

The Abbotsford Post



VOL. V., No. 11.

ABBOTSFORD, B. C., FRIDAY, JUL 19, 1912

8 \$1.00 PER YEAR

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JUL 22 1912
VICTORIA, B. C.

Sunbeam Tea

A Good Tea that Continues
Good is a Good Tea
to continue by
Sunbeam Tea is that kind
of Tea

Blended and Packed Expressly for my own trade

S. Brooke

ABBOTSFORD and HUNTINGDON, B. C.

To my many Customers;

Having disposed of my business to Messrs. Smith and Abbott, I take this opportunity of thanking my many customers for their liberal patronage during the time I have been in business in Abbotsford in the Pioneer Store.

Messrs. Smith and Abbott are good business men, and intend carrying a large stock of general merchandise, and I would bespeak for them the same kind support extended to me, believing that all dealings with them will prove both profitable and satisfactory to all who favor them with their orders.

The Pioneer Store has always been a favorite with the people of Abbotsford and district, and under the new management just as excellent values will be given customers as in the past.

M. L. McPHEE.

Smith & Abbott

The Pioneer Store

MR. H. BOYD'S FAREWELL

In honor of Mr. H. Boyd, who is about to leave for Minnedosa, a most successful social was given in the Anglican vicarage on Tuesday night last. The guests numbering about 25 were royally entertained by the Vicar, Mrs. and Miss Yates. The feature of the social was that each guest, either by a distinctive dress or decoration represented the name of a song, and prizes were offered to whoever should make the highest number of successful guesses of the song suggested. Some of the representations were most difficult, while others were comparatively easy. Although it was essential that to be at all successful one must have some knowledge of the popular songs of the day, the guests taking part and the songs they represented are as follows:

Mr. Yates, 'Little Alabama Coon.' Mrs. Yates, 'The Light of Other Days.' Miss Yates, 'Violets.' Miss Boyd, 'Day-dreams.' Miss Gilbert, 'The Song of the Lark.' Miss Rucker, 'Tying the Leaves.' Mrs. C. H. Harrop, 'Ransey Paces.' Mr. W. McEneaney, 'Star of my Soul.' Miss A. Speed, 'Wearing of the Green.' Mr. J. Heath, 'A Diddle-diddle, the Cat and the Fiddle.' Mr. C. H. Harrop, 'After the Ball.' Mr. Williams, 'Clover Blossoms.' Miss Parton, 'King Chanticleer.' Miss D. Parton, 'The Rosary.' Miss M. Rhodes, 'Why.' Mr. N. Rucker, 'My Irish Molly.' Mr. H. Boyd, 'Billy.'

The prize for gentleman was won by Mr. J. Heath, who guessed 14 out of 17 successfully, while Miss Boyd with 11 obtained the ladies' prize. Altogether a most enjoyable evening was spent.

J. McMurphy returned last week from an extended trip to the East. This is the first time that our popular immigration inspector has attempted the hardships of a trip to the far East and though he has been a resident of the coast for a number of years, has never before had an opportunity of seeing the beauties of the Canadian Rockies. Arriving in Vancouver many years ago in the good ship Planet, via the long route around Cape Horn, he has never had any desire to leave the country of his choice. Some weeks ago he was called east on official business and though somewhat averse to leaving the Fraser Valley, he made the trip to oblige the department. His experiences have been many and varied. Many new features of Canadian life have been thrown open to him and the result is not far to seek, Mr. McMurphy is more in love with the Fraser Valley than ever. The tornado which struck Regina was only a few hours ahead of the train in which our friend was journeying west, and on taking a glimpse at the havoc wrought by the storm, he was content to have the train hurry him to the coast as rapidly as possible. A remarkable feature of the Regina storm was the fact that though every church in the town was injured to some extent, the hotels escaped free.—Star.

Ha! Is this not beautiful hay weather. Just perfect.

LOCAL INDUSTRIES

It is interesting to note that the first car load of freight shipped on the new Canadian Northern tracks was one of lumber sent to Hope by the Abbotsford Lumber & Trading Co. The lumber was sent to fulfill an important part in the construction of a large trestle bridge near to Hope. Such is the equipment of the company, that they can haul logs and cut timber to any size required. Recently they have installed a fast new feed planer of which there are but two or three in the whole province. This planer enables them to do much faster work and gives a much finer finish. New machinery is constantly being laid down. The company now has a steam drag saw for cutting logs, which cuts logs to any length required. The clearing of right of way is now proceeding for three miles of new track to the north west of the mills where the company has a fine body of timber. Already about seven miles of track intersect the woods and connect up the mills with the B. C. E. R., C. P. R., and G. N. R. As an instance of the enormous business handled by the company, they recently cut over 90,000 feet in one day, also the number of carloads shipped in one month was 88. The company's employees number about 150, whose payroll considerably adds to the prosperity of the town of Abbotsford.

THE GUN CLUB

The usual weekly shoot was held on Wednesday. This week end a team of five members will leave for Bellingham to represent the Abbotsford Gun Club at a big shoot at the Squicum Creek range, Bellingham. The meeting opens at 9.30 a. m. Sunday morning and will close Monday afternoon. Prizes to the value of \$200 are offered and our team expect to come back with a good share of it. Let us all wish them luck.

CANADIAN THISTLES

Like the poor, the Canadian thistle is always with us, and just now is flourishing, but while it is in flower, before the seed pods are scattered by the wind in every direction, is the time to cut them. It is a duty everyone owes the community, to destroy these parasites, they do no good and their seed being numberless, will, if not taken in time, turn a fertile ranch into a thistle bed. Therefore not in fear of the law but for what we owe our fellow man, let us get out and cut the thistles, as you would swat the flies, and cut your share even to the centre of your road allowance.

Merritt storekeepers have adopted the half holiday on Wednesday.

The Toronto Saturday Night, in a recent edition, referred to Northern Ontario as the only remaining mecca for the game hunter. The editor must be an Englishman. Northern Ontario can never begin to compare with the country to the north of us.

SCHOOL TRUSTEES

A meeting of the school trustees of Abbotsford was held on Saturday, July 13th, the principal business being the election of one school trustee and one auditor. Mr. George Clark was re-elected school trustee by acclamation, and Mr. George Kerr was appointed auditor. Mr. Clark then occupied the chair and Mr. Alanson was secretary. Miss Edith Catherwood was reappointed on the public school teaching staff.

JUNIOR FOOTBALL CLUB

On Friday evening last at "Ravenshurst" members of the Junior Football Club were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Boyd, assisted by Miss Boyd and Miss Gilbert. On behalf of the club, the president presented Mr. Boyd with a gold chain and watch guard, in recognition of the services he has rendered the club during the past two seasons. Mr. Boyd suitably replied and the remainder of the evening was spent in enjoyment.

The number of horses and horsemen who participated in the race meeting in Sumas last week, were almost entirely drawn from the Fraser Valley. With the exception of two owners from the Nooksack Valley, all the entries came from the north of the international line and the majority of these from the Chilliwack district. The new race track which was specially constructed for this meeting was in excellent shape and the meeting was a decided success. There is some talk of pulling off a race meeting this coming fall and there is every probability that the event will be a popular one. Several local horse lovers have decided to go in for fast stock now, that there is local track on which to train and there is no doubt but that Huntingdon will soon see the necessity of building a track for the use of local people.—Star.

W. J. Brandrith has now completed the collection of British Columbia timber products which will form part of the exhibit which will be seen by many thousands of easterners during the coming fall fairs. The collection is complete in every detail and those who have had the privilege of seeing it are of the opinion that no finer collection has ever been gathered together. The British Columbia exhibit for the east will surpass that of any other province, the material for the exhibit has been collected from the best of each section and the prospective settlers will have an opportunity of seeing what can be done in this combination of soil and climatic conditions. Mr. Brandrith will accompany the exhibit and will be a walking delegate for all the municipalities of the Fraser Valley as he is an ardent booster for our products.—Star.

