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JUN 18 1912
VICTORIA, B. C.

The Abbotsford Post

VOL. V., No. 6. ABBOTSFORD, B. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 14, 1912 8 $1.00 PER YEAR

Special for Saturday

Ask to see our

New Scotch Zephers

15 cts. per yard

White, Striped and Checked Muslins 15c Yard

Ladies' Black Cotton Hose 2 Pair for 25c

Children's Dresses, Chambray and Print at Reduced prices

S. Brooke

ABBOTSFORD and HUNTINGDON, B. C.

Did You Ever Own A Panama?

A special shipment of B. C. Panamas has been received and are selling at 15c each.

Auto Coats

A stylish Auto Coat is just what many people need. Secure your choice from a fine stock at Cut Rates.

Soft Collars of the latest style at 25c and 35c.

Our Specialty--We carry the largest stock in town of Men's Shirts.

For a Few Days--Men's Working Shoes at a discount

M. L. McPhee

The Pioneer Store

ANOTHER NEW BUILDING

Mr. J. K. McMenemy contemplates build a new shop in the next couple of months. If his arrangements go along satisfactorily he intends to move in about the 8th of September next.

The new building will be a credit to the town, modern in appearance and convenient for Mr. McMenemy's business. It will be two story high and 44x32. The lower floor will be used as a blacksmith shop and the top story as a paint shop, which will be used by Mr. Ziegler in his work as carriage painter. It is understood the contract has been let and that the building will cost in the neighborhood of $2,000.

THE NEW CUSTOM HOUSE

Part of the material has arrived for the new custom house to the east of the station. Mr. Everett is the local contractor. The building will be 56 feet long and about 20 feet wide, and divided so as to give a large general office and several smaller offices and a shed for freight. Work will begin next week.

JUNE BRIDES

Reith-Robertson.

At the manse on Saturday June 8th, Miss Helen Taylor Robertson of Sterling, Scotland, was united in marriage to Mr. George Reith of Oyne, Aberdeenshire, Scotland. Mrs Reith arrived from Scotland in the company of her two sisters who will make their home with her on Mr. Reith's ranch, south of the village.

Knox-Caswell

Mr. W. F. Knox and Miss M. Caswell were united in marriage on Monday, the 10th inst. by the Rev. J. L. Campbell, at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. J. A. McGowan. Both are fairly well known in Abbotsford. Mr. Knox who is a civil engineer, doing part of the Canadian Northern work through Abbotsford; while Miss Caswell has resided in Abbotsford with her sister for over a year. The newly married couple got a hearty send-off when they boarded the C. P. R. for Vancouver en route for Seattle and Rockdale, Washington, which latter place they intend to make their home for the next few years.

They were saluted at the depot by a genuine downpour of rice, and are followed by the sincere good wishes of their many admirers and friends.

CONVENTION IN PROVINCE

British Columbia will obtain the 1914 convention of the Pacific Coast Association of Nurserymen, an organization of all leading nurserymen of California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Colorado, Montana, Utah and British Columbia. This was the announcement made yesterday by Mr. R. Layritz, vice-president of the Association, who has just returned from the annual convention at Salt Lake City. Whether Vancouver or Victoria will be chosen will be decided later by the provincial organization.

ABBOTSFORD GUN CLUB

A meeting of the members of the club was held on Tuesday of last week in Clark's store. Dr. Swift was elected President; Mr. H. A Howe, Vice-President; and Mr. G. E. Clark, Sec.-Treas. The members decided to donate a gold medal for the best average shoot for 300 rounds, and it is probable that the Dominion Cartridge Co. will also give a cup to be shot for later on.

The Club is in a fairly good position now, with 22 members, but there is no reason with such a lot of good sports around Abbotsford that the membership should not be 122 soon.

Last Wednesday's shoot was held in fair weather and the score was somewhat better.

ADDRESS OF GRAND MISTRESS OF TRUE BLUES

The Right Worshipful Mistress Mrs. Rhoda J. Pelkey in her report said in part,

"Another year has been added to the past and we assemble once more in this, one of British Columbia's beauty spots, for the reviewing of our past work and to plan for the future.

Regarding the questions of the day—Home Rule for Ireland, the Marriage Decree, the Separate School system which are assuming such an aspect, both in the Mother Country and here, it behoves us as a loyal Protestant Association to take a firm stand for the principles of our beloved Association. "One flag, one language, one school system, equal rights to all and special privileges to none."

"We are not here to dwell on our differences of opinion and magnify them for the delectation of our critics, or to expose any weaknesses that may exist, but we are here to strengthen the Order and to build it up on the indespensible qualification of religious tolerence. Christian charity and loyalty to our country and flag."

"Sometime when all life lessons
have been learned
And sun and stars for evermore
have set
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned
The things o'er which we've grieved with lashes wet
Will flash before us out of Life's
dark night.
As stars shine most in deeper tints
of blue
And we shall see how all God's
plans are right,
And how what seemed reproof was
Love most true."

THE GUN CLUB

The Gun Club shoot on Wednesday last was an essentially satisfactory shoot The following is the score:

Dr. Swift	00000000100001000010001010-5
T. Hutton	00101000001001011010111001-11
W. Longfellow	00000100100001001111110110-11
A. C. Dudden	01010001001000010001100000- 7
H. A. Howe	10011011110000100000000001- 9
G. Clark	11110110111100111110000010-16
B. McElroy	01101000100011011101011011-11
L. Murray	10100011001100100000110111-11
E. Archibald	00010000001000001100000- 4
M. W. Copeland	11100101011001100101100 01-13
Longfellow	11111010101001001000 20-10

MATSQUI COUNCIL.

The meeting of the council was held following on the court of revision, Saturday June 8th. The minutes of the two previous meetings were read and confirmed.

Mr. Owens addressed the Reeve stating that for some time the council had been drawing gravel from his land for which he wanted recompense.

Lehman-Roberts, that the gravel pit of Mr. Owens be purchased for 200 and charged to Wards 1 and 2.

Lehman-Bell, that Mr. A. Nicholson be given notice to move his fence on the road line between his land and Mr. McLean's.

Roberts-Lehman, that 25 be granted for T. C. Grove's road provided that Langley did the same.

Communications were read by the clerk.

From Taylor, Hulme & McInnes with regard to Upton's subdivision, asking in what way the council objected as they consider the ideas of the land registry office have been carried out.

Roberts-Ware, that the roads will have to be built before the council signs the plan of subdivision.

A letter from Mr. Peters of the C. P. R. acnkowledging the application from the council for an underhead crossing on Fore road.

From T. F. Neelands complaint of bad roads to his property, was referred to Coun. Ware.

From the clerk of Sumas Municipality, stating that his council cannot contribute their share of McNab-Gillet road.

Mr. A. Murray returned the council's cheque of 15 which had been sent in full settlement of his claim.

From Walker Bros. & Wilkie of New Westminster stating that nearly all incoming settlers go straight through to Vancouver. They suggest a combination of the municipalities of the Lower Fraser Valley to issue a booklet showing the advantages of the different districts, to be given to newcomers on the trains at Mission City. The Burnaby Board of Trade wrote confirming the scheme. Filed.

A certified checque of 100 was received for plans of subdivision which had been refused by Matsqui but had been accepted by the government by an order in council and Matsqui refuses all responsibilities.

Bell-Lehman, that Malagher-s cheque be returned.

The plan of a new subdivision the South ½ N. W. ¼ Sec. 22, Tp. 14 was submitted but before the plans can be considered Mr. Austin must give a strip on the north side of Jubilee school lot and to give compensation for the buildings and improvements taken.

Bell-Lehman, that Mr. Walters be allowed to work out his taxes on Walter's road.

Ware-Roberts, that McDonald Bros. be given the work of shingling municipal hall roof at 40c per hour.

Bell-Lehman, that Coun. Roberts report on Aldergrove cemetery improvements at the next meeting.

The following accounts were passed:

(Continued on last Page)

THE ABBOTSFORD POST

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Our Shibboleth—Neither for nor agin' the Government.

FRIDAY, JUNE 14 1912

PRICE OF CEMENT REDUCED

For the second time within a period of six months, a reduction of ten cents per barrel in the price of Portland cement has been announced by the Canada Cement Company.

This latest decrease is effective according to the company's announcement, at all points in Canada, west of the Lakes.

A previous reduction of ten cents per barrel was made last November, so that the total drop in the last six months is twenty cents a barrel, west of the Lakes; and ten cents east, representing an enormous saving to the cement consumers in western provinces.

