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MAY 27 1912
VICTORIA, B. C.

The Abbotsford Post

VOL. V., NO. 3. ABBOTSFORD, B. C., FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1912 8 $1.00 PER YEAR

French Poplins
White and Colored 20c yd.
Cashmerettes
All colors, 36 inches wide, 15c yd.

New Stock of Ladies' Slippers and Patent Leather Pumps

Men's Balbriggan Underwear
50c per Suit
Special for Saturday
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ABBOTSFORD and HUNTINGDON, B. C.

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Boys' Suits, Youth's Suits, New Assortment of Prints.
Onion Sets, 25c per lb. All kinds of Garden Seeds.
Fresh Rhubarb and Lettuce Daily.
McPHEE & KERR
The Pioneer Store

Laying of Corner Stone Witnessed by Many People.

Saturday Last the Corner Stone of New Masonic Temple Laid Many Visitors Present From all Parts of Fraser Valley.

Saturday last was a red letter day for the Masons of Abbotsford Favored with glorious weather, Abbotsford looked its best when the car arrived with a goodly proportion of the brethern from Vancouver, Westminster, Chilliwack and Sumas. Grand lodge was opened in the Maple Leaf Hall by Most Worshipful Grand Master F J. Burd and many of the local brethren had th eprivilege of attending Grand Lodge for the first time in their career / After the lodge had been duly opened, a procession numbering sixty brethren, headed by the Grand Tyler, marched to the site of the new hall. There Grand Master Burd performed the duty of laying the stone before a large attendance of the people of Abbotsford who watched eagerly this impressive ceremony. Grand Master Burd complimented the brethren of Abbotsford on their enthusiasm which had carried them thus far and expressed a hearty wish for the good welfare of the lodge to be and for the community of Abbotsford at large. In the cavity under the stone was placed a list of the officers of the Grand Lodge Officers taking part in the ceremony, the names of the proposed officers of the new lodge, the officers of the Abbotsford Temple Company, copies of Saturday's Vancouver Province and Abbotsford Post, and the different coins of the realm. The Rev. Brother Yates at this stage presented the Grand Master with a silver trowel suitably inscribed as a momento of the occasion. After Brother Cooksely of New Westminster had taken several photos of the group, the procession was re-formed and headed back to the hall. At the close of Lodge an excellent supper was provided by the Brethren of Abbotsford, when nearly sixty sat down to what was one of the pleasantest functions yet held in Abbotsford Brother Astley, Director of Ceremonies, acted as toastmaster, when the principal officers of the Grand Lodge testified to their pleasure in being present and complimented the brethren of Abbotsford for the very complete arrangements made for the ceremony, and for the hearty welcome and kind entertainment accorded the visitors Canon Hinchcliffe of Chilliwack, in a happy speech also told of his pleasure in being present and renewing acquaintance with Grand Lodge Officers, and also of meeting so many brethren around Abbotsford, and seconded Brother Raine's invitation to the Abbotsford Brethren to visit Chilliwack. Brother Yates suitably replied and all our visitors left taking with them a high opinion of Abbotsford, and the hospitality of the citizens

CUSTOM HOUSE TO BE BUILT

The tender for the new customs house here has been let to Mr. Everett who will shortly begin work. The building will be erected just east of the present station, and will be a credit to the town, and a model of architecture is guaranteed.

That the building will be erected in the near future removes all truth in the rumors to the effect that the offices would be removed again to Huntingdon at an early date. Abbotsford has been made a port of entry and is likely to remain such for many a day.

THE ANNUAL MEETING

The annual meeting of the B. C. Provincial Grand Lodge of the Loyal True Blue Association will be held in the Maple Leaf Hall, Abbotsford, on Wednesday, June 6th when representatives from all parts of the provincial lodges will be present. The morning session will begin at 10 a. m. and the afternoon from 2 to 5 p. m.

Every effort is being put forward by our citizens to make the stay here pleasant and profitable so that all will go away with pleasant remembrances of the little town, and impressed with the future possibilities of Abbotsford.

A meeting of the Agricultural Association will be held in the Maple Leaf Hall on Monday, May 27th, at 8 p. m. This is an important meeting of the Association

THE MARKET.

There was a large attendance at the New Westminster market Friday and the offerings were a little more varied and more numerous than of late. Eggs were quite numerous, and sales were brisk at the standard price of 35 cents a dozen, 3 for a dollar. Butter went rapidly at 35 to 40c a pound. Spring onions, grown on Lulu Island, and radishes from the same place were on sale at 5 cents per bunch and found a ready market. Vegetables by the sack are constantly becoming smaller in variety, and now there are no onions or turnips on the market, and the price of carrots has risen from 75c to $1.25 per sack. A fair quantity of veal and pork appeared on the wholesale market, but mutton and beef were very scarce, though prices were unchanged. Meats at retail were in as large variety as ever and lamb made its appearance once more, selling at from 16 to 25 cents per pound. Ooichans having run their cycle, have disappeared from the fish market, and herring have taken their place selling rapidly. The steamer Transfer brought in a good cargo of seed potatoes, veal and eggs from Ladner and way points. Tidy's flor ist stand was the only one handling cut flowers, but both the stands did a rushing business on hanging baskets and bedding and vegetable plants.

Next Friday being Victoria Day the market will be held on Thursday next.

(Continued on page six)

Woman's Auxiliary.

The annual meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary was held in St Matthew's church on Thursday May 2nd There was a large attendance of members and visitors, he latter including Mrs. Owen and Mrs. Van Nostrand, members of the Diocesan board, Vancouver. The business meeting was preceded by a very pleasant luncheon at Mrs Boyd's who had kindly invited the officers of the Abbotsford branch to meet the ladies from Vancouver.

At the meeting reports were read from the secretary and treasurer showing a record of a very satisfactory year's work. During the past year the auxiliary has raised the considerable sum of $511.23 and still has a balance of over a hundred dollars to their credit.

The reports were followed by a short address from the president Mrs. Eby. The formation of a Young People's Society was suggested by Mrs. Boyd, it was decided to discuss the matter further at the next business meeting.

The election of officers for the coming year next took place with the following results:

Hon. President Mrs. Yates
President, Mrs. Eby.
Vice President, Miss Steede.
Secretary Mrs. Parton.
Treasurer, Mrs. Boyd.
Sec. for Babies' Branch, Mrs. Bousfield.
Sec. for Thank Offering Boxes, Miss Hill-Tout.
Sec. for Leaflet, Miss A.M. Steede.

Mrs. Campbell then addressed the meeting, expressing her sympathy with the work and object of the Society and her pleasure at being present and congratulated the members on having accomplished so much during the nineteen months of existence of the board.

Mrs. Bateman's absence, owing to ill-health was much regretted and the secretary was requested to write letters of sympathy to her, Mrs. Millstead and Mrs. Yates.

The names of seven new members were taken.

After the meeting the members and friends returned once more to the hospitable roof of Mrs. Boyd where they found tea and cake awaiting them, and when they parted they felt that a pleasant and profitable afternoon had been spent.

The regular business meeting of the W. A. is held on the second Thursday of each month, and anyone interested is cordially invited to attend.

