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JAN 23 1912
VICTORIA, B. C.
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The Abbotsford Post

Vol. IV., No. 11. ABBOTSFORD, B. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 19, 1912 8 $1.00 PER YEAR

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Flannellette ,, 12 1-2c. ,, ,, ,, 8c.
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Dress Shirts ,, $1.25, ,, 75c.
Liberal Discount for all other Goods in Store.

McPHEE & KERR

MATSQUI COUNCIL.

The council held their last meeting on Monday last, the reeve and Councillors Aish and Lundeberg being present, and the clerk, Mr. Gibson.

The clerk read the result of the election, as follows,

Reeve—Wm. Merryfield.

Councillors; Ward I.—Thomas W. Roberts.

Ward II.—Thomas H. Lehman.

Ward III.—Wm. J. Ware.

Ward IV.—Chas. O'Donel Bell.

The following appointments were made by the new council;

James Gibson, Clerk, Collector and Treasurer.

Municipal Solicitors—Wade Wheal ler. McQuarrie and Martin.

Medical Health Officer—Dr. Swift

Police Magistrate—E. W. King.

Cemetery Commissioners— E. W King, C. Knudson, and J. A. Jacobson.

Consstables—Wm. Elliott and C. Lehman.

Auditor—H. J. A. Burnett.

The following communications were read;

From H. O. King, being his annual report Filed.

From H. J. A. Burnett, auditor, containing valuable suggestions.

From C. Poignant and 101 others being a petition against the granting of a liquor licence at Matsqui Filed.

From H. T. Thrift re proposed tramway through the southern part of municipality, stating that their surveyors deemed it expedient to use certain section lines as right-of way also asking assistance, by way of exemption from taxation for a period of ten years and in other ways. The council objected to the use of any road as right-of-way and would grant ne exemption from taxation, although willing to assist the company in other ways

From J. Merryfield, Snr., re completion of the western portion of Harris road. Referred to Councillor Lehman

Bills amounting to $861.47 were passed for payment.

The following new business was taken up

The clerk was instructed to take the necessary steps towards holding a tax sale on June 30th, procure a typewriter and advertise for an assessor, applications to be in by next meeting, Febraury 3rd.

The Temporary Loan By-law was successfully passed 1st, 2nd, and 3rd readings.

Councillor Bell gave notice to introduce a by-law to repeal the Statute Labor By-law.

Councillor Lehman agreed to make arrangements to dispose of by F. Phillips.

The council then adjourned.

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The Abbotsford Dancing Club has a class every Tuesday evening and also on Friday evening at eight o'clock sharp. Every Friday night there is a social hop after the class is over in the Maple Leaf Hall, Abbotsford, B. C. Now is your chance to join the class. Tim McElroy, Instructor.

Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairs at Campbell's the Watchmaer in Clark's Shoe Store.

PRESBYTERIAN ANNUAL MEETING.

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The annual meeting of the Presbyterian congregation was held a few days ago, the pastor in the chair The work of the past year was reviewed and reports of a most encouraging nature were received from the Board of Managers, the Sunday School and the Ladies' Aid and other organizations of the church. A new manse was completed during the last year costing about $1500, to the payment of this some $300 was contributed by the Ladies' Aid.

Rev. Geo. A. Wilson, supt of Missions was present and gave an address expressing his gratification at the success of the congregation and encouraging them to continue hopeful in the work of 1912 For all purposes the church raised during 1911 the sum of $2,000 The Sunday School raised some $77 ni 1911.

The following names were added to the Board of Management for 1912; Messrs Hector McKenzie, A. McCallum and Wm. Jeffs, making nine in all. Mr. Alex McCallum was chosen Superintendent of the S.S. and Leslie Tretheway, treasurer, and Clarence McCallum secretary and librarian.

