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# The Abbotsford Post

VOL. IV., No. 9. ABBOTSFORD, B. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 5, 1912 8 $1.00 PER YEAR

PROBABILITIES
Snow, Ice, Rain and Sleet On many a City Street.

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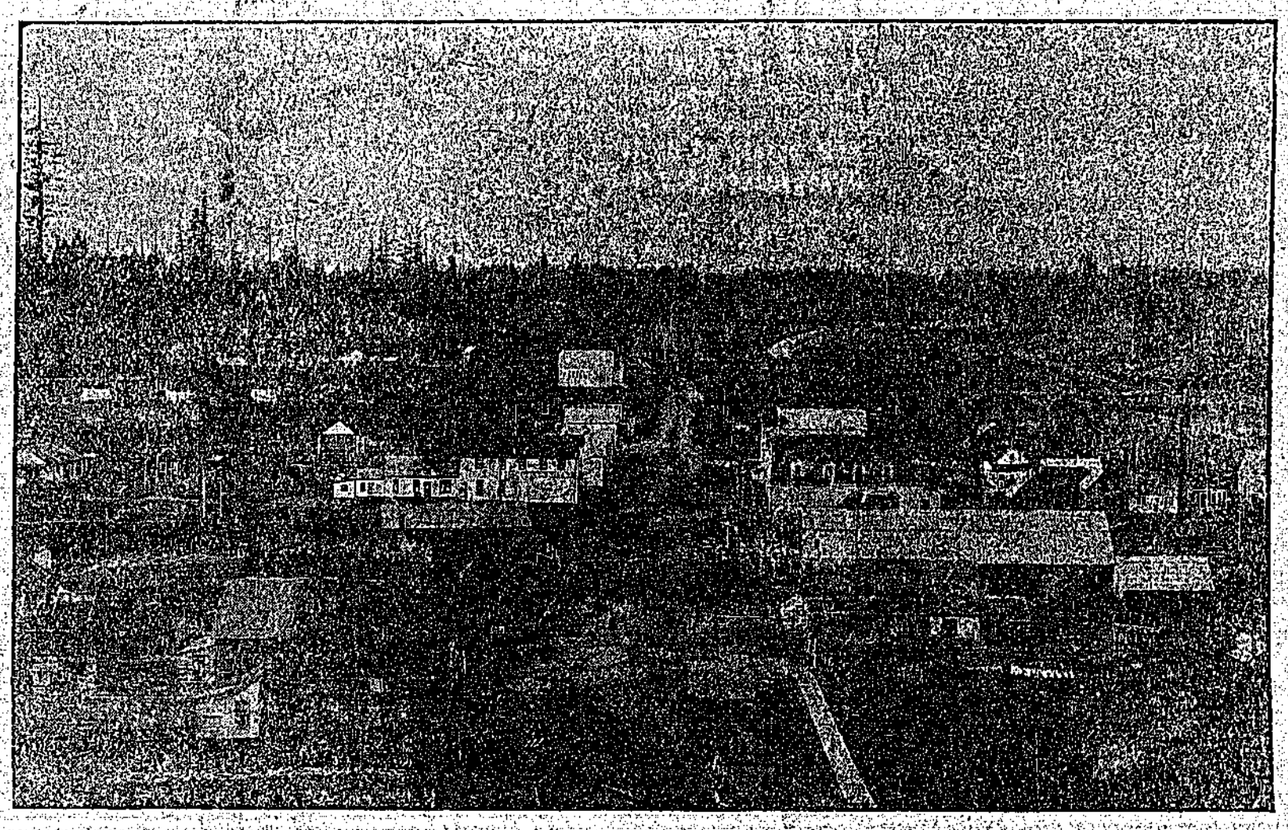
## Abbotsford as It Appeared in 1910



Compare It With the Present Growth and Watch Future Developments

### MATTERS MUNICIPAL

In Matsqui municipality there appears to be every prospect of a contest for the reeveship. Mr. W. Merrifield who has been reeve for some years is a hard man to oust from office should he decide to again stand for office, and he is it is understood in the field again

Mr. J. Hargitt a farmer well and favorably known on the Matsqui prairie believes he would like to become reeve; in the meantime as he saws wood with his gasoline engine he is evidently considering the matter. Nomination day will make his decision public.

So far as is known to this paper it is not likely there will be a contest in wards I. and II., but in ward IV. there is hope of a good lively fight. Councillor Aish is in the run again, and our old friend Charlie Bell is talking about taking a chance. He is quite popular for a new man and might give Mr. Aish a nice little trot for the desired honorship.

In ward III. there is also rumor of a contest. Councillor Cruick shank is in the field again, and there is report that Mr. Ware believes he would like to be councillor for that ward. Should both come into the limelight of publicity on Monday there should be an interesting contest.