In the new Roman Catholic Church of St. Ann's, Father Jan of St. Mary's Mission will conduct services on the first Sunday in each month.

THE ABBOTSFORD POST

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Our Shibboleth—Neither for nor against the Government.

FRIDAY, JULY 19 1912

It would appear that the two great political parties of the Dominion of Canada are shaping for another general election. There is organization going on on both sides such organization as usually precedes an election.

It is only the natural course of events that there should be another general appeal to the country when the new Redistribution bill passes the house next session. The census returns are almost completed and it shows that the west is not represented at Ottawa as according to the British North American Act. The basis of representation has always been the province of Quebec and according to the best authorities on this matter there are at least twelve seats due the west. It is true that some of the eastern provinces must lose seats but that cannot be helped. Decrease of population in the east and a large increase in the western provinces will account for these changes.

It is said that there will be certain compromise on the part of committees having the Redistribution bill in hand. Why should there be any compromise. If the maritime provinces have not the people why should they have the representatives for more than they are entitled to? If the west is entitled to representatives that they do not get there is bound to be a howl—and a just one too. The difference for representation basis may be small, according to the census, but as the tide of immigration is towards the west it is only natural that if close decisions are now given in favor of the west that in the intervening years between now and the next census, it would substantiate the policy of giving to the majority no matter how small. The prairie provinces and British Columbia are now dominated by the opinion of the easterners, and that opinion would appear to be at times somewhat not in keeping with the ideas that prevail in the new provinces of the dominion.

Among the questions that will undoubtedly be an issue in the near approaching election, undoubtedly reciprocity will be a dead issue. While the western prairies may want to revive the policy that defeated Laurier, yet the head politicians of the east that appear to guide the destinies of the dominion are hardly likely to want to come boldly forward as in the last election.

But it is a certainty that the Redistribution of seats will be an important factor in the next election, for the simple reason that no matter what the present government may do it will not satisfy the Liberals who will be seeking for predominancy by any road.

Of course there are other questions of policy which the Conserv-

atives will be wanting endorsement on for the purpose of seeking re-election, and these will undoubtedly be the basis of the political fight.

Today the second meeting of the Fraser Valley Municipalities is being held in New Westminster. Representatives are no doubt present from all parts of the Fraser Valley from the different municipalities and boards of trade. In unity there is strength. The Valley needs much to make it more attractive for the incoming settler.

For the Post to enumerate the many requirements of the present residents of the Fraser Valley, would take more time and space than is at the disposal of a small weekly paper.

There is one matter, however, which could easily be taken up by the new organization should it be completed today, and that is the matter of assistance to the various municipalities of the Fraser Valley in the building of roads for the present settler and for the prospective settler. An attendance at the various councils of the Fraser Valley cannot but impress upon the observant that the men who are undertaking the government of the different municipalities are butting up against a stiff proposition. A proposition in which they are handicapped by the people which they represent. There is the cry for roads; the cry for a road to let the people out from farms to a well travelled highway to the market or the store or post-office. Some are so entirely snarl in that it is impossible to enjoy the comforts of farm life. These people are asking for roads; but they ask also that the local council "keep the taxes down." There are others asking for improvements to roads. They also object to high taxation. What is the council to do with requests for road improvements and new roads that it is impossible to finance with the available funds at hand.

Some will say that it is the fault of these people themselves that they are so shut in. It may be, and it may not be. They come to the province or district and the beauties of climate and soil are so luridly placed before them that like the unwary, they are induced to buy the land which the real estate agent or the friend recommends. When bought and they begin in this new country the duties which the stern realities of life demand, then and only then do they realize what it is to make a home for themselves in the West. The claim of the Post is that these municipalities should be helped by the provincial government so as to enable a proper system of roads to be built in the province. If the new organization can co-operate with each other to hasten the day of good roads to the settler, as well as good roads for the automobilist, then the good work begun will not be in vain.

There are, of course, other objects to aspire the solution of, but good roads for the settler will do more to make the country prosperous than any other act that man can do. Railways are bonus-ed to come into the country; why not bonus the settler to take up the land lying dormant, by giving him good roads.

IN THE SCIENTIFIC WORLD

RECORDING EARTHQUAKES

Recently Introduced Instruments Can Record Earth Motions However Distant May Be the Earthquake.

In the new Magnetic Observatory at Eskdalemuir, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, there has recently been fitted up an instrument to record the motion of the earth produced by an earthquake, however distant the earthquake may be from the observatory. The inventor of the instrument is Prince Galitzin, the Russian scientist. The instrument consists of a hori-

zontal framework, which is attached to the earth by a pier. It is moved the pendulum is forthwith set in motion. In the absence of friction, however, such a pendulum would vibrate too long, and this fault has been corrected in the Galitzin pendulum in an ingenious manner by allowing a copper plate attached to the pendulum to move between the poles of a strong magnet. The introduction of friction has one disadvantage: it reduces the sensitiveness of the apparatus, but by a second clever application of electro-magnetic theory, Prince Galitzin has overcome this trouble. Mr. G. W. Walker, the superintendent of the observatory, has invented an electrometer for the measurement of electrical forces. He has also devised an original construction for ascertaining the 'electric potential' of the atmosphere.



SIR GEORGE GARNEAU, Quebec.

AN INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE LANGUAGE.

The tendency towards a common tongue whereby people of various nationalities might be able to correspond and converse intelligibly with one another has been revived by Professor Donnán in a strong plea for an international language of science. He has collected and translated a series of essays written by the most celebrated luminaries of Europe upon this perplexing question, for in the development of science the need of a common comprehensive tongue is more essential than in any other ramification of human endeavour. Up to a few years ago, comparatively speaking, science was well supplied in this respect, for Latin was the vehicle for spoken and written communications in science; but the development of the latter brought about the abandonment of this practice. Efforts to the same end have been made by the creation of universal languages such as Esperanto and Volapuk, but these have now gone the way of all others, and are as dead as Greek. The failure of Esperanto and Volapuk is attributed by Professor Lorenz to 'want of rational development' and the fact that they contain too much arbitrariness.

To Make Light in a Bottle.

A safe light for going about at night or where there are inflammable materials, as into a store-room, may be made as follows: Take a long glass bottle and put into it a piece of phosphorus the size of a pea; upon this pour pure olive oil heated to the boiling point until this bottle is about one-third full and cork tightly. When light is needed take the cork out and allow the air to enter, subsequently recorking. The empty space in the bottle will then become luminous and give quite an effective light. If it becomes dim it can easily be revived by uncorking the bottle for a few seconds. One bottle will last a whole winter. Small bottles may also be prepared in this way and carried in the pocket.

The Standard

MONTREAL.

THE STANDARD is the National Weekly Newspaper of the Dominion of Canada. It is national in all its aims.

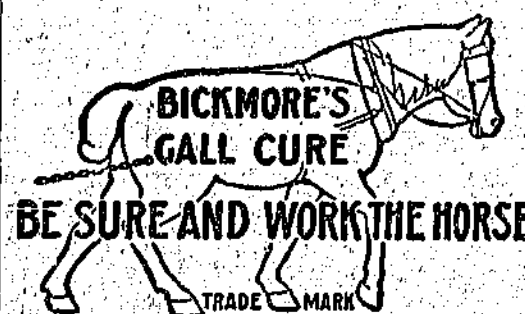
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MYSTERY

Of the Great
Desert of
Sahara

By R. W. Keenan

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I was lounging one afternoon in the eastern part of Tripoli, a city in northern Africa and on the Mediterranean, looking at the ancient castle of the Bashaws, when I was startled to see the wall of a corner bastion of the fortress open where it joined the ground and a figure emerge and come running toward me. On he came, staggering under the weight of heavy iron shackles, till he reached a point within a few yards of me, when he sank down, evidently not knowing which way to turn. He was blinking his eyes as if blinded by the light of the sun.

