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JUN 15 1912
VICTORIA, B.C.

The Abbotsford Post

VOL. V., No. 4. ABBOTSFORD, B. C., FRIDAY, MAY 31, 1912 $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

S. Brooke
ABBOTSFORD and HUNTINGDON, B. C.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

The partnership existing between M. L. McPhee and Geo. H. Kerr, carrying on a business under the firm name of McPhee & Kerr has been dissolved by mutual consent.

The business will be carried on by M. L. McPhee, who assumes all responsibility of the business.

Soliciting your patronage,
I am,
Yours truly
M. L. McPHEE

M. L. McPhee
The Pioneer Store

INSTANTLY KILLED BY ELECTRICITY

On Wednesday afternoon, J. A. McConville, aged 30, who arrived Monday last from Mission City to work at the Western Canada Power Company's station here met instant death while engaged in his work, in the power house, installing bus bars, his partner J. Jones being outside the building. Jones heard a short circuit, and running inside the building he found McConville lying on the live wires, and practically dead, having probably received the 12,000 volt shock. After shutting off the power and taking McConville off the wires, Jones quickly secured medical assistance. Fortunately Dr. Swift was in town and arrived in a short time, as did Dr. Dalton, of Sumas, but it was impossible to restore respiration.

While installing the bus bars most of the wires in the transformers were dead with the exception of one. It is supposed that McConville must have slipped and losing his control fell on the wires touching the live wire.

An inquest was held on Thursday, the verdict being accidental death.

The jury was composed of Messrs J. R. Peckham, foreman; H. MacKenzie, Geo. Clark, M. L. McPhee and Bernard McElroy.

Evidence was given by Dr. Swift, J. Jones, electrician at the power house and Augustus Eledge, operator at the power house.

SECURED OPTION ON GROUNDS

A meeting of the Agricultural Association was held in the Maple Leaf Hall on Monday evening with a not very large attendance.

The main object of the meeting was to hear the report of Mr. Peckham who had been sent to Victoria by the Association re the securing of the charter. He reported that owing to the absence of Mr. W. Scott, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, the charter could not be issued, but that it would be along at an early date.

It was decided at the meeting to secure the option on the grounds for 60 days until the charter was secured, when another meeting will be held.

ABBOTSFORD GUN CLUB

Abbotsford has a gun club and although all the members do not take a very enthusiastic interest in the shoots, yet those who do are having the quiet time of their lives. A shoot was held on Wednesday afternoon and although unable to get the score the following is the score for May 19th:

McElroy	1001100001000010111100010	10
Murray	1010110011100011111100001	14
Everett	1100000010000110000100110	8
Walters	1101010001100000000011000	8
Clark	1011111011111000101001010	15

The high wind coming up during the shoot caused a rather poor showing on the part of some of the members, yet a look over previous shoots will show that the high ideal always maintained by the club will eventually be reached and one of those fine days the town will be surprised to find that representatives from other clubs in the different parts of the valley will be entertained by the club in one of the grandest shoots ever held in the Fraser Valley.

MATSQUI COUNCIL

The regular meeting of the council was held on Saturday last with Reeve Merryfield in the chair, a full council present and Mr. Jas. Gibson, clerk.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed.

Mr Cruickshank addressed the council with reference to his subdivision, the plans of which were approved; also the plans of Mr. A. McAlin's subdivision, rock bunkers on Matsqui-Mt, Lehman road and plan of Ware Road. Councillors Bell and Ware were appointed to inspect Smith Road.

On resuming after lunch a letter was read stating that Mr. McNeil of the Western Canada Power Co. was unable to be present that day and asking for another date, a special meeting was arranged for on Saturday, June 1st, at Merryfield's store at 2.30.

Roberts-Lehman, that the plans of subdivision of S.E. 1-4 Sec., Tp 13 be approved, subject to conditions.

Ware-Roberts, that the Council of Public Instruction be asked to convey to Matsqui council the old school site at Abbotsford.

The communications to the Council were then read by the clerk.

From Mr. Cresswell, as to the road leading North from Dennison, on which Coun. Lehman was asked to report.

From Major Pottinger, asking for a road out of his 1-4 section on the Matsqui-Sumas boundary, on which Councillor Ware will report.

A circular letter from the Canadian Municipal Journal was filed.

Messrs. McNab and Gillette wrote asking for assistance on their road.

Ware-Roberts, that $50 be granted, provided Sumas Council grant the same amount.

The Children's Aid Society wrote from Vancouver acknowledging receipt of cheque for support of three children belonging in the municipality, with a report on the children.

Mr. Aish addressed the council with reference to a cheque for $100 he had returned to the clerk, also as to the balance of an old appropriation of $800 still unexpended, to which the Reeve and Councillor Bell replied. Mr. Aish also, on the invitation of the reeve gave his views of further financial aid on Hayton ditch.

For the Dominion Day sports and picnic the use of the hall and grounds, with a donation of $10 was granted the Matsqui Farmers' Institute.

A deputation was introduced by Councillor Roberts and Mr. Peardon and others asking for a grant towards the holding of a fair at Abbotsford, but the council did not consider that the funds would allow for further grants for fair purposes.

Roberts-Lehman, that $150 be spent in gravelling road in front of hall, $50 be expended on Conroy Hill and that tenders be called for to build road around Baines' Hill on Ross road.

Bell-Roberts, that $350 be spent on Sim Road and that the proposed Bell road be changed from blocks 2 and 3 to between 1 and 2 on East

(Continued on last Page)

M. L. McPHEE AGAIN SOLE PROPRIETOR.

The partnership between Messrs McPhee and Kerr has been dissolved as shown in another column Mr. Kerr has retired and Mr. M. L. McPhee will assume full control. Mr. McPhee, as a long resident of our town, has shown himself to be not only a good business man, but public spirited man also, working not only for himself but for the good of the community at large.

The pioneer store of a thriving town, such as ours needs a strong hand to guide its destinies, and we may be sure that with Mr. McPhee at the head the store will give the townsfolk the same general satisfaction as heretofore, and we wish him every success.

Won First Cricket Game

On the 24th the cricket team went over to Mission City for their first match. Up on the Agricultural Grounds the pitch looked good after the week's rain and the hot early morning sun, and at 11 o'clock Mission went in to bat and made 41 all out, by lunch, 7 wickets falling to the bowling experts and 3 were caught. Ilesley was responsible for 4 wickets and Hayes 2.

