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The Abbotsford Post

Vol. IV., No. 10. ABBOTSFORD, B. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 13, 1912 8 $1.00 PER YEAR

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

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MATSQUI COUNCIL.

A meeting of the Matsqui Council was held in the Municipal Hall on Tuesday January 2nd with all members present, for the transaction of business and to hold the annual court of revision.

The following changes were ordered in connection with the voers' list;

Ward I.— Ben Murphy and A. Lindstrom added.

Ward II.—J. N. Nordin struck off and Mrs. Nordin placed in lieu.

Additions— Richard Sanders, F. V. Winkler, Wm. Acorn, P. R. Keay and Mt. Lehman Orange Lodge Association and Mrs. James Dennison and Mrs. A. Taylor.

Ward III.—Wm. J. Dwyer and Crist Lunde added and Karl Lunde transferred to Ward IV. also Carl Poignant transferred to ward IV.

Ward IV. —Additions—Walter Bruntlett, Wm. A. Townell, Bertram Sanders, John Sanders, G. A. Watson, J. A. Catherwood, Mrs. Leslie Wright, Mrs. Ludwig Johnston, Geo Duguid, H. Windebank, Miss Jean Conner changed to Mrs. Jean McLean.

As thus revised the list was adopted as the voters' list for Reeve and Councillors and School Trustee for 1912.

The following are the minutes of the council meeting;

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and amended by changing Mr. Fisher's house, Pine Grove as a polling booth and substituting the Municipal Hall. Mr. G. LeFeuvre will be deputy returning officer instead of John Ball who could not act.

The following communications were read

From Messrs Corbould and Grant solicitors stating that if the municipal council did not take the necessary steps for expropriating the land for road purposes, they would enter an action for damages for trespass and for an injunction and for a mandamus.

The clerk was insttructed to state in reply that the highway had been gazetted and to offer $100 for fencing and improvements taken.

From F. Phillips asking that a dangerous tree be cut down on the road din front of his clearing as he wished to build a house immediately. The clerk was innstructed to ask Harry Fowles to cut down the tree having due regard to the road and private property.

From C. Knudson being his year's report as commissioner of Aldergrove cemetery. Report accepted.

From Provincial Investment Co., of B. C. and Lindsay Russell stating that the proposed change of road on previous plan to Block 9A was satisfactory to the parties interested. The Reeve and Clerk were authorized to sign the plan.

The followinng bills were passed for payment;

J. Pelly coroner, inquest on suicide $22.40

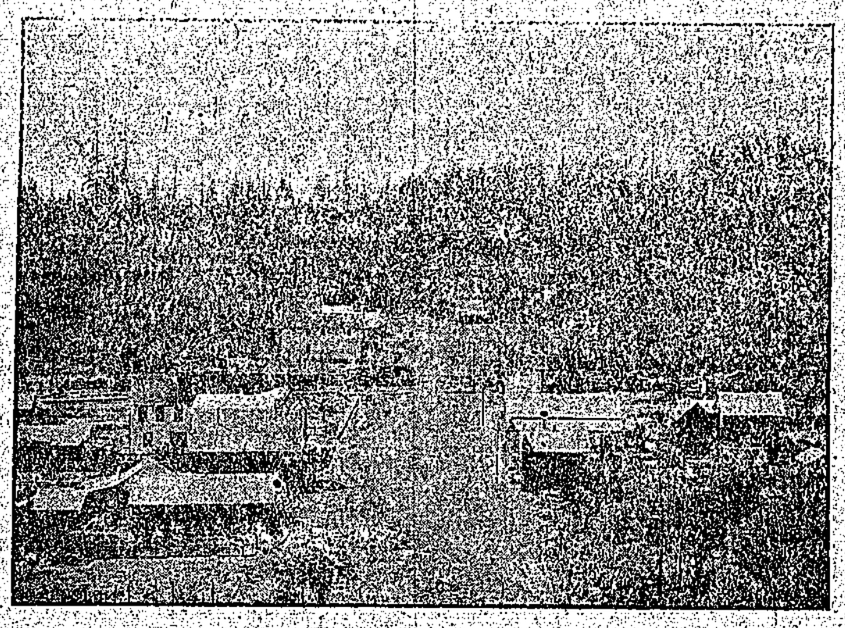
John Smith, compensation for squared timber destroyed by throwing trees on his property $21.60.