For school trustee there are all kinds of rumors. One is to the effect that William Elliott the Laid of Matsqui will be in the field, and another that Ed. Dalton would like to see what young ladies are to be hired to teach the young idea and then there is another report around that George Duguid will be in the field if no one else wants to run. Monday tells the tale.

In Sumas the big fight is for the reeveship and it will in all probability be between Mr. Atkinson and the present reeve. Both are good men, good runners and equally good on the platform and Sumas municipality is fortunate in having two such men for the chief office in municipal affairs.

### FINE COURSE OF LECTURES

Under the management of Deputy Minister of Agriculture W. E. Scott an dProvincial Archardist R. M. Winslow a series of lecture demonstrations in fruit and vegetable growing will be held through out the district. This p articular course will be under the direction of the horticultural branch of the department of agriculture. Dates and places have been arranged as follows;

Aldergrove, Monday, January 15, 1912, 2 p.m.

Abbotsford, Thursday, January 18, at 2 p.m.

Not only fruit and vegetable growers, but all agriculturists will find the lecture on soils, cultivation an dplant growth, of value to them

Short courses in fruit and vegetable to be held under the direction of the horticultural branch of the department of agriculture at; Aldergrove, Monday, January 15, Abbotsford ,Thursday, January 18

At Aldergrove, on January 15, the pprogramme will be; Pruning Demonstration, M. S. Middleton; Soil cultivation and fertility, J. F. Carpenter. Evening—7;30 small fruit culture, J. F. Carpenter; 8;30 renovation of neglected orchards, M. S. Middleton; 9;30, illustrated lecture.

Abbotsford, on January 18—Prun in demonstration, H. Thornber; soil cultivation and fertility, B. Hoy; fruitgrowers vegetable garden, P. E. French. Evening, 7;30, culture of fruits, B. Hoy; 9;30, grafting and buddung demonstration, H. Thorn-

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Mr. Billie Black from Vancouver was in town on New Year visiting his old friends.

Mr. Hector McKenzie was a visitor to Vancouver this week.

The public schools will reopen on Monday, January 8th.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Kerr moved into their new home on Monday last.

### THE LEAP YEAR BALL IN MAPLE LEAF HALL

The Leap Year Ball given in the Maple Leaf Hall on Monday, January 1st was a grand success and there was a large number present to participate in the first ball of the new year. Everett's orchestra was responsible for the good music

One good thing always leads to another and now the ladies of Abbotsford are going to give a leap year ball on the 12th; and oh! ye bachelor men, watch out, for you will be loyally entertained. Invitations are to be out in a day or two.

### MATSQUI PUBLIC MEETING

The public meeting at Matsqui on Friday evening last was an interesting one, although all were not present who were expected.

Mr. J. T. Aish explained to the meeting that the municipality had nothing to do with the government money on the roads. There was an impression that the government handed the money over to the municipality to spend, but it was not the case. The governnment grant was spent by the government under the supervision of the road superintendent.

Several good speeches were delivered on municipal matters.

### ENTERTAINED HER FRIENDS

Miss Alder entertained a party of friends at her home Thursday evening December 28th.

Among those present were The Misses Hilda, Annie, Mabel and Selma Nelson; Annetta, Emma and Clarice Tretheway; Miss Boyd, Miss Fraser; Miss Bailey; Miss Mc Gowan and Miss Grayce Mc Callum

The Messrs Boyd, Barrett, McArthur; McLean; Scotsvold; Bellamy Chamberlain; Drummond; Donaldson; Muirhead; Baker and Fraser.

Refreshments were served and all had a most enjoyable evening.

## THE ABBOTSFORD POST

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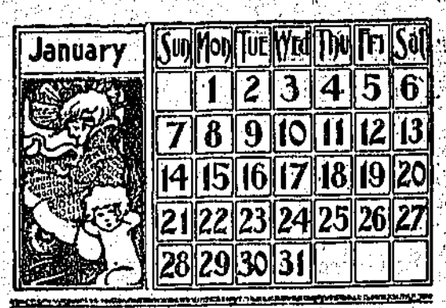
**Our Shibboleth—Neither for nor agin' the Government.**


FRIDAY, JANUARA 5, 1912

The Post in wishing its readers all the good luck desirable in 1912, and needful would call attention to the bright prospects ahead of this section of the rFaser Valley. The growth of the town and district during the coming year will unless we are much mistaken be greater than ever. Everywhere throughout the Fraser Valley we find prosperity during the past year, and there is no reason why it should not be continued during the present year.

