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The Abbotsford Post

VOL. V., No. 2. ABBOTSFORD, B. C., FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1912 8 $1.00 PER YEA

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Committee Instructed to Purchase Agricultural Grounds

Enthusiastic Public Meeting Held in Maple Leaf Hall on Wednesday Evening. Delegate Sent to Victoria.

A general meeting of the Agricutural Society was held in the Maple Leaf Hall on Wednesday evening with a large attendance present It was a lively meeting, full of discussion

Some time ago the Society appointed a committee to purchase agricultural grounds, and the choice fell on fifteen acres north-east of the town; but there was a general concensus of opinion that it was not the most suitable and it was demanded before final action were taken to have a meeting to reconsider the matter

Mr. A. Archibald filled the chair and Mr. S. A. Morley was secretary The president explained that while the committee had gone so far as to pay $25 00 option and say they would take the property, yet it was not, in the opinion of the public, the most suitable. It appears that at the last meeting of the Matsqui council it was decided to open up a road from the Yale road to Mr Ben Nelson's property, which he had just recently decided to subdivide. He stated also there would be another road which would bring the property close to the town. During the present year the Association could use a short road through the property, and it was up to the meeting to decide whether this was more suitable than the one already practically decided upon.

The one to the east of the town would be hard to clear, and there was a terrible hill to climb, Mr. Nelson wanted $200 per acre and the Association could choose a square or oblong piece as they had a mind to take.

A lively discussion followed, Messrs Hill-Tout, McGowan, Morely, H McKenzie, Ware and others taking part.

Mr. A. McCallum, acting for the owners of the land on which the option had been taken, waived all claims of the sale of the property, for which a vote of thanks was extended to him.

The question was then asked if any present had any better property to suggest than the Ben Nelson property. There being no response it was decided to purchase fifteen acres from Mr. Ben Nelson at $200 per acre, with 500 to be paid down, but Mr. Nelson taking $.00 worth of stock or shares, and the balance at the Association's own terms. The Association were to pay for the surveying.

It was also decided that those who had paid the $25.00 option be re-mbursed. The secretary is to send a letter to the same committee instructing them to purchase the Nelson property, the letter to be signed by the president and secretary.

June 6th instead of June 5th was chosen as the day for the bee to clear up the new grounds.

It was considered good policy and with a view of expediting matters to send a delegate to Victoria to look after the securing of the charter of the Association. Mr. J. R. Peckham was chosen as delegate and he left Thursday for Victoria A meeting is called for Saturday evening to hear Mr. Peckham's report.

The meeting then adjourned after a lively discussion as to the rights of shareholders, members, and the Association.

RAILWAY COMMISSIONER IN TOWN

Mr. Kerr, of the Railway Commission was in Abbotsford this week While here he was shown around by the Secretary of the Board of Trade, Mr. Morley and Mr. Atanson. He viewed the work of tunneling under the Great Northern on Montrose Avenue, and did not appear particularly struck with the completed contract commenting on the unfinished manner in which it had been left. He was also taken over to Hazel Street, and while not expressing himself very strong on the matter was of the opinion that it should be opened in the best interests of the town.

Both of the above matters will be taken up by the Board at an earl date very vigorously

DIED OF INJURIES

William Cook, a widower 63 years of age, died here last evening as a result of injuries that he received at Mt. Lehman, where he owned a sawmill. He was hauling logs yesterday when the hook slipped and the chain struck him so hard that it broke one of his legs and fatally injured him internally. He was put on board the Chilliwack line car and brought to this city yesterday afternoon, where he was given medical attention, but to no avail, and he died last evening. Funeral services will be held in the Murchie undertaking parlors tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev C. W. Brown officiating and interment will be made in the Odd Fellows' cemetery —Columbian.

NOT LOST ON THE TITANIC

There is no truth in the rumor that the $150,000 which our townsman, Mr. Hutton, inherited, and as published in a previous issue of this paper, went down with the Titanic. Large sums of money like that, and to be delivered as that is to be are not carried on Titanics and Mr. Hutton wishes this paper to deny that it went down on the Titanic. He has since heard about it, and his word is taken for the fact that it still awaits him at his old home. Have you noticed the millionaire smile he wears there days?

PEARDONVILLE ITEMS

Mrs. Thompson and her sister Mrs W. Stafford are up from Vancouver visiting their brother, Mr. J. Gardner.

Mr. Wm. Roberts has a force of men working on the Peardonville road from Pine Grove church towards Abbotsford. Also some men blasting stumps and opening up a road to let Mr. C. B. Hill-Tout out to the Clearbrook road.

The residents along the Clearbrook road are taking steps to have a school started for the education of the many children residing there They have thirty children of school age which were reported at an enthusiastic meeting held at the residence of Mr. Wm. Higginson on the 31st inst.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Roberts have left for a week's trip to Vancouver.

Mr. Thomas Roberts was given a surprise party on the evening of the 11th inst in honor of his 78th birthday. There was a fine spread and a large gathering of friends and neighbors and all had a very pleasant evening.

Mr. Robert Higginson, a brother of the Higginson brothers here arrived from Ireland with his family on the 13th inst. He will engage in farming having acquired a place beside that of his brother Wm. on the Clearbrook road.

Mr. H. Wardell is getting his new poultry farm in fine shape. He has four large incubators running all the time and has just put up a beautiful large sign. If you want to see the chicken business up to date just call on Mr. Wardell.

We are having beautiful weather around Peardonville—rather hot. Gardens are looking fine but we need al ittle rain and would ask the Post to use their influence to get about 24 hours of gentle rain.

DANCE ON THE 24TH

The Cricket Club on their return from Mission City, where they will have a friendly contest with the cricketers of that burg intend to hold a dance, to be held in the Maple Leaf Hall. Invitations are already out. It will be the dance of the season.

TESTING FARMERS' MILK

Some of the ranchers of the district are wondering why the government milk testers do not go out among the farmers and test the milk instead of doing it at the coast when the milk has been shipped. It is claimed that true criticism cannot be given that will be of benefit to those who ship milk to the cities. Were the inspectors to go around among the ranchers it would be an excellent opportunity to educate the farmers in the best way of handling the milk with profit to themselves. Since the provincial Bee Inspector has been through the district the bee-keepers have become more enthusiastic. They have received instruction that enables them to go on with their work in such a way as to be profitable. It is reported that last year one farmer received such instructions as to enable him to make $500 out of his bees. Similar profits should accrue from instructions in other subjects

The fires rage around Abbotsford but poor Larry works, works.

THE ABBOTSFORD POST

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Our Shibboleth—Neither for nor against the Government.