The ladies served refreshments

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THE LADIES' AID REPORT

The report of the Presbyterian Ladies' Aid handed in for reading on January 4th at the annual meeting of the Board of Management made a splendid showing of what what an organized Ladies' Society can do. Without making any very special effort the society has raised from January 1st, 1911 to January 1st, 1912, the sum of $358. The greater part of this has been handed over to the Manse Building Fund, $25 was paid for books for the choir and congregation worshipping at the church.

The following are the officers of the Society;

Hon.-Pres.—Mrs. Campbell.

Pres.—Mrs. Elliott.

Vice-Pres.—Mrs. Fraser.

Sec.—Mrs. Stinson

Treas.—Mrs. Parton.

All the above named ladies wish to thank all in the city and district for the able assistance rendered during the year, and for so promptly responding to all calls for supplies on the occasion of the dinners on Coronation and Fair days. The Society meet every alternate Wednesday at the different homes of the different members. All strangers coming to town will receive a warm welcome. The visiting committee endeavor to get in touch with all new comers and give them a personal invitiation.

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A RELUCTANT FAREWELL

On December 28th the Presbyterian Ladies' Aid met at the home of Mrs. J. W. McCallum to bid her a most reluctant farewell. The Ladies' Aid is losing one of its most valued workers in Mrs. McCallum an dthe society felt that it could not let it go without some token of their appreciation of her kindness and hospitality. Mrs. Parton on behalf o fthe Aid conveyed to Mrs. McCallum their regret at her departure and their thanks for all help she had rendered in connection with the Aid. Mrs. Elliott made the presentation of a gold brooch as a slight token of the love and esteem of the members of the Aid.

After the presentation, refreshments were served and a pleasant social time was spent. Everyone present expressed their regret that it was to be the last time that they would enjoy Mrs. McCallum's hospitality. The good wishes of every one will go with her to her new home in Westminster.

ABBOTSFORD POULTRY ASSOCIATION

On Thursday morning the poultry men of Abbotsford and district met in the Maple Lea fHall and formed a pountry association, without the assistance of a government representative being present, which speaks well for the enterprise of the men in this district who supply the most excellent breakfast food and cooking necessity—the egg.

The young association starts out with a membership of thirty and will no doubt be increased at the next meeting.

The following officers were electted which speaks well for the new society.

Hon-Pres.—J. R. Terry.

Pres.—E. B. de la Giroday.

Vice-Pres.—John Ware.

Sec-Treas.—J. H. H. Nelson.

Directors—C. R. Woolridge, J. Wardell, and W. Roberts.

Delegate to central convention—W. J. Winston.

One of the objects of the association will be the marketing of the eggs and poultry, and the establishment of a central market. The local will affiliate with the B. C. Association.

It is expected later to ship food from the north-west in conjunction with the other associations being formed throughout the valley.

Quarterly meetings will be held and a good poultry show in the fall. It is pointed out that Langley recently held a successful show and birds from as far east as Kamloops. With the central location like Abbotsford and its shipping facilities of three railways it is claimed that outsiders would be in a much better position to show.

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LADS WERE VERY VERY COY

The Leap Year ball given by the ladies of Abbotsford on Friday evening last was a grand success and attracted about 75 couples and a very large number of spectators It is estimated there were about 250 people present, and an excellent time was spent.

After supper had been served the leap year element was introduced The ladies embraced their privileges very promptly and went around with their programmes, fill-in them up as rapidly as they could corner up the coy youths who showed decided symptoms of a stampede, and vanished until some of the braver spirits, including "Wee Willie", returned to face the music. All went well then as a marriage bell.

Excellent music and executive ability of a superior class carried the evening's enjoyment to a most enjoyable finale at an early hour.

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"Wee Willie's" poem appears next issue. Who is he?

THE ABBOTSFORD POST

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Our Shibboleth—Neither for nor agin' the Government.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 19, 1912

THE MARKET.

Slim Friday's market at New Westminster market may have been but it was still an improvement over that of last week. Men were there in plenty, but the lady shoppers there was a considerable dearth. The weather's mildness presumably did not compensate for the condition of roads and side walks and the difficulty of locomotion.