The district around Abbotsford si each season becoming more popul- with the prairie man who comes to B. C. to engage in farming and fruit growing on small areage, where the climate is such that he can enjoy life while earning money. The British Columbian who returns to to us after a visit to his old home on the prairie, tells us that people there are becoming more and more enamored with the delighful reports and results heard from this province of farm and country life Far away hills always look green but when those far away green hills show results such as we can produce, there is bound to be a big influx of people of the better class to settle and make their home onthe green hills of results.

There are at the present two excellent results of successful small agricultural pursuits close in to Abbotsford—the nurseries and the poultry ranch. Intending settlers who visit these two successful men cannot but be impressed with the results obtainable, especially when just as good can be obtained with energy and ability. These are not the only successes on farms but are taken as illustrations. What man has done, man can again do is the way an intending settler will look at it, and the fact of striking examples right here will go a long way towards locating others close at hand.

There is ample room for a good sized business centre on the south side of the Fraser between Westminster and Chilliwack, and there is no other point with advantages such as Abbotsford has in the way of central location and shipping facilities. It is up to us all to do the boosting for the town.

Combined with the shipping facilities, central location of the town looms up the fact that there is ample cheap power here and good sites for manufacturing industries If the B. C. E. R. and the Western Canada Power Company cannot supply enough cheap powe rfor a manufacturing tow mof 50,000 it is not possible to obtain it elsewhere in British Columbia. When all is done and the last word is said the electrical energy is the only power for satisfactory results.

——0——

Fortunately or unfortunately Abbotsford is not excited these days over municipal elections; but on both sides of us there is considerable municipal politics in the air But it makes but little difference to Abbotsford who wins, except if progressive men are the holders of office then the surrounding districts will develop faster and in that way help our town. If you have a chance to say a word in the interests of progress.

## THE BACKWOODSMAN

By Acton Seymour

certain suspicions, he scratched a match and dropped it upon a considerable deposit of the black stuff that the trunk had shed at its impact on the platform.

The experimenter's suspicions were confirmed.

The black stuff "flashed" with a vicious hiss, and fire ran along the trail.

"Powder!" yelled the man who had convinced himself.

The station agent saw the chasing serpent of the blaze just in time to throw himself over the edge of the platform and duck his head. There was a breathless instant, every eye in Kyle's crew on the trunk; and then the fateful piece of baggage exploded. "Erupted" might be the better word. Never were the passenger's secrets of property so instantly opened to the world.

Following the muffled "boof!" of the explosion, the air was alive with belongings. Blazing shirts took sudden flight, and looped themselves over the telegraph wires. Clothing alighted on the log cars and smoked and smoldered. Men dodged mysterious missiles that whizzed past, and ran and recovered them, finding them to be brushes and razors and toilet articles, of whose nature the simple habits of the woods had not informed the finders.

They came bringing these back to George, who stood staring at this wreck in a state of mind that combined astonishment and ferocity.

A certain tall man made the most notable capture. He had been lounging against the side of the station when the train came in. He saw a pair of hunting boots coming his way They were tied together by the lacings, and revolved about each other in their flight. The tall man stuck up one gaunt arm and picked them out of the air by the lacings. The owner was standing beside him, but the captor made no move to return the shoes.

"Sort of what the newspaper advertisements would call an openin' of gents' furnishin's," he remarked cheerily. "Spontaneous come-bust-up, scientifically speakin'. Was that your trunk?"

"It's my trunk — and it's my powder for my shells — and — and a fool with fire!" cried the young man angrily.

The rest of the mob ceased to take interest in the incident, for one of the bands had listened to entreaties, and now began to play the tune most eagerly besought: "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night." Tramping men kicked the remains of the smoking trunk right and left; garments still hung their torches on the wires.

In the uproar, George had not heard the horse coming. He was staring up regretfully at a hunting coat just dropping into shreds. The man with the boots yanked him out of the way, and the girl went past, and almost over him as he stumbled She did not look at George. The big black that she rode crouched back when the music blared under his frothing muzzle. But she lashed him down the platform, scattering musicians and listeners. The music stopped.

"Three cheers for Queen Clare, the daughter of——" began a man, raising his hat. But she struck down his swinging hand with her crop, and her indignant cry stilled them.

"It's just as I thought, and that is why I'm here. You haven't the sense and decency even to bring my father's coffin to the house without a riot. You are drunk already. You are destroying property." Her keen eye had noted the flaming garments on the wires.

But Governor Harriss had been marshaling the unloading of the huge box. He rushed to her through the press, his ancient hat in the crook of his elbow, bowing to her as to a divinity.

"I am in charge, Miss Clare, and it shall be done right and proper. I know how."

But the divinity was not calmed.