FRIDAY, MAY 10 1912

There is no doubt the visit of Mr Cawley, our member for Abbotsford to hold consultation with the Board of Trade will benefit Abbotsford, as there is nothing like the co-operation of the local member and the only local organization of the town, the Board of Trade.

It is a well known fact that the individual with a purpose, with a clear-cut unswerving aim in life is the constructive, the creative, the successful man. A town is made up of the different individuals of society, and it would appear that concentration of purpose and unity of effort of these different individuals should prove as successful with a town as with the man rooted to his vocation. This does not mean that one man in a town should pull one way and another man in a town pull another way—it means a PULL TOGETHER for whatever is for the best interests of the town.

Situated as Abbotsford is there is no particular reason why it should not be a town that makes its presence felt for miles around. As men gather round a successful man so do men come to live in a prosperous community. This should be our cue, and "Watch Abbotsford Grow"

Elsewhere we publish a clipping from the Columbian regarding the people who come over to the Canadian side to work, and live on the American side. We had occasion to call the attention of the public to this some time ago and it certainly should be remedied if possible. Now that Huntingdon is growing and is likely to have some first class hotels and boarding houses there is no reason why a man working in Canadian territory should not live in Canadian territory. A man ought to have for his motto, "Spend his money in the country where it is made." We object to the Chinese who reside in B. C., and some others of the Oriental race, for sending so much of their earnings to their home country. Would not the same apply in other ways?

THE MARKET.

Fine weather brought out a good attendance at the New Westminster market Friday and the sales of produce at retail were brisk. Eggs and butter were the leading sellers the former holding steady at 35c per dozen and the latter selling well at 35 and 40 cents per pound the supply soon being exhausted. Vegetables are becoming scarce and there were no onions at all on the market. Veal at wholesale was quite plentiful, there was a little pork on hand, but mutton and beef were as scarce as ever. Retail meats were as plentiful as usual and the prices were unchanged. The fish stalls attracted many buyers and the sales were good, the variety of fish being large and the quality being fine. There was quite a little rhubarb on the market and it sold at ten cents a bunch, or about five cents a pound Tidy's florist stand was the only one that handled cut flowers, selling tulips for 35 cents per dozen, marguerites for 25 cents, and carnations for 60 and 75 cents. Both the stands did a good business on beding plants, which averaged 25 cents per dozen.

Poultry Market

Poultry was a fair supply, but the demand was slow and the prices were lower than usual. Laying hens fetched from $10 to $15 per dozen. Live weight from 19 to 20 cents. Ducks were more numerous than last week and realized $1.50 each. Young pigs, live, $4.50 to $5. according to size. Heavy pork 8 cents per pound.

Beef, per lb,	8 to 10c
Veal	11 1-2 to 13c
Mutton	11c to 12-12c
Pork, per lb.,	12 to 12 1-2c
Beef, best rib roasts	15 to 18c
Beef, loin,	18c to 22c
Beef, round steak,	18c
Boiling beef,	10c to 14c
Beef, pot roast	15c
Veal,	15c to 20c
Pork,	18c to 20c
Sugar Cured Bacon	20c
Smugar Cured Corn Pork	15 to 20c
Mutton,	12 to 20c
Dressed chicken, lb.	25c
Cabbage, per lb.,	1 1-2c
Potatoes, per sack	$1.75 to 2
Carrots, per sack	75c
Turnips, per sack	75c
Seed potatoes, per ton	$30 to 35
Parsnips, per sack	$1.00
Lettuce, per bunch	5c
Onions, per sack	$2 to $2.50
Beets, per sack	$1.25
Eggs, retail, per doz.	35c
Eggs, wholesale	25c to 30c
Butter, retail, per lb	35c to 40c
Poultry, live weight	19c to 20c
Laying hens, per dozen	$10 to 15
Broilers, per lb	35c
Squabs, per pair	50c
Halibut, lb	10c
Salmon, choice, 2 lbs	25c
Salmon, white, each	50c
Salmon, half or whole, lb	10c
Red Salmon, per lb.	15c

PECULIAR SITUATION

A peculiar condition of affairs has arisen at Huntingdon, a condition of affairs which may cause the Dominion government to pass special legislation, which will affect not only Huntingdon, but the whole boundary country.

Situated on the American side, a short distance from the boundary line, is a mill owned by the American Lumber Company, which saws up the logs and makes them into rough lumber. Then situated on the Canadian side, about a mile distant is a planing mill known as the Electric Lumber Company.

The rough lumber is then hauled by teams to the Canadian side coming in free as rough lumber, is planed and made ready for shipment in the planing mill.

This is precisely the aim and object of the government in placing a duty of twenty-five per cent. on finished lumber, to force the Americans to establish mills on the Canadian side, if they wish to compete in Canadian markets. But the men employed in the mills reside in Sumas, coming over in the morning and returning at night. Thus practically no benefit is derived by the Canadians.

The men when challenged by the customs authorities in the morning say they are coming over for one day only, and the customs authorities are powerless.

The work of the customs authorities in stopping these men is again retarded by the fact that Dr. Chester, Dominion Veterinary Surgeon, lives in Sumas. If a Dominion government agent, paid by the Dominion government can reside on the American side and pursue his daily duties in Canada, it would be somewhat illogical to stop a working man from working on the Canadian side and living on the American side.

At Abbotsford also there are several Americans working on the Canadian side and living in the United States, and at various other places along the line, no doubt the same conditions exist.

MISSION CITY INVADED BY I.W.W. ON GRAND TOUR

On Saturday evening last Mission City was invaded by about sixty-five I.W.W. men on their tour to Yale where they intend to agitate against organized capital.

They came in on the evening freight train on top of a car. Immediately on their arrival they were quietly asked by the C. P. R. constable to vacate. They refused to do so but the big constable was not to be baffled for the time being and determined to have his command abeyed. It was obeyed. The agitators marched up along Washington Street in their full strength enjoying their immunity fearless of the harm that might be handed out to them by the local force, consisting of the C.P.R. constable, the provincial constable and the immigration agent. They congregated near Windebank's feed store. Afterwards, when questioned by the constable as to their intentions they stated that when the freight pulled out of the yards they intended to board her. That was all there was to it. They were passengers boarding the train at the Horne Avenue station.

A wire was sent to Yale notifying the police what they might expect a little later on in the evening, and no doubt their arrival was given provincial welcome.

The I. W. W.'s informed the local authorities that the next contingent would make the number of this one look small.