Baseball

ORCHARD PESTS AND THEIR CONTROL

Funguous diseases. While insects belong to the animal kingdom, the various fungi and bacteria are plants. A fungous is a true plant though usually quite simple in structure. Unlike ferns and flowering plants, fungi have no green coloring matter, and derive all their sustenance in organic form by living as parasites on living organisms, or as saprophytes on dead ones. The mushroom and bread-mould are two common types. The whitish threads to be found running through the soil beneath a mushroom or toadstool, is the true plant body, which is equivalent to the roots and stems of higher plants while the mushroom itself is the fruiting body containing the spores which are the equivalent of seeds.

From the standpoint of the fruit grower, fungi may be divided into two classes:

1. Those whose mycelium, or vegetative portion, lives on the surface of the host plant, as, for example, the various mildews.

2. The larger class embraces those whose mycelium penetrates into the tissues of the host plant, such as the Apple Scab and Black Spot Canker.

The fungi belonging to the first group can generally be destroyed by spraying with suitable fungicides when they appear, but those of Group 2 are not affected by such spraying. Their entrance into the tissues is to be prevented by spraying before innoculation takes place. This requires that all the susceptable area be thoroughly coated with the spray, and if growth is taking place, as in the spring and early summer, spraying must be repeated to cover the new growth as long as there is danger of serious inoculation.

The fungous diseases causing most serious loss in the province are:

1. Black Spot Canker.
2. The Brown Rot of the Plum Prune and Cherry.
3. Apple Scab.

Black Spot Canker. This disease causes the death of large areas of the bark and outer wood, principally of the apple. It is of consequence only where fall rains are plentiful, in combination with mild weather. It is easily prevented by one thorough spraying in the Fall with double strength Bordeaux mixture. It is treated fully in Bulletin 34 of the Department of Agriculture.

Brown Rot on the Plum or Cherry. This disease was first introduced into the province about ten or twelve years ago, and is now a cause of serious loss, especially in the coast districts. It is dependent on wet weather, and in dry seasons almost disappears.

Its control is difficult, because of its very rapid growth and prolific spore production. While absolute prevention under favorable conditions is impossible with the knowledge we now have, the following measures give a reasonable immunity:

1. Prune out the trees to admit air and sunlight.

2. Collect and destroy all old fruits on the ground before spring ploughing.

3. Spray with lime sulphur thoroughly, just before buds open.

4. Spray just after blossoming, and again when the fruit is half grown, with lime sulphur diluted 1 to 50.

5. Thin out fruits so that no two touch.

6. Handle carefully to prevent loss of stems and bruising.

7. Allow fruit to stand over night in a cool place before packing. Pack up only perfect fruit, and keep fruit cool as possible to destination.

THE MARKET.

An exceptionally good market was that of Friday, the attendance of both buyers and sellers being above the average. The prices, with few exceptions, remained unchanged, the consumers being well satisfied, as also the sellers. A good supply of eggs and poultry was on hand, while beef and mutton also came in fair quantities. The fish supply, especially spring salmon, came in for good selling, there being a good variety of the finny tribe on the stalls. A large offering of fowls was noticed, but laying hens called for little demand. A little comment was made on the size of the broilers, those on sale only averaging half pound to a pound. It is believed that if farmers and chicken raisers would hold their stock until they grow a little larger, they would find better prices than those now prevailing.

There was a good supply and demand for cauliflower, tomatoes and celery plants, while the cut flowers also came in for brisk selling.

Potatoes, per sack	1.60 to $2.00
Potatoes, per ton	32
Carrots, per sack	1.25
Beets, per sack	1.00
Seed potatoes, per ton	27 to $30
Parsnips, per sack	1.00
Lettuce, per bunch	5c
Onions, 2 bunches	5c
Rhubarb, per bunch	10c
Eggs and Butter	
Eggs, retail, per dozen	35c
Eggs, wholesale	28 to 30c
Butter, retail, per lb	35c to 40c
Honey per comb	25c
Poultry	
Poultry, live weight, lb	18c to 13c
Laying hens, per doz.	9 to $15
Broilers, per lb.	30c
Squabs, per pair	50c
Ducks, per lb.	20c to 25c
Wholesale Meat	
Beef, per lb	8c to 10c
Veal small	12c to 13c
Mutton	11c to 12c
Pork, per lb	12c to 12½c
Retail Meat	
Beef, best rib roasts	15c to 18c
Beef, loin	18c to 25c
Beef, round steak	20c
Boiling beef	10c to 14
Beef, pot roact	13c
Lamb	15c to 25c
Veal	15c to 20c
Pork	18c to 20c
Sugar cured bacon	26c
Sugar cured corn pork	15c to 20c
Mutton	17c
Dressed chicken, lb	25c
Homemade pork sausage lb	20c
Salte dpigs heads, per lb	8c
Pickled pigs feet, lb	10c
Pickled pigs shanks lb	15c
Sugar cured hogs heads lb	5c
Sugar cured pigs feet lb	8c
Sugar cured corn beef lb	10c to 12c
Pure lard	15c
Fish	
Salmon red spring	15c
Salmon, white	8c
Sturgeon	15c
Herring	4c
Halibut	10c

THe MOST AMAZING BILL EVER PRESENTED

The following curious account for restoring a chapel was engraved in French on a watch crystal in the Swiss department of the Vienna exposition. The whole was placed on a scroll less than an inch square. A painter had been employed to repair a number of pictures in a convent, and presented his bill in gross to the curate, who refused payment, saying that the committee would require details. The painter produced the itemized bill given below.

Corrected and revised the Ten Commandments, 5 francs 12 centimes; embellished and renewed Pontius Pilate, and put a new ribbon in his bonnet, 3 francs 6 centimes; put a new tail on the rooster of St. Peter and mended his comb, 3 francs, 20 centimes; replumed and gilded the left wing of the Guardian Angel, 4 francs 17 centimes; washed the servant of the High Priest, and put carmine on his cheeks, 5 francs 12 centimes; renewed heaven, adjusted two stars gilded the sun, and renewed the moon, 7 francs 14 centimes; re-animated the flames of purgatory, and restored some souls, 6 francs 6 centimes; revived the flames of hell, put a new tail on the devil, mended his hoof, and did several jobs for the damned, 4 francs 10 put new spatterdashes on the son of Tobias, and dressing on his back, 2 francs 7 centimes, put earrings in the ears of Sarah, 2 francs 4 centimes; re-bordered the robe of Herod, and re-adjusted his wig, 4 francs 4 centimes; put a new stone in David's sling, enlarged the head of Goliath, and extended his legs, 3 francs 2 centimes; decorated Noah's ark, 3 francs; mended the shirt of the Prodigal Son and cleaned the pigs, 4 francs 9 centimes. Total 59 francs 11 centimes.

TITANIC

Wreck of "Titanic," largest best written, best illustrated and most attractive book ever offered public for 1.00. Agents wanted. Biggest commission ever. Freight prepaid. Outfit free. Send 10 cents, cost of mailing. Rush today to

CLAYBURN NOTES

Wednesday, the 5th inst, an ideal wedding day, Miss Miller of the Clayburn Brick Works Co. was married to Mr. Cooper, our much respected storekeeper. Confetti was certainly thick on Clayburn station when the happy couple left.

5 REWARD—Lost, a chestnut pony mare, 8 years old, white stripe on forehead and left eye howing white. Anyone returning the same to Major Pottinger will receive the above reward.

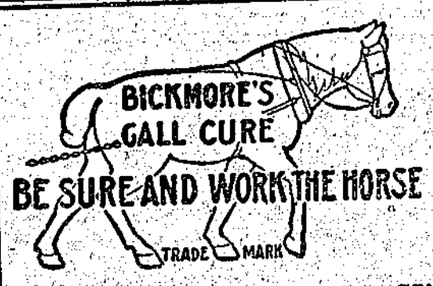
CAN WEIGH THE SOUL

It Tips Beam at Ounce To Ounce and Quarter.

Dr. Duncan MacDougall, of Haverhill, Mass., who has long been a student of psychical phenomena, declared his belief, in an interview here that the human soul weighs from one half ounce to nearly an ounce and a quarter, and further that the soul substance is blended with the protoplasm of the brain and spinal cord in life.

Dr. MacDougall says it has been his experience in a dozen instances to watch a dying man or woman stretched on a bed that was part of a delicately adjusted scale, and to hear, as the patient's last breath leaves the body, the noise of the dropping out of the weight.

Again, sitting in a darkened room, he has watched a strong ray of pure white light rest along the body of a dying man, covering him like a silver bar from feet to head, and over the face. Dr. MacDougall believes that this ray of light is the "soul substance."