HAPPILY WEDDED.

On Thursday May 16th a wedding was solemnized at the house of the groom's father, between John T. Milsted, youngest son of Mr. J. M Milstead of Abbotsford, and Miss Grace Walls, fifth daughter of Mr. John Walls of Ripon, Yorkshire, England.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Archdeacon Pentreath. "The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden" being sung by the company present.

The bride looked charming in cream, was given away by Mr. F. Holt of Vancouver.

The young couple will reside in Abbotsford.

THE ABBOTSFORD POST

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Our Shibboleth—Neither for nor agin' the Government.

FRIDAY, MAY 24 1912

Friday is our regular day of publication but as it is also a public holiday throughout Canada, we publish a day earlier to permit the staff enjoying a holiday. Some of our readers may not have the pleasure of scanning the columns before Saturday, owing to the fact that Friday is also a holiday with the post office.

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Friday is Victoria Day.

The name Victoria will ever remain with the British English speaking race as a day to be revered For considerably over half a century the 24th of May was celebrated as "The Queen's Birthday, and if you don't give us a holiday, we will all run away," has been repeated times without number by probably every Canadian born citizen of Canada in childhood days. There is surely a reason for this as there is for everything—the prosperous rule of Victoria, the Good, answers it all. British history during that reign is the pride of the British born.

—•—

Victoria Day comes at a time of year when everyone feels like taking a holiday. The winter is past, and the balmy days of summer are here. It is the first real holiday in the year that permits the Canadian to enjoy the outside sports, of which even the most sedate are fond of enjoying. In the spring 'a young man's fancy turns to love,' so does the open air sport appeal to all, and we believe the 24th of May will ever remain a holiday for many generations yet to come.

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In unity there is strength. The united efforts of the citizens of Abbotsford will ever tend to greater expansion of the progressive town to which all roads lead. If every citizen, and every one who has an interest of any kind in the future welfare of the town, will co-operate with the one purpose of making Abbotsford a centre, there is no power on earth can prevent it. 'Breathes there a citizen with soul so dead, who has not said I will boost for Abbotsford, go mark him well.' For sure he has not his own interests, nor his neighbors, at heart.

Let us take a leaf from the boosting of our neighbor to the south of us. We have as much to boast of why not make it as prominent. A feint heart never won fair lady.

—o—

The 'Hunting' Star is taking a great interest in the Abbotsford Fair. There is no doubt the Star appreciates a good thing when it sees it. Some think it another star to the thirteen, but don't believe it. It is a true Canadian Star.

Mr. T. Bradstock Brown, editor of the Huntingdon Star was in town on Wednesday for an inspiration. The air of Abbotsford has always been considered good.

WOMEN CROOKS ARE NOT CUTE

Study by Criminal Expert Shows that the Lady Lawbreaker Too Often Neglects to Cover Up Her Tracks.

Several recent crimes in which women played the leading part have moved the French writer, Jean Frollo, to study women criminals.

The woman criminal, he says, never displays, in her exploits what is known as the "simplicity of genius." Her crimes are always too complex, too ramified to escape close observation on the part of close investigators. There is plenty of ingenuity in them—more perhaps than in those of men—but where the man criminal leaves the one inevitable overlooked point the female of that class will leave a dozen.

In particular do many essentially feminine attributes display themselves in women after the commission of a crime. Frollo assures us that criminal woman cannot conceal her secret. She must blab; and as another trait is her unfailing desire for sympathy in her hour of tribulation, it follows that the inevitable confident is bound in long, or short time, to extract the secret from the peccant feminine.

And as for returning, like all criminals, to the scene of the committed crime, woman is far worse, in this case, than man. Just as when injured woman intends to take her life she always returns to take it where her traducer stabbed her heart, and her love, so the woman who has committed a foul crime always returns to the theatre of tragedy.

MOST WICKED CITY ON EARTH

Russian Town of Irkutsk Alleged to be Toughest Known to Modern Times, Producing 500 Murders Per Year.

One would hardly recommend Irkutsk for a rest cure. With a population of 120,000 persons crammed into a couple of square miles on a bend in the Angora river, it produces 500 murders in a year, with an average of one arrest for each fifty killings. And for each ten arrests there are but five convictions. This is a transcription from the city's criminal records. In one day last month there were twenty-two murders within the city limits.

Irkutsk is pretty gay at nights now, but the citizens look back enviously to the zenith of its career in the days of the recent Japanese war. Then, it is said, champagne and wines were often cautiously transported free of freight charges from St. Petersburg and Moscow in steel cars labeled Powder — cars militant with painted imperial eagles and Cossack guards. A colonel of the regiment openly boasted in the Metropole restaurant recently that more champagne was drunk in Irkutsk in one month during the Japanese war than is sold on Broadway, New York, in half a year.

The fun at Irkutsk starts at midnight; the city is as dead as a Sunday an hour before. Then the moving picture shows, of which there are three to a block on the Bolshoiskala spin off their last films and the officers and mining engineers — for all the world goes to moving picture shows in the towns of Siberia — crowd into the restaurants.

Here, too, the sons of Uncle Sam keep the old flag flying. Last year there were, for instance, the young Harvard graduate of a town in the north of Pennsylvania and his friend the clergymans' son. They sojourned here for three hectic weeks, spending $25,000 in one hotel during that time. The Harvard man disbursed $1,000 in one day and another day had $2,500 stolen from his person.

An Unstable Platform

One of the most remarkable political meetings on record is described in a Paris contemporary as having taken place at Riga. The Letts Socialists desired to hold a meeting. The Riga police expressed an opposite view, and then the contest began in reality. It was brains versus determination. Wherever the Socialists determined to pitch their camp the police checkmated them. At last one of the Socialists conceived a brilliant idea. He circularised the members of his organisation to have a kind of swimming match. Of course, the competitors were the orators. They went into the water, and the assemblage stood around. Then swimmer after swimmer delivered a speech, and invited questions from those on land It is claimed that, although somewhat damp, the meeting was a great success.

Courted His Own Mother

The custom of finding a mate for life through the medium of advertisements sometimes has curious results. A young Polish engineer stationed at an out-of-the-world place in the Crimea recently felt he ought to marry, studied the advertisements in a Polish newspaper, and replied to one inserted by a "widow in the height of her beauty." He used a nom de guerre, and gave an address at the nearest town. The widow also used a pseudonym, and they interchanged typewritten letters. The young man was delighted at the propsect of becoming engaged to a young widow from his own town, and the widow looked forward to marrying again in a town only a few miles away from her dear boy. A meeting between the widow and the engineer was arranged, and then it was discovered that all the affectionate correspondence had been wasted between mother and son!

AUGUSTA STOWE GULLEN,

Miss Stowe was the first Canadian woman to study and graduate in medicine in the Dominion, the first to take a degree in that branch of study from a Canadian University, and the first to receive an appointment on the teaching staff of a Medical College in this country. In 1883 she graduated from Victoria University, Cobourg, and in the same year when the Ontario Medical College for Women was founded at Toronto, Dr. Stowe Gullen was chosen Demonstrator of Anatomy, a work she continued during the history of the College.