The headquarters for mobilization appears to be the old tramp headquarters between Haney and Hammond where tramps have stopped for years to enjoy refreshments. From here communication is had with Vancouver where there appears to be unlimited funds at the disposal of the men. The local policeman is in possession of a "Strike" proclamation which would make one believe that it will be a case of calling out the militia before strike ends the migrations of the I. W. W. men, although they were remarkably well behaved while here and law abiding except for the trespassing on the C. P. R. and other property. The second contingent is awaited.

LATER—When the I. W. W.'s reached Yale the ringleaders were arrested and the others headed towards the coast with instructions to keep marching. Last reports have it that they were encamped near Agassiz.

BARBER BELL BEGINS BUILDING BIG BUSINESS BLOCK.

From Fraser Valley Record)

Mr. J. R. Bell, who has sold his present building to Mr. A. Stephen the druggist, has begun excavation for another building on Washington Street, just west of the Watson property. The new building will be a two-storey affair, 24x80, and costing in the neighborhood of $[illegible],000. Messrs Bell and Martin intend to have one of the best and most up-to-date barber shops, pool room and tobacco store that there is outside of large cities.

Immediately the excavation is completed, work will be begun on the new block and rushed to completion. The firm expects to open out in the new premises about the 1st of August.

It is to be hoped that immediately the barber shop is completed that some capitalist will come along and buy as Bell builds beautiful big buildings.

INDUCTION SERVICES AT CLAYBURN

On Tuesday evening last at Clayburn the induction services of the Rev. J. L. Miller, B. A., graduate of Queen's University, was held.

As our readers will remember, the people of Clayburn broke away from the Mission City congregation some time ago, and decided to have a minister of their own. They have given the Rev. Mr. Miller a call. It is the intention at the present time to build a church and a manse for their pastor.

Dr Wright, President of the New Westminster Presbytery, presided. Mr. J. McDairmid, of Langley, addressed the minister; J. L. Campbell addressed the congregation. The ladies served the refreshments. Strathon will be included with Clayburn.

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BE SURE AND WORK THE HORSE
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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.

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MARSHALL SAUNDERS,
Author of "Beautiful Joe"

to help him build up a fortune out of their blood and bones. He will likely support them in poor-houses and jails."

"I don't think I will tell my uncle that," said Dixie seriously.

"Dixie," said Jane gently, "suppose you were a real widowed mother with one boy."

Dixie shook her head. "A great tax on my imagination, still I'll oblige you. Here is a poor widow left all alone, with but one offspring to comfort her home," and she crossed her hands and rolled her eyes, till she had all her companions in an ecstacy of laughter.

"You put your boy in a factory," continued Jane. "At half-past five every morning, a whistle blows. He tumbles out of bed. There isn't much breakfast going at that time in the morning. He rubs his poor young eyes, and sets off for the factory. There he attends to bobbins or some mechanical task till twelve. Then he has an hour for lunch. At one he begins work again, usually in a dusty, unwholesome atmosphere. Hours differ, but usually the little fellow works till five or six, and sometimes till half past six."

"I don't believe it," said Dixie stoutly. "No one would work a child as long as that."

Firefly fell into a sudden rage, and springing up she stamped her foot at Dixie. "You silly girl—I tell you a few miles north of us, there are at the present minute exhausted children lying in their miserable beds, who tomorrow morning before daylight will stagger to their feet and go to a factory where they will work, not including lunch time, eleven hours before they are delivered."

The Club looked at her. Even Judy murmured, "Are you sure Firefly?"

"Sure as I am that I am living. I went the other evening with a Socialist friend to a meeting. There is a law against employing children more than eight hours a day in this particular place I am speaking of, but the factory inspector is afraid to enforce it, because the manufacturers won't let him."

"Where are those manufacturers going when they die?" asked Peanuts with an air of finality. "Who are they, anyway?"

"Pillars in churches," said Firefly, "that is several of them are. It's a little place—full of good people who go to church, and praise God from whom all blessings flow—ah! wouldn't I like to preach a sermon to them!"

Dixie looked puzzled, and opened and shut her mouth several times without speaking.

"Don't gasp that way, like a fish out of water," said Firefly irritably, "say something."

"Child labor isn't my fault," said Dixie. "You get so cross, Firefly.

"I love you, Dixie," said Firefly, "but I hate your uncle. He's a brute."

"Girls," said Judy suddenly, "we are here today, gone tomorrow. Let us do all we can to get women and children out of factories. Biddy, you and I can help with our pens."

"And get sent to Jericho," said the Irish girl. "My heart is with you friends, but my pen belongs to my slave-driver. No reforms for him."

"Mine doesn't," said Judy. "I'm in a press union now. I'm going to say what I like."

"Don't blame the editors overmuch," said Biddy good-naturedly. "Capital is behind them with a whip."

"What are we going to do with our naughty capitalists?" asked Peanuts, holding at arm's length a hat that she was trimming. "No women and children in factories is the ideal thing. Women at home cooking for their husbands, and children in school or playing."

"Municipalities and governments have got to manage the capitalists," said Firefly sulkily, "forced to it by the working people who are slowly learning how to use their weapon—the ballot."

"The thirty-four million church members in this country could insist on having righteous working laws for the working people," said Peanuts thoughtfully.

"They haven't time," said Firefly scornfully. "They're too busy coddling their own souls in comfortable churches, and praying for the heathen in foreign lands."

"Don't run down the churches," said Judy sharply. "If it weren't for them, there'd be no living in this country. They are the leaven of righteousness."

"Which leaven tarries," said Firefly. "Let it rise, and split the crust of cruel indifference that covers this nation."

"It isn't the mission of the church to run social reforms," said Judy.

"But it's their mission to inspire church members to work for the good of the community in which they live," said Firefly. "That's why I never go to a church or a theatre. Neither of them amounts to anything. They stir your noblest feelings, and then don't give you any work to do. A practical life for me."

"Stop it, Firefly," said Peanuts with an imperious wave of her hand. "Church members do work. Judy, what else did you see in Winnipeg?"

"Oh! I had a club tea," said Judy. "Girls! I've come home singing, 'Not arms and the man, but clubs and the women.'"

"Pretty song that," said Biddy, "and up-to-date too."

"This particular club was my press club," said Judy. "We have a row of them across Canada, just as journalists have here. Mine is just women writers. They are dears, and help each other—oh! so much."

"How can newspaper women help each other?" asked Peanuts.

"Suppose in this Winnipeg Club one woman gets an offer of a position in another place. She doesn't want to go. She hands it to another club member. Suppose a young writer joins an editorial staff. She doesn't know press etiquette. She joins the club. The other women help her. Suppose a journalist writes a book. She doesn't know a thing about publishing. She asks some more experienced member of the club. I can't tell you all the thousand and one ways press women can help each other."

"What are the women doing in Winnipeg?" asked Jane.