Then I saw a puff of smoke on the ramparts of the castle, heard a report and saw evidences of a stirring in and about the stronghold. It was evident that a prisoner had escaped. The man was a skeleton, and the agony on his face at knowing that he must be taken was distressing. Darting toward him, I began to heap sand over him and, having some knowledge of his language, told him that I was trying to conceal him. He suffered me to do so, and I partly covered him with sand, partly with an overcoat I wore, for a easterly sea wind was blowing. Then I sat down on him, lighted a pipe and began to puff, looking out with feigned interest on the Mediterranean.

I never knew who gave the alarm, but it must either have been the fugitive's jailer who had noticed his dungeon vacant or some one on the outside who ran in to communicate what he had seen. At any rate, whoever told of the escape must have lost sight of the fleeing man, for when a party ran out from the fortress to follow him they scattered in all directions, evidently none of them knowing which direction to take. Most of them ran toward the shore, doubtless thinking he would naturally go there in hope of escaping by boat. He certainly couldn't swim out to any of the ships, loaded as he was with iron.

Several persons came near where I was, but they were too excited by the chase to pay much attention to me, for I was in European dress and evidently not the man they sought. One fellow was heading for me when I pointed, vociferating wildly at the same time, to a pearl diver's boat lying near the shore. This probably saved the man I was hiding, for it was likely that had I permitted the searcher to come nearer he would have noticed that the sand had been disturbed.

For half an hour I sat on my man, and while I sat I thought. My act had been the result of an impulse. I had interfered with the law and if detected would probably occupy a dungeon such as the fugitive had left. From the moment I realized my position I shivered whenever I saw any one coming in my direction. The sun was sinking in the west, and I prayed earnestly that it might set and leave darkness behind it. Gradually the searchers thinned out, not supposing that the fugitive could be near at

hand, and finally the search was given up in my immediate vicinity.

When it grew dark enough to warrant my uncovering the man I did so. His eyesight was now far better than mine, for, as I had supposed, he had become used to what little light might make its way into a dungeon. I told him to go where he liked, but he pleaded with me so eagerly to help him get rid of his chains that I could not refuse him. Besides, I considered him in a sense as Robinson Crusoe looked upon the man he had saved from the cannibals, his own man Friday. So I covered him again, went up into the town, bought a coarse file and, returning, cut off his shackles, which I buried in the sand. Then, giving him what money I had in my pockets, I told him to go his way.

I could not see his features, but I could feel his gratitude in the pressure of his hand and hear what he said. Translated into English, it is this:

"Allah is great. When you are in trouble he will send me to help you."

With that he disappeared in the darkness.

The next day I walked past the point in the wall from which he had made his escape. I saw a hole just large enough for a lean body such as his to pass through. He had doubtless managed to secure some sharp implement, with which he had dug his way out through crumbling places. Indeed, I visited the prison and was shown the cell in which he had lived for twenty years and the passage he had dug. But, conscious of the part I had taken in his escape, I did not linger longer than to satisfy my curiosity. Indeed, whenever a Turkish official looked at me I felt that I was suspected.

Not feeling sure that I might not, after all, come to be known as having hidden the prisoner, I went to the United States consul and told him that I feared arrest for an infringement of Turkish law and asked him to send every day to my lodgings to ask if I were still there. What I feared was being spirited away and put in a dungeon without any of my countrymen knowing what had happened. I was planning for a trip down into the desert, but I had my outfit to purchase and my attendants to hire. So it was impossible for me to get away for some time.

I confess I felt relief when one morning with three camels and half a dozen men, including my servant, Hadji, who had attended me while in Tripoli, I started on my journey. I had tried in vain to secure the services of some trustworthy Bedouin who knew the desert and would make a safe guide. But whenever I found a man who knew the country, I was warned that he would probably murder me and possess himself of my effects, and when I found a man with a reputation for morality he knew nothing about the desert. I finally started with no one but myself to rely on, and I had occasion to bitterly rue my temerity.

My journey was one continued effort to protect myself against thieves and robbers. It was useless to put my men on guard at night, for they did not seem to care whether what I had was stolen or not. One night while I myself was watching I noticed a large dog prowling near my camp. Presently I discerned a desert thief directing the animal, who had been taught to steal.

But this was a mere bagatelle, compared with a sandstorm that overtook us, and the sandstorm was not so dangerous as a man I hired for a guide from one oasis to another, who tried to pilot me into an ambush where a

You may be paid \$50 in Cash for improving your walk like this

108 Canadian farmers will receive cash prizes (twelve in each Province) in our big

1912 FARMERS' PRIZE CONTEST

WE held a contest last year in which 36 prizes were offered. This year there will be three times as many prizes (108) and therefore three times as many chances for you to win one of them. You do not have to use a large quantity of cement to win a prize. Many of last year's prize-winners used comparatively little cement.

THE contest is divided into three classes and in only one of them (Class "A") does the amount of cement used count in deciding prize winners. Class "B" is for doing the best concrete work (the size makes no difference). Class "C" is for sending in the best and clearest description of how any piece of concrete work was done.

THERE will be four prizes (First, \$50; Second, \$25; Third, \$15; Fourth, \$10) in each class in each Province. Thus you have only to compete with other farmers in your own Province, and not with those in all parts of Canada. This gives you the best possible chance to win a \$50 prize.

IT COSTS NOTHING TO ENTER—There are absolutely no "strings" to this offer. There is no entry fee or red tape to bother with. You cannot lose, because the improvements you make of concrete in competing for the prizes will be more than worth their cost. We have a book, "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete," that will give you all the information about the use of concrete you can need. It will be sent to you free when you ask us for complete particulars of the Prize Contest. Ask for particulars to-day. Just say "Send me, free, your book and full particulars of the 1912 Prize Contest," on a post card and mail it to-day. Address: Publicity Manager,



Canada Cement Company Limited, 503 Herald Bldg., Montreal



band of robbers were waiting to kill me.

Not being satisfied with hiring guides, I determined to go through to the next oasis without one. The distance was three days' travel, but at the end of the third day I looked in vain on the horizon for that bunch of fauna which indicates an oasis. I camped, and the next day we traveled in the burning sun without seeing any sign of a point for refreshment, nor did we meet a caravan. The sandstorm had obliterated any tracks of the great route between Tripoli and the Sudan on which we had started. All about us was an unmarked wilderness of sand. The desert is so immense that when one loses his position there is no hope of finding it again. One on that boundless sea without knowing what direction to take can only go on day after day, hoping to strike an oasis.

That is what we were compelled to do.

The sensation of being lost in a wilderness of sand was frightful enough in itself, but to see the stock of provisions day by day growing smaller, the skin pouches holding the water growing thinner, with the hot sun pouring down on one's brain, is maddening.

So we toiled on, hoping each day for some end to this frightful journey. Either a distant caravan, an oasis or even a band of robbers would have been welcome. And now the humps on the camels' backs became shrunken. We had no water to give them, for we were using ourselves what remained in one of the pouches. We killed one of the camels for the water in its hump. Then we killed another. One of my men died, then another and another, most of them dead, till about all were dead and I was left alone, a human being with a camel. Alas, I must sacrifice my only companion for what water was left in him. I killed him and was alone on the great desert of Sahara.

I fell asleep that evening praying that I might never awaken. But I was awakened by a touch. There, by the light of a full moon that had arisen perhaps an hour before, I saw a skeleton of a man in Bedouin costume bending over me.