J. F. Macey repairing bridge on Yale road $1.00.

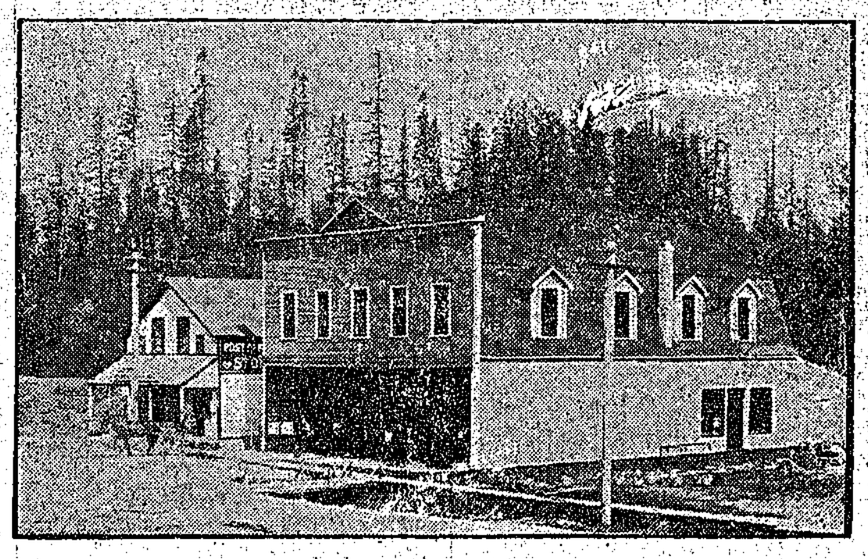
T. H. Lehman constable duties in trying to arrest the persons who stole trunks from Mt. Lehman $29.95

C. M. S. December salary $33.70;

Abbotsford as It Appeared in 1907



When the Post Office was west of the C. P. R. tracks



Maple Leaf Hall, upstairs; Alanson's Hardware and also Brooke's General Store.

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS

By the time the readers of this paper have settled down to peruse its contents, the municipal elections in the rural municipalities of the Fraser Valley will have been fought and won, and of course as is the case with all such elections the best man is sure to win There are several hotly contested fights, one in Sumas and another in Mission, while the one in Matsqui is fought annd won before it began — no use turning a good reeve out when he is doing good and faithful service

It is likely the present reeve of Matsqui will serve another term While the Mission reeve will have hard to say who will be elected. a tight squeeze. In Sumas it is

The great interest shown in the elections indicate there are varyideas of what constitutes progress and there are men willing to stake the chance of defeat rather than to frame their ideas and hang them up in the kitchen.

Both Vancouver and Victoria cities decided it was time for a big change and have voted accordingly but New Westminster will go along in the same old way.

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FRIDAY, JANUARA 12, 1912

A QUICK FREIGHT HANDLER

Easy and Inexpensive Method of Handling Goods to and from Storage Flats.

Some more expeditious means of handling goods in warehouses, whether they be crates, boxes, bales, or what not, has long been necessary to supplant the slow, antiquated methods of doing this by manual labour, especially in regard to transit between building and street. This has been found in a new type of simple conveyer that has recently been devised, and which is now in successful operation. It comprises a number of trestles supporting a continuous series of wheels or rollers, carried on two rails like a light, narrow-gauge railway. The wheels are employed when boxes have to be handled, and the rollers for bales and crates. The system works entirely by gravitation a fall of about thirty inches in one hundred feet being advocated. Demonstrations with this simple appliance have sufficed to prove that goods can be expeditiously and safely transported by this means, and that sharp curves can be negotiated successfully. In a lofty building where goods have to be discharged from different levels the same system is adopted spirally, the gradient being so arranged that the descending goods do not acquire an unnecessary downward impetus. The conveyer has been adopted on one of the wharves of Thames-side, and another larger installation is in operation at a Belfast factory, this latter plant handling packages weighing up to five hundredweight. The system is stated to be far cheaper and more efficient than the ordinary belt conveyer, the cost of installation being very low.

THE GLOW-WORM'S LIGHT

Learned Men Differ in Opinoin as to the Source and Nature of the Light.