Dr. AUGUSTA STOWE GULLEN Canada's First Woman Medical Graduate.

A Judgment of Solomon

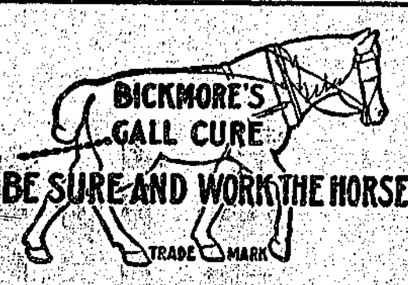
An English Judge has set up a new legal precedent, and one which the peaceful, law-abiding public is not likely to desire to see generally acted upon. A man was brought before his Worship charged with being on premises with felonious intent. The circumstances were that a young lady, on retiring for the night to her bedroom, happened in a quite accidental manner to discover that there was a man lying concealed under her bed. She rushed out for help, and the man was arrested and brought before the judge. It was alleged that he had got into the house through a window, and had found his way upstairs unobserved. His excuse was that, under the influence of drink, he had mistaken the house. To most minds the excuse would appear to be a particularly thin one, but the court so far accepted it as to dismiss the case, holding that there was no evidence of felonious intent. People do not enter their own houses through the window and conceal themselves under beds as a rule, but one has heard of it being done before for unlawful purposes. In future Bill Sikes will have a legal precedent to quote in his favour whenever he is found on other people's premises, and the decision is one which will doubtless be welcomed by the predatory fraternity.

British Columbian Fruit

The apple crop of British Columbia will be about a two third yield, says the Canadian Pacific reports. Peaches are a failure with the exception of Penticton, B.C., where some fair shipments will be made. Cherries have been a good crop in the Kootenays, Plums and prunes are fair and apricots have proven a very regular crop. One grower in Penticton, gathered 5,400 pounds of apricots from 100 trees, and after paying the cost of picking, boxing and packing he realized a net profit of 8 cts. per pound or $424.00, for his crop. The fruit shipment from the Okanagan Valley for the season will be about 300 cars.

The amount of land under cultivation in British Columbia and devoted exclusively to fruit represents 140,000 acres, or an investment of easily forty million dollars. One million acres of land is still available for fruit culture.

Of the lands under cultivation only fifteen per cent are yet bearing, so that a yearly shipment of 7,000 cars can be looked for when all the present orchards are producing.



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See Page Five

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Have you secured your Poultry Netting yet?

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

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WHAT CANADIANS ARE DOING

WM. BIRKS,
Montreal.

To take a leading part in the raising of monies, on a large scale for philanthropic and educational purposes and to succeed in the work, is something that any man may be proud of, particularly when the hard cash is persuaded from the pockets from a supposedly apathetic public This is the work that Mr. Wm. Birks of Montreal has been doing lately though for a long time the Birk's family have been great factors in any and every good work that meant the raising of their fellows.

The two great institutions that Wm Birks has been raising money for are the Y.M.C.A. of which he is one of the Trustees and Montreal's gre-

WM. BIRKS

seat of learning, McGill University. Mr. Birks is a member of Henry Birks and Sons Ltd the great firm of Diamond merchants and Jewellers

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Liberal inducements and permanent position for the right men. Write for full particulars.

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Rates: $1.50 to $2 per day

CHAS. E. DeWITT, Proprietor

MY LADY'S COLUMN.

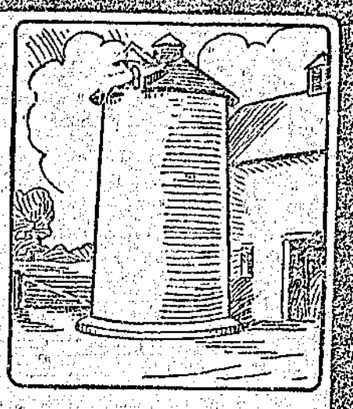
CONGENIAL WORK

Mothers Should Carefully Note Tendencies of Children So They May Be Put to Congenial Work.

Observant parents can usually trace a distinct inclination on the part of their children to take special interest in either one or the other — either head-work or hand-work. One child is never so happy as when given a book which keeps his brain busy; another finds chief satisfaction in making something with the hands — a wooden boat, a doll's frock, a paper kite, etc., etc.

These marked preferences can be a great help to parents when deciding upon the kind of work likely, later, to prove congenial to a girl or boy. But it is a mistake to allow a child, during school years, to follow only that line which most appeals to him. "Oh, Jimmy isn't cut out for book-learning," or "Janie's fingers are all thumbs, so I let her read," are examples of the kind of remark which should never be made in children's hearing. Instead, it should be taken for granted in their presence that Jimmy can become a good scholer if he but takes the trouble, and that Janie's fingers are as teachable as any girl's fingers. This would help largely to prevent that self-satisfied one-sidedness which so many people exhibit, and which leaves them so terribly at a loss when anything happens to hinder their doing the only work of which they believe themselves capable. Children's head-work and hand-work should go together and balance one another, so that no latent capacity be left undeveloped and unused.

Not only this →



DON'T think that concrete can be used only for building bridges, silos, walls and walks; because if you do, you will probably overlook all the places where *you* can use it *now*.

T. L. Irving, of North Georgetown, Quebec, used concrete for 81 different purposes on his farm in 1911.

There are probably at least a dozen *profitable* uses for concrete on your farm at the present moment.

Perhaps you haven't thought of Concrete, except for a new barn, or a silo, or some other *big* improvement for which you aren't quite ready yet. That's why you should read

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It will open your eyes to the hundreds of uses that other *farmers* have found for this material. In plain language, and with the aid of many photographs, it explains just what these uses are, and how they can be applied to your farm.

Concrete can not only be used for all the purposes to which wood has been applied, but also many others for which wood would never be suitable.

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Your name on a postal, or in a letter, will bring the book to you by return mail. Or use the coupon. Address

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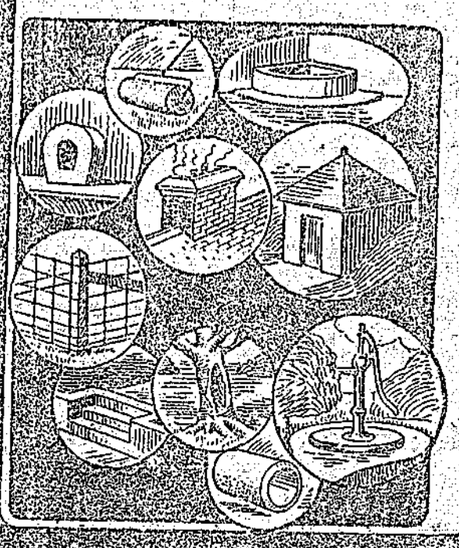

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Abbotsford Post

WANDERING JUDY
OR
HER DEAR CANADA

by

M. "SHALL SAUNDERS,

Author of "Beautiful Joe"

Westerners. See the post-office. That was built four years ago, and now it is so small for them that they have to put up another. Within four years, the population of the town more than doubled itself. That round dome belongs to one of the finest Methodist churches I was ever in. By the way, Marigold, I went there one evening to some moving pictures of San Francisco. I never dreamed that the dear ancient old Yerba Buena had picked herself up so wonderfully. Why, there are crowds of new buildings, and they are more splendid than the old ones. We used to think that old palace quite good, but the new one is away ahead."