"Allah has sent me," he said.

He took me up in his arms and carried me away. I knew not where, for to me there was no north, south, east or west. Most of the time I was unconscious. When I was not I was looking up into the dome of the heavens, whose stars seemed to be glaring at me. Then suddenly I thought I was in a boat in a choppy sea, but soon recognized the motion of a camel. I put out my hand and felt hair. Straps were about me so that I could not fall. I felt a cup of water placed to my lips and saw the face of the man I had saved at Tripoli holding it while I drank. Then I slept.

In the morning I found myself lying

on green grass in an oasis.

I have told my story. I shall not attempt to explain it. Nor am I going to ask any one to believe it. I certainly do not expect persons to believe what I would not believe myself had it been told me instead of having happened to me. One thing occurred to me the moment I was conscious of having been saved. I was seized with a desire to know whether I had been saved by the quick or the dead.

I joined a caravan passing through the oasis northward of Tripoli. On reaching there, after rest and having satisfied myself that the escaped prisoner I had hidden no longer occupied either the popular or official mind, I went to the castle for any information I might pick up. I interviewed those in charge as to what had become of the man who had escaped and found that his jailers felt considerable superstition as to his disappearance, claiming that in his chains and hunted by so many persons he could not have escaped without the interposition of Allah.

I asked them who he was, but was told that he had been in prison so long that his identity had been forgotten. I was greatly disappointed at this, for it precluded the possibility of my ever hunting up the man through his relatives and discovering whether he was living or had died. So I reluctantly sailed away from Tripoli, feeling that I must wait for an explanation until I had entered that existence where all things will be made plain.

A PRETTY RUSSIAN



PAOLINA PAJITYKAYA

Karsavina is said to be the most beautiful woman that ever graduated from the Czar's ballet school. Karsavina was known as "solo dancer to the czar," and, until this season, saving one appearance in Paris for the Messina earthquake sufferers, she has never been permitted to appear before other than a Russian audience.

Matsqui Hotel

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John McMillan

Manager

Giants Among Insects.

While the study of entomology (science of insects) will lead one to observe many minute and microscopical objects, all insects are not small. In size the Hercules beetle is probably one of the largest insects in existence, being about seven inches long, including his snout. He is a native of the West Indies, where he must look a most formidable foe to the insect world, though his prominent proboscis seems to be used chiefly to "lock horns" with the male adversaries of his own order only. Among insects are found many instances of structures present in males and wanting in the female of the same species. Many of them have enlarged jaws, some with horns, and some antler-like projections with which to combat their foe, and probably many a desperate battle has been fought in insect life that would be worthy of record by some Homeric bard.

WANDERING JUDY OR HER DEAR CANADA

by
MARSHALL SAUNDERS,
Author of "Beautiful Joe"

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Indians, by the way, are rather remarkable in their appreciation of the good in the human soul, and their legends deal with rewards for altruism. Down the trail is the 'Lure', a big, white stone on which neither moss nor vine will grow. Inside it is a bad witch-woman, who went through the world working such a terrible amount of wickedness, that she was put in this dreadful prison by the Four Men who represent the Deity to the Indians. Every splash on the white stone is one of her dreadful deeds, and to counteract any evil that the wicked heart in the stone might still try to effect, the Four Men chose from the nations a number of the best and kindest human beings, they could find, and transformed them into the group known as the Cathedral Tree, which are near the 'Lure'.

"Close to the park is English Bay, a bathing resort where we saw children playing on the sunny beach as if it were summer. We saw other children in the park, some walking, some driving, and others riding and attended by natty grooms. There were some fine houses near the park standing in their own grounds, and with a finished appearance. In the suburbs, where building operations are being carried on, Vancouver has some ragged edges. They have to fell those enormous trees and fill up muskeg."

"What is muskeg?" asked Peanut.

"Bog — soft and mossy, or peaty. The stumps of some of those felled trees were pathetic to me. They cut them and burn them, and still have hard work to get rid of them, for they are so enormous and cling desperately to the soil. Then sometimes they degrade them by making them advertise the city. Real estate notices are hung round their blackened and shrivelled necks. I always felt like taking them off. We used to see whole fields of them when we went beyond Vancouver to visit adjacent towns and villages."

"How did you go?" asked Firefly.

"By train or electric cars."

"What may be the age of this fine young city?" asked Biddy.

"Twenty-five years ago its site was a forest. After we were tired of looking about at the fine buildings and shops by the way, I went into one huge structure with 'Hudson Bay Company' over the door, and bought some dainty laces and ties as pretty as one would get in New York — we went back to the hotel, got our rooms, and had lunch. In the big dining-room, we saw people from all parts of the world, among them many personal friends. Punchie and I were always saying in surprised tones, 'Why how do you — where did you come from?' We saw not only Canadian friends, but American friends, for that fast Soo line runs from Minneapolis and St. Paul to Vancouver, as well as to Seattle."

"While we sat chatting and smoking in the evening, our friends used to come and call on us."

"Did you smoke, Judy?" asked Peanut solemnly.

"Not I," said Judy with equal solemnity, "and I must say that I think men — by the way, I am forgetting that we have one here."

"Don't mind me," said John Bertwin philosophically.

"Well then," continued Judy, "I may say that I think the smoking habit is a pernicious habit, especially for men leading sedentary lives."

"Sedentary lives," said Firefly scornfully, "it's pernicious for any life. Tobacco is a poison. You can't get out of it, and when I see men smoking, I get so angry that I want to scream, 'Fool and Pig!'"

"My patience!" exclaimed Dixie.

"Well, isn't a man a fool to saturate himself with tobacco smoke or any kind of smoke?" asked Firefly excitedly, "and isn't he a hateful

egotist to keep blowing smoke into the faces of non-smokers who cough, and choke and say politely, 'I don't mind it, I assure you. This is only a little tickling in my throat?'"

Judy laughed, then she went on, "One evening I had a tall handsome visitor, who with her husband was

going to the opera house which is close to the hotel. She had a long-stemmed crimson rose in her dress, and taking it out, she said, 'I picked this in our garden to-day.' It was a beauty, so firm and fragrant, and I wore it the next day and the next, putting it in a cool place at night, until finally it fell to pieces 'up north' where we had gone from Vancouver which is 'down below.'"

"Is 'up north' toward Alaska?" asked Firefly.

"Yes — northern British Columbia. The state is quite sizable you know — three times as large as Great Britain and Ireland. Less than fifty years ago, it was marked New Caledonia on the map, and was held as a fur preserve by the Hudson Bay Company under lease from the British Government. Outside the company, people looked upon it as a vast wilderness with a few savages and fewer traders. Then gold was discovered, and its wild days were over. Thousands of treasure-hunters rushed in, and the territory was made a Crown Colony, laws were enacted, roads made, and better than gold-seeking, lumbering and fishing and farming came into fashion. We learned an immense deal about this wonderful Province, usually in the various clubs where we were entertained. Its resources are marvellous, and have only begun to be developed. Punchie was often interviewed by newspaper reporters, and Board of Trade men. He is intensely interested in trade matters, and thinks there ought to be a closer union between the Pacific Coast and the prairie provinces. There's an argument for closer union," he said one day, when we were watching bags of Alberta wheat being stowed away in the hold of a steamer bound for Japan. Nova Scotians are mostly great unionists. We have always given freely of men and money to help build up the west, now we think all the provinces should work together for the good of all. Unity, co-operation, federation — those are our watch-words. My father is a great patriot, and Punchie and I have been brought up to love our country, and no matter how interested we are in our own affairs, to do something outside of them for the common good. I used to say in the morning, 'If you wish to go away with your men friends, go. I can amuse myself.' Sometimes he went, and I visited schools, clubs and private individuals, and gave and received information."