"Here's a list of their activities," said Judy drawing a sheet of hotel paper out of a railway time-table. "I jotted them down as my new friends told me. There's a fine Canadian club for one thing. You know that is a patriotic society like your Daughters of the Revolution."

"Why Judy, you could belong to our patriotic societies as far as your ancestry goes," said Jane.

"Yes, for our ancestors nearly all fought and bled for this country," replied Judy, "but of course I couldn't take your oath of allegiance."

"Why not?" asked Firefly.

"I would never forswear allegiance to Canada."

"Why so?" pursued Firefly.

"Because one has to discriminate particularly against the land of one's nativity."

"Rubbish," said Firefly. "Do you know how our oath reads?"

"No I don't," said Judy.

"Let us close this discussion," said Firefly. "Suppose you go back to Winnipeg."

"Our last evening in Winnipeg was a delightful finish to our stay. Punchie gave a dinner-party with special dishes, notably some fussy things done in casseroles. He had the daintiest ices and cakes—he never orders heavy puddings. Afterward we all sat in the rotunda, listening to the music, and watching the ever-varying crowd of handsomely dressed men and women. There was one nice American woman from New York travelling with her maid. She was absolutely astonished to find Winnipeg such a prosperous city, with so many fine hotels. 'They told me in New York,' she said, 'that I must not go beyond Montreal, neither to Nova Scotia nor out west, that I would find no comforts, no hotels, only rough inns.' A Milwaukee lady who came to Winnipeg to wait for her husband who was in Vancouver, was asked why she did not go on to the coast. 'Oh,' she replied, 'it would not be safe to go west of Winnipeg. The country is so unsettled.' 'Madam,' said a Winnipeg man to her, 'what is your husband's business?' She told him he was a railway man. 'Then madam,' he said, either you don't read, or you are not on good terms with your husband.'

"I told my new friend some more stories bearing on this subject, then we became tired of talking, and stared at Punchie, who was sitting in an enormous chair looking very smart in his dinner jacket, being interviewed by a reporter, and doing a good deal of interviewing in his turn."

"'Many Englishmen been here lately?' we heard him ask his companion.

"'Seven earls,' said the young man solemnly.

"'What does he mean?' asked my American acquaintance.

"'Rich and titled Englishmen,' I said, 'often travel across Canada looking for opportunities to invest capital. The money market has been troubled in England lately, and yet there never was so much capital to invest. Canada is prospering, and has no labor troubles worth mentioning.'

"The American lady went away to the book stand, and bought basket work and leather things, and ordered moose heads, and bear and wolf skins, and all sorts of Canadian curios. She didn't know before she came, that she would have a chance to spend her money. I suppose she thought settlers' wives would give her meals as she went over the plains in a prairie schooner. The luxury of Canada overcame her."

"Tell us about some of the dresses," said Dixie.

Judy wrinkled her forehead. "Well, I remember one fair-haired bride who used to sit about every evening with her husband, sometimes in one part of the rotunda, sometimes in another. They always had their coffee at one of the little tables under the palms, and Punchie used to groan and say, 'How long, oh, how long.'"

"What did the villain mean by that?" asked Firefly.

"How long would the newly-made husband sit round the hotel with his young wife, before he got tired and wanted to run about the city at night."

"Is that what the western men on?" asked Dixie.

"Punchie was only joking. The western men are the best husbands in the world," said Judy.

"Better than Nova Scotians?" asked Biddy.

"No," said Judy cautiously, "but almost as good."

"And what did the bride have on?" aske dDixie.

"White, always white, trailing and soft, and her hair was lovely. Now I must tell you about the fun we had getting off. Punchie had business. We talk about the way New Yorkers rush. The Westerners go faster."

"Deliberate mis-statement number one," said Biddy.

"I assure you they do," reiterated Judy. "If you stand in the street of a western town when the weather is crisp and cool, and there is lots of business doing, the men actually run."

"I have seen New Yorkers fly," said Biddy.

"Biddy," said Judy seriously, "you remind me of that well-known western story of the man who lived in a dry belt, and when asked how he watered his crop said the onions planted between the potatoes were so strong, that they kept the potatoes' eyes full of water. However, to return to Winnipeg. Punchie said, 'I have this last appointment, and will meet you at the train. The head porter will look after you.'

I went on having a lovely time in the big drawing-room, with a number of callers who had dropped in. It seems to me that there is an unusually large proportion of talented people out west. Maybe it is because the youngest and strongest go there. Anyway, I was listening to the strains of a stirring march played by the composer, a perfectly charming woman, when it dawned upon me that I was about to lose my forty minutes past twenty-two o'clock train."

"What kind of talk is that?" asked Dixie.

"That is western talk. Beyond Lake Superior, the system of counting time straight on from noon, prevails—12 o'clock, 13 o'clock, 14 and so on. A Canadian, 'Sir Sandford Fleming,' began this scheme of time reckoning. Thirty years ago, Japan adopted it, also Spain, Belgium, Switzerland, Germany and China. Well, I flew to my room accompanied by one of my new dear friends who helped me to change my gown. I rushed into my cloth suit, flew back to the elevator, got downstairs, and was met by the head porter who thrust an envelope into my hand with my trunk checks and tickets in it. Some of my friends hurried with me down the corridor to the station. What fun it was! The cool wind struck us when we got to the platform, and I looked round for my fur coat, but it was at the rear of the procession on the arm of a nice professor—you know they have a fine university in Winnipeg. Finally I got to the train. 'Jump on,' said the conductor, for he had no time to examine my tickets. Now they look after one so well in the Canadian hotels, that I hadn't a thought of my luggage. Just as I was waving good-bye, a bell-boy said, 'Is this your suit case?' I said 'Yes,' and he hopped off the train. Poor old Punchie was somewhere hanging to the rear car, I knew. Presently he joined me, and we went into the observation car. 'Have you had a good time?' he said. I was breathless, and as thirsty as if I had been in a desert. The fun of it was, as we sat talking in the hotel, someone ordered ice-cream and cake. Everybody ate theirs, but I neglected mine, and a waiter took it away before I noticed him. 'Punchie,' I said, 'I've had—'"

"Now Judy," interrupted Jane, "not the time of your life, now remember."

"'Punchie,' I said, "'from the unaccustomed mountain peaks of gratitude, I asseverate that the denizens of Winnipeg have most assuredly afforded to a pilgrim and a stranger the most unbounded and magnificent hospitality.'"

"'You're as hoarse as a crow,' he said, 'been croaking too much. What will you have to drink?'"

"'Tea,' I said."

CHAPTER XV
The Lure of the Prairie.