"Are the American hotels nicer than the Canadian ones?" asked Dixie.

"There is a difference," said Judy thoughtfully. "I don't know that I can define it. It seems to me that the American hotels are more ornate, and are furnished with more money and less taste than the Canadian. I would except some of the most exclusive and expensive of the American hotels. There is about the hotels of Western Canada a touch of something that one rarely finds in hotel life. It is a home or woman touch. Many of the hotels are presided over by ladies, and the furnishing of all the new ones is done by a lady whose taste is remarkable."

"Probably that is why the thing succeeds," said Jane. "The tiniest detail helps to make a perfect whole."

"To return to Punchie," said Judy. "His house stands where the last hole in their golf links used to be. The town keeps chasing the links out to the prairie. It is just about the same sort of house, with the same sort of furnishings one gets east—a big veranda, hard-wood floors, and the latest kind of plumbing and heating and all that. Living is more expensive than in eastern Canada, but their wages and incomes are higher. When a bank man goes west, an extra living allowance is made him."

"How do the people amuse themselves in those small prairie towns?" asked Dixie.

"Just about the way we do east. This town has the largest curling rink in the world. They skate, and snowshoe, and go sleighing in winter, and in the summer, they have in the parks baseball, football, lacrosse, cricket, and they motor, and drive, and ride on horse-back, and canoe and boat on the river. There is an Indian encampment nearby, and one sees through the trees on the wooded banks of the river, the gleam of light in the Indian houses, and hears the barking of their dogs. Shooting is a great feature. Punchie used to drive away out to the hills, and come back with great bags of duck and prairie chicken which one can't buy from butchers. You can't shoot on Sunday. Indeed, the Sunday laws on the prairie are more strict than in eastern Canada. In many places, you can't get your mail. If a man goes to his office to do any Sunday work he pulls down the blinds."

"That's good for a new country," said Jane.

"Did the ladies call on you?" asked Marigold.

"Oh yes, and we had tea and dinner and lunch and evening parties, and suppers, just as one does east—and we used to go shopping every morning. The shops were large, and had enormous windows to exhibit their goods. The display of fruit was especially fine. Everything wore an air of prosperity. I saw no hovels, and no terrible looking people such as one meets in eastern cities. I used to beg my sister-in-law, after she had done her ordering, to go down to the station. All the transcontinental trains stay here for an hour or more, and I used to stand rooted to the spot, watching train after train pull in, emigrant trains from the east, silk trains from the west, tourist trains from the States. The people were so fascinating—where did those bands of strong young men grouped round a government interpreter get those queer coats and hats? Among Austrian mountains, on German plains, in Russian valleys? I always recognized Jews of whatever nationality, and I never saw one without a sigh of thanksgiving. What a heaven to them, must be the liberty, equality and fraternity of a Canadian town, after the iniquitous treatment to which many of them have been subjected. The women touches me most. Oh, how many bent backs! Those European men know how to make the women work."

"I remember," said Firefly, "my first feeling of indignation when I saw women engaged in street cleaning in Germany."

"These immigrant women nearly all had children," said Judy. "The weather was beginning to be cool, and the babies would be wrapped in thick, old-fashioned bed quilts, making an enormous armful for the mothers who always had the baby. The father would be loaded down with queer looking bags and bundles, and each child would have its burden. Nearly all the women and girls had handkerchiefs over their heads, and wore woolen dresses. It doesn't take them long to get those handkerchiefs off their heads, and to shed their shawls, and to make the men do the carrying. As we would pick our way out of the station among these settlers and their effects, my sister-in-law would tell me that this crowd is nothing compared to the spring. Land-seekers overrun this place, till the hotels are so crowded that people have to walk the streets."

"Doesn't the fast Soo train from St. Paul and Minneapolis go through Moose Jaw?" asked Firefly.

"Yes," replied Judy, "and some Americans put their heads out of the car windows and say, 'Are we in Canada yet?' I used to love to see the Soo train come in. Sometimes I saw friends on it, going to Vancouver or Seattle."

"I wish you wouldn't coax so many of our people up to Canada to settle," grumbled Firefly.

"Come, come," said Judy, "we don't grumble about the million and a half of Canadians the United States have coaxed from Canada. We have only about three-quarters of a million Americans yet. In 1909, ninety thousand of your people came, and they took up in free farms a slice of the prairie as big as Scotland. In the year of 1910, one hundred and fifty thousand have came, and this year we expect five hundred thousand."

"But lots of them go back," said Firefly.

Judy laughed. "Report says they do, statistics say they don't."

"What do you mean by free farms?" pursued Firefly.

"Nominal fees only. Each settler gets one hundred and sixty acres of land, if he will live on them for three years, and cultivate a certain portion. Then one can buy at all prices. There is plenty for all."

"How did so much flat land impress you?" asked Peanuts. "Was it not monotonous?"

"No, no—it is like the sea, boundless, and vast, and restless and interesting. Punchie would take both horses, and we would drive swiftly over the level roads outside the town to places far away. We were like a little raft in the middle of a big, prairie ocean. It stretched on all sides of us, full of life, and promise, and we had the whole vault of the sky over us—not bits of it. The vastness and illimitability got hold of me. 'Oh! drive faster! I would say, then as we flew along, the browns and reds of the soil, and the pallid houses with their huge barns bursting with plenty drew me to them, and I would say, 'Let me out, I want my feet on the soil.' Old mother earth seems so near one on the prairie. She stretches out her arms, and grips one to her expansive bosom. You love her, and want to stay with her. No one can understand this be alone with nature, and when you understand the lure of the prairie, you understand the lure of the desert. The people brought up in flat countries love them. The prairie homesickness is terrible. Later on, when Punchie and I got among the mountains, we found many a sore heart, crying out for the flatness and wideness of the old prairie home. If you are born in a flat country, the mountains make you crazy."

Nobody spoke for a few seconds, then Peanuts said, "Whatever made the people give this town such an ugly name?"

"I will tell you," said Judy. "Years and years ago, Lord Dunsmore, a famous sportsman, was travelling through the west on a Red River cart. This cart is made without a particle of iron—it is of hewn wood with every section lashed together with thongs of deerskin. When his lordship got to the persent site of the town, the wheel of his primitive vehicle collapsed. Being a man of many parts, he mended the wheel with the jawbone of a moose he had shot. His Indian guides, amazed at the ingenuity displayed, ever after called the spot The-place-where-the-white-chief-mended-his-cart-with-the-jawbone-of-a-moose. Millions wouldn't induce the Moose Jaw people to change the name."

"And right they are," said Firefly.