"Stop this drunken noise, then. I'll have you to understand, men, that I'm carrying out the wishes of my dear father, because I'm the one he depended on to carry them out. But I'll not have his dotlery insulted here, to-day — and you were doing it, just now." She addressed them as men would address men. She used the language and the tone that Bill Kyle might have used.

"It's the girl of Cornelius Corran that's talkin' there, all right," mumbled the tall man at George's side. "It's many a lesson he's given her in talkin' to men."

"I see your'e lookin' at them things," explained the governor, justifying himself and his friends. Her indignant eyes were flashing from embers of trunk to smoldering apparel on the wires. "Them ain't antics, Miss Clare. It was accident. The dude's trunk got blowed up."

He pointed to the forester, who stood apart wtih certain poor salvage in his hands. He did not make a heroic spectacle, thus; but her

charge you. But I'm going to favor you a little. I'm going to allow that you'd been drinking and didn't realize what you were talking about. You get into the wods, where you belong. You stay there, attending to your work, and we'll let the matter drop. Remember that I'm doing you a special favor. Make good, now, and I won't report you."

It was threat, promise, and bribe combined. The insolence of it stung the young man. It was perfectly plain to him that the Great Trust Co. and Wiggin were in collusion. The prompt visit of this stranger to the old man, and their equally prompt visit to squelch the man who had presumed to interfere with the plot, showed him all.

Had George been less indignant, he might have given up, there and then, his vague plans of helping Clare Corran. But his spirit rose under this contempt.

"You're not dealing with a ten-year-old in this matter," he blurted. "I know perfectly well what the scheme is, and you're talking big to the wrong man — let me tell you that!"

The stranger knew men. He understood that he had to do with no craven.

"George," he said conciliatingly, "you don't understand the thing at all. You think you do, but you have got only a peek in. I can't tell you details. It's none of your business. Our company is going to use every one all right. Now, you travel on. I'll see to it that you never lack for a job while we operate in this country. You're a Great Trust Co. man. Of course, you know how to be loyal."

The whole problem that had been revolving in George's mind for three days was laid before him, now, for instant solution. The bribe was offered without disguise — the threat was behind it. On the one hand, he had a hold on the company — he had stumbled upon their secret by the senile bungling of old Wiggin. On the other hand, was a girl who had given him no right to feel interest in her.

"I'm hired by the Great Trust Co.," he admitted. "I know that. My place is in the woods—I know that, too. But this man Wiggin is ready to sell out the interests of his employer — and that employer is an orphaned girl. If he'll resign as trustee of that estate, and let a man have the job who will take care of her property, I'll go into the woods and keep this thing to myself."

"What kind of a lord-high gull do you think you are, anyway?" demanded the company agent. "Who gave you license to butt in on other folks' business?"

"Any man has got a right to butt in, when he sees the helpless and innocent being done out of their own."

"Are you going to quit being a fool? Are you going to slander your own employers any more?" The agent got up and shook his fists at George. He had been furious ever since Wiggin had told him the story. He had restrained himself as much as possible in the interests of diplomacy. But he saw that this young hot-head was not amenable to diplomacy.

"I'm going to see that Corran's daughter has a square deal."

Harry realized that he had made his choice. Fury impelled him. His temper had been strained for many days. He thirsted for combat. Up in that land of man to man, the primitive passions got hold of him. The thought of slinking away into the woods, in his own interest, made him hate himself because he had entertained it for one moment. He was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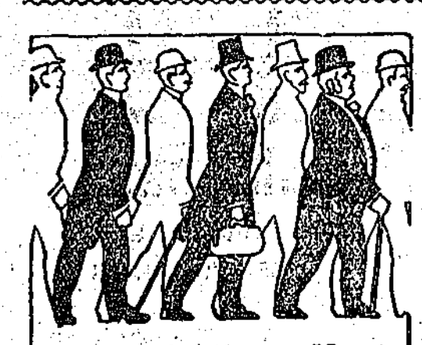

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thinking less of Clare Corran at that moment than he was of his own resentment.

"Take your job and go to the devil with it!" he raged. "I can find honest people to work for!"

"You're discharged," said the stranger. "I was going to make you an offer, but I won't let you blackmail us. You open your head about this matter, and I'll have you in jail for trying to blackmail. You're up against the biggest proposition in this country, just now, youngster. You don't know what it is; but you'll find out quick, if you don't get out of this section as fast as that train will carry you."

"You leave it to me — I'll see that he goes," declared Wiggin venomously.

"I'm not taking any orders from any one, just now," announced George. "I'm my own man." He dragegd out his wallet, and threw a packet of bills at the agent. "There's your company money. Now, get out of my room, the two of you, or I'll throw you out."

They departed.

He stood for a moment in the middle of the room. Then, he threw his arms above his head with a gesture of relief.

