging for a social gathering on the 31st inst. All the young people of the neighborhood are invited and a good time is expected. Rev. J. Thorburn Conn, of Mission City, has been invited to speak, and the New Year is to be started with devotional services and hearty good wishes. The pastor, Rev. W. M. Reid, will preside and give a welcome to all.

Mr. Sam Matchell, who owns extensive property in Alberta, is spending the holidays with his parents at Matsqui.

Mr. T. Barrett was instantly killed by a premature blast near Abbotsford on Saturday last.

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Each Tie packed in Fancy Box,
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Men's Silk Nit Mufflers, 35c. 50c. and $1.00

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MATSQUI-SUMAS BOARD OF TRADE

President, Chas. Hill-Tout Secretary, S. A. Morley of Abbotsford, B. C.

Meeting Held First Monday of Each Month

Write the secretary regarding manufacturing sites with unexcelled shipping facilities and cheap power or information regarding the farm and fruit lands of the district, and industries already established.

DEATH OF PIONEER MINISTER.

There died in Vancouver on Wednesday last a pioneer in the Methodist ministry, in the person of Rev. C. L. Thompson, at the advanced age of 70 years, 35 of which was spent in the preaching of the gospel in British Columbia. Shortly after being ordained in 1878, he moved to B. C., and faithfully fulfilled the duties of missionary. He spent some time in his old home, returning again to the coast two years ago, and up to his death resided at Kitsilano, Vancouver. The funeral was held on Friday to the Masonic ceremony, of which order the deceased was a prominent member. The Rev. Thompson was the father of Mrs. D. M. Moore, of Mission City.

Government Agent Campbell, of New Westminster, accompanied by Building Inspector Turnbull, were in Mission City on Monday on official business and also paid Matsqui a visit.

The Window at the White Cat

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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will let it go at that. You can't fight the police and the courts single handed. Look how the whole thing was dropped and the most cold blooded kind of murder turned into suicide. Suicide without a weapon! Bah!"

"I am not so sure about Schwartz," I said thoughtfully. "We haven't yet learned about eleven twenty-two C."

Miss Jane Maitland had been missing for ten days. In that time not one word had come from her.

Some things puzzled me more than ever in the light of Wardrop's story. For the third time I asked myself why Miss Letitia denied the loss of the pearls. There was nothing in what we had learned, either, to tell why Miss Jane had gone away—to ascribe a motive.

How she had gone, in view of Wardrop's story of the cab, was clear. She had gone by street car, walking the three miles to Wynton alone at 2 o'clock in the morning, although she had never stirred around the house at night without a candle and was privately known to sleep with a light when Miss Letitia went to bed first and could not see it through the transom.

The theory I had formed seemed absurd at first, but as I thought it over, its probabilities grew on me. I took dinner at Bellwood and started for town almost immediately after.

Margery had gone to Miss Letitia's room, and Wardrop was pacing up and down the veranda, smoking. He looked dejected and anxious and welcomed my suggestion that he walk down to the station with me. As we went, a man emerged from the trees across and came slowly after us.

"You see, I am only nominally a free agent," he said morosely. "They'll poison me yet. I know too much."

We said little on the way to the train. Just before it came thundering along, however, he spoke again.

"I am going away, Knox. There isn't anything in this political game for me, and the law is too long. I have a chum in Mexico, and he wants me to go down there. There isn't any longer a reason why one part of the earth is better than another. Mexico or Alaska, it's all the same to me."

CHAPTER XIX.

Measure For Measure.

I WATCHED Wardrop swing up the path with his head down. I saw the shadowy figure of the other man fall into line behind him. Then I caught the platform of the last car as it passed, and that short ride into town was a triumphal procession, with the wheels beating time and singing, "It's all the same—the same—to me—to me."

I called Burton by telephone. We arranged to meet at a little Chinese restaurant, where at that hour, 9 o'clock, we would be almost alone.

Burton listened attentively to Wardrop's story as I repeated it.

"So Schwartz did it, after all," he said regretfully when I finished. "It's a tame ending. It had all the elements of the unusual, and it resolves itself into an ordinary, everyday man to man feud. I'm disappointed. We can't touch Schwartz."

"I thought the Times-Post was hot after him."

"Schwartz bought the Times-Post at 3 o'clock this afternoon," Burton said, with repressed rage. "I'm called off. Tomorrow we run a photograph of Schwartzwold, his place at Plattsburg, and the next day we eulogize the administration. I'm going down the river on an excursion boat and write up the pig killing contest at the union butchers' picnic."