"Peanuts, listen to a funny thing Punchie did," said Judy. "The year I was in the Maine State University with you, Punchie came east and travelled through the woods to spend a day with me. He found himself getting his breakfast at the Moosehead Inn, the morning before he arrived at Orono, and he asked the waiter if the proprietor was up. No, the man said, he was not. 'Well,' said Punchie, as he wrote his name in the visitors' book as coming from Moose Jaw, 'tell him the man who owns another division of the animal has been here.'"

"And sure that brother of yours seems to have a pretty humour of his own," said Biddy.

"He is always joking, that is why he got his nickname. I remember once when he was a lad, he had been yachting with a friend and got becalmed. They had nothing but canned lobster to eat. When he arrived home, he looked like a boiled crustacean himself, and had to go to bed. No one could go in the room but mother, for at the sight of any of his brothers and sisters, he would go into fits of laughter which was bad for his heated blood. But I must tear myself from Moose Jaw."

"Tell us about your brother's children, please," said Mara.

"The little dears," said Judy. "I was much interested in studying them, and the other children in the place, and it seemed to me that they were specially lively, as if the electricity of the atmosphere had got into their blood. I looked out the window one day, and saw a flock of neighborhood children careering round the flag staff on the lawn."

"Flag pole," said Firefly.

"Flag pole, then," Judy went on, "the boys had long ropes in their hands, and were lassooing the girls—a regular Western game. I heard Punchie ordering its discontinuance. He said it was too rough for the girls, and too hard on his rope, for they appropriate every foot about the place. I think the good schools have something to do with the intelligence of the children in the west. Just round the corner from Punchie's house was a Collegiate Institute that my sister-in-law took me to see one day. It had a splendid equipment, many things having come from Germany. Think of a town of fifteen thousand spending $150,000 on a high school which is better than the one we have in Halifax. Universities are springing up all over the west. The settlers are ambitious for their children. The spirit of this prairie town got into my blood, and I hated to leave it. Americans and Westerners get on finely together. Punchie and his wife run down to Minneapolis to do shopping, as often as they go to Winnipeg, and they have many friends there—"

"Doesn't that look like commercial and political union?" said Firefly.

"No," said Judy, "it's only neighborly visiting. You Americans have enough to take care of, without attempting to adopt that lusty child Canada, who would, perhaps, crowd you out of your own nest."

"We have more territory than you, haven't we?" asked Firefly.

Judy put a map before her. "Canada and the United States are about equal in size."

"But the upper half of you consists of grinning mountains and winding sheets of snow, doesn't it?"

"No, no. Five hundred and fifty miles north of Edmonton near Great Slave Lake, the Dominion Superintendent of Forestry reports finding in July wheat in the milk, potatoes in flower, peas fit for use, tomatoes, rhubarb, turnips, ripe strawberries, currants and gooseberries. At Fort Churchill, it was one hundred degrees in the shade with twenty hours of sunshine a day."

"Faith and we'll have to go to the tropics for cool summers," said Biddy.

"A large part of the Dominion lies much further south than does England," said Judy, "and we have in places, the climate of the north of Spain and Italy."

"Now Judy, get out of this place Where-the-White-Chief-Mended His-Cart-With-the-Jawbone-of-a-Moose, and tell us where you went next."

"You've got to hear first about Punchie's baby," said Judy firmly, "for though I have seen many babies in the course of my life, I never saw one that would compare with this."

"You ought to see my brother's," said Dixie.

"And mine," said Marigold.

"And my sister's," said Peanuts.

"And a young doll cousin of mine," interposed Biddy.

"Couldn't hold a candle to my little kid fox nephew," said Firefly.

"I repeat my former assertion," said Judy. "Of all angelic, dimpled, darling, crowing, gurgling, cooing, little creatures, give me that cherub child. When we said, 'Smile Daddy's smile,' he would curl up his little feet, clench his little fists, turn his round head from side to side, and then, showing his dimple, he would make a little noise just like one of your doves, Jane. Oh, how I hated to leave that baby. I must tell you of an excursion my sister-in-law and I had with him, and his nurse, and his little sister Priscilla to Regina, the capital of the Province. We took a local train, and ran down to this sister town about two hours distant. Like Moose Jaw, it is a distributing point in a fertile territory known as the park country. We arrived about seven in the evening, and walked to the hotel close by. It was dark, but the electric lights were blazing — by the way, all those western towns seemed to be well lighted. After dinner, we were all putting baby and little Priscilla to bed, for my sister-in-law, and I wished to call on a friend. Little Priscilla who looks like a second Goldilocks, hung about her mother. Like most Canadian children, she is well trained in loyalty to the British Crown, and had exhibited signs of great pleasure when we told her that we were going to stay in the 'King' Hotel in Regina. 'Mother,' she said, 'before you go out, do you suppose it would be convenient for the King to see a little girl?' It went to our hearts to tell her that the King was away off in England. She is a plucky little thing, and would not cry, but she had received a crushing blow — nay two blows. The King was ever so far from the prairie, and she had made a mistake, that Mother and Auntie, despite their best efforts could not help smiling over.

"What were the Regina women like?" asked Dixie.

"Delightful — we met ever so many of them at a big tea, then we were taken to call on the Governor's wife who is much interested in the intellectual life of women. She gave us beautiful chrysanthemums grown in the Government House conservatories. The buildings in the town are imposing and handsome, but the most interesting thing to me was the headquarters of the North-West Mounted Police. We strolled through the quarters for men and officers, the storehouses, offices, and big drill hall, all making quite a village. They were giving a dance that night, but we had no evening things, and no time, so we could not stay."

CHAPTER XVI.

Mounted Policemen Heroes.

"You wanted to go to a policeman's ball?" asked Dixie.

"I should have considered it an honor to dance with one of these soldier-policeman,' said Judy. "Let me tell you what they are. First, I will hark back to your Indian wars. Were you ever kept in school for not remembering your history lesson?"

Dixie rolled her eyes reminiscently. "I was kept in once for an hour, because I couldn't recall the sum of $20,000,000 a year that our Government had spent in subduing the western Indian alone."