STABLE SUPPLIES

AXLE GREASE, HARNESS OIL, WHIPS, CURRY COMBS, HALTERS, BRUSHES, SWEAT COLLARS, and also BICKMORE'S GALL CURE, which we warrant a satisfactory Cure for Galls, Wounds, and Sores upon animals.

B. J. GERNAEY

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Abbotsford
Livery, Feed and Sales Stables

The best and most comfortable Livery Rigs, and an automabile for hire. Teaming and Draying

H. McKENZIE, PROP.

Removal Notice

I am now located in the Sumas State Bank Building, Sumas, Wash., where I will be pleased to meet all my patients and friends in the best equipped Dental Office in the Northwest.

Dr. E. J. Allen

Sumas, Washington Phone 1011

Abbotsford Hardware Co.
ABBOTSFORD, B. C.

Our Specials this Week

June Brides Should see our line of

Steel Ranges

Have you got Your Poultry Setting Yet?

Jas. Elliott Manager

INSURANCE LOANS

Abbotsford Homesites

If you are looking for a home or snappy investments in town lots, acreage or farm property see

J. W. McCALLUM

The Pioneer Real Estate Broker of Abbotsford

WANDERING JUDY
OR
HER DEAR CANADA

by

MARSHALL SAUNDERS,
Author of "Beautiful Joe"

Mr. Bertwin gave her a quick glance.

Judy went on talking, but kept up an undercurrent of thought. "That man is astonished, and is trying not to show it. The Jew has heard all about us, and is not astonished."

Mr. Bertwin put up a hand as if to stroke a recent moustache, but not finding one, he rubbed his upper lip meditatively, and remarked in a decided voice, "Have you no hobby?"

Judy laughed gaily. "We have plenty of individual hobbies, but no particular Club hobby, except that we try to sew a little for some children."

The man surveyed her in perfect impassivity. She felt that he was pleased, though why he should take an interest in their Club, was a mystery to her. Then his eyes wandered to Mara, not for the first time. What was the special interest that made this man whose hair was turning grey, survey so often, and so intensely, the youthful daughter of the Russian Jew?

Mara scarcely glanced at him. Her eyes, shining with a lovely light were fastened on her father's face. Her toilet, Judy saw, had been carefully superintendent by Firefly. She wore her prettiest white gown, and Firefly had bound a fillet of gold about her masses of dark hair. Mara was at all times attractive, but to-night, in the excitement of her father's presence, she was lovely.

"Mara," said Judy suddenly, "what shall we do to amuse your father and his friend?"

"I think they would like to hear you talk about your native land," said Mara softly.

Firefly's black brows contracted ever so little, and Judy saw that this arrangement did not please her.

"I must explain," she said turning to the two men, "that I have recently had a trip across Canada, and have been telling my fellow members of the Circle about it."

The Jew said nothing but Mr. Bertwin observed politely, "Very interesting I am sure."

"Marigold," said Judy suddenly, "will you sing to us something about your beloved California?"

"Are you a Californian?" asked Mr. Bertwin turning to Judy.

"Sometimes I think I am," she said dreamily. "I love that state so much. Marigold, give us 'Just California.'"

Mr. Bertwin glanced at the tall, lovely goddess in the gown of classic green moving across the room. Her pale yellow hair was wound in bands about her head. Some secret spring of pleasure was giving her just the touch of animation she needed to make her beauty perfect, yet Mr. Bertwin's eyes went from her to the shy and retiring Jewess.

Marigold stretching out her white throat was pouring forth her contented soul in a jocund, almost ecstatic song about her native land, which ended with:

"It's everyone his own way,
"The place he'd like to be.
"But, give me Californy,
"It's good enough for me!"

The room burst into applause. Even Mr. Bertwin became animated. "Another, please," he said clapping his hands vigorously.

"Proud are we," cried Firefly.

"That's another song," explained Judy with a laugh, and Marigold began again in her passionate young voice.

"Proud are we to own us thine,
"Land of song and land of story,
"All thy glory
"Round our heart-hopes we entwine,
"In our souls thy fame enshrine,
"California!"

She sang several more verses of the patriotic song, then went back to her seat.

Mara caught at her hand as she passed her, and pressed it warmly.

Judy fell into a brown study. What was the mystery going on in the room? Firefly was in it, Mara too she guessed. Filial affection alone had not brought those two red spots to Mara's usually pale cheeks — and why did she occasionally cast such shy embarrassed glances at the elderly friend of her father who, man of the world though he was, could not conceal his intense interest in her. This was no love affair, for Mr. Bertwin was old enough to be Mara's father.

Judy came out of her brown study. She must not forget her duty as hostess. "Mr. Ostro," she said suddenly, "your daughter recites occasionally to please us. Would you not like to hear her latest acquisition?"

"All that my daughter does is of interest to me," said the old man with a gentle motion of his head.

Mara shrank into a corner of her seat, but Firefly hovered over her. "For my sake," she whispered desperately.

Thus adjured, Mara, looking exceedingly uncomfortable, got up, went to stand slim and white, against the bank of evergreens at the other end of the room. However, she got over her nervousness when she opened her lips. Her eyes looked beyond her audience. Firefly stirred uneasily in her seat. "What does she see when she looks like that?"

"Oh, Gentle-Breath goes singing, goes
singing through the grass,
"And all the flowers know her, and
love to see her pass.
"Oh all the flowers know her, and
well they know the song
"That Gentle—Breath goes singing,
goes singing all day long.
"Oh Gentle—Breath, oh Gentle—
breath,
"They do not know you sing of
death."

When Mara finished the poem, Firefly turned to Mr. Bertwin, "'Gentle Breath' was written by a friend of Judy's in Halifax — a girl who is an idealist. She appeals to Mara, because her work deals with the beautiful world of the soul."

Mr. Bertwin was only half listening to her, and presently turned to Mr. Ostro with an uneasy, "Does she always talk of death?"

The Jew shook his head, but did not speak, for Mara had been prevailed upon to recite again, and once more it was a Canadian poem for Judy it was, and not Firefly, who insisted that Mara should do something for the entertainment of the Club, and who drilled and instructed her in private.

"A Blood-red ring hung round the
moon,
"Hung round the moon. Ah me!
Ah me!
"I heard the piping of the loon,
"A wounded loon. Ah me!
"And yet the eagle feathers rare,
"I, trembling, wove in my brave's
hair."

The brave was killed, the maiden clasped a cold, dead face, and heard the loon cry every night, and Judy reflected, "Mara is too much up in the clouds for this materialist, yet she fills him with an uneasy admiration. Now what shall we do to amuse these two masculine creatures? Beshrew me, but they are a bother — Girls," she said aloud, in a firm voice, "we shall now have our wood dance."

There was a murmur of astonishment, even of rebellion.

"I mean it," she said. "We have never given it before anyone but ourselves," she said turning to the two men, "but Mara has a pretty part in it, and I wish her father to see it. We are rehearsing for a settlement house treat, for some little Russian children. Now, girls."

Judy had put her foot down, and the laughing girls who were in no mood to criticise anyone, soon fell in with her humour.

"Please get up, sir," said Dixie shyly to Mr. Ostro. "We will put seats at the back of the room for you and your friend."

The Jew and the Bostonian looked amused and keenly interested, and obligingly squeezed themselves into the corner indicated.

The girls were all on their feet, darting to and fro, re-arranging furniture, getting scarves, wands, garlands, and other stage accessories.

Judy began to explain. "This is a wood scene. A young girl is running under the trees. 'The air is sweet, the leaves and grasses stir. The hiding birds call out to her——'"

The Jew's melancholy eyes contracted. Even the self-possessed Mr. Bertwin's face grew soft. There was pathos in the thought of these girls playing at a wood scene up in the rambling top floor of a mid-city boarding house. The light-hearted girls themselves, quite unaware of the effect they were producing on their visitors, soon announced that all was ready.

Marigold went to the piano which was behind a screen of artificial leaves, and played a low accompaniment. Judy concealed herself beside her, and began to recite. The room had been arranged to look as much like a miniature wood as possible. Mr. Bertwin stifled a smile at the patches of artificial grass, the verdant branches, the green gauze draperies, the flowers, and the microscopic pond which was a basin with a ring of mock daisies round it.

Judy mischievously pounded three times on the back of the piano, and Mara sauntered in from the hall in trailing white draperies, a wreath on her head, and one of Jane's pet street pigeons perched on her shoulder. She held a spray of laurel in her hand, and sauntering along under the green decorations, sent shy glances to and fro, and stopped often to listen with parted lips.

"Every little timid thing," chanted
Judy's voice,
"That creeps within the woods to
sing,
"Seems just to have a voice for her."