The teams adjourned for an hour for refreshments, after which Abbotsford took to the bat and ran up 34, Hayes making 10 and Bartlett, lent by the Mission team, made 9. In the second innings the home team got 52, of which Foster made 14 and G. Catchpole 11, five of the wickets falling to Hayes' bowling one man was stumped and 4 caught. Abbotsford fairly excelled in their second innings, 60 runs for 6 wickets, Knott making the top score of the day—26 and not out. Although stumps were to have been drawn at 4.15 the game kept on till 5.30 when the final score stood Mission 93, all out, Abbotsford 94 with 5 wickets to fall. We look forward with pleasure to the return match.

The full score is as follows:

MISSION vs. ABBOTSFORD

Mission	1st inning	2nd.
Verchere	0	0
Portsmouth	10	0
Pakenham	0	3
Greenwood	5	11
Brassey	12	5
Parker	1	1
Winch	0	4
Catchpole G.	1	12
Catchpole B.	2	0
Bowden	0	1
Foster	4	13
	Extra 6	Extra 2
	41	52

Abbotsford	1st inning	2nd
Ilesley	0	—
Alanson	1	0
H. Harrop	4	10
Knott	2	26
Hayes	10	12
Rhodes	0	1
King	1	—
Morley	1	—
Williams	4	—
Bartlett	9	0
McLagan	1	7
Extra	1	Extra 4
	34	60

In the 2nd part Knott not out and Ilesley, King, Morely, Williams did not bat.

THE ABBOTSFORD POST

Published every Friday by the Post Publishing Company.

A weekly Journal devoted to the interests of Abbotsford and surrounding district.

Advertising Rates made known on application.

LEGAL ADVERTISING—12 cents per line for first insertion, and 8 cents a line for all subsequent consecutive insertions.

Our Shibboleth—Neither for nor against the Government.

FRIDAY, MAY 37 1912

Since the institution of women's sewing circles, men have laughed at the gatherings, remarking that it was only for the purpose of hearing of the gossip of the different districts that the ladies met. Now our observation of these matters is that the ladies can talk and sew and put in a pleasant as well as a profitable afternoon; but it is very doubtful if men can carry on public affairs and at the same time quarrel and dispute among themselves.

There are men in the town of Abbotsford who are extremely anxious to see a good live Agricultural Association formed here and an annual exhibition held that will be a credit to the town and the district, and it is our regret that it appears to be up to us to remark that such will never be the case unless the present methods of "knock" are not substituted for those of "boost".

Last year a very successful exhibition was held in Abbotsford, and we had visitors from all parts of the district, many competing for the prizes that were offered, and the committee having the affair in hand paid all the prizes that were obtained. A good clean record was established, which would place this year's exhibition on a good footing with the general public who patronize with their exhibits. Should another exhibition be held this year with the same success there is but little doubt that the Association would be placed on a solid footing, and established in the good graces of its patrons; to say nothing of the fine advertisement it would be to the community of which Abbotsford claims to be the centre.

Some little time ago it was decided that it would be well for the patrons of the Association to subscribe and buy their own grounds and add to the attractions a good course for the local men who have some good drivers which they would like to exhibit. A committee was appointed to select a grounds. A choice was made which was apparently not satisfactory to all. Another meeting was held at which it was decided to have a different grounds and an option has been secured until the Association had received its charter, then the land would be bought in the name of the Association. It is not for us to criticize the choice of grounds but it seems a pity that any unpleasant words were spoken which might in any way endanger the united effort of all in making a success of the affair. In unity there is strength, but a house divided against itself shall certainly fall, is just as true today as it was a thousand years ago. It surely applies to all matters of public welfare in Abbotsford, and there is no reason why it should be a matter for public ridicule that the citizens cannot agree on those things that are for the advancement of the town.

Little birds in their nest agree, 'tis said, why should not the citizens of a town agree to advance? In one matter one man or two men may have an opinion to offer which if agreeably discussed, can be made to meet the ideas of all; but there is no sense or reason in opposing a good idea even if it does come from one whom some one else does not like. There should be more of a give and take in the discussions of the best methods, and if a man has nothing better to advance than what is suggested, he should keep quiet. He may get a popular idea later on, if he is good.

It is not the purpose of this editorial to say anything that would offend any person. The post is interested in the advancement of the town. We would not do business here if we did not believe in the future of the town. There is everything here to make a business centre that we shall some day be proud of, but in the making of Abbotsford we must all forgive the little difference of opinion that are bound to creep up, and plod away with the one object in view—that of building up Abbotsford. There are men behind this matter of forming an Agricultural Association that will work faithfully for years to see their object attained. After having a talk with some of the business men of the town we have come to the conclusion that for the Association to be a success we must let the committee carry on their work without hindrance. Gentlemen, we must all co-operate for our own welfare and become inoculated with the spirit that makes impossibilities irresistable.

THE MARKET.

For an off day the New Westminster market Friday was a good one. Offerings were fair and of good quality and the attendance was large considering the weather. Butter was not very plentiful. It started selling at 40 cents per pound but dropped to 35 at which price it was quickly disposed of. Eggs were very plentiful and sold steadily at 35 cents per dozen. Vegetables by the sack were of the usual variety and price and the steamer Transfer brought in about four tons of seed potatoes from Ladner and way points. Radishes and onions from Lulu Island sold well at five cents per bunch. Meat at wholesale was not plentiful. There was some veal and pork but mutton and beef were very scarce. The prices of meat, both at wholesale and retail, remained unchanged, and the supply of retail meat was not as large as usual, but one stand being in operation. There were no fish on the market, the fish stand being unoccupied, a rare phenomenon. Focal spots of color were furnished by the florist stands, which were laden with potted plants, and there were two large rhododendrons on the Tidy stand that sold at $1 each. Cut carnations quickly sold at 60 cents a dozen; potted plants from 10 to 50 cents each; hanging baskets $1 each; bedding plants 25 cents per doz. and vegetable plants two dozen for 25 cents, and 25 cents per dozen.

The work of laying the wires of the Western Canada Power Co. under the paved walk on the upper side of Front treet made the entrance to the market bad early in the morning, but this improved after the workmen had shovelled the dirt off the sidewalk.

Poultry was in splendid supply and rather tended to glut the market. Prices consequently were lower than last week. Live weight produced from 17 to 19 cents per lb and broilers 25 to 30 cents. Some young pullets sold for 45 cents each and laying hens averaged $1.25 each, or from $12 to 15 per dozen. Duck lings fetched 25 cents per lb. and there was no price for mature ducks.