"Your Government would better have done as your General Harvey suggested," said Judy. "Board the Indians at the Fifth Avenue Hotel — more economical than to fight them. Now we Canadians had Indians too — ferocious Crees, Blackfeet, etc. As in many other cases where this country has helped ours, we wished to profit by your mistakes, and learn the right way to treat the Indians. What should we do to protect the men constructing the railway and the settlers streaming along beside it? Out of perplexity and complexity, was evolved a body of handy, mounted men something like the Royal Irish Constabulary. For thirty-eight years, they have covered themselves with glory. A recruit comes here to Regina where he rides and drills, till no difficulty, man or beast, can unsettle him. He is also taught police duties, a smattering of law, veterinary science, care of the sick and saddlery, camping-out duties and many other things. Then he patrols the prairie, and the forest, the valleys and the mountains. He protects cowboys, and the coal miners, the gold miners, the Esquimaux and the settlers. He helps to extinguish forest fires, he recovers persons lost in the woods, he tracks the stolen cattle and horses, he enforces game and fishery laws, he has an eye on the Indian reserves. You hear of these soldier policeman away up north — a settler has been murdered in a lonely shack — there is a swift and sure avenger of blood on the trail. Fear is a stranger to him. He rides alone into an Indian camp, or walks silently into a saloon full of drinking desperadoes. Sometimes he is shot down. Usually the guilty one surrenders, for behind that slim lad is the mighty power of the British Empire. You can kill him, but you cannot kill it, and another man will take his place and another till justice is done the British subject. Just the other day, three of these splendid men were found frozen to death on the Dawson trail. They were patrols, and one of them, I am proud to say, was a Nova Scotian. No subject is too feeble for them to protect. Our Indians who have not given us half the trouble that your Indians have given you, informed through a half-breed, on one of their number who had deserted his children away up north, on Lake Athabasca. The two terrified children had wandered about the woods, until wolves had devoured them. The good Indians who found the blood-stained clothing were detained as witnesses, the guilty Indian was arrested, and the Mounted Police Sergeant travelled nearly two thousand miles with his prisoner by trail, boat and train, until he lodged him in a penitentiary. One often sees these mounted policemen in their smart uniforms, riding about the country, or at stations, or in trains. One day a straight young officer entered our car, and sat opposite a woman with a child. The child began to tremble. 'He won't hurt you, if you are good,' said the mother, and that shows that the children even, know that the mounted policemen are there to make them good. My chief hero among these heroes is one young corporal, who during a severe epidemic of scarlet fever and diphteria among some settlers away from the railway track, was absolutely unwearied in his devotion. He supplied the afflicted people with food, he disinfected their houses, he took care of the sick, and buried the dead — and his superiors made him a ser-

(To be continued)

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MERCEDES

She Is the Most Beautiful of All the Sisters In the Eyes of Her Lover

By Clarissa Mackie

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The club was almost deserted that summer afternoon as Leland strolled through the empty rooms. One or two elderly men craned their necks around the backs of deep leather chairs at the sound of his clicking boot heels on the polished floor, and then they drew back into their shells like very much disgusted turtles.

In one corner of the library Denny Cushing was yawning over a newspaper. Leland uttered a little whoop of delight at sight of his old friend.

"Denny Cushing, by all that's great!" he cried as their hands met in a warm clasp. "Here I am wondering who will take pity and dine with me tonight. Would have considered myself lucky to get that addle pated Johnson boy, and here you are! Where did you drop from, eh?"

"Been motoring through the Berkshires—beastly dull too. Just got in this morning. What are you doing in town in this broiling weather?"

"What am I doing in town? I say, Denny, you're a flattering sort of friend to have. I've just returned from a four months' stay in Porto Rico. Too late now to say you've missed me." He grinned good naturedly at Cushing's startled face.

"Porto Rico, Jack?" stammered Denny, reddening. "I had forgotten you went down. The fact is I've been all muddled up over some affairs of my own, and I won't beat about the bush, old man. I forgot there was anybody else in the world except myself."

"And the girl," added Leland coolly.

"What?" Denny sat up suddenly "What do you mean, Jack?"

"Fudge! Forget it! Forget yourself and listen to my adventures in the land of the palm," rattled on Leland. "Had a bully time motoring around those country roads; but, as usual when your uncle goes out for a good time he usually has adventures and to spare." He leaned back in his chair and pulled out a cigar case.

"You'll dine with me?" he added.

"Thanks, with pleasure," said the other. "What about your adventures

"YOU LOOK UP A STEAMER FOR ME."

in Porto Rico, Jack?" He hesitated a moment and then added slowly. "You know I've been there."

"So I've heard you say," returned Jack, rather absentmindedly. He flung his half smoked cigar into the empty fireplace, lighted another one and leaned back in his chair.

"Ever been around Del Rosario?" he asked.

"Yes," said Denny shortly.

"Great scenery," went on Jack. "Some of those highways running up into the mountains are simply gorgeous for riding, but there's no use reeling off descriptions like a guide book, I suppose. You know the country and understand its fascinations for a chap who has never been down there. It was my first visit, and I enjoyed it. I started with a guide for the other side of the island, intending to take in the coffee plantations on my way and to roll along the military road.

"Well, I got off the road, turned down a rather fascinating byroad in spite of the protests of my guide, got mired in a bog and couldn't get the machine out again. I sent Manuel back to foot it ten miles to the last village we had left.

"I had three or four good hours to while away in that jungle, which did not seem so attractive now that I could not get out of it. After awhile I decided to walk along and amuse myself as best I could. I knew the machine was safe enough, for the native Porto Rican is too lazy to bother with anything so ponderous as an automobile. The road led up out of the bog into a fine open country, with here and there a coffee plantation.

"The first place I came to was set on a sloping hillside, and the coffee bushes ran up the hill to its very summit. The house was one of those low white dwellings with wide verandas and gay striped awnings, while the lawn was dotted with little summer houses and rose arbors. Over the front gate was a climbing rose, and swinging from the arch was a little board with the name of the plantation painted on it.

"This place attracted me because of its homelike air and also because I there saw the most beautiful girl in the world—the most beautiful girl in the world," repeated Jack Leland emphatically. "I thought I had seen lovely women; but, by Jove, Denny, she was—perfect. The southern type, you know, blue-black hair, dark, lustrous eyes fringed with long sweeping lashes, creamy skin, with a soft rose glow on the cheeks, and her mouth was simply indescribable. She was gowned in white and was leaning over the gate looking anxiously up the road when I came in view. She gave me one sweeping glance from those glorious eyes and then turned and disappeared up the path that led between tropical ferns to the house.

"Of course I couldn't stand there and stare at her retreating form—in fact, I hadn't even paused in my walk. But I'll confess I did turn my head to such effect that I walked plump into a donkey carriage driven by a very much exasperated old gentleman, who swore at me in good United States talk.

"'Why didn't you honk-honk, sir?' I asked him, and he replied tartly, 'Does this beast look like the kind that honks, sir?' Just then the donkey let out a terrible heehaw, and we both laughed outright.

"'I notice you speak the language of the automobile, sir,' said this fine old gentleman, 'and you wear the insignia of the fraternity. The sight of your goggles and duster compels me to believe that there is a motorcar not far away.'

"'It is mired in yonder bog,' I explained, and I also told him of Manuel's journey back to the next village for assistance.

"'Humph!' snorted my new acquaintance. 'Lots of help he'll find in Del Rosario. I'll send some of my men down there. I've got three Americans on my plantation. They'll get you out in a jiffy.'

"I expressed my gratitude and exchanged cards with him. I found he was an American, like myself. He had married a Spanish girl and had a large family growing up about him. I told him news of the States, and we discussed matters until once more the beautiful girl came down to the gate and looked up the road. There was no doubt she was looking for my new acquaintance, for she waved her hand at him and came forth to meet him.

"'Wait a moment, Mr. Leland,' he said. 'I want you to meet my daughter.'

"She came toward him, slender and graceful as a lily, and I congratulated myself on my good luck.

"I was invited into the house and pressed to stay for dinner. Afterward several of the men went down to the machine with me, and we pulled it out, much to the joy of poor Manuel, who returned all alone. I stopped that night at the house of my new friend, and the next day I persuaded him to accompany me on my tour.