There was practically no veal on the market, but a fair offering of mutton and pork. Vegetables, with the exception of a few cabbages of doubtful appearance were conspicuous by their absence. Potatoes are especially, apparently very scarce article.

No fish were offered on the market, but prices stood the same as those of last week.

Eggs stepped up a notch and sold at from 60 to 65c per dozen Butter was a little cheaper and a considerable quantity was sold at 35c per lb. Last week none was sold at less than 40c. A large nnumber of cows recently come into ing with the result that butter is becoming a little less of a luxury than heretofore.

There was an improvement in the poultry market over last week,and some fifteen or twenty crates of birds changing hands. There has been a change in the poltry prices generally and birds of all descriptions have levelled down toa price of 22c per lb, live weight, unless they should happen to be birds intended especially for breeding purposes. The dealers have passed to make any particular classification and offer one price all round.

A couple of pens of white leghorns and buff rocks were offered by one of the local poultry men at $12 per dozen. There did not seem however to be any particular demand for them and when the market closed he was still looking for purchasers.

MY BONNIE, BONNIE BOBBY.

Oh, don't forget the 25th
Is Robbie Burns's Birthday,
Who's songs of freedom and of Love
Has helped to make the earth gay,
With heart so light, which nought could blight
Like Lav'rock's song, to meet the dawn
His melody he poured, man
Where ever British hearts are found
His songs of love and mirth may
So come and join the happy throng
Who celebrate his birthday
Though lowly born, before the morn
Of Learning's finer call, man
His powers of mind and heart so kind
Endear him to us all, man
The largest hall in Mission shall
Resound to praise his worth aye
In concert, supper and in dance
We'll clebrate his birthday
The Scottish pipe you'll hear that night
Pour forth its sweetest strains, man
Till British pride and all beside
Go dancing through your veins, man
High to the skies he soared, man

John A. Lampard.

THE BACKWOODSMAN

By Acton Seymour

how George did not want to resent this jesting by angry retort. That, he reflected, would make worse his situation. Without regard to his feelings, the whole section seemed to be taking him as a joke. He realized, all of a sudden, what his new profession of forestry had to contend with in the face of the grim woods' heresy that put revenue first.

"You'll go with him, won't you, Romeo?" asked the landlord.

"He ain't asked me to," the guide grumbled.

George had no authority to hire a helper. But the need of a guide was pressing, and Mr. Bragg's eyes were honest, and his legs were long, and seemed adapted for travel through slash and blow-downs.

At the end of five minutes, negotiations were concluded.

"Where shall I set your baggage?" asked Mr. Bragg, joggling the shoes.

George took them. "I'm in a nice position to strike into the woods," he said disconsolately.

Mr. Bragg looked him over without appearing to be impressed by this restitution.

"You've got a good suit of clothes, a hat, them boots, a gun, and your calipers. That's more'n most explorers have. How was you intendin' to take that trunk — in your pocket, or have me wheel it on a wheelbarrer?"

"I didn't exactly know what the situation was, up here," confessed George. "I brought some things for comfort.

"The situation is," declared Bragg bluntly, "that dude hunters and that truck can go into the woods and loaf along with a whole grocery store a-raggin' 'em, if they're a mind to pay for havin' it toted. But a man that goes into the woods on explorin' business has got to eat wind and sleep standin' up if he expects to get anywhere and do what he's sent to do. A man that is so beholden to critter comforts that he has to cinch a lot of stuff on his back and give it a free ride, better paste on a pair of long ears to go with the rest, and get down on all fours and call himself a jackass and be done with it."

"Look here, my friend, I haven't any more time to waste on lectures. And I'm mighty tired of being played any longer as a tenderfoot. I've hired you to guide me. We'll start. I've got a pair of woods boots for outfit, anyway."

"After the funeral, I'm your man," said Mr. Bragg.