Canada is so new that we don't co-operate as well along certain lines as you do here in the States. You are more like us than English people, you are nearer. Take for example our federation of humane societies in which I am interested, as well as Jane. Here in the States you have a grand union. In Canada, our societies are good, but they don't co-operate well. Do copy Boston, and New York, and Albany, and San Francisco," I would say. "They are so friendly with each other, and so kindly disposed toward us. When I ask for humane literature for weak Canadian societies, any big American city will give me all I want."

"I suppose Vancouver is right to the fore educationally," said Jane.

"Indeed it is. Twenty-five years ago, there was one little red school-house, now they have a fine public school system, normal schools, commercial schools and universities."

"Your talk of this place reminds me of San Francisco," said Marigold dreamily.

"They are something alike," said Judy, "but San Francisco has a drier, dustier climate, and sharper winds. Vancouver is protected by the enormous island lying between it, and the open sea — and that reminds me of the trick Punchie played on me."

CHAPTER XXIV

On the Way to Prince Rupert

"He went to a steamship office, secured two state-rooms, and came back to me with the proposal that we go to see the new city of the Pacific — baby Prince Rupert, up

nearly to Alaska."

"We haven't time," I said.

"Yes," he said, "we have. We can go up and back and have a day there, in a week."

"Eleven years ago," I said, "those reckless Alaskan miners used to come down with their gold to Seattle and San Francisco in any old tub they could get. I'm not afraid to die, but I'm happy here, and in the sight of these magnificent steamers I don't see why I should put to sea in a tub in late October."

"You wait here," he said, "and I'll go alone."

"No," I said, "we'll die together," and I packed my things. It's astonishing girls that the more one travels, the less one has to take. I can go all over the world with a tailor-made suit, three blouses, and an evening dress with two waists, one high and one "décolletée." Well, I wasn't very enthusiastic about the tub, but as we drove down to the part of a city I always love, I hummed gaily.

"I remember the black wharves and the ships."

"And he sea tides tossing free,"

"The night was dark, but the streets were brilliantly lighted, and we soon left the carriage and entered a huge building, half full of boxes and bags, and cases of fish and fruit, and vegetables and many other things going mostly to the huge maw of the Orient. I raised my eyes to the tub — she was a magnificent Clyde-built boat just out from Britain. Everything was spick and span about her. There wasn't the ghost of a steamer smell. Punchie cast a roguish glance at me, but I didn't say a word, till after we had passed over the spotless deck, and through the big observation room, with its bowed glass front, and along a carpeted corridor to the daintiest state-room I was ever in. It looked as if it had never been occupied before. It had all the newest fixings for comfort and luxury, even to a brilliant reading-light in the berth."

"Punchie," I said, "you villain." He grinned angelically, and advised me to go to bed, for the tub might start any minute and begin to roll.

We had had a racketing day, for invitations had been most kindly showered on us, and go as fast as we could, it was impossible to accept them all. You know that delightful dead sleep one enters into when healthfully tired. Well, I was enjoying it that night when a most unearthly racket made me start up from my downy couch in alarm. Then I sank back again. I knew that avalanche sound. We were coaling and must have crossed the Strait of Georgia to the pretty little town of Nanaimo that I saw on the way back. You remember Marigold, we used to get Nanaimo coal down in San Francisco. There are huge mines here. When I woke the next morning, I looked round me and rubbed my eyes. Had we stopped? The room was as steady as a table. There were my possessions all braced and trapped in some way, as I am used to Atlantic voyages, and like to leave things shipshape when I go to bed, lest it come on to blow in the night. We must be in exceptionally calm water. I hurried to the big port-hole. I could have thrown a stone on shore. Then I dressed and rapped on Punchie's door. He was not there — was getting his shoes brushed, — but he soon arrived and we went to the dining-room. Land appeared on both sides of us. "Explain please," I said. "I don't know anything about this part of the world." He spread a map out on the table. By the way, there were not a few long tables, but a number of small ones. We sat at the table presided over by the captain who was a fine tall man, looking very smart in a new uniform with glistening buttons. Everything shone on this boat.

"You're not at sea, Judy," Punchie said. "We are taking the inland passage up north. One can take the outside one, but it's apt to be a bit rough." Then he pointed out to me that curious inside track that enables one to steam between the coast and long Vancouver Island, and then between other islands, until one is away up to the frozen northern lands. We saw the open Pacific only twice, at Millbank Sound and Queen Charlotte Sound."

"How far was it to Prince Rupert?" asked Firefly.

"Five hundred and fifty miles, and the scenery was magnificent the whole way. There are thousands of islands, big and little, well-wooded, or jagged, bleak and bare. Some had valleys and mountain pinnacles, many of them were tipped with snow. Legions of waterfalls raced down these mountain sides, and far off we could catch the gleam of white against the green trees or reddish colored rock that turned out to be superb falling sheets of water when we drew near. It was like a wonderful river trip, and getting tired or bored was an impossibility with something new to look at all the time."

"Were there any living beings?" asked Firefly.

"Oh yes. There were occasional light-house keepers, Indians in villages, men about canneries, fisher folk in pretty coves, or loggers in camps. Steamers and sailing craft passed us continually. It was like being on a wide ocean road. Sometimes when we were in a narrow lane of water between two islands, we would take a sudden turn and enter another passage. Our steamer the 'Prince Rupert,' would begin to howl out, by means of her horn, 'I'm coming, I'm coming,' and then around the corner would be another steamer yelling, 'I'm going, I'm going.'"

"I was fascinated. This was the mystic highway to the golden regions — to Skagway, Dawson, the Klondike, the White Pass and the Yukon. I thought of the eager hearts of the gold-hunters, that had gone over this route, of the prosperity that awaited some of them, of the grim and terrible fate that lurked in the mountains for others."

"Was it cold?" asked Peanut.

"No, it was damp and cloudy. We were in the latitude of London. The rainy season had begun, but we did not have one heavy rainfall the three weeks we were on the coast, except one day when it poured from morning till night. You know the little rubbers we call sandals that only half protect the foot. Well, I wore a pair of them over thin shoes the whole time I was gone. The climate up here in northern British Columbia is almost as mild as in the southern part of the province, for the good old Japan current prevails here too, and prevents extreme of heat and cold. I will give you the winter climate in a nutshell — showers, damp air, sleet and caressing, and scarcely a bit of fog."

"Did you see any animals, or birds?" asked Jane.

"There were lots of wild animals in the mountains, but we could not see them. We met no end of black ducks going south for the winter, and a huge flock of gray and white gulls followed us all the way to Prince Rupert. No one kills these coast gulls. They are of immense value as scavengers. You know the British Columbia fisheries are enormous, and these gulls eat all the offal thrown out from canneries and fishing stations. Punchie and I loved the gulls. We used to stand for hours watching their every moment. Some would perch on the steamer rails, and others would push them off. I told the Captain that we had decided that our flock of gulls was the largest and finest of all the flocks following all the ships we met."

"He laughed — did you ever see a ship's captain that was morose? — and told us a story about an old man who wished to take a trip on a certain ship, and walking on board called out for the ship's dog, and a view of the pump bolt. He said he wouldn't pay till he saw them, for a fat dog and a rusty bolt, meant good grub and a safe craft."

"Did you get close to any Indians?" asked Firefly.