At this juncture, the ring doves began to coo most opportunely from the bank of hyacinths where they had been hidden. Mr. Bertwin stifled a laugh, and even the Jew smiled as the two small creatures with the black rings on their necks, came out to the woodland path, and began bowing and courtseying to the gentle Mara who slowly dropped seeds from her hand to them.

"O Twenty running through the wood," began Judy's voice again,
"A woman grown and yet a child!
"Now in the sun, now in the shade."

Mara, at this left the doves, and began to dart hither and thither, now in the direction of Peanuts who, dressed in russet brown, was whistling like a boy as she reclined under a spreading beach which was the grandfather's clock in disguise, and which suddenly became vocal and spelled out an hour.

Mara, or rather the wood nymph, left the clock and went through the bush and round the tree, to Dixie who impersonated "a shadow stealing from the night." The wood nymph started back at sight of the black figure, but became reassured as it was joined by another who began with it to "tread measures strange with gleams of gold."

"Mayflowers lift their faces pink," called Judy, and Mara stooped over some pink blossoms.

"Now who could look at them and
think
"Of being young or being old?"

Mara laughed joyously, then began to hurry on at Judy's prompting.

"O Twenty, running through the
wood!
"Its wildness has a power to still;
"The voices low from rock and twig
"The silences with music thrill,—
"And suddenly she silent grows,
"And, searching out the path she
knows,
"Turns back, but carries home the
thrill."

Mr. Bertwin dropping his reserve, applauded rapturously the dancing, circling, laughing girls.

"But I am imposing on you," he said at last with a start, "I must go."

"Sir," said Judy breathlessly, "you must stay for coffee."

He hesitated, then sat down abruptly, and like a man in a dream, watched the hurrying girls getting out their pretty table, and putting the coffee pot on the coals.

"Go sit beside him, and tell him the story of the Tipperary woman and her pig," said Judy in Biddy's ear. "Your star has been behind a cloud to-night. Twinkle a bit."

Biddy who had played the part of a rabbit in the wood, and who had just thrown off Mara's white fur-lined coat, whispered back pantingly, "I won't — there's no inspiration in me, only perspiration."

"Erin go bragh," whispered Judy fiercely, and Biddy with a laugh, went to do her share in amusing their guests.

"Let Mara pour the coffee to-night, Judy," said Firefly in a tense voice.

Judy gave her a searching glance. "Oh! won't I sing you 'Duckie, duckie, come and be killed,' when this is over," she muttered warmly. "I'm president, I ought to pour the coffee." Aloud, she said sweetly, "Mara, my dear, as your father has honored us this evening, will you be kind enough to let him see what a fine little housekeeper we are making of you?"

The Jew threw Judy an appreciative glance. The one thing lacking in his beloved daughter was, that she did not care sufficiently for things domestic. Now, however, nothing could be more feminine, more graceful, than the way in which she presided at the table, and asked them all so sweetly whether they would take cream and sugar, and if their coffee was to their liking, and would they have cake or bread and butter.

Mr. Ostro exchanged a glance with Mr. Bertwin. The two men were content. They had had a pleasant evening. They did not want to go.

"Just a moment, please," said Judy when they rose to take leave. "I want you to know our whole Club procedure. Our toast, girls."

In suppressed astonishment, Mr. Bertwin watched the uplifted faces turned towards the painting over the mantel, heard the low, "God bless her," then listened like a man in a trance as those youthful creatures, in the bloom of life, sang their mournful song, "I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, I can tarry, I can tarry but a night."

"Why do you sing such sad things?" he said to Judy.

"Because we are so happy, sir."

"Is that the truth?"

"Yes sir, barring a few growls at things in general, we have light hearts."

Firefly who was listening, burst out with a remark in her impetuous fashion, "It's Judy, sir, and Peanuts, and Jane who sweep us along on their tide of Puritanism. They adore heavy hymns and mournful songs."

The three girls turned to the Westerner with flashing eyes. Peanuts began to splutter a remark about "The grand old hymns of the church," when she remembered the presence of strangers, and denying herself the luxury of a controversy, burst into a merry laugh in which her comrades joined her.

Mr. Bertwin gave them a piercing, comprehensive glance, then looked at the mantel. "I recognize that painting."

"I daresay," she said calmly.

"How did you get it?"

Judy told him, told him also of the investment the rich woman had made of her money in equipping this boarding-house.

"Does it pay her?" he asked wonderingly.

"I believe she makes both ends meet."

"And it's not a charity?"

"If it were, we would not patronize it. Some of the older women in this house get large salaries."

"Something similar for young men would be good," he said. "Some of them get into queer places in big cities."

"Build some houses for them, sir," she said warmly. "Investment in young life is a paying investment."

He stared at her. He never gave any money away, and she probably knew it. Then he said abruptly, "Good night, and thank you."

His eyes went beyond her to Mara. For one instant, there was on his face an expression that wrung Judy's heart. She was at times so highly charged with sympathy, that she was a source of worry to herself and to her friends. Just now, she saw that the interest of the hard, worldly man before her, in her young Jewess was a worthy interest, that he gazed at her as one who might see her face no more.

So she said in a sudden burst of sympathy. "We have enjoyed your visit. Come again if you care to."

His face lighted up strangely. "May I?" he said, then as if to apologize for his eagerness, "I would like to hear some of your travelling experiences."

"Come then, any time," said Judy, "Good night sir, God bless you."

He looked astonished, and she bit her lip. "For goodness sake, what am I blessing him for? They say he serves 'the least erected spirit, Mammon.' Won't Firefly be mad with me!" and she glanced apprehensively over her shoulder.

Firefly was surveying her wtih a curious, half-approving, half-doubtful glance. Judy bade Mara's father adieu quietly, then went to sit by the fire her head propped in her hands.

The girls were all gathered by the table, laughing and joking in reality about trifles, but to the tired Judy their attitude seemed suspicious.

"They've got some secret between them," she muttered gloomily, "and I'm out of it. They're tired of me for president. I'll resign. Girls," she exclaimed suddenly springing up, "make Firefly president of the Club. I'm not fit for the office."

Firefly caught her by the hand. "You're cross and excited. Girls, you can wind up here without us. Mara don't sit up for me. I'll be late."

CHAPTER XVIII

The Story of a Conspiracy.

Judy hung back, but Firefly pulled her along the hall to her room, locked the door, and drew two chairs up to the radiator. "Sit here child," she said, "and I'll explain everything. First, though, I'll take down your hair, and help you off with that tight dress."

"My dress isn't tight, but the air is," said Judy poutingly. "It's bursting with mystery."

"So it is," said Firefly soothingly, "but you'll soon see through it. Oh! Judy, what a week I've had."

"Tell me what you brought that old blank-walled sphinx here to-night for, with the melancholy Jew," said Judy fiercely.

Firefly began to laugh. "Oh, Judy, it's so funny. I've been furious and raging, and then I'd almost have hysterics, and not a soul to talk to. I've been dying to tell you."

Judy's face cleared, and as they side by side, she extended an and put it round the half hyster Firefly.

"Begin from the beginning, the way I do."

Firefly sobered herself, and turned her burning eyes on her friend's face. I've got to tell you, so you can help. This is the beginning. Three years ago, before I ever heard of the Pilgrim Circle, I was lodging in a house on Beacon Hill, and as often happens, knowing scarcely anyone under the roof that sheltered me. After a time, I did notice a young man and his wife going up the staircase to the top of the house. They had a room next mine. First they were together, then she was alone. One day she looked as if she had been crying. Next day a doctor came out of the room. Common humanity made me find out that her husband was ill.

I had my suspicions as to the trouble, and one day I cornered the doctor. I was right. The two blithering idiots had come from the country to the city to make their fortune — honest, efficient but timid. Money was gone, and they were half starved. I plunged in, of course."

"You good child,' 'said Judy affectionately.

"Good, no," said Firefly impatiently, "how could I enjoy my victuals with two empty stomachs next door. I talked to them like a mother. They were proud — didn't want help, etc. I soon demolished that. The young man became very ill — we almost lost him. — However, he pulled through and I, through a friend in an agency, got him a situation he might have got himself, if he'd had more gumption."

"What was the situation?" asked Judy.

"Private secretary to Mr. Bertwin," said Firefly with a laugh. "Now, strange to say, this young fellow who hadn't any initiative of his own, is an excellent understrapper. He has brains and Mr. Bertwin soon found it out. He works him to death, but pays him well, and young Billy was fairly on the road to glory, when one day he came to me with a story that

WANDERING JUDY
OR
HER DEAR CANADA

by

MARSHALL SAUNDERS,
Author of "Beautiful Joe"

could not even tell his wife.