HOGS WITH SORE-BACK

Sore-back on pigs is a very common trouble where the swine are allowed to run on rape pasture. The sores are caused by the dampness on the rape getting on to the pigs when pasturing; a form of irritation or burning takes place, which causes the pigs to rub a great deal. The irritation and rubbing, combined, cause the skin to become nearly raw, and the hot sun then burns it, and cracking and even bleeding then takes place.

This trouble is not usually serious, and can be prevented by not allowing the pigs to run out in the wet rape. An excellent method for feeding rape is to have the pigs in movable pens, and these can be moved every day. It is peculiar that white pigs are more susceptible to this body burn than pigs of other colors, but it is known to affect all colors at times, but not as badly as occurs to white ones. The uneasiness caused by the pain of the sores will cause the swine to fail rapidly, so it is important to prevent the pigs from running in wet rape.

A WOMAN BUILDS HER OWN HOME

Eight Years Ago Mrs. Kingebiel Started Out to Build a House on $10 Per Week's Wages — Which is Now Worth $5000.

(By special cable)

Des Moines.—Eight years ago Mrs. Nettie Kingebiel of Des Moines started out with a lot of courage and one bill.

She owns her own home today and a tract of land valued at $5,000.

Mrs. Klingebiel is a widow and eight years ago was working in an office at $10 per week.

One day when the future looked unusually dull she made a resolve. She took five dollars from her week's salary to a real estate man, bought a fifty-foot lot, and made weekly payments of $5 until the lot was paid for. She bought $40 worth of lumber in the same way.

To avoid paying rent, she then had a little shed built and lived in it until

MRS. KINGEBIEL

the lot was paid for. Then she borrowed $200 and put up a two-room cottage. Soon after there was a boom in another suburban section. She traded her property for a better lot and borrowed $400 to build a four-room cottage.

After office hours Mrs. Klingebiel slapped paint on her house, or cemented the cellar floor and the sun's early rays found her setting out trees and vines.

While she was paying for her home SHE NEVER EARNED OVER $10 A WEEK.

Again there come a boom in another suburban district. Mrs. Klingebiel looked at her neat little home, and plunged again. This trade brought her a beautiful property valued at $5,000. She built another cozy little home and vows she will never leave it.

ADMIRAL GIVES UP TO REBELS

ADMIRAL SAH

Peking. — Thirteen vessels of the imperial Chinese fleet surrendered to the revolutionists at Shanghai. Admiral Sah gave up because of lack of coal and munitions. He is now in hiding.

LLOYD GEORGE'S MESSAGE

London. — The Chancellor of the Exchequer, David Lloyd George, has addressed a message to the National Union of Woman's Suffrage Societies, in which he says:

"The Premier's pronouncement on the attitude which the Government is adopting towards the question seems to me to make the carrying of a woman's suffrage amendment, on broad democratic lines, to next year's franchise bill a certainty. I am willing to do all in my power to help those laboring to reach a successful issue in the coming sessions next year, which provides a supreme opportunity and nothing but unwise handling of that can compass failure."

Look carefully to the fit of the work harness. Use long whiffletrees in working so that the legs will not be bruised and made sore.

STABLE SUPPLIES

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

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Abbotsford
Livery, Feed and Sales Stables

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

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See Page Five

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ABBOTSFORD, B. C.

Our Specials this Week

Builder's Lime, Hardware and Cement

Have you secured your Poultry Netting yet?

Jas. Elliott Manager

INSURANCE LOANS

Abbotsford Homesites

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

J. W. McCALLUM

The Pioneer Real Estate Broker of Abbotsford

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

CHINA'S CHIEF WEAKNESS

One of the most remarkable characteristics of the Chinese people is their absolute inability to combine in a successful manner for any purpose. As bankers, merchants, contractors, etc., they are a success from both a commercial and an ethical standpoint. No people are commercially more honest or have a more exalted idea of the sacredness of a contract — either written, verbal, or merely implied — than the Chinese merchant, banker, or contractor of any kind, unless contaminated by dealings with unreliable foreign hongs at the open ports. The non-official word of a Chinese is usually as good as his bond, and his bond is as good as the wealth of his family. In fifteen years of dealing with Chinese merchants and contractors of all sorts I have never found them maliciously doing work contrary to the specifications or attempting to break their contract even if it was a losing one for them. But when the business becomes a limited corporation and the executive is a board of directors, everything goes to pieces. This division of responsibility, together with the fact that most of the capital invested does not belong to the directors, destroys all sense of commercial rectitude and of personal responsibility. It is a notorious fact that hardly one single Chinese limited company has been a success from the standpoint of the shareholders. This includes the China Merchants Steam Navigation Company, Chinese mining companies, electric lighting plants, watre-works, Chinese cotton factories, etc., etc. The railways that are managed solely by the Chinese are soon allowed to run down, and no funds are set aside for repairs and improvements.

Since the Chinese took over the Peking-Hankow Railways from the Belgians in December, 1908, no regular repairs or replacements have been made. hTe profits have been squandered, and both roadbed and rolling stock are going to ruin. The company has just been making vain efforts to flot a large foreign loan for the repair of this railway. If the people are unable to combine with success to manage the affairs of a small corporation, how much less could they combine to run the affairs of the coutnry?

The present system of government is hopeless. The Central Government has but little hold on the provinces, and fears them. The taxes and revenues are practically farmed out, and but a small percentage of the amount taken from the people ever reaches the Central Government.

The whole effort is to get money at any cost, even if the source of revenue is eventually destroyed thereby. As an example, when the railway from Peking to Kalgan, one hundred and forty-five miles north from Peking, was opened, the amount of traffic and profits were large. What did the Chinese Government do but at once establish six or more likin (Chinese customs) stations out his line and collect customs duties on all traffic! Within a few months the cars were running empty and the goods were being transported in the good old-fashioned way — packed on mules and camels.

The people have no confidence in the officials or the Regent, and during the last two years this lack of confidence has broadered into utter contempt. The only thing that holds the "powers that be" in place is the lack of a leader for the people. As yet not one has appeared in China. The people have no confidence in any of the so-called revolutionary leaders, as not one of them has shown any ability beyond that of getting money from the people and spending it in safety abroad.