"I'm a fool," he said aloud; "but thank God, I can look at myself in the glass without being ashamed of the man I see there."

VIII.

With his mind made up, Harry George was no longer a laggard. He did not underestimate the power of the Great Trust agent, or of Jepson Wiggin. He determined to go to Clare Corran, manfashion, warn her of Wiggin's contemplated treachery, and then leave the section, seeking employment where he could preserve his self-respect. It was important that he should reach the girl before harm happened to himself, or Wiggin could prejudice her.

He armed himself with the revolver that he had salvaged from his wrecked trunk, hiding it, and followed the men down the stairs. They were talking with the landlord, and did not see him.

Harry hurried straight to the Corran house. It was on the slope of the valley set in a circle of old black growth trees of virgin spruce. From the porch of the tavern, he had seen portions of the house through the trees. But when he approached, he saw what a peculiar structure it was. One section was of logs. It was here that Cornelius Corran had dwelt, eating from his tin dishes on rough tables with his men, living the life of a woodsman. Harry had been told of his tastes in that respect.

Attached to the rude log walls was a wing that consisted of a cottage, dainty and graceful. The great log house was plain and gloomy, with its deep-set, little panes of glass and its rough walls; the cottage was fresh, vine-embowered, and picturesque. George knew that Clare Corran dwelt there; it had been her father's whim to lodge her thus.

The girl, herself, was on the porch, and rose to meet him.

He did not sit in the chair she proffered. Standing and looking straight into her eyes, he told his story.

"I realize how it must sound, coming from me, a stranger," he said, at the close. "I can only remind you that I am disinterested. I am not an employee of the Great Trust Co., even. I am leaving for Montreal by the first train that will take me there."

She had listened intently. A flush had come into her pale cheeks. Her eyes narrowed as he talked. Her nostrils dilated from time to time.

"Why do you leave your employment with the company in this quick fashion?" she demanded. "Has it anything to do with what you tell me?"

"Pardon me," he replied. "But my reasons for leaving are strictly personal. I prefer not to discuss that part of the affair."

"Once more, you correct my manners," she cried hotly. "I'm obliged to you, sir."

"I did not mean to be impolite, Miss Corran. But why I left the Great Trust Co. has really nothing to do with the matter."

"It hasn't, hey?" They turned, Jepson Wiggin had hurried up, the soft carpet of tree-fluff hiding the sound of his feet. "He's been discharged, Miss Clare. The company wouldn't have him. He's a meddler, and a liar. He just lied this minute to you. He said his leaving didn't have anything to do with your business. He said it, didn't he? I don't know what business he was tellin' you about, but he lied, whatever he said. It was because he was caught buttin' into your business that he was fired."

She waited coldly.

"Now, Mr. Evans is here, and is going to arrest him for blackmail," Wiggin went on. "That's a part of the blackmail, what he's been tellin' you."

"Have you overheard what he has been telling me?" she asked.

"No, but I know what he was saying. He was accusin' me."

"Be careful that a guilty conscience does not betray you, Mr. Wiggin," she warned. "You appear to know more about this matter than an innocent man is entitled to know." She turned to Harry. "So you have lost your position because you interested yourself in my behalf?"

He protested again that it was a business that concerned him alone. "I can only assure you that I've told the truth," he added. "Now that Mr. Wiggin is present, I accuse him to his face, in your presence, of proposing to me to sell you out. You are warned, Miss Corran. That's all I can do." He bowed, and stepped down off the porch.

"Will you wait one moment, Mr. George?" she pleaded. She disregarded the presence of Wiggin, who was tramping about, cursing under his breath. "I propose to take action in this matter. I can do nothing——" she paused and called him back to her. She said in tones too low for Wiggin to hear: "I can do nothing to put this man out of his position under the will, unless I have you as a witness for me. And I have no man of business to consult with. Can you not arrange your affairs so that you can stay here a few days? You see that you will be leaving me in sore trouble unless you stay."

"I warn you to have nothing more to do with that liar, Miss Clare," called Wiggin. "I'm the trustee of your estate. I propose to see you protected."

She went to the edge of the piazza, her chin up, disdain in her features.

"Mr. Wiggin," she said, "my father trusted you — trusted you too much. This news that Mr. George has brought is not new to me — it does not surprise me much, for I have read you for a long time. Remember that I am a woman, and a woman can see where a man is blind. I give you fair warning that I'm going to put you out of your trust. Will you resign? It will be better for you."

"Of course, I won't resign. I don't propose to leave Cornelius Corran's estate to be picked up by the first crook that comes along."

"Then, you're going to fight me, and you'll wish you hadn't tried it," she declared, with spirit. "I own what Cornelius Corran left. I am mistress here. I give you a chance to save yourself from disgrace. I ask you, once more — will you resign quietly?"