"Oh yes, particularly at Alert Bay where we touched, the day after leaving Vancouver. The sun was going down in a pinkish sky when we reached this little village tucked so snugly among its evergreens, with a pretty bay in front. Confronting us, was a line of good-sized wooden houses with rows of queer totem poles before them. Many Indians on this coast make a lot of money by fishing. As our steamer went in to a big wharf, an Indian and a boy in a gaso-

lino launch darted all round us, then having advertised themselves perfectly, went ashore, and took hold with a will of the ropes thrown out to make us fast. More Indians with women and children and nice, fat dogs stood on the wharf. We had on board one of the old-fashioned bluff, hearty kind of sea-captains who had been on this route for thirty years. Before we got to the wharf, he began roaring out Indian phrases to the Siwashies. They answered him, and one blind man, on hearing the sound of his voice, insisted on coming close to the ship, as we swung in to the wharf, and reaching out an arm, said he wanted to shake hands. 'He'll be drowned,' I exclaimed, but the Indians steadied him, and he groped about till he caught the retired captain's hand, and wrung it warmly. Our captain was the up-to-date type, quiet and gentlemanly — looked as if he might have stepped out of a university. When I said I had been afraid to go on shore and look in the Indian houses, and talk to the few white people who live in this place, his eyes twinkled merrily, and he said, 'When you see a skipper going ashore, you are safe to follow. His ship won't leave without him.' I felt particularly aggrieved that I hadn't got ashore, for they had just been having a pot-lach in this village."

"And what may that be?" asked Marigold.

"An Indian party. Anyone who feels prosperous makes a feast for all his friends, and gives everybody a present. Some Indians, like some white people, nearly ruin themselves in entertaining, not wisely but too well. I was sorry when we pulled out from this village, and often think of it calm and restful, with its rosy sky background — a little bit of civilization tucked in among those mighty forests and everlasting hills. All the next day, we had a succession of wonderful views, no two alike. The old travellers who go up and down, up and down, read novels or played cards in the dainty observation-room or the big smoking-room. One is at

the stern, the other at the bow, and both have fronts almost wholly of glass, so one can see everything. Punchie and I being new to the scenery, hung on it with fascinated looks, or talked to some of the 'up north' people on board. What stories of real pioneer life we heard, and all told in the most casual and matter-of-fact way. No one poses, where realities are so real, and life so earnest. There were some young girl wives on board who were going to join their husbands for the winter, in the most inaccessible places. 'Do you feel you are a heroine?' I asked one pretty creature who was to spend a year in a railway construction camp. She laughed. 'Oh no — I like the life up here — and when a woman marries, she ought to remember that in law, the husband has the right to choose the place of domicile. If you want to live where you like, what do you marry for?'"

"A woman should not give in to her husband in everything," said Firefly firmly.

"Certainly not," replied Judy, "but this Canadian girl is right about the place of residence. How many foolish women one meets in Europe, demoralizing themselves and their children by hotel life, while their husbands slave lonely and unloved in America."

"I know those birds of passage," said Firefly, "some of them fly from Indianapolis. 'Oh! my Paris, darling Paris,' said Miss Harris, 'if it only came from Paris, then I'd wear it, said Miss Harris.'"

"Some southern women go," said Dixie, "and I think they're quite right. American children should learn German and French thoroughly."

"What for?" asked Firefly abruptly. "So they can speak those beautiful languages."

"Where?"

"Why here — in their own country."

"Are there no foreigners here to teach them?"

"Oh yes, but there's nothing like being among lots of natives to get a perfect accent."

How many American boys and girls are called upon to use French and German as a conversational medium.

(To be continued)

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CHIEF OF POLICE ROSS
It is characteristic of Alex. M. Ross, chief constable of the Ottawa police force that he is very seldom seen in his official uniform. That may seem to some a fact of small significance, but it reveals in Chief Ross one of his most predominant traits of character. Or, putting it the other way, it shows the lack of a certain obnoxious trait: officiousness.

The man who has had direct charge of Ottawa's police force since Feb. 22nd, 1910, first joined the force on June 6th, 1895, as an ordinary blue-coat. He was given his best along with the others, and many a cold night he tramped the Ottawa streets in the interests of law and order. P. C. Ross was no ordinary policeman. He had been a school teacher in Ontario and a grain merchant and business man in the West. He pleaded guilty only to a desire for action in seeking the life of an officer of the law. And Chief W. F. Powell, who then had charge of the force, recognized qualities above the average in

the tall young policeman, and made him a clerk in the office. There he remained until he was appointed chief.

Chief Ross was born on a farm in Renfrew county 45 years ago on Dec. 26th, 1866. He was the third child of a family of five, four boys and one girl. His father, Mr. Robert Ross, and his mother are still living, hale and hearty at a ripe old age. At the age of 23 the future chief heard the Horace Greely call, and he returned East and settled in Ottawa in 1894. The chief is a bachelor. He carries his age well, being a man of magnificent physique, and might easily be taken for a man in the thirties. His favorite recreation is curling, at which he is expert, and he is a leading skip of the Ottawa Curling Club.

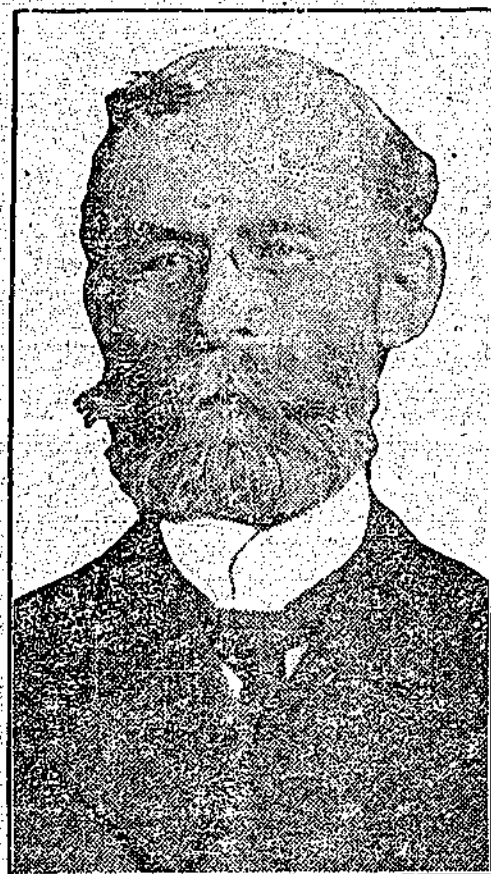
At Doornikloof, in the goldmining district of the Transvaal, a hole has been drilled down 5500 feet, thus making one of the few perforations of the earth's outer crust which exceed a mile.

And even the adjutant smiled.

WHO'S WHO IN CANADA

ABNER KINGMAN

Mr. Kingman of Montreal is by way of business a member of the big group of Canadian gentlemen who handle financial propositions, and is recognized as a successful and reliable business man. To the general public, he is, however, more widely known as one of the pillars of the Young Men's Christian Association, his active interest in which runs to a directorship of the International Organization, formed in 1854 in connection with the Associations of the United States and Canada. To Montreal belongs the honor of having opened the Y.M.C.A. movement in the Dominion. This was in 1851. Men of all faiths, even those with no religious professions whatever, are free to acknowledge the value of the good work being carried out by all departments of the body, and in connection with the effort in Montreal



ABNER KINGMAN

Financial Agent and Y.M.C.A. Worker

particularly, Mr. Kingman's name stands well to the front. He has been an active member from an early stage, and is looked upon not only as a conscientious worker, but as an able adviser in financial matters in which latter connection, his business capabilities admirably fit in.

ARCH. P. MCKISHNIE

Mr. McKishnie, fiction Editor on the Canadian Century, issued from Montreal, is one of Canada's young writers who turns out his stories in a fashion that attracts and holds the interest of his readers from the initial letter to the final word.