"How is Mrs. Butler?" I asked

"Delirious," shortly. "She's going to croak. Wardrop's going to Mexico. Schwartz will be next governor, and Miss Maitland's body will be found in a cistern. The whole thing has petered out. What's the use of finding the murderer if he's coated with asbestos and lined with money? Mike, I want some more tea to drown my troubles."

We called up the hospital about 10:30 and learned that Mrs. Butler was sinking. Fred was there and, without much hope of getting anything, we went over. I took Burton in as a nephew of the dying woman, and I was glad I had done it. She was quite conscious, but very weak. She told the story to Fred and myself, and in a corner Burton took it down in shorthand. We got her to sign it about daylight sometime, and she died very quietly shortly after Edith arrived at 8.

To give her story as she gave it would be impossible. The ramblings of a sick mind, the terrible pathos of it all, is impossible to repeat. She lay there, her long, thin body practically dead, fighting the death rattle in her throat. There were pauses when for five minutes she would lie in a stupor, only to rouse and go forward from the very word where she had stopped.

She began with her married life, and to understand the beauty of it is to understand the things that came after. She was perfectly, ideally, illogically happy. Then one day Henry Butler accepted the nomination for state treasurer, and with that things changed. During his term in office he altered greatly; his wife could only guess that things were wrong, for he refused to talk.

The crash came, after all, with terrible suddenness. There had been an all night conference at the Butler home, and Mr. Butler, in a frenzy at finding himself a dupe, had called the butler from bed and forcibly ejected Fleming and Schwartz from the house. Ellen Butler had been horrified, sickened by what she regarded as the vulgarity of the occurrence. But her loyalty to her husband never wavered.

Butler was one honest man against a complete organization of unscrupulous ones. His disgrace, imprisonment and suicide at the White Cat had followed in rapid succession. With his death, all that was worth while in his wife died. Her health was destroyed; she became one of the wretched army of neurasthenics, with only one idea; to retaliate, to pay back in measure full and running over, her wrecked life, her dead husband, her grief and her shame.

She laid her plans with the caution and absolute recklessness of a diseased mentality. Normally a shrinking, nervous woman, she became cold, passionless, deliberate in her revenge. To disgrace Schwartz and Fleming was her original intention. But she could not get the papers.

She resorted to hounding Fleming, meaning to drive him to suicide. And she chose a method that had more nearly driven him to madness. Wherever he turned he found the figures eleven twenty-two C, sometimes just the number without the letter. It had been Henry Butler's cell number during his imprisonment, and if they were graven on his wife's soul they burned themselves in lines of fire on Fleming's brain. For over a year she pursued this course—sometimes through the mail, at other times in the most unexpected places, wherever she could bribe a messenger to carry the paper. Sane? No, hardly sane, but inevitable as fate.

The time came when other things went badly with Fleming, as I had already heard from Wardrop. He fled to the White Cat, and for a week Ellen Butler hunted him vainly. She had decided to kill him, and on the night Margery Fleming had found the paper on the pillow she had been in the house. She was not the only intruder in the house that night. Some one, presumably Fleming himself—had been there before her. She found a ladies' desk broken open and a small drawer empty. Evidently Fleming, unable to draw a check while in hiding, had needed ready money. As to the jewels that had been disturbed in Margery's boudoir, I could only surmise the impulse that after prompting him to take them had failed at the sight of his dead wife's jewels. Surprised by the girl's appearance, she had crept to the upper floor and concealed herself in an empty bedroom. It had been almost dawn before she got out. No doubt this was the room belonging to the butler, Carter, which Margery had reported as locked that night.

She took a key from the door of a side entrance and locked the door behind her when she left. Within a couple of nights she had learned that Wardrop was coming home from Plattsburg, and she met him at Bellwood. We already knew the nature of that meeting. She drove back to town, half maddened by her failure to secure the letters that would have cleared her husband's memory, but the wiser by one thing: Wardrop had inadvertently told her where Fleming was hiding.

The next night she went to the White Cat and tried to get in. She knew from her husband of the secret staircase, for many a political meeting of the deepest significance had passible by its use. But the locked, and she had no key.

Above her the warehouse raised its empty height, and it was not long before she decided to see what she could learn from its upper windows. She went in at the gate and felt her way, through the rain, to the windows. At that moment the gate opened suddenly and a man muttered something in the darkness. The shock was terrible.

I had no idea that night of what my innocent stumbling into the warehouse yard had meant to a half crazed woman just beyond my range of vision. After a little she got her courage again, and she pried open an unlocked window.