French entomologists have been just lately devoting much attention to the study of the glow-worm, particularly with reference to the source and nature of its light. It is found that both male and female are luminous, although in the former the light is much feebler. Even the eggs and larvae are faintly luminous. The light is produced on the last three segments of the abdomen. It may perhaps be worth pointing out that the glow-worm is not a worm, but an insect belonging to the great order of beetles the Coleoptera. Luminosity among insects indeed is chiefly found in the beetle order. The Mexican fireflies Pyrophorus, for example, are bettles. Some of them give out sufficient light to read by. Waterton sometimes used them in this way to write up his diary when wandering in the South American forests.

In adult life the glow-worm is a vegetarian, feeding on tender leaves of plants, but while a grub it is carnivorous, feeding on snails and slugs. The light of the glow-worm and fireflies has been called phosphorescent and attributed to phosphorus. Joussel de Bellesme has stated his conviction that it is phesphoretted hydrogen gas stored up in the cellular tissues and in communication with the nervous and respiratory systems.

Fabre finds that phosphorus does not enter into the composition of the luminous substance of the glow-worm. Under the microscope it is seen to be a sort of white plaster covering the epidermis and full of branching tubes.

The Manchurian Bean.

The "Japan Herald" has drawn attention to the fact that Manchurian beans were formerly used only to make tofu, miso, and soy. About fifty years ago Chinese near Tiehling and Kaiyuan first produced oil from them by a process similar to that employed for sesame and linseed. This oil was used for fuel and for cooking, and the residual for bean-cake fodder. In the winter of 1908 it began to be exported into Europe, where it was found to be better than cotton-seed for fuel, soap-making, and feeding cattle. This success has marvellously increased the area devoted to the growing of the beans, and has caused the farmers in the north of Manchuria to give up wheat-raising. The Shantung farmers discovered that bean-cake was a first-rate fertiliser, and after the war with China this bean-cake was largely exported to Japan. The oil is used in Manchuria for lighting, lubricating, and cooking, and in south China in making waterproof cloth, paper umbrellas, and lanterns, and is often mixed with lacquer for making varnish and printing-ink. The Chinese hit upon the principle of rotation of leguminous with cereal crops quite accidentally, without knowing anything of the scientific explanation.

THE BACKWOODSMAN

By Acton Seymour

tect himself and justify his acts in the final settlement, and ordered him back, advising him to fight the foe with their own weapons until the law could arrive, traveling slow but sure. Months might elapse before right could supplant might, the lawyer said; and offered some information as to the ability of the Great Trust Co. to trig legal wheels — provided the Great Trust continued to be interested in the affairs of Clare Corran.

It was a rather dubious outlook that Harry faced.

He thought that the voice of Mary Laroche might console him and send him back, heartened for his task. After discouraging waits, he secured telephonic communications with Toronto, amazing "central" in the little northern city by his persistency in seeking some one in far-off Ontario. Her father answered. Mary was away with the young folks at a picnic. Oh, yes, she was well. She would be sorry that she was not at home. He hung up the telephone receiver, feeling rather cross and jealous.

He went back to Corran-cache with the discouraged thought that he was very much alone in the world. He also felt very inefficient. Somehow, some of the zest of the matter seemed to have departed. Clare Corran had very frankly warned him that he was only a hired man. Of course, he did not expect or desire to be anything else. But the knowledge that he was abandoing his profession for a time in order to carry on a fight—a mere single-handed tussle against odds — was a depressing thought.

When, at last, he was back and had reported to her what he had been able to accomplish, she studied him with some curiosity. He seemed to have lost his zeal in her behalf.

"I'm afraid I've got you into trouble," she confessed. "I have had my men out since you left here. They have watched and listened. It seems to have been left to Blinn Wiggin and some rogues that he has collected to get you out of the way. He has personal spite, and, of course, he is being paid well. I have no right to ask you to engage in this affair. It's dangerous. At the most, I can only lose some of my property. You may lose your life."

He said nothing, and she went on:

"I think you'd better give up the position, Mr. George."

"You have some one else in mind, I suppose — some one better fitted to do the work?"

"I assure you I have not." The color came into her cheeks.

"Then, it is plain to you that I'm not the man for the place — that I haven't the ability to protect your interests?"