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

Vancouver City Market

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

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MISSIONCITY, B.C.

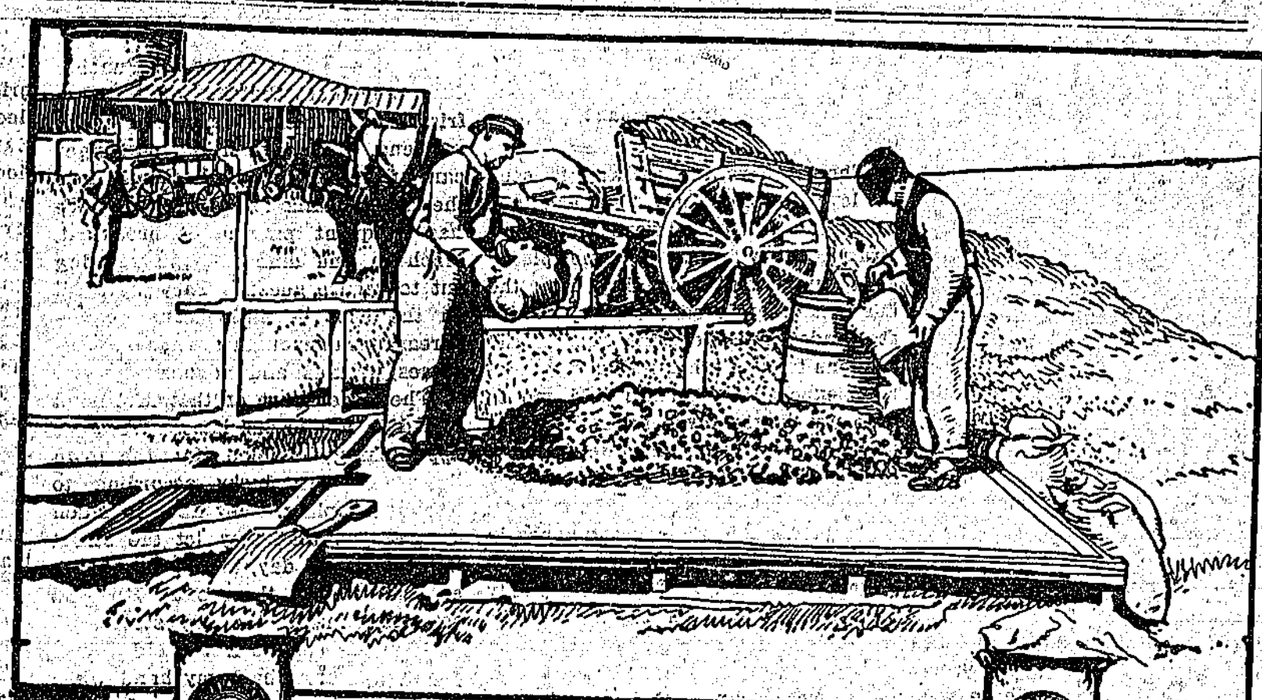
This hotel makes a specialty of home-like comforts for Commercial Travellers. Comfortable sitting-room and best of hotel service. Cuisine Unexcelled.

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

Kissed 286 Babies and Coaxed $27,500

After kissing 286 babies, ranging in age from six months to four years, and consecrating them to the cause of Zion," Overseer Wilbur Glenn Voliva, successor to John Alexander Dowie, stood by a barrel in Shiloh Tabernacle lately and watched his disciples toss $27,500 into it a "sacrifice offering."

Voliva kissed all of the infants and consecrated them in exactly 48 minutesfl Sunday was the annual consecration at Zion, and in the line of men and women that contributed to the "sacrifice fund", were 3319 persons.



Concrete-mixing is Easily Learned

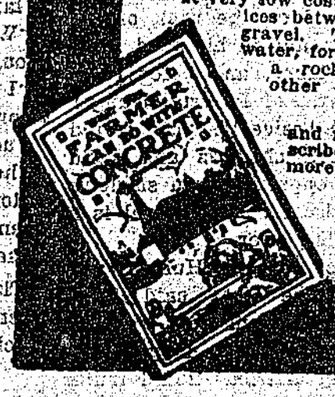
IT is no more difficult than mixing bran mash, once the simple instructions have been read.

The materials—sand, crushed rock or gravel and cement—each play a separate part. The rock provides the bulk of volume at very low cost. The sand fills in all crevices between the pieces of rock or gravel. The cement, mixed with water, forms a "bond," in other words a rocky "glue," that binds the other materials firmly together with a strength that increases with time.

Concrete is really artificial rock, more firmly bound together than natural rock, which often has cracks, veins, fissures and other weaknesses.

Any farmer can learn how to mix Concrete and to apply it to the hundreds of uses to which it is fitted.

But in order to be absolutely sure that his proportions are correct and that his materials are properly suited to the purpose, he should send for the book,



"WHAT THE FARMER CAN DO WITH CONCRETE,"

and read the careful directions for mixing Concrete for all purposes. It also describes in detail hundreds of ways in which Concrete may be used to make the farm more comfortable, more convenient, more profitable and more valuable.

Just send us your name and address—in a letter or on a postal—and the book will be sent to you by return mail free. Address

Canada Cement Company, Ltd., National Bank Building, Montreal.

SEND ME YOUR BOOK

"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

The Abbotsford Post

WANDERING JUDY
OR
HER DEAR CANADA

by
MARSHALL SAUNDERS,
Author of "Beautiful Joe"

geant. That was honor enough for him."

Firefly turned to Dixie, "Friend from the south, isn't this the right kind of soldiery? I say, may their numbers increase, and may God bless them!"

"I must tell you a little more about the Mounted Police," said Judy, "in connection with the American Indians. One day, Punchie sent for me to go down to his bank. There was a Frenchman from a settlement called Willow Bunch, thirty miles south of Moose Jaw near the American line. How delighted the man was that I could speak French. 'You must come and visit us, Mademoiselle,' he said. 'We will tell you all about Sitting Bull who after the Custer massacre crossed the border, and lived with us for a long time.' Fancy girls, what a trip — to go to that primitive French settlement, and talk to those French people about the seven thousand Indians under Sitting Bull, Black Moon, The Little Knife, The Man Who Crawls, Long Dog, Pretty Bear, and Sweet Bird who fled to Canada, and said they had originally belonged to the White Father George III, and why he gave them to the Americans, they didn't know."