George was putting on his stout foot-gear. He stopped, and glared:

"And let those men get forty-eight hours' start? No, sir! We're out of here in half an hour."

"There are only two men in the north country that would leave this place and what's goin' on here," stated Bragg. "They're Lynch Smart and Civ Niles — and they seemed to have good reason for skippin'. As for me, I don't go till it's over."

"There are others," said the forester, lacing his shoes.

"I'd like to see you pick one up hereabouts," put in his landlord. "I reckon you don't realize what's goin' on, here."

The music of a band came to their ears. It was playing a decorous tune, this time.

"I'll go alone," shouted George, but he knew that this was the threat of a fool.

"Good-by," said Bragg calmly. "I'll pass word to the crews. They'll whittle toothpicks and follow you."

"Bragg," pleaded the young man, "this is serious business for me. No matter about details. But my job depends on getting in with those men. I can't even begin my work until I find them. They have the instructions. I've got to go."

"And you'll go — but this isn't runnin' after a street car. I'll take you — later. But you can't pull me nor any other man out of this village till Cornelius Corran's funeral is over, not if you hitch four tote horses onto me or them. If you think you can, go try."

Mr. Bragg lighted his pipe, and went away to join the mob that was marching to band music. Only the landlord was left in the big, lonesome office.

"If you've got a room," said George, after meditating a little while, "I think I'll go to it. I need a little rest."

"I thought you'd come to your senses," said the boniface, and led the way.

V

The sound of music woke George. He had been dreaming of his wedding. He dreamed that he was walking down the aisle away from the altar with Mary. The strains of the wedding march followed them. Then, he opened his eyes, and the rapture faded out of his soul.

The dingy walls of the little bedroom of the tavern were about him. The church, the flowers, the happy faces, the trembling touch of his bride's hand on his arm — all the dream flickered out. It seemed very dark for a moment, though the sun was glaring pitilessly in at the uncurtained window, and he realized that it was mid-afternoon. He lay for a moment, and listened. The music of a band had awakened him. It was growing louder. It was approaching. Only half awake, he stumbled to the window.

It was the funeral cortège of Cornelius Corran — and the terms of his will had been carried out.

A wangan bateau had been slung upon wheels, and in it was the ornate coffin. There were no flowers. On head and foot of the casket were coils of snubbing warp. Six tote-team horses drew this outfit, and Governor Harriss sat beside the driver, his rusty plug hat adding funereal dignity.

One of the bands marched close behind and droned the tune of "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground." George decided that Corran must have selected that tune when he made his other arrangements; it fitted the general scheme so perfectly.

But the spectacle of the girl interested him most of all. She was obeying. She was fulfilling that dreadful compact dutifully, resolutely. She sat erect on her big [illegible] her black velvet habit scarcely more ebon than his shining [illegible]. The black of her robe and her hat made her face seem very pale. Surely George had never beheld a more striking picture. But what attracted him most was the courage of the girl. He had been entertaining his own opinion of a daughter who could obey such an outrageous command from a father. His own eyes pardoned her, now. He felt that he understood better.

She led the way, marshaling that unspeakable parade, and yet so wholly aloof from it in poise and demeanor that her dignity did not suffer. She was Clare Corran, carrying out the wishes of a father who had always found her loyal. And so she passed, and the young man at the window looked down on her with a new appreciation of what such loyalty meant.

She glanced up as she passed. She caught sight of him. It might have been something in his expression — some hint that he understood; it might have been memory of her patronizing treatment of this young stranger at the railroad station; but color came into her cheeks. And in that moment, as their glances met, she seemed to him not "Queen Clare," of the Great Toban, but a very forlorn little creature who ought to be cuddled in motherly arms, instead of being forced to play such a part in the pageant on that solemn day that left her an orphan.

Behind the coffin, came the rest of the rout. Men on foot, most of them staggering. All had been doing full justice to the hospitality that Cornelius Corran had flung to them from his deathbed. And, last of all, the second band closed the file, playing "Auld Lang Syne."