"I think nothing of the kind. I've been much impressed by your courage — and I understand you must know the management of timberlands. I believe in you and your honesty and ability thoroughly, Mr. George. But this is not an ordinary job that I'm asking you to do. You are threatened. You will probably meet violence. I feel that I have no right to hold you."

He stood up before her, straight and full of determination. He had felt reproach in her tone. He realized that he had brought a discouraging demeanor before her. "I am not afraid of them," he said. "So long as you have confidence in me, I'll go on and do the best I can. I ask your pardon for my appearance, just now. I fear I was — it's a boyish confession — just a bit homesick."

"I understand," she smiled. "But it will all be made up to you when I tell her what a good, brave knight is hers."

He bowed. He did not reply. Then he took up his task.

If violence were meditated, it did not appear.

Harry made his home at the hotel. Quietly, as the days passed, he attached men to him, following her suggestions as to who were loyal.

He did not see Blinn Wiggin in his usual haunts. The landlord informed him that the young man seemed to be dodging the old Indian who still roamed about the village, standing like a statue for long hours, gaunt, haggard, and waiting.

"It's some hitch about the White Lily, I reckon," stated the landlord. "If it was [illegible] of the rest of the girls on this border, he's up against a tough old customer in that Injun out there, even if he is over a hundred."

The brisk stranger had gone from Corran-cache. Only Jepson Wiggin was left. The old man trailed Harry as much as he dared, casting malevolent gaze on him. Gradually, George got insight into the affairs of the Corran estate. He met the stumpage buyers, dickered with them in full understanding of the forestry question, and when the trades were completed, went with them to Wiggin and compelled the old man to ratify the trades. Wiggin was not ready to declare open war. He was plainly obeying secret orders.

It was a waiting game. The big folks understood that George was forewarned as to what their campaign might be in regard to claimants and forged documents. Wiggin, in his folly and haste, had exposed that part of the plot.

In his daily conferences with Clare Corran, Harry was careful to keep on the plane of the employed. Once in a while, by a little flash of imperiousness, the girl emphasized the position she had assumed toward him.

Harry was not happy during those weeks. He could not analyze just what his emotions were. It was a kind of general dissatisfaction with everything. The scouts that he sent into the woods brought back disquieting rumors of officious strangers who were running lines and blazing trees. The line of attack, if attack it was, was all very vague. He chafed because he did not know where to pitch in and try conclusions. He realized that he was particularly unhappy after reading each letter that came from Mary Laroche in reply to his own.

The letters were not as frequent as they were at first They were affectionate, after her own ingenuous fashion, but they did not express that lonely longing that he felt ought to mark the letters of a sweetheart deprived of the presence of one dear to her When he chided, she replied that he was hardhearted if he expected or desired her to be unhappy all through the days of youth because they were not together She argued that love ought to be happy and hopeful — and said that she did not write to tell him how lonely and unhappy she really was, for fear that she would make him discontented.

He decided that his isolation in the woods was making pretty much of a fool of him.

One afternoon, he was at the Corran house, going over with Clare some papers that she had received from the lawyer in the city The legal aspect of the case was looking better. Already some of the powers of Jepson Wiggin had been taken away. Further action was in preparation

Suddenly, a man arrived, beating the horse he rode. He was Romeo Bragg, one of the staunchest adherrents of Clare Corran, and hired by Harry to patrol the properties of a far township that Corran's estate owned.

"Theyr'e at it," gasped Bragg excitedly. "I've rid a day and a night to tell you. They're in on old Number 'Leven, whalin' down black growth at the rate of a hundred dollars a minute — with one of them steam log haulers yanking out the stuff over the line"

"Who's doing it?" demanded Harry.

"The only folks I know of that's got money to buy steam ingines to haul off stolen logs is the Great Trust Co.," said Bragg. "I didn't take any census of the crowd, and I don't know as that was needed. It's enough, ain't it, that they're stealin' Miss Clare's good timber?"

George knew what the lot was—the maps of the Corran explorers testified to its richness. The rape of it in that fashion was bold enough to be almost desperate. But law had not yet put its heavy and protecting hand on the Corran properties. Quibbles and disputes might, in the end, relieve the thieves of responsibility. It had been done — it could be done again. And Harry guessed that this attempt was perhaps a test case prefacing more thievery. His advices had warned him that this plan might be adopted. He was dealing with men who were both sharp and determined.