"I'll not get out in any such way. I'm going to obey your father's wishes. What's the reason you're disobeying them all of a sudden?"

She flushed. It was a tender spot he had touched on. Perhaps her conscience told her that a strange reason prompted her—an impulse she had never felt before. She advanced on the obstinate old man. There was fire in her eyes.

"Wiggin, I allow no man to dictate to me, now that my father is gone — no man to question my motives. I have good reasons for discharging you. My father could not read. I can. I have watched some of your dealings in the written word, and I know that you are dishonest. I have only been waiting for the right occasion to tell you so. I tell you, now."

"You wait till I get to the probate judge," cried Wiggin. "I'll have you taken care of, Miss Clare. You ain't responsible. You'd better let this thing drop. I know more law than you do. You're going to be sorry."

She turned her back on him, undismayed.

"Mr. George," she said, "you see I'm in sore trouble, just now. I have plenty of friends in this north country, but they do not understand business. I need your assistance. I'm not appealing to you as woman to man. I don't want any chivalry. I'm talking straight business. I want you to take charge of my affairs, for you are in a position to understand them better than any one else at this time. I want you to engage suitable lawyers, and manage my business until this is straightened out. It will not take long, I hope. And then you can go on about your own affairs."

"If that skunk stays in this section many hours more, he'll get his, with the pepper pot emptied on it," roared the old man truculently.

Her proposition had taken George's breath away. Wiggin's threat jumped him into acceptance. He was no coward. He would have seemed so, had he refused at that moment.

"I'll accept the position," he said bluntly.

"This gentleman is my new manager, Wiggin." Round spots on her cheeks were very red. "You'll have to deal with him from now on."

"I'd like to see him manage," stated the old man. "I've got the law behind me."

Harry allowed himself a bit of a boast—he was young and very angry. "I'll put some more law behind you, Wiggin. It will be the kind of law that will push hard."

Wiggin hurried away.

Harry remained for a time in consultation with his new employer. At the end, both of them realized that they needed legal advice to regulate their future acts. Once assured that he was right, the young man was certain that he would be a match for the schemers — such is the optimism of youth. And, looking at the girl, he felt that a man would be craven, indeed, who allowed the interests of such a one to suffer.

He proposed to her that he should start at once for the nearest city, in order to procure advice and set in motion the necessary legal action to protect her property. She gave him a copy of the will and such other papers as she possessed.

"It will not do for you to go by the company's railroad to the junction," she warned him. "The men are only tools, and I shall fear for your safety. You may take my horse — I'll trust you both to win out. Reach the railroad below the junction — I'll give you the maps of the trail. Then, they will not know where you are, or suspect why you have gone away."

He prepared to ride out of Corrancache under cover of the darkness that evening. He ate his supper with her at the Corran house.

"Tell me, Mr. George," she said, "just why you decided so quickly to take charge of my affairs. It's an impertinent question, but I'd like to know."

He looked at her a moment. The eternal feminine shone in her eyes. But he, with the fatuousness of youth and in order to quiet the conscience that whispered the name of Mary Laroche to him, said: "I have a very dear girl waiting for me in the world outside. I have my way in life to make. And the thought of her gives me courage to befriend another who may need what poor assistance I can render. There are two strong reasons why I'm doing this, Miss Corran."

For one fleeting instant, her eyes clouded. No woman listens unmoved to a declaration that puts another woman above her. Even entire lack of personal interest in the man hardly serves to console. She recovered from her surprise instantly. She smiled at him.

"I am glad to hear that," she said. "I am relieved. Men have been fools enough to annoy me with their attentions. You and I can get along on a strictly business basis. I have nothing to worry about."

He went away, feeling that matters were exactly right between them, and yet her evident relief, when he had confessed, piqued him.

IX

It was a bone-wearing trip. The black horse knew the way, and brought him safely to the railroad. The railroad took him to the city and the lawyer. The grave man of justice could not console his impetuosity. He could set the necessary legal machinery at work to dispossess the false Wiggin, he assured Harry, and, no doubt, in the end would save the girl's interests. But this could not be done in a moment.

In the meantime, Clare Corran needed an able and fearless manager on her properties, for law had a rather unsteady grip on the outposts of the north country, so the lawyer explained. He told Harry how he could proceed so that he could pro-

(Continued next Issue)

## SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Mr. E. M. Brown returned from Spokane last week where he had spent the holidays.

Mr. Paul Taylor from Vancouver spent New Year with his brother Mr. Alex Taylor.

Miss Moore returned home on Tuesday after spending the holidays with her mother in Victoria.