"The porter went to his cubby-hole at the end of the car, and brought us tea and cakes which he put on a nice little table between our chairs. We talked till twelve, then we went to our sleeper. I notice that westerners, though they are so rushing, usually sit up till pretty late. Now the next morning when I awoke, there was prairie outside, a glorious grain district. During the night, Punchie said, we had passed through Portage La Prairie, a great grain centre with mills and factories, and a flourishing population. Near by was a bushy district, with frequent ponds and small streams, and containing stock farms. The next important town we had gone through was Brandon, also a great grain place. Between it and Portage La Prairie, had been a succession of stations at intervals of five or eight miles, all surrounded by bright and busy towns, and having tall and massive elevators and many flour mills. It is curious, the effect of these tall elevators dominating the landscape. I found it was 8.40 o'clock and the station was Indian Head where there is a government experimental farm. I must say that our Canadian government does wonderfully well by the farmers. All over the Dominion, there are experimental stations, where the latest discoveries in the line of agriculture are made known to the people. Any farmer can get all the literature and seeds he wishes, by sending his name to the stations. While we were at breakfast, I plied Punchie with questions. So many things are mysterious to an Easterner. 'Why is that line ploughed at some distance from the railway tracks?' 'That is the fire guard, so that fires won't spread to the settlers' farms.' 'What are those queer tracks running over the prairie?' 'Buffalo trails, relics of the time when the immense herds wandered to and fro, and had regular trails to watering places.' 'And the queer hollows often with a flat rock in the middle?' 'Wallows, where the buffaloes rolled and rubbed themselves.' 'And those rows and rows of tiny Manitoba maples planted along fences?' 'A snow guard. They will grow up and keep drifts from forming along the track. They will look better than the fences.'

"The curious bunchy weed rolling over and over, I knew from my Californian experiences, was tumbleweed. It was going over the Canadian prairie as nimbly as it goes down south."

"I suppose the harvesting was all over by this time," said Firefly.

"Mostly. How sorry I was not to see those magnificent fields of wheat, breast high to a man. There were only a few poor fields left, but we sometimes saw in the distance a huge harvesting machine at work. There was a good deal of flax left. The wind in the acres and acres of it, made it ripple like a reddish green and purple sea."

"But the most of the prairie looked stubbly and bare," said Firefly.

"Yes, and dry, but prairie is never as dry as it looks. In a good many places, cattle and horses were feeding on the denuded wheat fields. There's a short native grass that is called prairie wool. To look at it, one would say our eastern creatures would not touch it, but Punchie says they will eat it and grow fat on it. I will tell you what impressed me most—the enormous stacks of straw standing all over the prairie. By their number and size, one can tell what kind of a crop has been gathered in. At night time, the farmers often burn these stacks to get rid of the straw. From any prairie town, one can see during the autumn these burning bonfires all round the horizon. The effect is weird and picturesque. At twenty minutes to thirteen o'clock, I began to get excited. We were nearing my beloved Punchie's home. I could see the town in the distance situated in a dip of the prairie where Moose Jaw River and Thunder Creek pleasantly greet each other. It had a long line of hills to the south—an extension of your great Missouri Coteau, Firefly. At last, we pulled into the station, and there was the dear sister-in-law and her little flock of children running to put their arms round us, and shrieking, 'Daddy,' and 'Auntie.' This was the best thing I had seen yet. This was Heart-String-Place. I cast a glance at the large gardens the railway keeps up here, and then we went round the station, and looked up the fine long main street. How alluring! The western stir was in the air. People were moving briskly about in the bright sunshine. Travellers to be, were hurrying into the station. Travellers returning, were hurrying out. A pair of fine prairie horses looked impatiently at us, as if to say, 'Why don't you get in, and let us draw you along and accomplish something.' Half of us piled into the carriage, the other half strolled up and down talking to friends on the train. I forgot to say, I had been having a lovely time with the wife of a mounted police officer. She goes away up north beyond the railway lines with her husband, and talks as calmly of Indians and trails, and mountains, and vast northern solitudes, as if she were speaking of a stroll down town. That is the magnetizing charm of western Canada. The luxury of the cities, and the strong sharp contrast of pioneer life close by. You meet a woman out at dinner with a Paris gown on, and she is chatting about trifles, and the next time you hear of her, she is off with friends and Indian guides, up among the fur-traders, doing stage-routes, and canoeing and visiting trading-posts, with the same avidity that she visits European art galleries."

"Tell us about Punchie's home," said Dixie.

"Here is a picture of the main street on which it is situated. Note the breadth of it. No crowding for

(To be continued)

For Sale to Make Room

Young Pullets S. C. W. Leghorns fron six weeks to two months old.

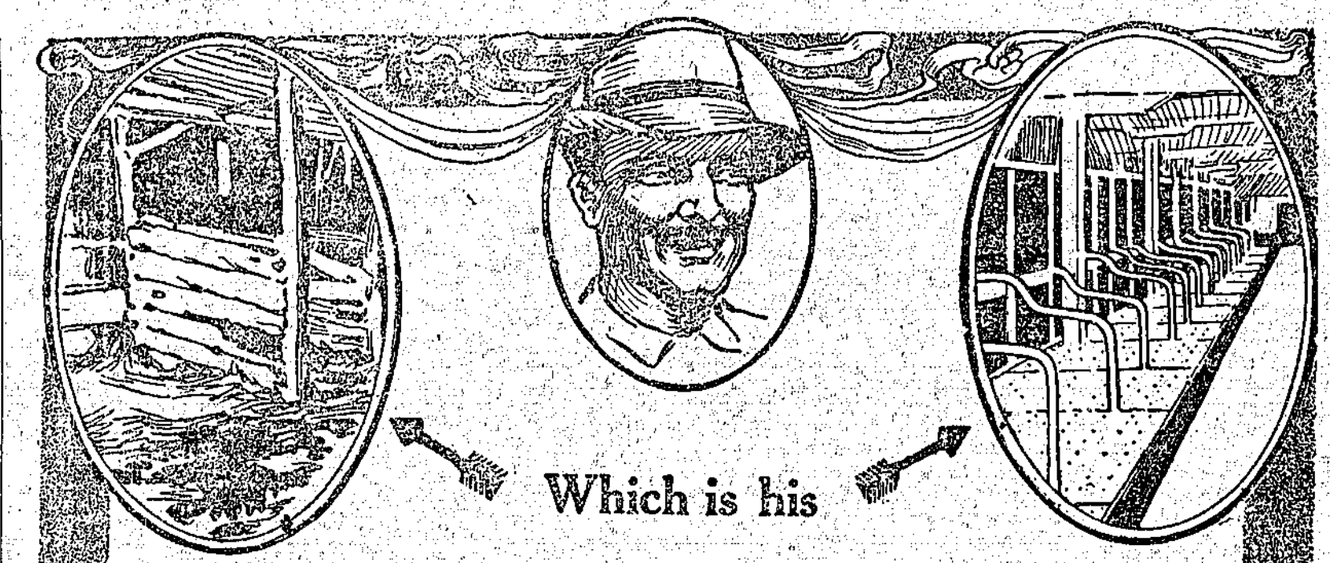
These Chickens have been raised from winter layers. Price 75c up.