He did not hesitate. For such an emergency he had slowly assembled his little army of the faithful. He leaped off the porch. He was on his way to mobilize that army.

"You are going?" she asked, start-

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ing after him, her hands outstretched.

"I propose to save your property," he declared "If they get away with what they're after, now, we may as well give up the fight for the rest. Possesssion is more tnan nine points, the way the game is played up here Miss Corran. I've been studying the matter, and I know. They shan't have it!"

"Let them take it," she cried passionately "It's all steal and cheat and struggle and fight for a little more money. I don't want money that's gained that way. Let them take it! I order you to stay here!"

"I'll have to disobey that order," he said. "I've taken the position of your manager. I'll be pointed out as a coward and a shirk if I let them rob you. I can't hold up my head again. It's a matter of honor, Miss Corran. I must go."

She saw that words were useless. She hurried to him, and clasped his hand.

"Then, go, with my godspeed," she cried. "Go, and win!"

The Corran spirit — the spirit of Queen Clare, of the Great Toban — spoke, then. He raised her hand and kissed it. Uncontrollable impulse prompted him.

"I can't help winning, carrying that word from you," he said, gazing into her sparkling eyes

He left her, running down into the village, Romeo Bragg at his heels leading his weary horse.

A half hour after ard. Harry was marshaling his men toward the north.

X.

Harry had no doubt as to the zeal and loyalty of his rough-and-ready troops. He strode with them afoot, and found that keeping up with their woodsman's lope taxed his strength. He did not have to urge them forward. They were on a mission for "Queen Clare."

Each man carried his provisions. They ate beside running brooks. At night they leaned against trees and slept.

It was late in the afternoon when they arrived in the neighborhood of the operation on Number Eleven. Harry had been pondering on methods as he trudged through the woods. He determined to speak softly at the outset, and so he left his men behind him in a ravine, and went alone to the camp of the trespassers.

They were making a wholesale slaughter of the tract. Harry's forester sensibilities were pained by evidence of the rough-hacking. The mere system of operating would have convinced an expert that these men realized that they were not dealing with their own property.

Without difficulty, he found the man in charge — a short-necked, pig-eyed, thorough specimen of obstinate bull strength

The thieves had picked their tool well.

He broke in on the young man's first speech of protest

"Go settle that with headquarters. I'm set here to get this timber out. I ain't paid for nothin' else."

"But you know you're operating on land that belongs to the Corran estate."

"Don't know nothin' about it. It ain't my work to locate operations. I'm hired to fell timber and get it out."

"Who hired you?"

"That's private business between me and them that pay me my money. I aint' supposed to tell my business to every stranger that comes along."

"I'll be no stranger to you in mighty short order, my man," declared George, his temper rising "I'm Miss Corran's agent and manager of her lands, and I order you to stop cutting here."

"Then you and Jep. Wiggins have got it settled who's really manager, have you?" sneered the men "You may have it settled to suit you, but that don't convince me I tell you to go to headquarters!"

"I'm going to headquarters — you can be sure of that I'll trace this thing to the men who order it. I'll begin with you. Who gave you your instructions to cut here?"

The man was stubborn and insolent. He had received his orders, evidently.

"You ain't goin' to worm nothin' out of me," he growled. "I've been in law, once, and I don't propose to get there again."

He turned and stamped away, shouting orders to a crew

Harry followed him, determined to force information, and crying certain angry threats The man whirled and

ruck: The blo
nd so was the

woman's eyes recognized the badge of breeding in his stalwart manhood. His eyes met hers, her big, gray Irish eyes that sparkled against the flush of her cheeks. He stepped forward, for these eyes summoned him. The spirit of command was in them. There was something regal about her, sitting there among those cringing men on her pawing [illegible] He instinctively recogni[illegible] as regal by waiting for [illegible] him — waiting just a [illegible] time, and hardly realizing t[illegible] did so — but he waited.

"There is mischief abroad here, today, sir, I am afraid. Our little place is respectful toward a stranger. You will find it so, usually. Mr. Wiggin will see that your loss is made up to you."

"That will be out of the question, Miss Corran."

"My father would have done so, if he were alive. I represent my father, sir. He was proud of this village. A stranger was his guest. This accident would not have happened except for the strange conditions here to-day. Please see Mr. Wiggin." It was not the words, but the tone. She had addressed him as though he were a menial.