If you are by nature a lover of the woods, lakes and the wild things which inhabit them. If you have a good outdoor story or hunting yarn to spin, Archie P. McKishnie is your friend. The well known writer and author of Gaff Linkum and "Love of the Wild" is Canadian in birth and sentiment and comes of that grand old Scotch Ontario stock about which Ralph Connor has written so many stories. You do not meet the real McKishnie when he is at his office desk or in his study — tho' to be sure his personality impresses you right away with visions of the open and the nature he knows and loves so well — but trail with him thro' the tangle of bush grown up-



ARCH. MCKISHNIE

Journalist of Toronto and Montreal

lands in buff shirt and corduroy; paddle with him along placed, mountain hemmed lakes; or lay for drenching chilly hours in the reed blinds, and you will know McKishnie aright. The love of the wild comes of his

forest and marsh is his to impart to the ready listener, and McKishnie's camp soon receives his in-formation from the Grand Lodge of the Open Spaces. He is a practical man in wood work, he knows his animals, reptiles, fish and birds at first hand. Nature selected him as one of the few to whom she reveals her secrets.

There is nothing conservative about him. Tho' his first love is the woods and the creatures of the wild, he has an open heart for kindred subjects, and is well informed upon topics other than that of nature. His numerous magazine stories show that he has a grasp on a wide range of subjects, while his next book will be illustrative of spheres far from that of "the wild."

IN THE WORLD OF SCIENCE

MIGHTY MIRACLE IN STONE

Unearthing the Secrets of Egypt's
Mighty Pyramids that have been
Buried for Over Fifty
Seven Centuries.

It slumbered for thirty-seven centuries before the coming of Christ — the Great Pyramid of Cheops, or Khufu. It still stands there, eight miles from Cairo, defying time, the elements, and the vandals, all working together, barely able to stretch its skin. An American, Dow Covington, has brought out the latest word from its mysterious depths; he has almost solved its secret.

After clearing every passage that can be found, he has discovered that certain winds make musical sounds in the passages, which he has rid of the debris of nearly fifty-seven centuries and he hopes yet to find another northern passage which will make quite a musical effect when the winds blow right. Best of all, he has cleared the single remaining course just above the sands of the desert, and revealed to the world that its outer sheath was of white limestone, which nobody knew before, because the great mass of stone had been used as a common quarry for thousands of years. The limestone sheathing makes many a mosque in Egypt to-day. When the tomb of Cheops was first reared it was as white as a marble mansion of our times. The technical work of those days was marvellous. The masonry is absolutely unrivalled; there is nothing better in all the world to-day. Monuments and palaces have come and have gone a hundred times since the Great Pyramid was built. They have perished; it remains.

For 20 years 100,000 men toiled at the stones. They built their great pile facing exactly north and south. They chose a base of nearly a seventh of a mile, 761 ft. to be exact. This was a plot covering nearly 18 acres. There were 210 perfect courses of stone, almost invisibly joined of Mokattam limestone blocks. At an angle of a little more than 51 degrees its four sides swept up, tapering to the pointed apex, 481 ft. above the ground.

In it were 85,000,000 cubic feet of stone, put up by people who had no modern machinery. There are about 2,300,000 individual blocks.

It Flew 5600 Years Ago!

The debris removed, marvellous relics were unearthed. They had been left there almost before modern time began — objects of bronze and terra cotta, two mason's levels, bread-plates and wine-flasks used by the workmen of other days. There were the bones of a sacred bird which flew its last flight at least 5,600 years ago.

He found the mysterious chamber below the ground — burrowed out of the living rock beneath the mighty pile above — "The stones of darkness and the shadow of death." What this chamber was for is not yet known.

Sixty-nine feet of debris obstructs the outer end of the channel that leads to the great chamber of the king — the great Cheops, or Khufu, himself, and when this has been cleared away, there will be exposed for the first time in history the interior of this world wonder.

The Queen's Chamber

Beneath the King's chamber, in the heart of the pyramid, is the Queen's chamber, near the entrance to which there was found about forty years ago a number of rare relics, the most important of them being a small bracelet of iron, or perhaps it was a child's anklet. This was lying imbedded in the cement of the eighty-fourth course. It is the oldest iron object known to men. In 1837 a Mr. Hill, an engineer, found imbedded in the 103 course a flat piece of iron equally as old, which is now in the British Museum.

Masons to-day build no more beautifully than did those ancient men who toiled 5,600 years ago. They have left their own monument in the Queen's chamber which, apparently, was never used. It is superbly finished and jointed; yet, oddly enough, the entrances to this superb tomb was covered and concealed. Possibly it was intended for Mertitfe, Khufu's Queen, but she survived him and married his brother Chephren, who built the second pyramid in the great group which stands to-day as perpetual monuments just outside Cairo.

The Grand Gallery is considered the most mysterious part of this

mighty miracle in stone, because if the pyramid were intended only as a tomb there was practically no use for this elaborate Grand Gallery, with its strange and remarkable features, except perhaps to temporarily accommodate the granite plugs which still close the lower end of the ascending passage, but which I find fit too tightly to have been slid into position. At an angle of about 26 degrees 8 minutes it slopes up for 155 feet, its height 28 feet, and its width above the ramps nearly 7 feet. Its great sides are clearly marked by seven overlapping layers of stone, while it is roofed by thirty-six slabs.

TALKING BY SUN RAYS

Heliograph, It is Claimed, Was Oper-
ated in a Rude Way by the Red
Man Ages Ago.

A recent writer on the subject of talking by sun rays concludes that the civilized world is probably indebted to the North American Indian for the idea of making use of sun rays, reflected from a looking glass, as a means of transmitting messages or signals.

Science has taken the idea, modified and improved upon it, and the now almost perfect means used by all prominent nations to transmit messages by means of a mirror and sun rays are but the outgrowth of the idea of the "untutored savage," who many, many years ago conceived the idea of making the flashes of sun rays from a small piece of glass held in the hand the medium of conveying signals and messages, from point to point. Some authorities maintain that the idea came from a person as far back as the time of Alexander, as some histories record the fact that he piloted his fleets by signals made by the rays of the sun reflected from some bright surface.

The Indian with his small piece of shining material could send signal flashes a distance of over twenty-five miles. Today the civilized world, with the idea improved upon, and with fine instruments made for the purpose, is able to transmit long messages over seven times as far. The



SENATOR CASGRAIN,
Surveyor and Engineer, Montreal

Instrument used is called a heliograph or sun writer.

The heliograph may be described as an instrument by which rays of light are reflected from a highly polished mirror, mounted on a tripod so as to throw the resulting flash on any desired point within the field of vision. The signals are produced by causing the reflected rays to appear and disappear or be obscured, the intervals of appearance and obscuration being varied in length so as to produce the combinations of long and short flashes.

WIRELESS TELEPHONY ON TRAINS.

A phase of human activity which has occupied the attention of many inventors is the devising of a simple system for maintaining wireless telegraphic and telephonic communication with moving trains. Numerous experiments have been made in the United States, Belgium, and Germany, as well as in Britain; but the success hitherto achieved has not been sufficiently convincing to warrant commercial exploitation. An inventor in the Midlands, however, appears to have solved the difficulty, judging from the eminently satisfactory results of tests made. In this invention the method is adopted of encircling a railway carriage with two frames of wires for sending and receiving messages. Along the side of the track is carried a continuous wire, similar to that used for telegraphing purposes, which may be buried or carried on low posts, and which links up with stations and signal-boxes, as well as with the trunk telephone and telegraph systems of the country. In the carriage an ordinary telephonic instrument is installed, and the electric oscillations are transmitted or received by either of the above-mentioned wire frames carried beneath the coach. The system is described as wireless inductive, so that the pulsations produced in the sending wire frame are reproduced by induction in the wire running parallel with the track, and vice versa.

The Hulton-Harrop sale was well attended and good prices prevailed.

Mr. J. Heath will shortly reside at Wellington street.

Hulton-Harrop brothers will continue to reside at Lythwood.