"We had a splendid time, and the old gentleman seemed to enjoy himself wonderfully. Said he wouldn't be happy until he had a machine of his own. His daughters were delighted with the idea, and I came north with his check in my pocket to purchase a car large enough to hold a man and his wife and four daughters." Leland lighted another cigar and twirled the match thoughtfully between his fingers.

Denny Cushing muttered something inaudible and withdrew into the shadow of his chair. Outside were the continual roll of wheels on the asphalt of the avenue, the shrill whistle of the traffic squad at the corners and the distant music of a street piano playing from "Florodora."

Jack Leland hummed the words softly, beating time with his hand.

"Cut it out," growled Denny hoarsely, and Jack Leland stopped instantly.

"To make a long story short, I fell in love with the most beautiful of Mr. Provost's daughters, and I'm going back in October to marry her. Congratulate me, old man."

There was a dead silence after that. Denny Cushing's fingers tightly clutched the arms of his chair, and he did not lift his moody eyes to his friend's face.

"Mercedes had a sister who was quite pretty"—began Jack, when Denny leaped to his feet.

"Who had a sister?" he yelled.

"Mercedes Provost had a sister, Inez, who was quite pretty."

"Quite pretty!" roared Denny Cushing. "When you said she was the most beautiful, of course I thought you were speaking of Inez Provost." He looked pityingly at his friend, who was smiling.

"Inez had a lover in the states here. He was frightfully jealous of her, and when one day he saw her kissing her cousin, Simon Cadena, who was just home from a military school, this chump of an American quarreled with her, broke the engagement and ran away. Of course poor Inez is breaking her heart over the worthless scamp."

Denny Cushing grabbed Leland by the coat collar and rushed him through to the office. "You look up a steamer for me, that's a good fellow," he pleaded. "I'll run up to my rooms and throw some things together. I'll go on a scow if there's nothing better!" With sparkling eyes he started for the door.

"What's the name of the place you are going to, Denny?" asked Leland.

"Why, Paradise, of course," blurted Denny as he disappeared through the door.

"And that was the name painted on the gate," murmured Jack.

NO LYNCHING IN THIS CASE

Texans Who Didn't Lynch Youth Who Murdered Defenseless School Teacher Are Now Wondering If It Pays.

(By special cable)

Pecos, Texas. —, Reeves-co passed up an excellent chance for a lynching been last July, when hundreds of virile citizens were itching to string up a young Mexican who confessed insulting, then murdering a white school teacher.

The murderer isn't hanged yet.

Emma Brown, pretty and 25, left the general store at Saragosa last July 22 and drove out over the prairie

with a supply of groceries for her sister's ranch, 10 miles away. Half an hour later Leon Martinez, a young Mexican clerk in the store, left on a pony. Later Martinez returned. Miss Brown never reached the ranch.

Next morning a stray horse and buggy were found. Four bullet marks were on the buggy. Pink Harbert, a cowboy deputy sheriff, was hastily summoned. Some distance from the buggy he found the corpse of Emma Brown, scarred with two bullet holes and six stab wounds. Worst of all, Emma Brown had been stabbed in the back!

Reeves-co heard the news and boiled. But it agreed with Dist. Atty. Will Brady before the murderer was discovered, that there would be no

LEON MARTINEZ

lynching. Reeves-co would let legal justice be done for this terrible murder.

Then Leon Martinez was arrested and he confessed.

Race feeling and horror almost brought a lynching. But they held in. A telegram summoned Judge S. A. Isaacs from Midland, 70 miles away.

MOHAMMEDAN WITNESS

New York. — The Criminal Courts building was searched in vain today for a copy of the Koran, a demand for which arose when Mohammed Ali, a Turk, refused to be sworn on the Bible to testify in a grand larceny case. "To be sworn on the Bible means nothing to me," declared the witness, and court attendants searched high and low for a copy of the volume sacred to the Turk. When the book of Mohammed could not be found Ali was allowed to take oath after the fashion of those of his creed holding up the index finger of his right hand, he said:

"I swear by the great Allah and by the beard of his only prophet Mohammed, to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing bu the truth. In failing, may I be swept off the face of the earth."

All was then permitted to give testimony favorable to the character of the defendant in the case.

NO DEFAULT ON LOANS

The Pekin correspondent of the Times says that China's failure to pay the monthly interest on the Anglo-German loan need not cause anxiety. The half-yearly coupon is not due until April and all loans secured by the maritime customs will undoubtedly be paid punctually. The revolutionaries are as anxious as the Government to avoid foreign interference and are nowhere attempting to hinder the collection of the customs revenues.

However desperate China's internal finances, the foreign bondholders need have no fear of default in payment of any interest similarly secured.

REBELS HOLD THEIR OWN

Hankow. — The rebels are holding their own on the banks of the Ha. river. Sharp fighting and bombarding are daily occurring. The revolutionary forces are now awaiting the fall of Nanking, which will permi the fleet to come to their assistance. In such event, the Imperialist forces certainly will not be able to hold Station Kilometer Ten, which can be covered easily from the river.

LOCALS.

The beautiful rain of the past few days has been a blessing to the fruit grower and the tiller of the soil—just what was needed.

Mr H. McKenzie was at the coast this week

Mr. C. Sumner was at New Westminster on Monday.

Oh Teddie, where did you get that pippin! You cannot blame Jack the Sparrow, with is little bow an' arrow. Well may ye blush, and utter Hush! Hush! 'Twill teach you! to say again 'Let-ter flicker.' Should play the game on Firday—it is a lucky day.

Some people say it is not blackmail but black eye.

Mr. and Mrs. Vogel of Mission City were in town on Wednesday.

Some of our citizens intend taking in the lacrosse match at Westminster. Wonderfull what boosters the Salmonbellies have in the Fraser Valley.

Mr. A. A. Cruickshank of Chilliwack was in town on Wednesday

The Matsqui council meets on Saturday, at Mt. Lehman.

Judging by the thoughtful look of our teachers and serious demenor of the elder pupils, one would be led to suppose that an examination was close to hand. Sure it is.

Last spring we heard considerable about several new cement blocks on Essendene Ave., but since the Titanic went 'to the bottom of the sea' nothing is heard. It cannot be that faith in large structures has also been wrecked? It might be remarked that all is plain sailing in Abbotsford and the future has no icebergs ahead. All want to see the cement blocks a reality.

It does not always pay to have a "stand in" if you have another string to pull.

Mr. Johnson has a new auto He bought to.

Some things we are proud of.
That which we have.
That which we have not, but expect to have.
Our efficient mail service. What town can boast of better?
The genial smile of our station agent when he comes up town to collect a bill.
Our nursery—fruit of course.
That Sum(n)er expects to be customery(
That Silvertips has not written his "In Memorium."
That "All roads lead to Abbotsford."

DELIGHTED WITH MISSION DISTRICT AND CITY.

Mr. F. J. MCKenzie, M.L.A., for the Delta, spent Saturday and Sunday with his brother, Capt. McKenzie, of the John H. Sprott. While here he took a run through Mission Municipality and was surprised to find that we had such beautiful fruit growing here. If some more of the people at the coast cities would take opportunity by the forelock and take a run around through "The home of the Big Red Strawberry" it is true that their eyes would be opened as to the future possibilities that await those who make their home with us.