He was angry, now, as well as ashamed. With the instinct of race, he realized that this upcountry girl did not understand the finer graces of conventionality. Environment and training had made of her a woman of the ancient race of the Corrans; she was speaking to him as the chatelaine, not as maiden whom chance had thrown in his company.

"Pardon me, Miss Corran, but my accident concerns me alone. I beg that you will not trouble yourself further in the affair."

He spoke stiffly, and she understood the rebuke. For the first time in her life, she realized the full force of the social code, borne in upon her by rebuke from a stranger and an equal. She had been too thoroughly isolated in her little sovereignty, and had forgotten. Shame, as vivid as his own, swept over her, and the flame in her cheeks revealed it.

"Harriss," she cried, whirling on that terror-striken vassal, "I shall hold you and every man in hearing of my voice to account for the actions of this day. If you shame my father's memory, or disgrace his daughter, you shall suffer."

She slashed the horse, and his calked hoofs rained splinters from the platform planks as he galloped away.

George started to make his way up the street in the dust that her horse left. He was in a state of mind that he, himself, recognized as distinctly savage. The tall man tagged him, swinging the shoes, and grinning amiably and significantly at all they met.

"Loadin' your own shells is interestin', but you can't always save money by doing it," volunteered the stranger, looking back with calm interest at the remnants of the trunk. What was left of it was burning.

Through the press of men who came to him, proffering objects that they had salvaged, squeezed the author of the mischief.

"It was me that done it!" he gasped. "It looked like powder, and it smelled like powder, and I lit a match to make sure. It was powder. But, I'm square, mister. I'll settle, if you'll take an order on Jep Wiggin."

George felt that he couldn't trust himself to discuss the matter. He took from the outstretched hands such articles as they had rescued. They were a few little personal conveniences that the explosion had not injured, and he stuffed them into his pockets and turned to leave. It was plain that his wardrobe was not worth gathering up. When the importunate gentleman got in his way again with an offer to settle the damages, the young man pushed roughly past, and kept on. The man who had rescued the boots followed at his heels.

In the straggle of little buildings that made up the settlement, the tavern was distinguished by its size, for Corran-cache as a "jumping-off place" had many transients.

George found no one in the big, bare, general room except some sleep-looking loafers. In a pen in one corner, a man, who was apparently postmaster as well as landlord was busy with a mail bag.

The fellow with the shoes noted that the young man went inquiring gaze on the loafers, none of whom seemed to respond as though they were interested in the new arrival.

"Lookin' for anybody in special?" asked the tall man.

"I'm going to meet Lynch Smart and Civilian Niles here!" said George. He reached his hands for his shoes, but the tall man made no move to surrender them.

"No, you ain't goin' to meet 'em, either," he advised promptly.

"I say I am. I have an appointment with them. They are explorers, and have——"

"You can't tell me who Lunch Smart and 'Fatty' Niles are. I knowed them two when that mountain over there was only a hole in the ground. But I say you ain't goin' to meet 'em here, because they left this mornin'. Each one of 'em took plenty of otbacco and a pocket full of dried raisins for grub so I reckon they're bound away for a long trip! Are you that forester fellow that was due here last night?"

"I was delayed," stated the young man, his heart sinking. "You don't mean to tell me that those men have gone away into the woods in this fashion — weren't willing to wait one day?"

The tall man inspected his tobacco leisurely before biting into it.

"A date is a date with them two," he said calmly. "If a man doesn't show up when he says he will, it's his own fault when he's dealin' with Lynch Smart and Civ Niles. They was off and away at six o'clock this mornin'. Bein' as they're great fellers on the hoof, it wouldn't do you much good to holler after 'em, seein' that it's most dinner time, now."

"I've got to catch those men," declared George desperately.

He realized that he had been the one at fault. He had wasted twenty-four hours on the road on an impulse of the heart. That a couple of explorers would not wait that much time for a forester of the Great Trust Co. had not occurred to his — yes, he confessed it, now, in that moment of humiliation — to his sense of self-importance.

The loafers stared at him, mumbling certain praises regarding hustling qualities of Smart and Niles; the tall man, settling his tobacco in his cheek, looked down on him quizzically.