"Dreadful," ejaculated Judy.

"Billy is the soul of honor," said Firefly, "but both he and his wife exaggerate the service I rendered them. They say I saved their lives. Now this is the peculiar story he told me. Among various services he was called upon to render to Mr. Bertwin, services which he would have been tortured to death before he would have revealed them, even to his wife or to me, was one which taxed him to the breaking point. It was one which concerned me, and those I loved. Mr. Bertwin had coolly told him to find out all he could with regard to the members of a woman's club called the "Pilgrim Circle," meeting in Bradford House, Beacon Hill — to get the names, incomes and social standing of members."

Judy leaned both hands on the arms of her chair, and stared in Firefly's flushed face. "How extraordinary! How could out little Club affect a Boston merchant?"

"Wait a bit," said Firefly. "Billy went on to say that after he got all this information for Mr. Bertwin, he found out that for some reason or other, the man wanted to break up the Club."

"To break it up," echoed Judy in stupefaction, "an innocent organization like ours?"

"Wait again,' 'said Firefly. "Mr. Bertwin, in breaking it up, was getting better positions for every Club member than they at present occupy, but these situations were all out of Boston. He wanted everyone of us, except Mara, to clear out of the city."

"What a wicked man," said Judy indignantly.

"Not so fast," said Firefly. "I've [illegible] those ecstatics, and [illegible] over them. We're in the regions of high finance now, and in a murky atmosphere in which we poor people can't, at first, see our way. Take [illegible]'s case, for example. Hasn't [illegible] longing for a New York engagement?"

"Yes, but——"

"Never mind the buts. Isn't the person who gets her that New York engagement, doing her a good turn?"

"It depends — I hate underhand ways."

"So do I, honey, but restrain your righteous indignation for a few minutes. — Billy was all in a puzzle. He and his wife know how I love my Circle, and he was utterly mystified over Mr. Bertwin's desires to scatter the innocent Pilgrims. I presented him with a solution of the mystery."

"Well, this is interesting," said Judy drawing a deep breath.

"Let us go back six months," said Firefly. "One night Mara and I were at the theatre. Coming out, we got separated. Not a whit disturbed, we proceeded to make our way home. Mara was in advance of me, but I didn't know it. When she left the Common, and turned into that rather badly lighted street where the men's club is, a half drunken man seized her arm, and offered to go home with her. She wasn't frightened, she stretched out her other arm and in the twinkling of an eye, he was having rather a bad fall on the curbstone."

"Mara did that!" said Judy in surprise.

"Yes," said Firefly in a low voice, and looking over her shoulder, as if afraid someone might hear, "Mara never tells anyone, but when she made up her mind to come to study slum life, her father consented on the condition that she take a thorough course in Japanese self-defense."

"Oh, Jujitsu," said Judy comprehendingly.

"Exactly — she is quite an adept at it. The most horrible things have happened to the women of her family in Russia, and her father was greatly pleased when she consented to take these lessons. Well, as she floored or sidewalked this man that night, two young men happened to be standing at one of the club windows opposite. They ran out, and found Mara staring compassionately at the half drunken creature before her. At this juncture, I came up. I knew she would take our usual trotting path across the Common, and up the Hill. These young men were charming — well-bred and gentlemanly. "I am afraid I hurt him," Mara was saying pensively, and as she looked down at the unfortunate creature, there was a heavenly compassion in her tones.

"Don't worry about that brute," said one of the young men. "You haven't hurt him much, though you did deal him a most scientific blow. We'll look after him."

"Please don't have him arrested," said Mara. "Take him in your nice house there, and look after him. He is a brother fallen in sin."

The two young men stared at her, and then at each other. Finally they got hold of the sinful brother, and carried him to the basement of their club house. Before they did this, one of them whom I might as well say here was John Bertwin, only son and heir of the man who was here this evening, said politely, 'Will you care to hear how the man gets on?'

"'Oh, if you please,' said Mara softly.

"'And your address,' he said suggestively.

"'Miss Ostro, Bradford House,' she said, then we hurried away. When a week later, Mara received a note informing her courteously that the man who had attempted to assault her was a respectable working man when not under the influence of drink, and that he apologized humbly for his conduct that evening, I supposed the incident was closed."

"Was the note from Mr. Bertwin?" asked Judy.

"Yes, and here beginneth the history of my troubles. John Bertwin had fallen in love with Mara. He didn't know who she was. He didn't care. He guessed that she was like the rest of us here, self-supporting. He passed her so often as she came up and down the Hill, that she soon saw it was by design. He always raised his hat to her — sometimes he stopped her, and exchanged a few words. Once he asked if he might call. Then he wrote notes. Finally he met her, and said frankly that he wished to marry her. Mara was distressed, and tried to suppress him. He would not be suppressed, and told her what an angel of piety and beauty he considered her, and that he was determined she should be his wife.

"She told him she was never going to marry. She had dedicated her life to the service of humanity, and in some way or other gave him a wrong impression of this Club. She said she was extremely happy in her life here, and Mr. John jumped to the conclusion that the Pilgrim Circle was a band of old maids hating matrimony, and that if the gentle Mara were away from our influence, she would become a normal girl."

"How curious," interposed Judy. "I never heard anything like it before."

"At last the matter became very serious, for Mr. John," continued Firefly. "Mara had made such a profound impression on him that he fell ill. Then his clever old father stepped in — worried the whole affair out of young John. Billy says Bertwin père sulked a while over the supposed fact that Mara was a poor girl. However, he took pains to see her for himself, then he gave in. He isn't by nature an aristocrat. He is of mushroom extraction, and no 'old Boston family' about him. He vowed young John should have his Jewess, willy-nilly. He had spoken of the Pilgrim Circle as an obstacle. It would soon be non-existent."

"Well, well," said Judy, "and you have been going through this alone, poor little Firefly."

"I've enjoyed the excitement," said Firefly, "and I've tried to be fair. I put myself in Mr. Bertwin's place. His wife who is said to have been the only woman he ever loved, is dead. He has his one son who looks like her. The son is as yet a fine young man. He is [illegible] not yet hard like his father, but his horns are in the velvet as yet. He has had a university education. He has never been silly about girls. This is the first one he has fancied. Better a poor sensible girl, than a rich one who might not be sensible thinks the father. Now, according to his standards, he is doing nothing reprehensible in separating Mara from undesirable friends. Why I, for example, am offered a private secretaryship in Cleveland at double my present salary."

"Why Firefly!" exclaimed Judy.

"Yes," said Firefly, "I nearly died laughing when Billy told me. He is most crazy at having to betray his employer to me. He is going to confess when all is over — your temptation to leave Boston came to-night."

"I shan't go one step."

"Pas si vite," said Firefly, "you mayn't be allowed."

"So that's what is the matter with all the girls to-night," said Judy.

"Of course — I've nearly exploded. Didn't you see Biddy's eyes nearly popping out of her head? She's had an editor's desk offered her on a Syracuse daily — woman's page."

"I'm confounded, astonished, utterly struck of a heap," said Judy.

"And not one girl is confiding in another,' 'said Firefly. "Oh, I tell you, brother Bertwin is diabolically clever. The Club will all break up before they know what has parted them."

"Now I understand the man's mental attitude to-night," cried Judy. "It almost overcame me."

"What was his attitude," said Firefly shrewdly.

"Why, he was simply flabbergasted. He expected a lot of old maids ramping about women's rights, and he found some harmless, hard-worked girls playing like children, and with a longing for domesticity."

"You're cute, Miss Nova Scotia," said Firefly with satisfaction. "The man was so delighted that he could hardly contain himself. He's an old fogey about women — knows no more about the progress of the woman's movement than does that iron radiator. He thinks they exist to amuse their men folks. Mara just suits him, he doesn't suspect her philanthropy and he'll fight for her now, like a tiger."

"Don't you think he was sorry that he tried to break up our nice club?" asked Judy.

"Oh! simple Judy," said Firefly scornfully, "the real money-grub never repents, and never turns back. Nothing touches him but loss of time in inching along his money-making way. Ask him what he thinks the Pilgrim Club stands for, he'd say, 'Good girls looking out for rich husbands.' "

"Horrors!" ejaculated Judy.

"He doesn't blame us for it," said Firefly. "He has no ideals — doesn't believe anyone has. He gives nobody credit for anything."

"There's good in everybody," said Judy staunchly. "Even Mr. Bertwin has a soft spot somewhere."

"Certainly — his boy."

Judy looked thoughtful. Then she asked, "How did he arrange this matter of trying to get us all out of Boston?"