The many friends o fMr. and Mrs. Eby will be sorry to learn their son Victor is ill in Vancouver with diptheria, but all hope for a speedy recovery for the young lad.

Mr. H. Lamont and bride from Nanaimo visited Mr. and Mrs. McMenemy this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McCallum left for their new home in Westminster on Tuesday last.

Miss Leila Zeigler returned home from a visit with friends in Vancouver.

Mrs. Rob Harvey and Miss McInnes from Vancouver spend the holidays with Miss McInnes' brother, Mr. Angus McInnes.

Miss Elliott and Miss Crawford of Vancouver spent New Year with Miss Elliott's parents.

New Year day brought back to town some of the old faces we were once familiar with. Strange how living once in Abbotsford makes people love Abbotsford.

Abbotsford like the rest of the Fraser Valley has donned her mantle of snow. Must be so many of the prairie people who attract the snow. They at least enjoy the change.

## A PIONEER PASSED AWAY

**(From Fraser Valley Record)**

There passed away at the general hospital at Vancouver on Tuesday last one of the pioneers of the Fraser Valley in the person of Mr. Joseh Lennon, who for twenty-one years was section foreman on the C. P. R., between Mission City and Agassiz.

The deceased had been ailing for some time and believing that better care would restore his health he went to the hospital, but was there only a few days when he died.

Long continued service and a genial disposition made him many friends friends among the railway men, who all looked upon "Joe" as a friend. For a number of years he was chairman of the mainten- of way committee on the C. P. R.

He was about fifty-nine years of age, but has no relatives in this district; but formerly came from Ontario.

## Lessons on Singing

BY CHAS. F. WARD

### SIXTH LESSON

One is often tempted to believe that true or ideal singing should have nothing to detract from the simple emotion of tone, viz.- song without words. It is very certain that many composers when looking for the greatest musical expression turn to forms that are wordless, the poet's greatest aspirations being useless to the composer.

Pure legato is as rare as it is beautiful. The absence o fit marks the amateurs, and the use of it a step towar dthe artist. It is difficult togain. Therefore few singers have it, notwithstanding the fact that all admire the wish for it.

The problem is t olearn how to combine all consonants and their combinations with the vowel without interupting the flow of tone Consonants are almost invariably delivered in a rigid condition of the organs involved. This interrupts the flow of tone and destroys the legato. The average singer feels he is doing well if he sings his vowels well, but few are alive to the fact that to enunciate consonants well requires perfect relaxation of all the organs of speech All consonants contain the vowel "e" "E" vowel is the vowel for place. All vowels sung at "e" place wil lhave their own place. This shows the value of "e" as a builder and placer, hence the use of consonant combinations with the vowels.

At this point comes a difficult part, both for pupil and teacher that of getting the pupil to hear himself. The average pupil is unconscious of half the things he does

Lesson—Imaginne a line from behind the top teeth down through the chin. Sing on this line the following words;

der, pronounced tur.
smer, pronounced smur.
ker, pronounced kur.

Sing down, imagine the word is started at or behind the cushions of the top teeth. Roll the "r" at the end of the word. These words if sung on the above line, will give frontal position and lower tongue an dlarynx, thereby opening the throat.

## ONE CENT PER TREE IN CANADA

Lethbridge, Alberta—It costs one cent to plant a tree in Canada, according to a report submitted to Congress by Notman M. Ross of Indian Head, Saskatchewan, and just published on the annual Congress handbook.Mr. Ross is chief of the dry planting division of the Dominion forestry department. He stated that the Dominion forest nursery station at Indian Head is annually distributing to settlers in Western Canada free of charge, more than two and three quarter million seedlings and cuttings and that during the past ten years, the tree planting division has furnished roughly, 18,500,000 trees, and cuttings to 14,882 settlers, an average of 1,240 to each applicant. At the lowest estimate, it is said, 85 per cent of these plantations are successful and, based on the total appropriationn spent by the tree planting division last season, the cost to the department amounts practically to one cent per tree planted in the permanent site.

""The tree planting division" says Mr. Ross, "also issues and distributes a great quantity of printed matter in the form of illustrated bulletins and circulars, and furnishes speakers to attend the farmers institute meetings organized by the provincial authorities. On the nursery station two large areas are set out to permanent plantations in order that data may be gathered as to the cost of establishing and the probable returns that may be expected from the prairie planting.

"The assistance offered to permanent tree planters is eminently practical and, during the past ten years, has shown results o fa very convincing character. The work is under the direction of the Dominion director of forestry. If a settler wishes to plant trees on his farm the forestry branch provides him with as many trees and cuttings as possible, under certain conditions. The conditions which have to be complied with before trees are granted practically ensure the success of the plantations The ground must be thoroughly prepared, the trees planted according to instructions supplied by the forestry branch, and cultivation carried on for as many seasons as are necessary until the trees are thoroughly established. Trees are granted only on the recommendation of an officer of the forestry branch after a personal inspection in each case. The tree planting division employs eight inspectors during the summer monthswho visit and report on th epreparation made for proposed plantations and the results of recent plantings.