Miss Gilbert, who has been the guest at Mr. Boyd's home left on Wednesday afternoon for Vancouver.

Many members of the Orange Lodge and True Blues took part in the celebration at New Westminster on July 12th.

On Tuesday, Major Pottinger's team, while near the B. C. E. R. depot, took fright and dashed up the street where they were pluckily stopped by Mr. J. J. Sparrow as they passed his store.

Mr. Jack Copping and Jack Vanetta were out on Monday driving a colt in a buggy when the shaft clutch came open, causing the shaft to fall, and the startled animal tore across the street. The wheel coming in contact with a post, threw the occupants out in a heap. Mr. Vanetta was shaken badly, and Mr. Copping was cut in the face and severely bruised on the hip, but with innate pluck he persists in walking around to get his joints in order.

This week, in Vancouver, the question of Hazel Street connecting the east and west end, will be dealt with by the Railway Commissioners.

The absorbing of the Farmer's phone system by the B. C. Telephone Co. is still proceeding, but no definite particulars are yet announced.

NOTICE.

Having disposed of my business in Abbotsford, all accounts owing must be paid at once to me. All accounts against me should be rendered without delay and they will receive my immediate attention.

M. L. McPHEE,
Office of the "Abbotsford Post."

HOTEL ARRIVALS

COMMERCIAL.

W. E. Jardine, Fredericton
H. A. Stewart, Dawson City
J. McEachern, Sterling
Frank Kipp, Chilliwack
H. Knowles, Chilliwack
H. P. Montgomery, Vancouver
W. J. Kirkpatrick, London, Ont.
H. Nixon, Vancouver
Mr. and Mrs. Longfellow, Dallas, Texas.
E. J. Bordeaux, Olympia
R. H. Adams, New Westminster
Geo. Boulanger, Mission City

ABBOTSFORD.

H. Causeland, Everett, Wash.
C. C. Tilley, Princeton
E. A. Meyer, Vancouver
C. E. Lambash, Vancouver
J. E. Dunn, W. C. P. Co.
A. H. Nelson, W. C. P. Co.
K. C. Bley, "
T. H. Moore, Cedar Cottage
Miss Eileen Hayes, Somerset, Eng.
Miss Annie Hayes, "
D. J. McGugan, New Westminster.
A. W. Hutcheson, Vancouver.
W. Towian, Mt. Lehman
Mr. and Mrs. T. Penman, New Westminster.

JULY 12TH CELEBRATION

To celebrate the 50th anniversary of the foundation of the Orange Order in British Columbia, Mission City Lodge No. 1629, accompanied by many townsfolk, visited New Westminster on Friday last. Headed by Mission City band, looking very smart in new uniforms, the members of the lodge, bearing their new banner, marched from the Orange Hall to the depot where they were joined by a contingent from Matsqui and Clayburn. The whole party left on the Agassiz local for Westminster, where it is estimated

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fifteen thousand persons took part in the celebration.

New Westminster presented a gala appearance, and orange was the predominating feature of the scheme of decorations. The members of the order were bedecked with the regalia necessary to the occasion, but the women and children who made up spectators were equally resplendent with colors. The three thousand Orangemen, who actually took part in the parade congregated at Library square shortly after one o'clock.

The procession, with beautiful banners dancing in the breeze, and marching to the inspiring strains of the fife and drum, brass and bagpipes swung up Columbia street, headed by Chief Marshal Otway Wilkie, mounted on a cream colored steed. The parade, which took more than half an hour to pass, was the largest ever seen in the Royal City, and presented a sight that had never been equalled.

Led by the kilties with their bag pipes, the procession, accompanied by the brass bands from Revelstoke, North Vancouver, South Vancouver, Vancouver City, Mission City, Victoria and Westminster, marched up Columbia Street to Park Row, then counter marching at park gate, swinging around the Oval and forming a circle.

The principal streets were lined deep with thousands of onlookers, many of whom numbered among the visitors whose affiliations were unmistakably shown in the orange ribbons that decorated the glossy tresses of the women folk.

The morning was devoted to receiving the guests who arrived on trains, boats, cars and every conceivable conveyance from all parts of British Columbia, by committees appointed especially for that purpose.

Arrived at Queen's park, the delegates were officially welcomed to the city by acting-Mayor Gray in an appropriate speech.

Amongst the high provincial officers present were Deputy Grand E. Bush and Grand Master F. E. Pakenham of the Black Knights of Ireland. Worshipful Master Charles Cotton of Mission City Lodge was also present with Director of Ceremonies W. J. Beaton.—Fraser Valley Record.

MISSION COUNCIL.

On Monday July 15th the council was resumed immediately after the court of Revision, with all the member of the council present.

The reeve stated that the meeting had been called to fix the rate of taxation for the coming year, the question had been thoroughly talked over and all estimates carefully looked into, the council knew what work there was to be done and he for one would gladly welcome any suggestion that would be made whereby the rate could be reduced. The members of the council having individually expressed their opinions it was duly proposed and seconded that the rate for the coming year be,

General Rate 15 mills
Health Rate 1 mill
School Rate 5 mills
making a total of 21 mills.

This is an increase of 25 per cent over last year.

The rate on the wild land to be 40 mills, the same as last year.

The trials and tribulations of a member of the municipal council are such that it is truly marvellous that there are enough public spirited men in the community to handle this thankless job. From the Reeve to the Clerk, each member of the council is obliged to explain daily why it is impossible to make two and two make ten. The average man believes that it is the bounden duty of the council to pay special attention to the particular piece of work in which he is personally interested without regard to the fact that there are a hundred others with the same conception. There are only 100 cents in each dollar and the supply of dollars is limited. The borrowing power of a municipality is limited and taxes are not allowed to exceed a certain fixed proportion of the valuation. Should the council in a fit of abstraction take heed of the demands of the tax-payers and grant the improvements which they so ardently demand, then they are obliged to increase the rate of taxation and Mr. Tax-payer gets busy again with his little hammer and begins to howl against the huge taxation.

The cost of building and maintaining the roads in a sparsely settled and growing country, is of necessity high. The hundred and one items of expense which are mere details in a thickly populated region, soon begins to beat heavily upon the municipality in which a large proportion of the land is still uncleared and unproductive. The average tax-payer, however, demands that the same facilities for transportation to and from the markets be furnished, and from an ethical standpoint, he is entitled to them on a basis of his taxation. There is only one way out of the quandry, and that is aid from the provincial government.

The precedent is to hand as the government is always ready with the open purse to assist in the construction of the new railroads, etc. and will foster industries of this kind in order that they may pass through the initial stages of their growth without undue strain. Why should the young and growing municipalities be treated less fairly than are the corporations whose resources are practically unlimited. The railroads assist in building up the country; true, and so does the new settler, the only difference being that the railroad company is usually well able to take care of itself and will come into the country with or without subsidies provided there is traffic to justify their coming; the new settler, on the other hand, is entirely dependent upon the community for his means of transportation to the markets. Without roads, the land is useless, without help the settler cannot build these roads; without money, the municipalities cannot render the help to which the settler is entitled as

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a tax-payer. It is up to the government. If your local reeve or councilman is unable to give you what you demand you may take it for granted that it is because the municipality is short of funds as the reeve and councilmen are out human and would much prefer to travel along the lines of least resistance and would naturally be glad to build all the roads the country could use, providing the funds were available. The difficulty is that like most men, they are unable to find more than 100 cents in each dollar.

MATSQUI

Mr. Joseph Lewis, late of H. M. S. "Powerful" is now residing on the Prairie. Mr. Lewis was wounded at Modder River and has the South African war medal.

Mr. T. Lancaster and Miss P. H. Sharpe were in Mission City on Sunday.

Mr. R. McIntosh of Gifford was in Mission City last week.



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