The rest of her progress must have been much as ours had been a few nights later. She found a window that commanded the club, and with three possibilities that she would lose and would see the wrong room, she won the fourth. The room lay directly before her, distinct in every outline, with Fleming seated at the table, facing her and sorting some papers.

She rested her revolver on the sill and took absolutely deliberate aim. Her hands were cold, and she even rubbed them together to make them steady. Then she fired, and a crash of thunder at the very instant covered the sound.

Fleming sat for a moment before he swayed forward. On that instant she realized that there was some one else in the room—a man who took an uncertain step or two forward into view, threw up his hands and disappeared as silently as he had come. It was Schwartz. Then she saw the door into the hall open, saw Wardrop come slowly in and close it, watched his sickening realization of what had occurred, then a sudden panic seized her. Arms seemed to stretch out from the darkness behind her, to draw her into it. She tried to get away, to run, even to scream—then she fainted. It was gray dawn when she recovered her senses and got back to the hotel room she had taken under an assumed name.

By night she was quieter. She read the news of Fleming's death in the papers, and she gloated over it. But there was more to be done; she was only beginning. She meant to ruin Schwartz, to kill his credit, to fell him with the club of public disfavor. Wardrop had told her that her husband's letters were with other papers at the Monmouth avenue house, where he could not get them.

Fleming's body was taken home that day, Saturday, but she had gone too far to stop. She wanted the papers before Lightfoot could get at them and destroy the incriminating ones. That night she got into the Fleming house, using the key she had taken. She ransacked the library, finding not the letters that Wardrop had said were there, but others equally or more incriminating, canceled notes, private accounts that would have ruined Schwartz forever.

It was then that I saw the light and went downstairs. My unlucky stumble gave her warning enough to turn out the light. For the rest, the chase through the back hall, the dining room and the pantry had culminated in her escape up the back stairs, while I had fallen down the dumb waiter shaft. She had run into Bella on the upper floor—Bella, who had almost fainted and who knew her and kept her until morning, petting her and soothing her and finally getting her into a troubled sleep.

That day she realized that she was being followed. When Edith's invitation came she accepted it at once, for the sake of losing herself and her papers until she was ready to use them. It had disconcerted her to find Margery there, but she managed to get along. For several days everything had gone well. She was getting stronger again, ready for the second act of the play, prepared to blackmail Schwartz and then expose him. She would have killed him later probably. She wanted her measure full and running over, and so she would disgrace him first.

Then Schwartz must have learned of the loss of the papers from the Fleming house and guessed the rest. She felt sure he had known from the first who had killed Fleming. However that might be, he had had her room entered. Margery chloroformed in the connecting room, and her papers were taken from under her pillow while she was pretending anaesthesia. She had followed the two men through the house and out the kitchen door, where she had fainted on the grass.

The next night when she had retired early, leaving Margery and me downstairs, it had been an excuse to slip out of the house. How she found that Schwartz was at the White Cat, how

(Continued next Week!)

LOCALS

Miss Hart has resigned her position as teacher in the primary division of the Abbotsford school, Miss Grace Laxton, of Mission City, has been offered the position.

Miss Messick spent the Xmas holidays with her parents in Bellingham.

The Abbotsford Christy Minstrels will give a performance at Mt. Lehman on Jan. 16th.

Jas. Onley presents his all star vaudeville company at the Alexandaia Hall Monday evening, featuring his great farce comedy entitled "A Race For a Wife," that irrestable laugh maker. In other words a thousand laughs without a single blush. Caspard Van, late light comedian with the Pollard Opera Company has a singing and talking act of merit. Next in merit on the bill is Barney Salmon, Ireland's sweet singer and yodler. Grace Martin a dainty little miss has some songs that never fail to please. George Blake, iu character impersonations, is considered as one of the best in his line. Patty and Francis Rose are song and danbe artists of high standing. All in all Mr. Onley considers this one of the best bills he has had on the road.

"Ma," said the newspaper man's little daughter, "I know why editors call themselves 'we.'" "Why?" "So's the man that doesn't like the article will think there are too many people for him to tackle."