"Which way did they go?" demanded the forester. "I'll walk all night, if need be, but I've got to catch those men."

"If these here was some of those seven-league boots like they used to have in the old days, I'd advise you to start out." The man dangled the footgear before George's face. "But there are three trails leadin' north. They may have taken any one, or they may have struck right into the woods, spottin' timber. You can't reckon on them two any more'n you can reckon on a cross-eyed lucivee on glare ice."

The landlord had caught the drift of the conversation and come out of his pen.

"If your felt your ears burnin', last night, Mister Forester," he said, not without relish for the situation, "it was when Lunch and Civ were sayin' what they thought of college dudes. I don't mean no offense! I'm tellin' you what they said. If he listened to 'em hard, a man might get the general impression that they wasn't fussy about gettin' mixed into newfangled forestry. And then again they ain't no hands to wait other folks' motions."

"If you'd got along so as to go with 'em, they was intendin' to walk your legs off'm you," observed one of the loafers.

"What you want to do is to plaster yourself on to 'em now in spite of themselves," suggested the landlord, chuckling. "It will be a good joke on Lynch and Civ."

Although the loafers agreed to this with hilarity, the young man was unable to see anything to laugh at in the situation.

"Here's Romeo Bragg, here" — the landlord pointed to the tall man — "who is one of the best guides that ever sliced bacon. He'll help you catch 'em somewhere. Yes, sir, he'll help you catch 'em! He'll relish seein' 'em squirm when you're plastered onto 'em."

The guilelessness of the landlord's sense of humor was the climax of that day of ironical affront, but some-

(Continued next Issue)

(Continued From Page One.)

Office supplies etc., $26.25, Total $59.95

W. Knox repairs to Sim road $25

Hy Fowles removing windfall trees $4.80.

Olmstead Bros. bridge timber in Ward I. $19.41.

T. H. Lancaster, fixing bridge on Harris road $1.00

H. H. Logan cutting down dangerous trees $2.20

E. B. McEwen corner investigating the accident on C. N, P. Ry when two men were killed $33.00

Ross and Lapp bridge timber in Ward I. $2.25.

The report of the arbitrators in Morrison vs. Matsqui was accepted less the fees of A. S. Murray arbitrator.

The clerk was instructed to request H. V. Coates to replace the log on the road by Bradner's; otherwise the work will be done at his expense.

Councillor Lundeberg gave notice to introduce a Temporary Loan By-law.

The council then adjourned to meet on Monday January 15th at eleven o'clock a.m. in the municipal hall.

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BURNS CLUB

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Are there enough Scotchmen in Abbotsford to form a Burns club and hold an anniversary. Over in Mission City the heather men have got busy and are to hold a concert and supper. The Fraser Valley Record gives the following report of a meeting held and the decision arrived at.

A meeting was held on Monday evening at Sime & Beeston's Store the object being the formation of a Burn's Club for Mission City. In spite of the inclement nature of the weather a goodly company assembled.

Mr. John Lampard occupied the chair and soon infused the company with the Burns spirit.

During the past two years a Burn's anniversary had been celebrated and Mr. Neil Fraser as treasurer reported he had a cash balance in hand of $12.00 which he held over as a nucleus fund for the new club.

It was decided that the initiation fee be fifty cents and eighteen members joined forthwith.

Steps are to be taken at once to secure a suitable place where the club can meet once a month, and the co-operation of all those interested in such a society is heartily invited.

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RUNNING A NEWSPAPER IN WINTRY WEATHER

Our sympathies extend to the fellow who runs a newspaper in a cold and stormy country. The Post has had enough of it this last week and we trust our readers will overlook our deficiency of news this week. There has been lots of fun. The head of the mechanical staff left for the 'opening of the Panama canal" and of course has not returned. Then a fellow was secured togather news. He left the office with the remark, that it was nice weather to gather news but if he could not rustle up a bunch of news that would open the eyes of the readers of the Post he hoped to be eaten by the mosquitoes next summer; he has not returned—possibly gone where the mosquitoes are now reposing on his noble brow where he may meet his friend who has gone before. The editor and his assistant rustled along the work and just as the editor was ready to go out and see what "was doing" a man arrived from about 9 miles away through the snow and slush with a great big job to do which had to be done or the municipal elections could not take place on the appointed date. This was important and had to be attended to. In the meantime the electrical current which supplies the light and power began to play frolics. Thus it is hard to run the whole concern alone. But next week we hope to do better even if the Panama canal is not opened.