Judy paused an instant, and Jane said dreamily, "Fancy the confusion of thought in the minds of savages as to our dealings with them."

"Of course Sitting Bull was an old mischief-maker," said Judy, "and as cute as a pet fox. 'In Canada, I am in my Great Mother's Medicine house,' he said, 'I am going to stay here with these people.' Then he would shake hands with the Mounted Police officers who would say, 'You must obey the laws of the country of the Great White Mother Queen Victoria. You must not cross the line to fight the Americans. You may have ammunition to hunt buffaloes, but not to hunt men. In the Queen's land, we all live like one family.' The way in which the Mounted Police dealt with this sudden accession of Indian souls, was a masterpiece of diplomacy. Finally, under an inspector, they all went back to Fort Bulford and surrendered to your government. I was amused in hearing of these Indians, that once when Sitting Bull and Spotted Tail were having a conference with the Canadians, a squaw rose up and harangued the men. Her name was The-One-That-Speaks-Once, and she said, 'I wanted to raise my children in the American country. They did not give me time. I came over to this country to have a little peace. (Here she stopped long enough to shake hands with the police officers') That is all I have to say. Go home Americans. I stay with the Canadians, to raise my children'"

"Hard on us," said Firefly with a shrug of her shoulders.

"I hear the French fed Sitting Bull mostly on turnips one winter," said Judy. "The next time I go west, I shall interview them, and find out exactly. If Punchie and I had had time, we would have driven out to this place, but we were just leaving for the coast."

"Why didn't Punchie's wife go?" asked Dixie.

"She wouldn't leave that angel baby. Our hearts sank when we said good-bye to her one lovely October day. We stepped on to the Soo train to go west. I shall never forget that day. There was a haze over the prairie, and the air was warm like early September. We sat on the back of the observation-car, as we pulled out from the big railway yards with their crowds of labourers at work making them still larger. Punchie's head was bobbing to engineers and train hands. Moose Jaw is a very friendly place. In a short time, I became almost hypnotized in looking at the two straight shining lines of track behind us. Not a curve, not a rise — dead level. 'The straight level line wins,' is a railway saying."

"What does that mean?" asked Dixie.

"That it pays the railway to seek the level," replied Judy. "For example, when the railroads were first constructed, they were in some places built curved and ascending. Now the lines, in order to ease curves, eliminate grades and overcome rises, spend millions to save other millions in running expenses. Punchie told me to take my dazzled eyes from the miles of track, and look for antelope, and prairie dogs and coyotes. Years ago, I used to hear the latter howling at night round the big stock ranches in Southern California. However, I saw none on this trip. I did see plenty of ducks, notably on big Rush Lake which is a great resort of theirs, and of swans, geese and pelicans. The ducks were dear — and weren't they having a good time with no gunners near. I never got tired of watching the little dark creatures bobbing and diving. After passing more lakes and ponds, and the pretty little stream of Swift Current, we came to a place called Maple Creek. I admired this town, for it was stepping out with its best foot foremost, and instead of having its ugliest, dirtiest part near the station, there was a nice long garden, and behind it rows of fine looking stores and buildings, turning their faces, instead of their backs, to the railway track. This town is largely supported by cattle ranching and when we left it, our train skirted the northern base of the Cypress Hills where we saw the cattle and horses luxuriating in the rich valleys, ample groves and well-watered plains that abound in juicy grasses they love so well. All the country along here is a joy to the stockmen's hearts."

"It must have been an aggravation to you with your enquiring mind," said Firefly, "not to be able to leave the train at all these places."

"It was," replied Judy, "and I resolved to go back again as soon as I possibly could. I screamed at something I saw at Maple Creek that I had never seen before. 'Punchie,' I said, look — there is a man trotting a pair of oxen harnessed to a cart, and they have bits in their mouths. I want to get out and drive with him.'

"'That's a common sight,' he said coolly. 'I wish he'd have a runaway, so you could see how those fellows go when they got the bits in their teeth.'

"This was a Soo train we were on, and some of the Americans were much amused with those oxen. It started them talking of their western towns. One man with a nice drawling voice said he had a friend in a prairie town, and he was the whole show there. If there was a wedding he had to be the bride, and if there was a funeral, he had to be the corpse. Then he said this friend was the most optimistic man the Lord ever made. When a fire came and burnt down his barn, he said, 'It was an old one. I was just going to build a dandy.' Next winter a blizzard took his stock. His neighbors came to console. 'It was a scrubby lot of animals,' he said, 'I was just going to buy a new set.' Next misfortune was to get his feet frozen, then amputated. Now the neighbors said, 'He'll begin to confound the climate,' but when they visited him, he said, 'Glad to get rid of my feet — the blamed things were always cold, anyway.'

"This man's next story was about Newfoundland — the stubborn colony that will not come into the Dominion of Canada."

"Why, I thought it was in,' said Firefly.

"So do most people," replied Judy, "but it isn't. Well, this man said he was a lumber merchant, and had been speculating in the wilds of Newfoundland."

"Ever been there, Judy?" asked Firefly.

"Yes, in St. John's, the capital, "not back where the lumber camps are."

"Are there any railways in Newfoundland?" asked Biddy.

"Yes, one narrow gauge right across it."

"Didn't you and Punchie talk to anyone?" asked Dixie.

"Talk! — I defy you to set Punchie down anywhere that he won't find a friend, or a friend's friend, or make a friend. I believe if the passenger cars were empty, he'd climb into the cab and talk to the fireman. We had frequent parties — breakfast, luncheon and dinner — no running out to secure guests. They were all on the spot — antipodeans, hyperboreans, transmontanes, and acquaintances, friends and neighbors.

"The latter part of that afternoon closed in a glorious haze. We were approaching Medicine Hat, the town that was born lucky according to Rudyard Kipling. They have so much natural gas that they let the street lights burn all day, that being cheaper than to put them out. It looks so clean inside the big stoves. I opened one to burn an old newspaper, but drew back my hand when I saw the one clean jet of flame inside. No ashes, no dust — what a blissful sort of fire."

"You could never see things in that fire," said Marigold dreamily. "Castles, and knights, and horses, and forests and hobgoblins——"

"I could," said Firefly sharply, "I'd see a doughty knight galloping through a wood on the back of his trusty charger, and in his good right hand was a lance, and before him fled the spectres of Poverty, Hunger and Dirt, and beside his path would rise up women shadows and child shadows, and oppressed men shadows to call him blessed. Cheap fuel is a Godsend to the poor."