"The value of forest plantings by the prairie settler to establish wind breaks and shelter belts, toproduce fuel, fencing and other timber and to add to the comfort and beauty of the farm home has been well established in recent years. As windbreak alone it has been shown at Indian Hea dthat a forest growth on the windward side of a field will establish a protective influence of 50 feet for every foot in height."

The annual handbook of the Dry-Farming congress in which this report appears, is a compendium of more than eighty articles covering the progress of dry farming in eighteen states of the United States the Canadian prairie provonces and ten other nations of the world, and dealing with every phase of the great science which is to-day so rapidly changing the western range country into a region of productive farms and comfortable homes

## ONE ADDED KERNEL MEANS 20,000,000 BUSHELS

If one extr apotato were added to each plant grown in the United States the actual increase in the annual yield of the crop would amount to 21,000,000 bushels. The figure is given in a report on "Dry-Farm Crops and Their Improvement" by Prof. F. B. Lindield of the Montana Agricultural College, and published in the annual handbook

"If one extra kernel were added to each head of oats, barley, wheat or ear of corn," says the Professor, "we would have of oats 20,000,000 bushels extra; of barley, 15,000,000 bushels extra; of wheat 15,000,000 bushels extra; and of corn, 5,200,000 bushels extra, and not for one year alone, butt for al ltime, this slight increase in the yield of the plant would add many millions of bushels to our our crops.

"Clean, plump, selected seed, true to variety, free from weed seed and from disease and with strong germinating power should always be planted by the farmer as a means of increasing his own yield."

## INSTALLATION OF OFFICERS

**(From Fraser Valley Record)**

On Wednesday evening of this week the members of Pacific Lodge No. 16, A. F. & A.M. installed their officers for the coming year. The following will direct the destinies of the order here for the coming year;

W. M.—Bro. R. W. Dick.
S. W. —Bro. C. E. Blaney.
J. W.—Bro. Neil Fraser.
S. D.—Bro. Jas. McLaughlin.
J. D.—Bro. J. McLean.
Treas.—Bro. J. Plumridge.
Sec.—Bro. J. A. Catherwood.
Chap.—Bro. E. Bush.
I. G.—Bro. R. L. Pallen.
Tyler.—Bro. E. T. Jones.
S. S.—Bro. J. A. Tupper.
J. S.—Bro. G. Docksteader.

Bro. Stuart Wade of New Westminster was present.

Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairs at Campbell's the Watchmaker, Clark's Jewelry Store.

All roads lead to Abbotsford, success and happiness.


WHY OF COURSE!
The names of Abbotsford Bread and its Baker Albert Leo, are on the lips of all who relish fine Bread and Pastry.
Abbotsford, Bakery ALBERT LEE, PROP.

Thanking you for the patronage extended during the past year, a
Happy New Year
is assured those who patronize
H. ALANSON
Hardware and Furniture
See our new Stock of Wall Paper.

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

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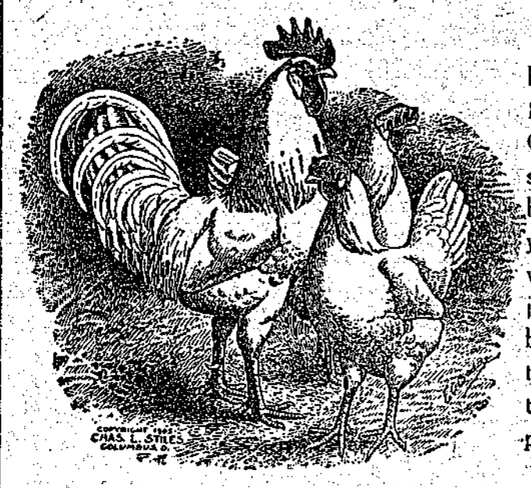
Good Storage Room for Furniture.

WATCH ABBOTSFORD GROW

ABBOTSFORD
Feed & Crain Store
Don't forget
WHEAT $2.00
A sack
We buy Poultry
J. J. SPARROW, PROP.

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

St. Anne's Poultry Farm

We are prepared to book orders. Eggs for Hatching and Baby Chicks from the best strain of S. C. W. Leghorns. Our poultry yards are open to visitors who will be able to judge the flock before buying, Chicken Fertilizers for sale from one to two and a half tons per month.
We are ready to book any order, big or small.
E. & G. de la GIRODAY
Proprietors - - - Abbotsford, B. C.

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