"His combine helped him. He knows other rich men in other places, or if not rich men, bosses who are 'it.' All he has to do is to say, 'I want positions in cities outside Boston for a young woman singer, qualifications so and so, a young woman stenographer, a young woman reporter, etc."

"Wouldn't it cost him a lot of money?"

"Not a cent probably. It's influence that counts."

"Money can't change Mara," said Judy. "She understands values."

"Now we come to the crux of the whole situation," said Firefly, "Mara herself. She is more to me than all the Bertwins in the world. Unfortunately her highest welfare demands that she fall in love with some young man."

"Firefly!" exclaimed Judy.

"I know her like a book. She's going to slip into melancholia pretty soon, if something doesn't happen. The sorrow of the world has gripped her heart. The rest or us sigh, and cry and laugh. She sighs and cries and forgets to laugh. She meets few young men — none often enough to become interested, and as one whom her father holds partly responsible for her well-being here, I felt it my duty to run down to New York and interview him and her mother."

"So that is where wou went the other day. — Tell me how you became to intimate with the Ostros."

"I was in a train three years ago going into New York — tripped over a suit-case in the aisle. Fell, struck my head, fainted and was taken care of by the Jew and his daughter who sat near me. Mara and her mother came to my hotel, and I visited them, and then we became friends."

"What kind of a woman is Mara's mother?"

"The sort of woman who marries a man for his money. Yet she is a fair wife to him. Is frightfully ambitious for Mara. That is one reason why she let her come to Boston."

"To get a Christian husband?"

"Yes, she is wild with delight about young Bertwin."

"And the father?"

"Can you imagine! That melancholy Jew laughed like a boy over the whole story. 'And so my little Mara has a lover,' he said. 'Ah me! how history repeats itself.' Then he and his wife agreed he should come here. He's been a tower of strength. I simply put the affair in his hands."

"He is very rich, isn't he?"

"Enormously. He can beat friend Bertwin, when it comes to millions. His name used to be Ostrowitz — he took the witz off the end of his name, and added it to those he already possessed.

"What has he done?' 'asked Judy eagerly.

"Wouldn't I like to know," exclaimed Firefly. "He went to see Mr. Bertwin. Billy was cleared out of the office during the interview. I imagine that firstly, the Jew gave his Christian brother what my young brother calls a 'skin-blistering, tongue-lashing' for trying to coerce a free young American girl citizen into matrimony. Then he made him back-track, and get invitations and salary rises for every Club girl to keep her in Boston."

"I don't understand," said Judy.

"Concentrate Judy," said Firefly impatiently. "Peanuts, for example had the offer of collecting for a society in Buffalo at a larger salary than she receives here. On the top of it, comes an offer of an increase from her employer here. Therefore she stays. Then take Biddy. She warns her paper that she is about to leave. They say all right. Then pressure in the background makes them ask what she is going to get in Syracuse. She tells them, and they say, stay here, and we'll give you the same."

"Mr. Bertwin, being the kind of man he is, must have been delighted to find that Mara will have money."

"Delighted — Billy says he trod on air. His slum jewel had a setting — she was the daughter of Old Ostrich, the rich New Yorker, and the Jew was a noble Jew, a forgiving Jew. Instead of giving his son a stab, to make up for the daughter stab, he would give the lad a chance."

"And that man dared to come here to-night, to see how his puppets were taking their dancing lesson," said Judy warmly, "and I blessed him!"

"I grinned internally at that," laughed Firefly. "I knew with your passion for under-dogs, what a nice warm little malediction ought to have been on your lips for the haughty rich man."

"May Heaven forgive him," said Judy with a sigh. "I shan't for a while yet."

"Confound the father as much as you like," said Firefly coolly, "but spare the son."

"Hasn't he been in all this?"

"Is his father a simpleton?" asked Firefly warmly. "The boys and girls of the millionaire tribe must be inducted by degrees into the management of the poor and helpless. It would shock the generous flower of their youth, to have all the thumbscrews and racks spread before them in one wild display. No, no my friend, inch by inch, not the whole journey in a jump."

"Oh! I hope that Mara will turn from this son of a corrupt father," said Judy warmly.

"She can't. Her face is set toward him now, though she doesn't know it," said Firefly calmly, "and didn't I tell you that he is quite downy and juvenile, and fresh from his university? Mara will stand between him and corrupting influences."

"Are you turning mercenary?"

"Can not good come out of evil?" asked Firefly eloquently. "I tell you Judy, nothing in my life has affected me as this has — the animal-like devotion of the worldly Bertwin to his son, the clamor of the indulged boy for a new plaything that will prove to be the blessing of his life, the fatherly devotion and exquisite self-sacrifice of the Jew, the awakening interest and flutter of happiness in Mara's wistful heart——"

In her excitement, Firefly rose and stood with bare arms extended over the iron top of the radiator.

Judy too rose, and hovered over her. "And are you the Almighty, little girl from the west, that you thus dispose of the destinies of your fellow creatures? You defend Mara from a highway robber, then turn and thrust her into his arms."

"Could I injure Mara," said Firefly in a low, exquisitely tender voice, "the being whom I love best in all the world. I injure her! Why Judy, it is because I love her, that I wish to see her happy."

"But she is happy."

"Oh blind and foolish!" exclaimed Firefly with a despairing gesture. "Do you watch over her when she sleeps, and hover over her when she wakes? Does she open her soul to you?"

"No, she doesn't," said Judy reluctantly.

"And do you suppose that I enjoy making this supreme self-sacrifice? Do you imagine that I hug the prospect of losing my friend? John Bertwin would never be enough for me — I should wish for my darling Mara too. For her, gentle soul, a husband-lover will be enough. When Mara marries, I shall lose her," and her head sank on her folded arms.

Judy surveyed her for a moment in silence. Then she said evenly, "That radiator is hot, and you are hotter. Sit down again, and talk coolly. When you lose Mara, I will be your friend."

Firefly raised her head and said passionately, "You won't do. You love too many people. I want to be someone's bright, particular star."

"Don't let us go into heroics," said Judy coolly. "It's bed-time. First though, tell me what I can do to help you."

Firefly was dabbing her flushed face with her handkerchief. "Mrs. Ostro wants us to let John Bertwin come here and see Mara. If they don't get on, well and good. Let him evaporate. If they do, she will take matters in hand herself."

A long pause followed her remarks, then Judy said slowly, "Firefly, you're sublime."

Firefly raised one slender arm. "I love my friend, and loving her, I serve her. It doesn't matter about me."

"But your ideals remain to you," said Judy warmly.

"Ideals are cold, glittering things, out of reach of one's arms," said Firefly hopelessly.

"Where does Billy come out in this affair?" asked Judy suddenly.

"At the little end of the horn. When he confesses to Mr. Bertwin that he has betrayed confidence, he will be dismissed instanter."

"How noble it would be to forgive and reinstate him."

"High finance neither forgives nor is forgiven," said Firefly.

"And what will become of Billy?"

"Ask the Jew. I am certain that he will take care of Mr. and Mrs. Billy as I am that I exist. Good night, Miss President."

"Good night," said Judy absently, and for some time after Firefly left the room, she sat buried in thought. Then she tiptoed out through the hall to the big kitchen.

"Just what I thought," she murmured as she opened the door, and saw four or five heads close together over the dying fire.

"Girls," she exclaimed sternly, and pointed to the clock.

Flushed faces were turned toward her, and laughing voices proclaimed excuses.

(Continued)

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WHAT CANADIANS ARE DOING

HON. A. E. KEMP

Although meanwhile this Honorable member of the Conservative cabinet is minus a portfolio, and occupies a purely advisory position in the new government the promises are that he will yet be found in occupation of a

HON. A. E. KEMP,
Minister without portfolio.

place of stronger, more pronounced importance. Mr. Kemp has proven a worker of more than average value to his party and the leaders look upon him as a man of political promise, a man whose advice and guidance on many points, is deserving of close following.

Mr. Kemp is a manufacturer of Toronto, was born at Clarenceville, Que., in 1858, where he was educated preliminarily, with higher points added at Lacolle Academy. He was for a term president of the Canadian Manufacturers Association, and of the Toronto Board of Trade, and went to the House of Commons first in 1900.

ALBERT JOSEPH BROWN, K.C.

Windsor, P.Q., man honored at Montreal.

Mr. Albert Joseph Brown, K.C., of Montreal, who was recently honored by being elected Batonnier of the Bar in that city, is a native of Windsor, P.Q., where he was born in 1861, his father being native-born and his mother hailing from Scotland. This particular family of Browns, it may be said, came originally from Massachusetts, where the early arrivals from the mother land were in residence as far back as 1650.