"There's no Poverty, Hunger and Dirt in Medicine Hat," said Judy, "not for the honest and hard-working people. All about is a magnificent mixed farming district. Small fruits abound, and the Government has one of its grand demonstration farms. Here also is a station of those good fellows the Mounted Police. There are brick plants, flour mills, and extensive greenhouses, and the big asset of the Saskatchewan River which is navigable for eight hundred and twenty miles to Lake Winnipeg — also they have a light snowfall, and a short winter, and six thousand happy inhabitants growing to sixty thousand."

"Another place I'd like to go to," sighed Peanuts.

"Keep it in mind, for Punchie and I are coming back to it," said Judy. "On this particular evening, we walked up and down the platform in the blazing gas light, watching the kaleidscopic combination of forms and colors. So many persons that night seemed to be gaily dressed. The immigrant women had dashes of reds and yellows, and some of the girls and women belonging to the place must have been on their way home from some festivities, for their gowns were light and pretty. One woman in a cream embroidered suit, looked as if she had stepped off Fifth Avenue. It was warm and pleasant, and we sauntered to and fro a long time before our train started. Punchie went away to send a telegram, and I stepped up to our dining-car where the white-jacketed waiters were loitering about the steps watching the merry crowd enjoying themselves in the warm evening air.

"It was fifteen minutes past twenty-three o'clock when we left Medicine Hat, and I simply dropped into bed. I think we had all better do likewise."

CHAPTER XVII.

Mysterious Callers.

Firefly was in the most extraordinary state of excitement. It was six o'clock on the evening of the next day, and she was tip-toeing about her room, her black eyes blazing, her cheeks on fire. She could not keep still, and ranged between her mirror where she threw surreptitious glances at herself, and a half-open door dividing her room from Mara's.

The Jewish girl sat reading quietly in the firelight by her open grate. There was a journal of constructive philanthropy in her hand, and her expression was anxious and concerned.

Firefly shook her head as she glanced at her, and finally crept quietly to another door, and slipped out into the hall.

Bradford House, like many another Boston boarding house, had different prices for the rooms on different floors. Firefly, who shared some of Mara's privileges, was on the second floor which with the one above, was tenanted mostly by older women enjoying incomes as business and professional workers. None of them belonged to the younger set in the Pilgrim Circle, the members of which roomed on the upper or the next to the upper floor.

Firefly crept quietly to the top hall bed-room of the house, and tapped on the door.

"Come in," said a voice, and entering, the girl found herself face to face with Judy who was putting on a black silk gown.

Firefly looked her disapproval, "What are you donning that old thing for?"

"Because I feel black," said Judy snappishly. "Have had a hateful day, and lots of letters with calamity in each one."

"Is that so," said Firefly thoughtfully, and she gazed round the neat little apartment with its big radiator, good-sized book shelves and table, and the dainty bed. "If your salary were raised, Judy, would you take a larger room?"

"Why should I — I'm comfortable enough here, and I'm away a lot."

"I wish you'd put on your dove-colored dress to-night," said Firefly.

Judy stopped dressing, and stared at her. "My nerves are all on edge. I don't feel like obliging anyone — open the door, will you. There's someone knocking."

Firefly took a letter from a maid. Then she suppressed a smile as her quick eye caught an address on the corner of the envelope. "Luck turns," she observed. "Perhaps there's some good news in this epistle for you."

Judy ripped open the envelope with irritable fingers, and began to murmur fragments aloud, "From my chief — can I go to Buenos Ayres on short notice — six months' trip — Latin American, arousing attention — political complications — allowance for trip. Why, Firefly," she said raising a beaming face, "This is luck — Another trip and lots of money — Certainly I'll put on my dove-colored gown, and my pearl pendant. Anything to oblige a friend."

If Judy had not been so preoccupied, she would have noticed the curious manner in which Firefly took the news. The western girl asked not a single question, but plunged into her own affairs. "Judy, I have something to tell you."

"What is it dearest?"

"Mara's father is here from New York. He is going to drop in to-night, and bring a friend with him, another elderly man."

"Well?" said Judy as Firefly hesitated.

"I want them to have a good time —an extra good time," said the western girl impressively. "Promise me that you won't get a dreamy fit, or a contrary fit. Do anything I want you to in the way of amusing these visitors."

"You've got something in the back of your mind that you don't want me to see," said Judy shrewdly. "Hook me up, like a dear. I promise to be good."

Firefly's hand was shaking, and Judy twisted her head over her shoulder to look at her. "What's the matter with you, Duckie?"

"Nothing."

"Oh! Femina!" laughed Judy. "You mean everything. I'll follow your lead, provided you tell me 'nothing' after our callers go."

"I agree," said Firefly briefly. "Now Judy make the girls sing, or play, or do anything I indicate."

"Make them," said Judy with a gesture, "they're as stubborn as little pigs."

"Pigs can be coaxed."

Judy began to grunt impishly, and Firefly fled from the room.

An hour later, the girls were all assembled in the big New England kitchen. "What's the matter with them all?" murmured Judy as she surveyed her chattering bevy of friends. "They've all put on their prettiest frocks without a murmur — usually they growl — and they're all in the wildest spirits. They act as if they'd all had a raise."

Firefly was standing near enough to hear the latter part of Judy's soliloquy, and she turned away to hide a smile.

Judy was surveying the decorations. Someone had sent out a hurried order for potted plants. They were exquisite, and her eye rested lovingly on the bank of heavy-headed, odorous hyacinths in one corner, and the blazing poinsettias in another, standing straight and stiff like scarlet soldiers against a background of fir boughs. The room was really quite sylvan, and there was not one cut flower, except a single red rose in the breast of Firefly's pale yellow gown that she covered with her hand whenever Jane's eye fell on her. Jane hated to see a flower taken from its stalk. "It's life is all too short without the cruel knife," she frequently said.

Suddenly some one called Judy's attention to the doorway. A maid stood there, and behind her were two elderly men. Accompanied by Mara and Firefly, Judy went to meet them.

"Father," said the Jewish girl softly, and she put her hand in that of the gray-bearded melancholy man who stooped and kissed her on both cheeks.

"Good evening Mr. Ostro," said Firefly shaking hands with him, "this is our Club President, Miss Alden."

Judy put her hand into the long, lean hard one of the tired-looking man, and said frankly, "Welcome to the Pilgrim Circle. We all love your daughter."