The following from the "Merritt Herald" will be interesting:—

"A thin, sickly little man entered one of the stores in Kamloops recently, so reports say, and quietly seated himself on a convenient chair. One of the clerks approached and asked if he wished to purchase anything. 'Oh, no,' said the man, 'I just dropped in for a few minutes.' After half an hour had passed, the manager of the store, becoming curious, approached him and asked what could be done for him. 'Why, nothing that I know of,' said the man, 'You see I have nervous prostration and the doctor told me to stay in a quiet place. Noticing that you do not advertise, I thought this would be about the quietest place I could find.' Let me tell you it was anything but quiet there for five minutes. The poor little man found himself in the street wishing that he had landed on a feather bed. But the next week the store surprised itself with a big display ad. in one of the home papers."

Secretary's Annual Report

(Continued from page 1)

us, as no doubt they let their friends know of it and the impression gets abroad that we impose on their inexperience and get the best of them if we can, and this is one reason I believe in the Langley Land Bureau, which is under the control of the Council as, when an intending purchaser goes to the Bureau he feels he is not being imposed on. High price of land in the Valley is another jar to its development. Numbers who have investigated the Valley and looked into the prices have gone elsewhere, as land on the Island and on the Skeena River and on the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific can be purchased from seven dollars an acre up, less even than the Government price, owing to speculators getting hold of this land at one dollar per acre just before the Government raised the price to ten. One man who had one hundred thousand dollars was greatly taken with the Fraser Valley but would not pay the price, went up the coast and settled there.

I am pointing this out not to harm the Valley, but to show that it has competition for settlers and to try and get owners to sell at a reasonable price, as no doubt unreasonable prices have been charged for land not worth one-fourth the money. To induce settlers to locate, a fair price must be asked for the land, else they will go elsewhere.

Your Secretary has pointed out to intending settlers all the advantages of settling in the Fraser Valley, its transportation, the Dominion and Provincial reports as to its being the richest agricultural district in British Columbia, but they say, "We can invest our money in mortgages and make more than we can out of an acre at such high prices. Land in a few instances, in particular, cleared land have been reasonable, much more so than unimproved. Of course speculation the last few years has been rife and we cannot blame the farmer for trying to get all he can for his land, but so little farm land has changed hands the last year or two, I think it is proof that the price must come down to a proper business basis.

Your Secretary has written to Sir Richard McBride, asking him for a grant to help the League in 1914. To this I have not had reply as yet. I have also written to the Minister of Agriculture asking that he publish a booklet on the Fraser Valley providing we give the data. The Government is now publishing pamphlets on individual districts, and I have pointed this out and stated in my letter that as per Provincial and Dominion reports, the Fraser Valley is the richest agricultural district in British Columbia.

Since April 1st, 1913, we have sent out into the Fraser Valley one hundred and eleven persons to investigate its possibilities. Included in them are industries: Sawmill, 2; soap making, 1; paint, 1; sash and door, 1; box making, 1; shipbuilding, 1; fruit drying, 1; iron pipes, 1; jam making, 1, about an average of eleven per month. The results of this we do not know yet, some have settled, including the Douchesney fruit and vegetable drying establishment at Ladner, employing about twenty hands, all white. This firm is, I believe, contemplating extending their business and opening in some other part of the district. The Sherwin-Williams Paint Company contemplate coming here, also, as a result of the "Patronize Home Produce Campaign," which is now in the air, which was also started by this League. The Sir William Levers Company have purchased seven acres in Burnaby and a warehouse site for their works. The box making at Abbotsford is still, I believe, on the tapis, the shipbuilding not certain of yet. The jam making was not encouraged in the places called on from what I can hear. The other industries I have not heard the results of their enquiries. But I certainly think when industries like these are sent out into the district to investigate, the representatives ought to be encouraged. Some of the farmers have purchased land and settled down in Maple Ridge, Langley and Chilliwack. One person in another part left for reason stated before. So that at present we do not know the real results of the work of the League. We have the advantage of the Progress Club's literature which we have obtained free. The following have been distributed free of all cost except stamps to this League:

Vancouver and its Neighbors—a pamphlet dealing with the Fraser Valley. 1,500 copies.

Government pamphlet. 10,000 copies.

Opportunities in British Columbia. 8,000 copies.

Municipal pamphlet—Fraser Valley. 2,100 copies.

No doubt but that these will all bring results in time, as we are constantly replying to enquiries from many parts of the world and although we have not had as good results as hoped for, all these endeavors have to wait for results and a large number of these pamphlets have been sent long distances and will be passed from hand to hand. I have been particular in these pamphlets (Government Bulletins) to mark the Fraser Valley which points out that the Fraser Valley is the richest farming section in British Columbia. The Dominion reports, latest published, also report this, so that the Valley has a great advantage in this alone.