Albert J. Brown received his education at St. Francis College, Richmond, P.Q.; Morin College, Quebec, and McGill University, Montreal, where he graduated in 1885, with the degree of B. A., and in 1886, with the degree of B.C.L., winning the Elizabeth Torrance gold medal. In this latter year he became a partner in the firm of Benjamin & Brown of Montreal. In 1887, after the death of Mr. Benjamin, the firm of Chapleau, Hall, Nicolls & Brown was formed. At the present date, Mr. Brown is the senior member of the legal firm of Brown Montgomery & McMichael. In 1889, Mr. Brown was appointed King's Counsel. On May 1st, 1911, he was made Batonnier, of the Montreal Bar and on June 21st, 1911, Batonnier of the Province of Quebec.

Mr. Brown is a member of the following Clubs: The Mount Royal, the St. James, the Forest & Stream, the Royal Montreal Golf, the Montreal, and the Garrison of Quebec. He was married, December 27th, 1888 to Josephine Home of Quebec.

MRS. ELIZABETH R. MACDONALD

Mrs. E. Roberts MacDonald is of Fredericton, New Brunswick, and she shares the poetical gift of the Roberts family. Her earliest published work in poetry appeared along with verse

Mrs. ELIZ. R. MACDONALD,
New Brunswick Versifier

written by two of her brothers. Since then she has published a book of her own work, "Dream Verses and Other Poems".

DISMISSAL OF KING'S CHAPLAIN

Charges of Drunkenness and Immorality Against Rev. Frederick P. Farrar. — Bishop Investigating Case.

(By special cable)

London. — The first court scandal in King George's reign exploded with violence, when The Gazette announced officially the dismissal of the Rev. Frederick Percival Farrar, the King's domestic chaplain, and also honorary chaplain to Queen Alexandra.

Charges of drunkenness and immorality have been made against the deposed King's chaplain, and they are now being investigated by the Bishop of Norwich. The disgraced clergyman has been rector of Sandringham, where the favorite residence of the late King Edward and of Queen Alexandra was situated. It is understood that he has resigned his rectorship in consequence of the charges against him, and a startling report is abroad that the Rev. Farrar is missing and that search is being made for him.

He is a son of the late Dean Farrar, and only last July he married Miss Nora Davis, a sister of Richard Harding Davis, the author, and a daughter of the late Clarke Davis, of Philadelphia. The wedding was attended by many prominent society people of London. Members of the Royal family sent wedding gifts, those of King George, Queen Mary and Queen Alexandra being especially handsome.

GERMANY AND MOROCCAN CRISIS

Many People Are Sore on the Supposed Laxity of German Government in Allowing Britain to Dictate.

Berlin. — The oficial report of the secret sitting of the budget committee of the Reichstag in November, when Foreign Minister von Kiderlin-Waechter made a report on Anglo-German relations as affected by the Moroccan dispute with France, is now published.

The Foreign Minister's account of the interviews between the British Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey, and the German Ambassador at London, Count Wolff-Metternich, and of the communications that passed between Germany and England, show that the situation was most tense from July 21 to July 27, and the language used on both sides was so sharp that a peaceful outcome of the affair under the circumstances is considered most fortunate.

Great Britain, according to Herr von Kiderlin-Waechter, after receiving on July 1 an individual, as well as a general, explanation of the objects of the despatch of the German warship Panther to Agadir, remained silent until July 21.

Sir Edward Grey then had a conversation with the German ambassador, in which he declared that the time had come for Great Britain to intervene in the Franco-German negotiations, since these apparently were about to be broken off owing to Germany's unacceptable proposals, which would raise the question of the future of Morocco, whereby British interests would be affected. He requested an explanation of the German designs at Agadir.

IN THE LIMELIGHT

London.—The unionist forces in the British parliament have called upon a Canadian to lead them against the assaults of the progressive liberal forces. Andrew Bonar Law, born in New Brunswick and who removed to Glasgow, and was from there sent to the House of Commons, has been chosen leader of the British standpatters to succeed former Premier A. J. Balfour. Law is one of the ablest conservative debaters; also, he is the best chess player in parliament.

BONAR LAW

THE EMPIRE AND CANADA

London. — The London Chamber of Commerce tonight discussed "Canada" in its relation to the Mother Country. Faithfull Begg, treasurer, who presided, said that no country could show such a remarkable advance in progress as Canada during the past five years. Canada had done its part nobly in the recent elections and it was for the United Kingdom now to do hers and show appreciation of the efforts of the Dominion in the cause of imperial unity.

A. W. Smithers, chairman of the G. T. R., thought the British Government was discreditable for investigating the emigration question so unscientifically. The Dominion doesn't want the riffraff of our cities, and he appealed to the Government to transform unemployed casual labor into citizens acceptable to Canada.

She: "Oh, yes, I quite believe there's a fool in every family, don't you?"

He: "Well — er — my opinion is rather biased. You see, I am the only member of our family!"

Mr. J. TRAVERS LEWIS

Ottawa Political Campaigner

During the past political campaign the headquarters of the Conservative party in Ottawa were in charge of Messrs. J. Travers Lewis and J. F. Smellie.

John Travers Lewis, M.A., K.C., D.C.L., the senior member of the firm, was born in Brockville, Ont., on October 2th, 1857, the eldest son of His Grace the late archbishop of Ontario. He was educated at Bishops College School, Lennoxville, Que., Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont., and Trinity University, Toronto. A brilliant student, he captured the Dickson scholarship in 1876 and the Brunside Scholarship in 1877.

Leaving college, he studied law, and was admitted to practice in 1882, when he came to Ottawa. He has resided there ever since. His first partnership was with Hon. James Cockburn, Q.C., and later he was with Mr. F. H. Chrysler until 1896. For the last thirteen years he has been senior partner in the firm of Lewis and Smellie.

In social life Mr. Lewis has been and still is, a prominent figure. To a scholarly training and a peculiar fitness for business he joins the true instincts of the gentleman. He is, above everything else, a man of courtesy, of sympathy, to whom injustice or suffering wherever he meets it makes a peculiar appeal.

He is one of the elected governors of St. Luke's Hospital, and is also a member of the Executive Council of the Victorian Order of Nurses. He is solicitor for both these organizations.

He has the unique honor of having been for the past two years president an active member of the Ottawa Golf of the Rideau Club, and he is also and Country Clubs.

He: "I am marrying her for her money."

She: "But money does not always lead to happiness."

"No, but Ithought it might facilitate the search."

Tommy, congratulations.

How about that bouquet, Mac?

Mr. T. Hutton is at the coast on business.

Mrs. L. McPhee is seriously ill. Dr. Swift is attending.

New roads are being constructed south of the G. N. tracks.

Cyril Hulton-Harrop arrived in town from England with his bride.

Mr. Christie, Immigration agent, was in town on Wednesday of last week.

Mr. John McCallum of Vancouver spent Sunday with his parents and friends here.

The Ladies' Aid met on Wednesday afternoon in the home of Mrs. D. Fraser.

Mrs. Page of Vancouver is guest with her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Jeffs, of the Abbotsford Mill.

Mrs. Lister, of Mission City, attended the Grand Lodge of True Blues on Wednesday of last week

Mr. E. M, Brown is the name of our new policeman. Mr. Faulkner left early this week for the coast.

Mr. Todd, Provincial Bee Inspector is now touring Abbotsford advising and instructing bee keepers.

The Abbotsford Hardware and Furniture store has just completed the furnishing of the Alexandra Hotel at Huntingdon.

Rev. Messrs. Millar of Clayburn and McDairmid of Langley, and their wives spent the afternoon of Monday at the Manse.

Messrs. Henderson & Taylor of town have taken a party of surveyors over to Mission City to work. Mr. Taylor is in charge.

Mr. Joseph S. Campbell was transferred last week from the Park Drive branch of the Bank of Commerce to the Chilliwack branch.

Mr. L. McPhee has lost a four months old Gordon setter pup. He answers to the name of "Chum." A reward will be given for its return.

Mr. W. J. Kerr of New Westminster is showing great interest in our town and the surrounding district which is a good omen for Abbotsford.

Mr. and Mrs. Hutchison and family of Vancouver have come to reside in Abbotsford and will live on the ranch recently purchased by Mr. Hutchison from Mr. Moret.

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Campbell, of Kamloops, are spending a few weeks the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. Cambpell. Our genial watch maker says his father is delighted with Abbotsford and its surroundings

It looks as if we will have a complete change in the teaching staff of our school for the coming year. Many will regret this because our teachers are faithful and efficient, and our school has made splendid progress under their tuition.