Thus departed Cornelius Corran to his last resting place.

George had laid aside only coat and waistcoat when he lay down for his nap. He put them on, and went below into the deserted men's room of the tavern, and woke himself thoroughly by dousing water upon his head at the sink. The westering sun had left a corner of shade on the porch, and he sat down out there in a rickety, strap-bottomed chair, and smoked his pipe. He was trying to compose himself in patience until such time as Mr. Bragg should conclude that he had exhausted the resources of the Corran funeral and should be ready to start on the trail of the eloping explorers.

Bill Kyle appeared to him. Mr. Kyle had apparently dropped out of the procession.

"I was afraid they'd call on that orator for another oration at the grave," he confessed to the young man. "I stood one up at the house,

(Continued next Issue)

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TORONTO, Ontario

RANN'S REMARKS

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(Continued from last issue.)

is branded as a miser and avoided as if he had the hives. The farmer can look every man in the face and tell him to go where there is no premium on coal slack, and if the printer informs a man who tries to beat him out of four year's subscription that he is so crooked he couldn't go to sleep in a round house he is liable to be reduced to the consistency of cornstarch pudding.

In view of these facts why is the profession overcrowded. There are several reasons. One is that man is a vain bird and is never happier than when he is yapping in linotype slugs. Many a man would rather dispense fourteen columns of crooked rhetoric and reformed spelling once a week and live on ossified liver and iced tea, than shave the warts off a calf's head and hold a pail for a sucking calf, even though he can fill up on green corn and side pork until he wheezes like an accordion with the asthma. There are others including a fair sprinkling of jack-leg lawyersand hams-trung preachers, who have imbibed the notion the editor's life is softer than the head of a two-ply sport. These rush in with a $90 outfit and a wind pressure that would blister the liningout of a steel range and fill a long felt want with thegrace and abandon of a hare-lipped hired girl at a beauty show. Nothing ever drives these startlings out of the profession except sudden death or the sheriff. Then there are those misguided ambitiuos politicians who believe that the easiest way to clasp a far office to your bosom is to become the editor of a newspaper. These usually fade away like a goat on a string bean diet, carrying through life a look of hopeless sorrow and remorse that would wring the tears from a porcelain egg.

If thenewspaper man knew the joys and independence of the farmer's life, he would kick himself up to a peak until he looked like a rat-tailed file for continuing to make himself the door-mat of the stiff-necked and ungodly. Gentle communion with the kine is far better than animated converse with an irate subscriber with fists like a premium ham and the disposition of a hyena. Let us reform brethern, and get close to nature's heart with a three-tined pitchfork anda self-feeding manure-spreader. We will live longer or at least it will seem longer, as the married man said, and if the worst comes to worst we can live on ruta bagas and rock salt, which we have no doubt is an imporvement over our customary diet. Then 'Back to the Soil' the grand hailing sign of distress.

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WHAT'S NEXT?

(From Fraser Valley Record)

On Friday last the Ferndale Dramatic Society carried the town by storm with the entertainment provided by them upon that occasion. The chief part of the programme consisted of a farcical comedy "What's Next" the presentation of which was so pleasing and the portrayal of the characters therein so able that the people of Mission City will have to bestir themselves, or else pass up the palm to this enterprising young society. The caste in the play was large and many of the characters extremely difficult, but in none was there a weak spot, and while of course, the more important characters were more particularly noticeable, yet the care displayed in even the smallest details connected with the rendition of the lesser parts showed the study and thought that had been given to the whole work and reflected great credit not only to the players themselves but to the ability of the instructor and stage manager The only difficulty that appeared to trouble the players was the frquent and prolonged applause and laughter, a situation that they seemed somewhat at a loss to meet and which appeared to somewhat embarass them by causing a necessary stoppage in the acting. This is of course a matter these young artists will soon learn to overcome. Between the acts some very excellent vocal selections were given by Miss Portsmouth and Mr. Holden. Every selection was encored and the beautiful songs of Miss Portsmouth and the comic songs of Mr. Holden appearing particularly to be appreciated. After the play a dance given, to which a very large number stayed and perhaps one of the merriest and most informal dances was enjoyed and carried on until about three p.m. In order that nothing should be lacking a nice little supper was also served which as many of the revellers came from a distance proved very acceptable