I believe if all the municipalities would join this League the work could be carried on for about $12,00 per month each, which is a very low rate a month for advertising, when we consider that we obtain literature free and if we can induce the Government to publish the pamphlet as suggested by your Secretary, and they may also give a grant as requested, if they do this it can be done for even less than $12.00 per month and I believe it is well worth carrying on this League's work. As I have said before hundreds come to this office who have never heard of our fine farming district and even if we succeed in locating only a few industries and settlers, the cost is well paid.

Mr. Pearce, a Cambridge graduate, called on me in the Fall and in conversation with him, learned he was about to go to England. I induced him to visit the Fraser Valley and see it before he sailed. He did, and as a result, he made a thorough investigation as to its possibilities for farming, and was very pleased with his investigations and before he left here he secured all necessary literature from me and told me that he would lecture in England on the Fraser Valley, and would do this with the moneyed classes.

Mr. Steel, of Massachusetts, U. S. A., was here with me with the same object in the Eastern states. He also secured literature from me. Now these lecturers, which no doubt will bear fruit, have cost the League nothing.

Before concluding I must say that I have received every courtesy from Dr. Rowe, the Commissioner of the Progress Club, Mr. Lawler and all the staff. I find Dr. Rowe a broad minded man and a friend of the Fraser River and Valley, recognizing its great possibilities for industries and farming. I can say that in Dr. Rowe the Fraser Valley has a friend.

I now thank you, Mr. President and gentlemen for your courtesy to me while in office, thanking you for the position of Secretary and apologizing for any mistakes or short comings which may have occurred during my term of office, but I assure you, gentlemen, my heart has been in the work of trying to develop the Valley of the Fraser where my home has been for many years.

I will now submit my financial statement.

Thanking you, Mr. President and Gentlemen, I am,

Yours obediently,
OTWAY WILKIE,
Secretary.

P. S.—Owing to all dues not being paid financial report is held pending payment. O. W.

MAKE YOUR HOME A PRESENT

of a bath-tub; see to it that bath-room has the proper fittings, and that the plumbing is in good order. Our tubs and bath-room fittings are thoroughly up to date, and our plumbing work never fails to satisfy the man most hard to please. When you want plumbing done, we can save you money.

WM. ROBERTS
Plumbing Shop
Old Creamery Bldg. Abbotsford

A Prosperous and Happy New Year

To all Our Friends and Patrons

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E. O. Brundage
Painter and Decorator

If you want any artistic work in Painting, Paperhanging and Decorating give us a call.

Practical work at practical prices

Gladys Ave. - - - Abbotsford

SWIFTS'
FERTILIZER

Abbotsford Feed Store

Presbyterian Church Notice

Abbotsford
Pastor—Rev. J. L. Cam bell, B. A., B. D.
Services—Sunday school 10 a.m.
Public Worship 11 a. m.
Teacher training class 3 p.m.
Public Worship 7.30 p. m.
Choir Practice, Friday 8 p. m.
Meeting for Bible Study and Prayer Wednesday 8 p. m.

Huntingdon
Sunday School, 2.15 p. m.
Public Worship 3.30 p. m.

See Bates for Shooting Notices. The market

J. H. JONES
Builder and Contractor
Estimates Given Free
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Matsqui Hotel
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Rates 50c, 75c and $1.00 per day

First Class Grill and Bar in Connection. Free Sample Room. The leading Commercial House of the Fraser Valley.

Porter meets all trains

J. K. MCMENEMY
Horseshoer and General Blacksmith

A Good Stock kept for Carriage and Wagon Repairs

First-class Carriage Painter in Connection

Alexandria Hall
Monday, Dec. 29
The Ideal Vaudeville Co.
with
Six Big Acts,
Featuring the Farce
"A Race for a Wife"
Show starts at 8:30 p. m.
Popular Prices

ELECTRIC APPLIANCE SALESROOM AND EXHIBIT AT ABBOTSFORD

For the convenience of its patrons residing in the central section of the South Fraser Valley the B. C. Electric has opened a salesroom and display of electrical appliances at Abbotsfard, adjoining the B. C. Electric station.

The salesroom will be in charge of Mr. F. C. Wiggins, a representative of the Light and Power Department, who will also deal with questions pertaining to the Cempany's light and power lines throughout the central section of the valley.

A visit to our Abbotsford Salesrooms will be interesting. You can then see for yourself how Electrical appliances can save you time, labor and money.

The company has also established salesrooms in New Westminster, on the second floor of the B. C. Electric block and at Chilliwack.

B. C. ELECTRIC RAILWAY COMPANY