Mr. McKenzie goes away with a much better opinion of the district than when he came, and it is likely he will again return the next time he wants a pleasure trip.

MARKET IS LARGE.

(Continued From Page One)

Fowls were plentiful and on the whole cheaper, a large number being secured from the Vancuover market. Live weight fetched from 20 to 22 cents per pound. Laying hens were sold for $9 to $15 per dozen, according to breed and size Ducks realized 27 cents per pound, and young pigs were disposed of at $5 each.

Flour $7.50 per barrel

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The Abbotsford Bakery

ALBERT LEE, PROPRIETOR

WHO'S WHO IN CANADA

SIR HENRY M. PELLATT

Few men of the Dominion have done better work in the direction of bringing to the attention of the world beyond the seas what sort of men they are who compose this Canada of ours. Others have done their part with the pen, with the brush, and in other literary connections of a more or less beneficial character. Sir Henry produced the goods, so to speak. At his own financial expense, and doubtless at no inconsiderable personal trouble and inconvenience, he took to the old country the "Queen's Own" of Toronto of which he is Lt.-Colonel, first to the coronation of King Edward, and on the second occasion to the Aldershot Manoeuvres, thus showing to the folks in the old land how well Canada was following in the footsteps of her martial progenitors, and at the same time holding out in front of all whom it might concern, a suggestion that should occasion arise there was a conjoint Imperial army of good men and true to be taken into account.

SIR H. M. PELLATT
Lt.-Col. "Queen's Own" Rifles

From the mere advertising point of view, it was undoubtedly a great producer for Canada of brain, brawn and capital.

By those capable of judging, the Colonel is reckoned a clever business man, methodical to a degree, with the virtue of patience running all the time in the correct direction. His knowledge of public affairs is wide, and his application of that knowledge is directed along lines that are broad enough to bring appreciation and of commendation from men of all colors of politics and shades of religion.

In addition to these, and a number of other admirable points, Sir Henry is first and all the time an Imperialist, — and a strong type of the breed at that.

Born at Toronto in 1860, the Colonel had his civil life education at Upper Canada College. His military attainments were handed out by nature. At the age of fifteen, young Pellatt entered the office of his father, and if he did not actually scrub out the floor and polish up the handle of the big front door, he no doubt went through the usual ordinary schedule of the office-lad of the times. From the outset it was on evidence that his business acumen was right, and when yet a young man he blossomed out as junior partner with his father in the firm of Pellatt and Pellatt. Since then his name has been associated with a large number of commercial and industrial concerns, and in every instance, be it said, with honor and success.

Amongst other things, Sir Henry is a director of The Crow's Nest Pass Company; is president of the Toronto Electric Light Company, of the Toronto and Niagara Power Company, and the Cobalt Lake Mining Company; vice-president of the Manufacturers Life Insurance Company; director of the Toronto Railway Co., the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Co., the Dominion Iron and Steel Co., the British America Assurance Co., etc., etc., and also finds hours to devote to the duties that fall on a governor of Grace Hospital, and a trustee of Trinity University.

Joining the Queen's Own regiment in early life, Sir Henry has passed through all the commissioned ranks to the command, and was, it will be remembered, major of the Canadian contingent to the Queen's Jubilee celebrations in England in 1897. He is member of such clubs as the Toronto, National, and Rideau, and all the recreation demands of his nature are satisfied in connection with his military duties.

H. R. H. WAS DELIGHTED

Since his arrival, H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught has signified his pleasure at the complete arrangements made for his transportation from England to the Canadian Capital both on board the Empress of Ireland and on the special train by which he was carried from Quebec to Ottawa, and he has highly complimented the C. P. R. officials on their forethought and attention. One of the minor details that especially pleased the Royal party was a special edition of their annotated time-table, provided for the trip from Quebec to Ottawa. The time-table was bound in white padded kid, bearing the Duke of Connaught's coat-of-arms embossed in color.

Corn-mills are often mentioned in the Bible. The original corn-mill much resembled the modern druggist's pestle. Moses forbade corn-mills to be taken in pawn, for that, he thought was like taking a man's life in pledge.

WHEN NEUTRALS MUST STAND OFF

Following an Outbreak of War There Are Various Important Rules to be Observed by Nations that Desire to Stand Out.

When war is declared, every neutral power must observe a strict neutrality and impartiality in its attitude towards both belligerents. It may allow their war vessels to enter its ports, but must limit the duration of their stay, and must regulate the nature and amount of the supplies taken on board. The usual rule is a visit of 24 hours, but if a vessel of the other belligerent is in port, then one of them must not leave the port until the other has had a start of 24 hours ahead, though it would seem that there is nothing to prevent the vessel that leaves the harbor first to await 24 hours outside the three-mile limit and attack the other ship after she puts out to sea. The supplies that such vessel takes on board must not be more than enough to take the vessel to the nearest home port, and supplies must not be again furnished within three months. As an example of the enforcement of the foregoing rules, the procedure when the Spanish-American war broke out in 1898 may be mentioned. The ultimatum of April 20, signed by President McKinley, demanding the withdrawal of Spain from Cuba, was taken by Spain as a declaration of war, and the Spanish government on the following day sent the American minister his passports without waiting for him to present the ultimatum. On the 22nd the American ships at Key West started south to blockade Cuba. On the 23rd the President called out 125,000 volunteers for two years' service, and on the 25th sent a message to Congress declaring that a state of war existed between Spain and the United States since April 21. All neutral powers took notice of this including Great Britain, which knew that Commodore Dewey, in command of the American squadron in the Pacific, had been for some weeks in the British harbor of Hong Kong, where he was permitted to remain pending a formal declaration of war. On the same day (April 25) the Governor of Hong Kong notified Dewey to leave the harbor, and he proceeded to Manilla Bay where he destroyed the Spanish ship on May 1.

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A World in the Forming

The planet Jupiter, whose volume is 1279 times that of the earth, and superior in dimensions and weight to all the other planets put together, is just now attracting the attention of astronomers. M. Giacobini, of the Paris Observatory, who has made a special study of Jupiter, has described a red spot which possesses a relative fixity, but within the last year its mobility has increased in great proportion, and its longitude by about 30 degrees. It is possible this may be the forming of a new continent, but who can say so with certainty? M. Camille Flammarion, however, expresses himself with confidence in the matter. "We are assisting at the creation of a world. Under our dazzled eyes a new world is being created in the infinity, and in Jupiter we hail the world of the future."

A Safety Kicker

They were examining an old-fashioned shotgun of murderous build. It looked as if it would be an effective weapon against anything short of an elephant, and its owner was boasting, with that scorn of fact which is allowed the successful hunter, of its power.

"Doesn't it kick like anything?" asked one.

"Oh, yes, it kicks some," said the proprietor, "btu that's the beauty of it. Why once I shot at a grizzly that was charging me. I missed him, and on he came. If it had not been that the gun kicked me so far back that I had time to reload, I shouldn't have been here to tell the story."

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