Great credit is due the Ferndale Dranatic Society for a most enjoyable entertainment from start to finish, and the people of Mission City most emphatically ask our young friends "What's Next?"

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By special arrangements we are in a position to make the following offer:

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THE ABBOTSFORD POST
ABBOTSFORD, B. C.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Mr. C. Hill-Tout has returned home from Pittsburg, Penn.

Mr. See Sumner was a busy fellow this week. He moved.

Rev. Supt. Wilson visited Upper Sumas and Huntingdon on Sunday the 7th and preached in Abbotsford Presbyterian church at the evening service

Mr. J. T. Smeeton was appointed by the Westminster Presbytery to preach at Straiton during the winter months.

Mr. J. R. D. McAusland who was on the sick list here for a few days has left for a tour of eastern B. C. on his way east.

Tim McElroy the dancing Instructor tells us that his class is the best he ever ha din a small place, and that some of his pupils will make the mostgraceful dancers in the Fraser Valley.

Campbell, the Abbotsford Watchmaker, does first-class watch repairing. All work guaranteed and prompt work assured. Office in Clark's Shoe Store.

Mr. Walter Wells, having made a fortune on the ranch, has come to live in the city and spend his money in town.

Miss Irene McLaughlin of Vancouver, is the guest of Mrs J. A. McGowan.

Miss Irene Edson returned from New Westminster on Thursday.

DEATH AND CORONER'S INQUEST.

(From Fraser Valley Record)

On Friday morning last, Eric, a Sweedish Finn, was found dead on the ice below the Mission end of the C. P. R. bridge on the ice.

Dr. Stuart the coroner deemed it was necessary to hold an inquest

The following were sworn in as a jury, A. A. Lane, foreman, J. T. Duff R. Shannon, A. Fontaine, H. Howell W. A. Galliford.

On Friday evening the scene of the accident was visited by the jury and the coroner. The inquest was adjourned until Tuesday afternoon at 1 p.m.

Gus Anderson, a friend and partner of the deceased sworn stated that he met the deceased at Hope and they came to Matsqui together. He had known him before. On Thursday evening they came to Mission together The same day I came to Mission to buy groceries leaving for home at one p.m. I had a bottle which we finished together. Then we left about five or six for Mission. We went to the Bellevue Hotel. I identify the bartender We had a few drinks and started for the door home. He fell on the steps. I started home alone he stayed at the station. On my way across the bridge my foot slipped and went in between the ties and I took off my shoe. Next morning I thought Eric had been arrested and I started for Mission I met a man at the end of the bridge who pointed out the dead man I recognised him. He was a married man.

Cross-examination showed the deceased was drunk when he left home for Mission.

The cross-examination showed also that the two left theh otel together after having four drinks and that the deceased had talked intelligently in the bar-room with a friend regarding the I. W. W.

Frank Shay, operator at the C. P. R. station stated he saw two men on the station platform about 11 o'clock. He was on the platform and could hear their conversation They said something about going over the bridge. Could not identify the man Gus Anderson. They both left the platform and started across the tracks together.

Phillip Mitchell, bartender at the Belevue Hotel, sworn said he was in the room on the night of the 11th when Anderson and deceased came into the bar about ten minutes to ten. Anderson was sober, and Eric was sober. They left about ten minutes to eleven. They had a bottle, which Anderson had bought and gave to deceased but had it before he left in his hip pocket.

Several other witnesses gave evidence to show that both men leftat the time stated and sober.