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.

Cooper, Seldon Co.,

CLAYBURN, B. C.

We have not been in business very long but when we take stock there ought to be a few bargains "floating around" for the wary buyer.

Keep your eye on our advertising space if U R Y's

We Sell Everything

Eric, a Sweedish Finn, was on Friday morning found on the ice below the Fraser River bridge, he evidently having fallen off the bridge during the night. His hat and coat were found on the bridge He and his partner who live on this side of the river went over to Mission, the partner returning alone.

An inquest will be held on Saturday afternoon at Mission City.

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MANSON'S PUBLIC MEETING

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(From Fraser Valley Record)

One of the most successful meetings ever held in the Imperial Hall on Saturday last to confer with the member for the district, Mr. Manson, as to the requirements of the district west of Stave River and east to the east side of Dewdney and Nicomen. There were representatives from all parts of the district. Meetings had been previously held and the requirements of particular part thoroughly discussed, the representatives coming in each case with a well planned out programme for the coming year's work.

Several beautiful bouquets to Mr. Manson and his road superintendent, Mr. Bonson were given, the latter being especially favored.

The meeting went on the assumption ask and ye will receive for something like $250,000 was asked

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DIED IN SEATTLE

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On December 22nd Mr. Xavier Victor Chomat, formerly of Mission died in Seattle of heart failure. at the age of sixty years.

The deceased was a native of Ardeche, France and had long been a resident in Canada and British Columbia.

He leaves a widow and four children to mourn the loss of father and husband, The widow resides in Seattle, and Miss Louise of Mission City; Mrs. Amelia Pallen of Agassiz; Miss Augusta of Vancouver; and Henry of Mission City.

The family have the sympathy of friend and neighbor in this their time of sorrow.

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RANN'S REMARKS

The farmer can express his opinion of the new Methodist preacher in a firm and loud voice, on the four corners and if the printer ventures to express the view that the preacher ough to be chasing a currycomb over a milk cow instead of filling a large room with tin ozone and misinformation, he will lose subscribers so fast that he won't have the circulation of a cold-storage egg. The farmer does not have to impress a chaste kiss on the moist nose of his foreman in order to keep him from getting drunk on press day, neither does he have to get somebody to go on his note when the "devil" carelessly feeds a pair of pipe tongs through the cylinder press or the rats chew the lining off a new set of rollers. There is no law which compels him to fill four columns of space with a clogged think-tank and a stickful of brain-food.

If the editor takes two successive days off in fishing his patrons call him a loafer and take their job-work to the other office. If he works until he is bowed over like a fat man with cramps people call too stingy to hire extra help. If he contributes $2.00 to the W. C. T. U. and wears a boiled shirt on Sunday, the banks call in his notes with a noise like a wooden-legged man falling on a tin roof, and if he refuses to dig up for the Woman's Relief corps supper he

(Continued next Issue.)

HARRON BROS.

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Vancouver, Office and chapel—1034 Granville St., Phone 3486

North Vancouver, Office and chapel—116 2nd st. Phone 134

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See our new Stock of Wall Paper.

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Good Storage Room for Furniture.

—o—

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ABBOTSFORD

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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

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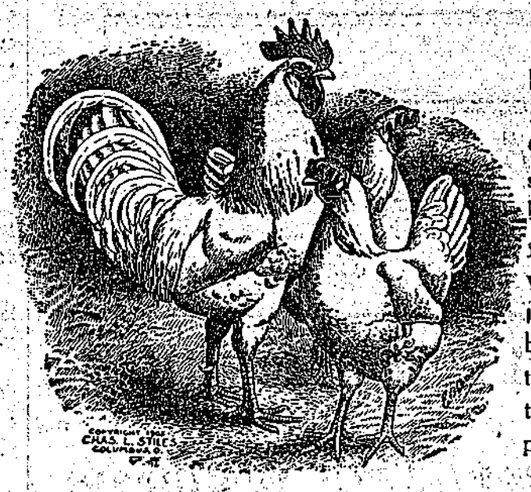

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We are ready to book any order, big or small.

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