Some specimen Cockerels weighing from 1 to 1 1-2 lbs. selected from more than eight hundred chickens raised in our big poultry yards.

Price $1.00 and up

E. & G. de la GIRODAY

Proprietors · · · Abbotsford, B. C



Which is his

THERE'S no mistaking the expression of a man whose farm is well "improved." He *looks* as prosperous as he *feels*.

It isn't the size of a place that counts most, nor its actual dollars-and-cents value. It's rather that "well-kept," thrifty appearance; the appearance that makes you think of fat stock, and well-filled barns, and comfortable, contented living.

Neat, permanent improvements go further in giving a farm this appearance than any other feature.

Concrete Is The Ideal Material

for such improvements. It is neat, harmonizing with its surroundings in the country. Everlasting, it cannot be injured by fire, frost, wind or lightning. Age—instead of causing it to decay—actually makes it stronger.

Concrete never needs repair—first cost is last cost. New improvements can be added year after year with less expense than would be required to keep wooden structures in repair.

Concrete walks, feeding floors, dairy-barns, ice-houses, root-cellars, well-curbing, fence posts, silos—which of these does your farm need most? Whatever you want to build, it's best to build it of concrete.

Do you want to know more about this subject of permanent farm improvements? Then write for your copy of

"What The Farmer Can Do With Concrete."

It's a book of 160 pages, telling how other farmers have used the "handy material" to good advantage. Published to sell at 50c. a copy, it is now being offered free to all farmers who write for it. Address

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SEND ME YOUR BOOK.

WHO'S WHO IN CANADA

H. S. BERLINER
The Gramophone Man

Those who listen to the wonderful voices of Tetrezzini and Caruso and Scotti or the beautiful strains of Wagner and Beethoven or the stirring marches of Sousa by the means of the gramophone and then see in every paper they pick up the hugh advertisements of "His Master's Voice" get a vague idea that the gramophone trade must be a hugh complicated business, requiring great musical and technical talents as well

H. S. BERLINER

as business ability, but when the listeners and readers begin to realize that the business of manufacturing this wonderful invention and marketing it in Canada is in the hands of one firm and that the brains that control that firm are those of two young men of 29 and 26 years respectively, they marvel at the possibility of it all.

But such is the record of the two brothers of which H. S. Berliner is the elder. Mr. H. S. (the initials he is generally known by) is the head of the Canadian branch of the Berliner Gramophone Co. and the son of the founder of the great business, which has branches and subsidary companies in every country in the world, and anyone meeting the son — who is a protype of the father — cannot help but admire the quiet and resourceful man who has worked hard to make the gramophone popular in Canada. No detail is too trivial, no suggestion too small — H. S. is always encouraging his staff to think — for him to make a note of for future use, and when we think of this young giant, who is already wealthy, working harder than any of his employees, not so much for money in itself, but to win, we have more confidence that the sons of Canadian industrial princes will — not like too many of those of other countries — realize their responsibilities and take up their proper places as employers of labour and builders up of Canada.

Mr. H. S. Berliner was born in Boston in 1882 and educated in Washington D.C. And after taking a course at the Bethel Military College, Virginia, he went over to complete his technical studies at the Royal University, Hanover. When he came to Canada some few years ago the Berliner Company was already started but in a small way, and young Berliner determined to make the company worthy of the great name, soon launched out to do things with the result that today the factory — which has already been enlarged twice — is hardly big enough to cope with the business.

Though a good business man Mr H. S. does not let his work take up the whole of his time. He takes a trip now and again to Europe, of course combining business with his pleasure. It was on one of his trips he met his wife who is a Scotch lady and married her in 1908.

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.

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TORONTO, - - Ontario

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This Market is owned and operated by the City, thus guaranteeing all transactions. We solicit your consignments of Fruit, Poultry, Veal Eggs, Etc. Highest prices, sharp returns, smart settlements.

John McMillan
Manager

Matsqui Hotel
MISSIONCITY, B.C.

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Rates: $1.50 to $2 per day
CHAS. E. DeWITT, Proprietor

"Go Ahead"

WE want your subscription to this Great Family Weekly and as an inducement to those who pay one year's subscription we will give a box of "Go Ahead" Chocolates, specially made for us by the new chocolate factory at Mission City, B. C. Chocolates sweet and mellow and guaranteed to make you feel sweet

For 30 Days

THIS offer is good until May 24th when the chocolates will be distributed at this, or at any other point convenient to the subscribers Secure coupon when you pay a subsciptin at our office. "Go Ahead" and subscribe for

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CLARK'S Gents' Furnishings, Boots, Shoes

Just Received

A large shipment of STRAW HATS
See these before buying
elsewhere

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LIQUORS, WINES AND CIGARS
OF THE BEST QUALITY

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Strictly first-class in every respect. The bar is stocked with the best of wines, liquor and cigars,

RATES, $1.50 TO $2.00 PER DAY

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Pork, Mutton, Beef, Veal, Pork Sausages, Weinies and Balogna always on hand. Fish every Thursday

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Chickens, Fruit and Market Garden

Ten Acres one-quarter Miles from Abbotsford will soon be annexed to town. Four acres cleared, good house, barn, sheds, etc. Nearly all fenced. **Price $2750, $1500 cash.**

SEE SUMNER For this fine Proposition

WHAT CANADIANS ARE DOING

H. R. H. DUKE OF CONNAUGHT

His Royal Highness, who is formally known under the title of His Royal Highness, Prince Arthur William Patrick Albert, was born May 1st, 1850, and married March 13th, 1879, Princess Louise Margaret Alexandra Victoria Agnes, who was born July 25th, 1860, the daughter of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia.

The Duke of Connaught is of the twenty-eighth generation which is descended from William the Conqueror, who became King of England in 1066. Taking the average life of a generation as thirty years, and multiplying that number by twenty-eight, yields 840, which if added to 1066 makes the year 1906, which is near enough for all practical purposes.

Being of royal lineage the new governor-general is a prince; but by a curious fiction in England the title of Duke is considered one of superior rank; and a prince shortly after attaining his majority is usually created a Duke. Thus, Prince Alfred was created Duke of Edinburgh, and Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught. Also, he is entitled to be addressed as "Royal Highness", a title reserved for the sons, daughtesr, grandsons brothers, sisters, uncles, and aunts of the father's side of the soverign.