Mr. and Mrs. Smeeton left on Monday for Vancouver where Mr Smeeton will attend classes at the Westminster Hall, studying in preparation for the ministry. He has charge of the mission field of Upper Sumas, Musselwhite and Kingard for the summer.

Mr. Geo. Clark has been successful in securing the agency for the English "K" Boot. Those who have worn this boot need no introduction to it, and those who have not should see Mr. Clark. Mr. Clark is probably the only shoe dealer in the Valley who has the agency of this shoe.

Happy Lives

With prosperity in store, are Assured to all June brides who have their wedding cakes made at

The Abbotsford Bakery

ALBERT LEE, PROPRIETOR

Mr. Sparrow is in the market with a fine bunch of broilers which he is getting ready for the market. He expects to deliver them in Sumas on July 6th, Canada Day at the celebration. He says he wants the Canadians well fed, so they will win the tug-of-war this year again. Chicken ought to be pretty good food.

The Matsqui Farmer's Institute will hold a free basket picnic at the Municipal Hall grounds, Mt. Lehman, on Dominion Day, July 1 Foot races, races for married men women and children, etc. Tug of War and Football Match. Annual Social Ball in Hall at 9 p. m. The music furnished by Abbotsford Orchestra. Admission $1. Ladies free. Proceeds to be devoted to the Agricultural Association Prize List. P. Jackman, Sec.; A. L. Bates, Sec., R. Owens, Chairman.

MATSQUI COUNCIL

(Continued From Page One)

A. Morey, stationery, 2.45; M Pihl, 10.00; G. Le Feuvre, 9.00; Abbotsford Timber Co., 15.40; On Huntingdon road work, 69.45, G. McKay, 5.00; Caps and fuse 5.00; Assessor on account, 100.00; The account of the Northbrook Shingle Co. of 4 6.00 was offset by taxes.

Councillor Bell introduced the Noxious Weeds By-law and the council decided to enforce the by-law and ordered that all Canadian thistles be cut by July 20th.

The clerk stated that the time was very short in which to get out rate notices and that the assessor had offered help in the matter.

The Municipal Rate By-law was introduced for 1st reading.

Bell-Lehman, that the Municipal Rate be the same as last year, i. e. 47½ mills on wild land; 10 mills on real property and 2½ on school.

Three councillors voted for and one against.

Ware-Roberts, that the Rate By-law passed the second reading.

A long discussion ensued and it was stated that without extra taxes the road work could not go on. Applications were received at every meeting asking for new roads. So much of the land was held by real estate men, land that had gone up from 10 to 100 per acre. Years ago the tax from the wild lands paid for the road work, but now the wild land tax gets less each year and the road work increases. The clerk stated that if the rates were levied the same as last year, with the increased assessment the raise would be 25 per cent as the 2 mills for road labor was now abandoned. The Reeve said he acknowledged that money was wanted for road work, but he did not think rates should be raised without reference to the people. He would rather have a deficit at the end of the year, as he was opposed to the by-law, but as Reeve he will do his duty.

Lehman-Roberts, that the rules of order be suspended to enable the third reading of the Municipal Rate By-law with Councillor Bell in the chair on Saturday, June 29

Bell-Lehman, that the school estimates of 45,000 be accepted.

On the question of the Light and Power By-Law the clerk was instructed to write Mr. McNeil of the Western Canada Power Co. that it would not be safe to erect the high voltage line until the By-law has been passed as some considerable opposition is manifest.

A strawberry festival will be held by the Ladies Aid of the Presbyterian church at the home of Mrs. McLemeny on Wednesday next, the 19th, at 5 o'clock. Tea, ice cream and strawberries. Everybody come.

The semi-annual meeting of the Loyal Orange Lodges of the New Westminster district No, 1 met in the Abbotsford Orange Hall on Tuesday evening, the 11th inst, all officers except one being present. There was a large gathering of the brethren and important business was transacted. The 12th of July will be celebrated in New Westminster this year when a large turn out is epected as it is the jubilee of Orangism in that city, being fifty years since No. 1150 New Westminster was organized.

The next annual meeting will be in Mission City in January next.

The members of the Abbotsford lodge, according to visiting officers, gave them a fine supper after the meeting.

HOTEL ARRIVALS

COMMERCIAL.

W. McCallum, New Westminster
Dan Peterson, New Westminster
Thos. Campbell, Chilliwack
H. B. DeForrest, Blaine
R. Tugl y, Clayburn
J. Wiman, Abbotsford
S. Thompson, Abbotsford
J. H. Nixon, Vancouver
Capt. Steves, Vancouver
S. Cassimore, Sardis
Thos. Campbell, City
C. B. McKenzie, Ladner
A. Cruichshank, Chilliwack
S. J. McDowell, New Westminster.
N. V. Hanson, Portland, Ore.
J. Cale, Mission City
S. W. Robinson, Mission City
J. D. Whittier, Mission City
H. Hutchenson, Dennison
E. P. Ruthig, Huntingdon
H. E. Knox, Vancouver
H. Lindsay, Vancouver.

ABBOTSFORD.

J. C. McCarthy, Mission City
Jas. Fraser
Robt. Blackburn
Jas. Towlan, Mt. Lehman
Angus McLean, Mt. Lehman
L. B. Briggs, Dennison
D. Gibbard, Mission City
F. Pakenham, Mission City
R. H. Kihn, Seattle
Geo. Phillips, New Westminster
J. H. Wilkinson, Chilliwack
F. N. McCrady, Eburne
Geo. C. Knight, New Westminster.
Guy Anderson, Vancouver
Fred Grassinon, Bradner
S. Moore, Huntingdon
J. R. Bayne, Toronto
H. Argley, Vancouver
C. C. Eldridge, Vancouver
W. James, Vancouver
W. Burrell, Chilliwack
Eddie Hodge, Pincher Creek
R Hastie, New Westminster
H C. Gordon, Vancouver
D T Beardman, Vancouver
E A. M Donald, Edmonton

AMERICANS INVESTIGATING UTILIZATION OF STUMPS

Seattle, Wash. June 14—Business men of the state have financed the tests which the chemistry department of the University of Washington desires to make to determine the possible uses of forest by products, and as a result a carload of fir stumps will be shipped east in a few days to be put through a preliminary process preparatory for the experiments in the university laboratory.

Dr. Henry K. Benson, associate professor of chemistry, has been planning for the experiments for several months, but until a few days ago had not obtained the financial backing which was required. The Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound Railroad has agreed to ship the cargo free.

The stumps were obtained at Park, a small station in Whatcom county, and will be sent to the reducing plant at Cadillac, Mich The products obtained from the stumps at the reducing plant will be returned to the University of Washington and will be made the basis for experiments in the chemical laboratory whereby Dr. Benson hopes to demonstrate that they contain several substances of market value—of sufficient value, he calculates, to make them pay the entire cost of clearing the land As these stumps are ordinarily utter waste, the chemical experiments, if they come up to Dr. Benson's expectations, will save vast sums to the forestry industry of the state.

Enjoy Life During

"Fly Time"

by buying one of our screen doors and a window or two. Our stock and prices are right and you will be suited with our screen doors and windows. Our Meat Safes are perfection and our wire screening, etc., will be useful during fly time.

H. ALANSON

Hardware and Furniture

Painting, Sign Writing

General repair work

J. E. PARTON

Abbotsford -- B. C

Good Storage Room for Furniture.

If your Grocer has not

Five Roses Flour

On hand you can get it at the

Abbotsford Feed and Grain Store

J. J. SPARROW, PROP.

WANTED

Reliable men with selling ability and some knowledge of the fruit business or Nursery Stock, to represent us in British Columbia as local and general agents.

Liberal inducements and permanent position for the right men.

Write for full particulars.

STONE & WELLINGTON

The Fonthill Nurseries.

(Established 1837)

BEES FOR SALE

M. McGILLIVRAY
Huntingdon, B. C.

WANTED FARM LAND—In exchange for my $1150.00 equity in Vancouver lots. Act quickly for a snap. R. A. Cooper, Clayburn B. C. A26.

Timothy, Clover and Field Peas to be had at the Abbotsford Feed Store

When next your watch needs attention leave it with Campbell, the Abbotsford Watch-maker. Shop located in Clark's Gents' Furnishing store.

HARRON BROS.

Embalmers and Funeral Directors

Vancouver, Office and chapel—1034 Granville St., Phone 3456

North Vancouver, Office and

STRAYED—Red yearling heifer onto my place on 3rd March. Owner can have same by paying expenses. W. L. Barrett, old Campbell place, Clearbrook Road.

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For the Residence, Store or Office.

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Convenience Comfort Economy

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Holden Block, Vancouver.

British Columbia Electric Railway Ltd