After about an hour and half deliberatoin the jury brought in the following verdict;

We the jury agree that the deceased man met his death by accidentally falling from the C. P. R. bridge to the frozen river below induced by the influence of liquor

THE FARMERS INSTITUTE

The annual meeting of the above association was held recently and the following officers appointed;

Pres.—J. W. Winston.
Vice-Pres.—D. McGillivray.
Sec.-Treas.—J. H. H. Nelson.
Directtors—Angus Campbell, Perry Starr, Roy Serl, A. A. Serl, and C. Everett.

It was shown that the association was in a prosperous condition with a membership of eighty, and the prospects that this would be increased by about one-third more more by the end of the year.

The institute is getting government sprayer in and buying it for the members.

The resolutions sent out by the central institute were all endorsed.

Mr. J. H. H. Nelson was appointed a delegate to Victoria.

BIRTH—To Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Campbell, Abbotsford, on January 15th, a daughter.

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North Vancouver, Office and

OUR SPECIAL THIS WEEK
Will be Cream Rolls, Cream Puffs, and all kinds of Pastry, and English Pork Pies.
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

WATER NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made under Part V. of the Water Act, 1909, to obtain a licence in the Chilliwack Division of New Westminster District.

(a.) The name and address, and occupation of the applicant; Hope Alanson, et al, Abbotsford, B. C., Hardware Merchant.

(b.) The name of the lake, stream or source (if unnamed, the description is) a spring rising in the south east quarter of Section 22, Township 16.

(c.) The point of diversion, about 310 feet south easterly from the north-west corner of the south-east quarter Section 22.

(d.) The quantity of water applied for (in cubic feet per second) one-seventieth (1-70) cubic foot per second.

(e.)The character of the proposed works, Tank and pipel ine.

(f.) The premises on which the water is to be used, Five dwellings houses in Abbotsford Townsite.

(g.) The purposes for which the watter is to be used, Domestic supply.

(j.) Area of Crown Land intended to be occupied by the proposed works, none.

(k.) This notice was posted on the 15th day of January, 1912, and application will be made to the Commissioner on the 17th day of February. 1912.

(l.) Give the names and addresses of any riparian proprietors or licensees who or whose lands are likely to be affected by the proposed works, either above or below the outlet, John Kingrose Sutherby Ladner, B. C.

(Signature) HOPE ALANSON
Abbotsford, B. C.

Peerless 200 Egg Incubator and Brooder for sale, almost new. Apply to C. Sumner, or C. A. Ryall, Abbotsford, B. C.

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Alanson is after your business this year with a vim and energy known only to 1912. Alanson wants your business, and you want to deal wita him if you have your own interests at heart, which of course you have. For
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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
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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, Propriator

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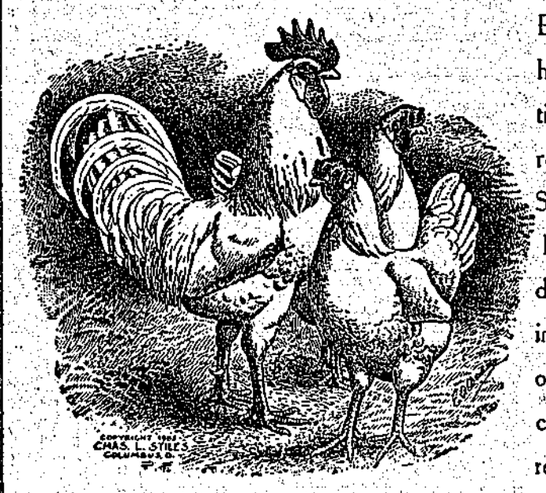
By scientific bceeding we have developed two distinct and practically unrelated strains of our Snow S.C.W. Leghorns. These have all been developed from our original two unrelated families of birds by the most careful selection and correct breeding.
We are ready to book any order, big or small.
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Holden Block, Vancouver.
British Columbia Electric Railway Ltd