Firefly's face was a study as she looked into the shrewd eyes of the Jewish financier, and said "Your friend's name?"

He gave her a glance of perfect intelligence that was intercepted by the observing Judy, as she caught the name, "Mr. Bertwin."

Judy greeted Mr. Bertwin politely, but wondered inwardly at the friendship between him and the tall, gaunt, unpretentious Jew. Mr. Bertwin was dapper, smooth, of medium height, courteous though not polished in manner, exquisitely dressed, and with a diamond ring on his finger. His eyes were hard and inscrutable. Judy knew him by reputation. He was a rich, well-known merchant of Boston city, and reported to be merciless and unscrupulous in his dealings with his fellow men.

"If I had a bargain to make, I'd make it with the Jew," she reflected, while she said aloud, "My friends will wish to meet you."

After she took the two men round the circle of girls, she looked at Firefly whose restless eyes were going to and fro like shafts of lightning. Judy, loving and understanding her as no other person in the room did, not even Mara, saw that she was laboring under intense mental excitement, and at once plunged into the easy management of affairs.

She would have loved to question their guests about themselves, but too well trained to be guilty of this unconventionality, she said genially, "I daresay Mr. Ostro and Mr. Bertwin would like to know something about this Club. Visitors always ask what we are, and why we came together."

Both men had been gazing intently about the room — at its unusual furnishings, and at the circle of bright-faced maidens gracing it most of all, and both smiled assent as Judy spoke.

"The Pilgrim Circle was formed eight years ago," she said, "by some young girls of Pilgrim or Puritan ancestry. They were lonely in their rooms in the evening, and were too tired to go out, so they petitioned for this room at the top of the house, and furnished it. The Club is purely social, and now we have dropped the Pilgrim ancestry qualification."

(Continued)

TURKEY'S WARNING

Constantinople. — Turkey sent notices to all the Powers to-day, that if Italy resumes offensive operations in Turkish waters, as threatened, the Ottoman Government will be compelled to take defensive measures, which cannot but endanger neutral shipping.

Tall!

Mike: "And have they tall buildings in America, Pat?"

Pat: "Tall buildings, have they? Faith, indade, the last one I worked on we had to lay on our stomachs to let the moon pass!"

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WHEN THE BEAVER BITES

A young beaver in Regents Park Gardens, London, was once placed at work upon a tree twelve feet long and two feet six inches thick, just as the town clocks sounded the hour of noon. The beaver began by barking the tree a foot above the ground. That done, he attacked the wood. He worked hard, alternating his labor with dips in his bathing-pond. He bathed and labored alternately until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when he ate his supper of bread and carrots and paddled about in his pond until half-past 5 o'clock. Ten minutes later, when only one inch of the tree's diameter remained intact, he bore again upon his work, and the tree fell. Before it fell the beaver ran as men run when they have fired a blast. Then, as the tree lay on the ground, he portioned it out mentally and again began to gnaw.

He worked at intervals all night; cut the log into three parts, rolled two of the portions into the water, and reserved the other third for his permanent shelter.

Helps Keep Him Good

In Japan it is not wise for a young man to neglect the maid he is courting.

When a Japanese girl has been slighted by her lover she revenges herself according to the following quaint custom. In the dawn of the early morning she rises, and puts on a white robe and white clogs. Round her neck she hangs a small mirror, which falls to her breast, and on her head she puts a metal crown with three points each point bearing a lighted candle.

In her left hand she carries a small figure of straw or rags — supposed to represent her unfaithful lover — and this she nails to one of the sacred trees surrounding the family shrine. She then prays for the death of the man, vowing that if this comes to pass, she will pull out the nails which are hurting the sacred tree, and make offerings to comfort her family god.

Every night she comes to the shrine, strikes in two more nails, and makes the same prayer, her idea being that the god to save his tree from further injury will kill her lover.

The Girl Who Loved Him

Story of a Commencement Season

By Thomas R. Dean

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Commencement was but a couple of months away, and I was very busy getting my classes ready for the exercises, when Laura Warren, a senior of the Woman's college, remained after lecture one afternoon to ask me some questions about her graduation speech. Miss Warren was to have the salutatory oration, which is always spoken in Latin. She had become very proficient in the Latin language and literature and selected for the subject of her commencement oration "Augustus Caesar, the Founder of the Roman Empire."

"What, professor," she said, "do you think I would better hold up to the audience as the prominent feature of Augustus' character?"

"That, living in an age of magnificence and luxury, he personally maintained simplicity of living."

"He built or commenced that marvelous structure the palace of the Caesars."

"But lived and died in the house in which he was born. He never left it for its splendid additions."

Miss Warren did not seem to have heard my reply. She appeared to be

HER BEAUTIFUL ORBS SANK TO MINE.

thinking of something else. I asked her what was on her mind.

"Suppose," she replied, "instead of Augustus I take for my subject some pure, noble Roman woman, one with a love story in her life?"

"It would be a more interesting theme to your audience."

Miss Warren smiled. I asked what amused her.

"Professor," she replied, "it does not occur to you that my audience will not understand one word of my oration."

"Really. I did not think of that."

"You are so immersed in the affairs of the Romans that you live some sixteen or seventeen centuries ago. You are singularly oblivious to what goes on about you. You would be of great assistance to me in an oration on Augustus, but if I chose a theme based on the love of a Roman maiden you would be useless to me."

"Why so?" I asked, surprised.

"Because you know nothing about love. You do not even know that one of the students in this college loves you."

"Loves me?"

"She has given you her whole heart."

"Who is she?"

"You surely wouldn't have me betray the poor girl. But enough of this. I came to consult you about my oration and should not have spoken of a private matter. I shall not speak on 'Augustus.' I have a topic, much used, it is true, but one that excites powerful emotions, 'a vestal virgin who loved and suffered the frightful penalty attached to the crime of a vestal's loving.'"

Miss Warren left me with a smile on her very attractive lips, left me a changed man. Up to this moment I had been so absorbed in the ancients that I had taken no thought of the moderns, and, as for the matter of love, I did not know what it meant. My pupil had awakened an interest in it that struck home. Some girl loved me. Why, I was thirty-five, bald, wore spectacles and was an acknowledged bookworm, a wizened specimen of a man without one attractive feature.