R. L. BORDEN

The history-in-a-nut-shell of Canada's new Premier is worth placing before the public at the present time, when the press of the country is confining its attention more to the happenings of recent days, and to forecasting with more or less foundation the probabilities of his immediate future.

Born on June 26 1854 at Grand Pré, the son of Andrew Borden and Eunice Laird, the future premier had his early education at Acadia Villa Academy, Horton; was subsequently professor in Glenwood Institute; on return to Nova Scotia he studied law and in 1878 was admitted to the bar.

SENTENCED BRO MASON TO DIE.

Judge Bucknill, who is a prominent Free Mason, had the painful duty recently of sentencing to death a brother Mason, Frederick Henry Sedden, 40 years old, an assurance superintendent, who, after a nine day's trial in London was found guilty of murdering Elizabeth Ann Barrow, an elderly spinster. Sedden's wife was accused of the crime but was acquitted. Miss Barrow lodged with the Seddens and the prosecution charged that they poisoned her with arsenic extracted from flypaper in order to obtain her money. Sedden in a speech of twenty minutes vehemently proclaimed his innocence, declaring, "Before the Great Architecct of the universe I am not guilty." As Sedden made his appeal to "The Great Architect, he raised his hand, pointed aloft and gave a Masonic sign. The prisoner-s declaration profoundly affected Judge Bucknill, who passed sentence. Alluding to Sedden's suggestion of Free Masonry, he observed: From what you have said, I know we both belong to one brotherhood. This makes it all the more painful to me to say what I am saying, but our brotherhood does not encourage crime. On the contrary, it condems it. I pray you make your peace with the Great Architect of The Universe. Seek mercy; pray for it; ask for it." The case has aroused more interest than any trial since that of Dr. H. Crippen.—Vancouver Provincce.

"Plutonic"

—By Diabolus

"I've two horns and cloven feet.
And my record is not sweet,
I run amuck upon the land and sea.
If the wind blows buildings down
Or brave millionaires should drown
There are some who always put it
down to me.

If when walking in the town
A hold-up knocks you down
And rifles all your pockets for that
dime,
If you're out upon the ocean
And an iceberg stops your motion
Well, that's just the way I'm spending all my time.

Should you entertain a notion
That you'll buy lots in the ocean
And will realize a fortune by-and
by?
When you're busted in the venture
Don't hold yourself to censure.
There's one who takes the blame
and that is I.

If your funds are on the bum,
And you sadly gnaw your thumb
When some other shap's a-courting
your old flame.
If you're deep set in Vancouver
In some real estate manoeuvre,
It's because I hold the stakes, and
lead the game.

If your wife's a trifle gay,
No matter what you say,
If her actions shock precise society
If your husband's on the spree
Or your neighbors can't agree
It's all my fault so put it down to
me.

If the weeds are in your fruits
And the mice eat up your roots
And you cannot find a strawberry
for the grass.
If you cannot do your chores
For mosquitos out of doors
You can blame me, for I'm shutting off the brass.

If you've toothache in your gum,
If you hammer on your thumb.
Should a log fall on your head from
off a tree,
If your cow gets out of sight
And does not come home at night
You may say an oath, and put it
down to me.

I glory in my fame
For I always get the blame
If your council is not what it ought
to be,
If a by-law should appear
That's sadly out of gear,
Don't forget my friends to put
it down to me.
I'm from a distant clime,
Where the weather is sublime
Where its cool when swimming
in boiling sea.
If you reach that radiant shore
to me.
Where you'll feel the cold no more
Put the credit of your visit down

MISSION BAND DELIVERS THE GOODS

On Thursday evening last the Mission City Band journeyed to Matsqui where they gave an entertainment in the hall to a very appreciative audience. Those present were delighted with the evening's performance, and are only wishing that the band will come over again at an early date. Those who were present have so praised the musical programme so that the community is quite divided—those who were present and enjoyed themselves, and those who were not there but wish they had been.

There is a movement on foot to have the band go over and give an open air concert. It is hinted that if they do they won't be sorry, financially.

REQUEST OF PUBLIC TO BE GRANTED

Since the opening of the ferry across the Fraser River last fall, there has been a certain amount of surmise on the part of the public as to whether there would be a Sunday service instituted or not. During the week days the ferry now makes regular trips each half-hour—leaving the Mission side on the hour and the Matsqui side on the half hour.

In conversation with Captain McKenzie a few days ago he stated that during the summer months there would in all probability be a Sunday service between certain hours in the morning and certain not think it would be a regular hours in the evening, but he did service the same as the week days there not being, he thought, a demand for it.

However, the public need have no fear but a good service will be given, and the kind demanded by the traffic.

The ferry is free on week days but it is the opinion of many that a toll should be charged for a Sunday service. This will be a matter that can be settled amicably by those most interested.

It might be remarked that the ferry service at the present time is all that can be expected of a ferry. Many remarks of appreciation are heard on all sides about the ferry accomodation and the courtesy of its officers.

MAGISTRATE HANDS OUT JUSTICE.

A certain citizen of Mission City appeared before Magistrate Verchere on Saturday evening charged with having broken the interdict placed on him some time ago by loving friends. He was fined $20 and costs; and one of them who supplied the liquor was fined $100 and costs, or three months.

On Monday morning another of the men who supplied the liquor was a visitor before his Worship, and he was also relieved of $100 and costs.

It is reported there are others implicated, but whether they will be prosecuted or not is not made public as yet.

The Robinson-Bell Orchestral Co.'s concert on Saturday was a great success, and for high class talent it superseded anything we have had before, with the exception of the small scare which was caused by the stage scenery catching fire everything went off splendidly.

Mrs O. E. Bernau is a visitor to Mission this week, having returned from Westminster on Friday last.

The Abbotsford Cricket Club are in real earnest this year. Every night they practice, and the club that comes up against them will have to look to their laurels.

NEW MASONIC HALL

The ceremony in connection with the laying of the foundation stone of the above building will be conducted by Most Worshipful Grand Master, F. J. Bird, assisted by officers of the Grand Lodge of British Columbia, on Saturday May 18th at 4 p.m.

All Master Masons are cordially invited to the Maple Leaf Hall at 4 p. m. Saturday.

The ceremony at the ground is open to the general public, who will be heartily welcome.

Tenders

Separate sealed Tenders are called for by the Abbotsford Temple Company Ltd., for steam heating and electric wiring for the Temple at Abbotsford.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the Company's office at Abbotsford.

Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Abbotsford Temple Co., Ltd.

J Higginson is the kind of man to have around a growing town. He is always building new houses. Recently he has built several houses and intends to build more. A brother of his will shortly arrive from Ireland with his family of ten.

Mr. Dixon, V. E., an old timer in the province, has come to reside near Abbotsford

Miss Emma Hanson arried a few days ago from the Old Country and is the guest of Mrs. John Oleson.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Milne of Kamloops are the guests of Mr. and Mrs W. M. Campbell. Mr. Milne works in the Hudson Bay Company's store of that town

Friday, May 24th is to be a public holiday in Abbotsford. Housewives should do their shopping on the 23rd. The Abbotsford Cricket Club are spending the day at Mission City and hope to win the match from the Strawberry Growers.

Don't forget the big dance at the Maple Leaf Hall on the 24th.

Rushton's orchestra will play for the dance on the 24th.

The whole of the west side of the Top Sumas road from the boundary right to Clearbrook was the scene of a great forest fire on Tuesday night, the fire coming very close to our town.

Mr. Murphy's new store on Pine Street is now open and ready for business.

We are glad to hear that Mr P. Falkette, who was kicked by a horse some time ago, is progressing favorably.

Mr. J. Higginson is certainly bringing in settlers and is providing for them when they come. Within the last six months Mr. Higginson has shipped into the town four families from Ireland, built houses for them and in some cases found work for them. If some of our fellow townsmen who have the wherewithal would follow Jim's footsteps we'd soon be a very large community.

We are sorry to learn that Geo Ferguson's (late of Abbotsford) camp at Port Mann has been burned out

Get your axes and crosscuts sharpened up for June 5th as there will be no ax-grinding allowed on the sports grounds.

Flour $7.50 per barrel

yet you can get 6 Loaves for a dollar from

The Abbotsford Bakery

ALBERT LEE, PROPRIETOR

HAPPILY WEDDED

Mr. Cyril Harrop, formerly of this town, but who is now in England, was married on the seventh of this month.

He intends to sail for Canada on the 17th and will arrive in Abbotsford on the 3rd of June with his bride, and they will reside here.

The old pool room next to the Abbotsford Hotel has been opened for business

The editor of the Post while in Mission City a few days ago had an opportunity of sizeing up the baseball team of that town. What he saw at a practice convinced him that they are a hard bunch to beat. nearly all six-footers and have not lost a game this season. For dates write to J Kirkpatrick, the big secretary

SCHOOL AT CLEARBROOK.

Quite a little settlement is growing at Clearbrook, and application has been made for a school there. The public school inspector was there some little time ago and promised to make a favorable report for a school.

Mrs. W. M. Copeland is the guest of Mr. Copeland's parents at Chilliwack. Mr. Copeland was home on Sunday.

Mr. Dan Stirrett and party of New Westminster visited Abbotsford on Monday last.

The Abbotsford Cricket Club are practicing every evening in order to be prepared to meet the many challenges which they intend to send out during the summer.

Mrs. F. Sutherby of Ladner is spending a few days in town the guest of Mrs Howe.

Mrs. Peckham returned home this week from Vancouver.

Mr. G. E. Graham, superintendent of the C.P.R. was in town on Tuesday.

Mrs. Hornby of Ladner is spending a few days with Mrs. Starr.

Mr. E. A. Campbell was in town this week from Vancouver. He is the contractor for the new customs buildings at Huntingdon.

It was Mr. O'Dell, not Mr. Garret, who handled Dr. Swift's case.

BELIEVES IN MISSION CITY HOSPITALITY.

A gentleman who said he hailed from Vancouver called on the police of this town last week and showed where he had some little spots on his arm that itched. For safe keeping he was placed in the goal until medical attendance could be procured. It was shown that he was suffering from scarlet fever. He was removed to a tent near Dr. Stuart's residence, where he could be carefully attended to. Of course the jail was afterwards fumigated.

WHO'S WHO IN CANADA

ANGUS CLAUDE MACDONNELL

With a father boasting the name of Angus Duncan and a mother from the De-La-Haye French family, Angus Claude Macdonnell was surely predestined by nature to be a man of mark. Born at Toronto in the merry month of June in 1861, he was educated at Toronto Model School and University, and is a barrister-at-law of Osgoode Hall and a D.C.L., K.C. He has been member of the Commons for South Toronto since 1904, and is known to the generation of young men as an athlete of some fame. His "forebears" fought for the Stuarts in

ANGUS CLAUDE MACDONNELL,
Clever Politician and Athlete

Jacobite terms and doubtless wielded a good claymore.

MAJOR S. S. SHARPE

The major is a native of Scott Township, Ontario Co., where he opened his eyes on 13 March 1873, and after going through the usual preliminary lesson routine graduated from Toronto University with first class honors in 1895 and now practices law at Uxbridge.

Major Sharpe is a young man who has made a name for himself since he went into the House in 1908, to represent the constituency which was represented by his wife's grandfather, Mr. Joseph Gould. Not only has he done a great deal of work in the public accounts committee, but he has been a successful provider of ammunition for the opposition to fire at the Hon. Wm. Pugsley.

He has been in the Canadian Militia

MAJOR S. S. SHARPE,
Maker of Parliamentary Ammunition for over twenty years, being major in the 14th, and is an ardent athlete in which connection he owns some championship trophies.

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.

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Hardware and Furniture

BEES FOR SALE

M. McGILLIVRAY
Huntingdon, B. C.

Painting, Sign Writing

General repair work

J. E. PARTON

Abbotsford - B. C

Good Storage Room for Furniture.

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.

Tenders

Tenders for construction of two storey hall to be erected at Abbotsford will be received by Abbotsford Temple Co., Ltd., until twelve noon, May 4th, 1912.

Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Plans and specifications to be seen at Dr. Swift's office, Abbotsford, B. C.

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.

LIQUOR ACT, 1910.

(Section 49)

NOTICE is hereby given, that on the twelfth day of May next, application will be made to the Superintendent of Provincial Police for transfer of the hotel license to sell liquor by retail in the hotel known as the Commercial Hotel, situate at Abbotsford, in the Province of British Columbia.

Dated this 12th day of April, 1912.

JAMES McELROY & Co.
Holders of License.

JAMES McELROY,
BERNARD McELROY,
Applicants.

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.

CARRIAGE PAINTER

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Carriage, House and Sign Painter

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All work guaranteed

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HARRON BROS.

Embalmers and Funeral Directors

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

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.

Electric Light
For the Residence, Store or Office.

Electric Power
For Factories and Industrial Plants

Convenience Comfort Economy

Attention will be given to all applications for service from our lines.
Address all enquiries to

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