Miss Warren came up to me after lecture again in a few days to tell me that she would not select for her topic a vestal who broke her vows, but one who when the Roman people were going over to Christianity in crowds joined the throng. I told Miss Warren that if she vacillated among so many subjects she would have no oration at all. Instead of being impressed with my caution she laughed and submitted several more topics—"The Conspiracy of Catiline," "The Death of Jugertha," "Was Romulus a Myth?" If I favored one of these topics she inclined toward another. At last, finding it impossible to concentrate her mind on any one of them, I gave up trying. The truth is I wished to ask her again which one of the girls she had referred to in her former conversation with me, but I considered such a subject between professor and student interdicted, and, since she had refused to tell me before, I had no hope of her telling me now.

So passed the time till within a month of commencement. One day when I dismissed my class I called Miss Warren up to my desk and asked her how she was getting on with her oration. She smiled and said she was still hunting for a subject. I strove to impress upon her the necessity of a decision, whereupon she said she was thinking of taking for a theme a girl of Pompeii who loved a man and was pondering on a modest way to let him know it when the dreaded volcano of Vesuvius opened, buried the city under ashes, and the man with it.

I looked so lugubrious at this indirect reference to my own case that Miss Warren smiled. That smile upset me. I didn't know whether I was a professor coaching a student or a man with an unsolvable love problem to deal with. Was it sympathy for this unknown girl who loved me or was I in love with the unknown girl? Nonsense! How could I be in love with an unknown person?

I was conscious of appearing a fool while Miss Warren stood looking at the floor in that respectful attitude which a student is supposed to maintain in the presence of a professor. At the same time there remained a tiny curve at the corners of her mouth and a soft look in her eye that puzzled and at the same time made me feel very queer.

"Select my topic for me, professor," she said. "I will use any you name, and I am sure that with the feeling ever present that it is your choice I shall write a good oration."

I wondered what she meant by that.

"In that case I will choose the one you first named, 'Augustus Caesar.'"

From this time Miss Warren took hold of the matter seriously. She consulted me constantly, and as I saw her oration grow up under my encouragement and influenced here and there by my suggestions my interest in the young oratress constantly increased. I forgot about the girl who had honored me with her love and began to wish that Miss Warren might stand in her place.

On commencement day, when the salutatorian stood up in the attire of a girl graduate—spotless white—and in a melodious voice spoke in a language that died many centuries ago, I listened in rapt attention. I was familiar with it all, but as I listened to the words come forth, every one enunciated musically, it seemed to me that no language has ever been so beautiful, so impressive, as that of Cicero and of Horace.

Once only the speaker cast her eyes down upon me, sitting with other members of the faculty just beneath her, when uttering a sentence in which she had made an error and which I had corrected for her. Instead of the Latin word "amare," "to love," she had used the word "amavi," "I have loved." Her beautiful orbs sank to mine only for a moment, then were raised to the throng.

I could not but be astonished that an oration so beautifully delivered and so well composed should have produced so little effect. But when I remembered that I and possibly one or two others alone understood what the speaker was talking about my surprise faded into a regret that the audience could not have enjoyed it as I did.

I did not see Miss Warren after the delivery of her speech, but called upon her that evening—before her intended departure—to congratulate her upon its merits. I found her expecting me, and so enthusiastic was I over her effort of the day that, taking her hand to express my enthusiasm, I found it difficult to release it. When I did so she led me to seats where we could sit side by side, and I went over her oration, repeating sentence after sentence in rapture.

I was surprised that she did not show evidence of being especially pleased at my She listened somewhat impatiently to them and when I rested for breath said:

"Do you wish me to tell you before I go the name of that girl who has given you her heart?"

"No; I don't."

We were sitting close together, she bending forward, toying with some ornamental work on the skirt of her dress, so that my eyes fell upon the curves of her waist. Something—I know not what—got into my arm, and without my consent it dropped upon the waist. For a moment I was frightened; but, seeing that she paid no attention to what I had done, I took courage.

What else occurred during that eventful evening I consider too sacred to give. I have written it out in a dead language, which no one but myself is likely to understand. Before we parted I said to her:

"Since we are betrothed, perhaps you may not object to tell me who is the girl who has given me her heart."

"Don't trouble yourself about her," she replied. "She is not worthy of so guileless a man."

All this happened years ago, and I have since learned how stupid I was not to even suspect that the salutatorian of that year, having become attached to a bookworm, was obliged to turn his attention from the dead languages to herself or leave him to his books. She cared not for Augustus or the vestals or any other of the persons she proposed to make her theme. There was a living person of more importance to her than even the dead emperor. That person, I am proud to say, was the bookworm—myself.

WILL POINT THE TRUE NORTH

Compass of Columbus' Days Getting Closed Out, Recent Gyroscope Improvements Helping Man Steer Safer Course.

The magnetic compass, which has been in use by every mariner who sailed the sea since Columbus, is nearing the end of its usefulness, at least for steam vessels. The Bureau of Navigation of the United States has decided that it must go. In its place there is being installed in the warships, the gyroscope compass, which it is said is so far superior to the magnetic compass that they are not in the same class.

So long as ships were built of wood the magnetic compass was as good a guide as the mariner needed, though its shortcomings were such that to understand its use required much study. To begin with, the magnetic compass, except on a single meridian of longitude, does not point to the North Pole, for the very obvious reason that the magnetic North Pole is many hundreds of miles to the south of it. The effect of this is seen in the fact that in Iceland the compass needle points almost due west and in Northern Alaska due east. Because of this, allowance must be made for variations before one may know where lies the true north, or before he may discover what allowance to make latitude and longitude must be known.

An examination of the gyro compass shows that its most wonderful feature, next to the way it finds the north, is the tenacity with which it holds it. A magnetic compass is held to its position by a force so slight that a breath will disturb it. The power that holds the gyro to the meridian, on the other hand, is more than 7,000 times as great.

GERMANY IN THE HOLY LAND

It is undeniable that the Holy Land is gradually being Germanized. More than two-thirds of the philanthropic institutions in the way of churches, missions, hospitals, and hospices are in the hands of the Germans. The leading polytechnics, public schools and educational institutes are also governed by them, while quite large German colonies are now to be found in Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Jaffa, and other places. Recent excavations of any importance have been carried out by the Germans, who also virtually control the country's trade. It is well known that the finest and purest bitumen is obtained here, also quantities of excellent sulphur. According to Professor Blackenhorn's report, copper mines have been worked near the south end of the Dead Sea in Byzantine times; and also marble porphyry, and other fine classes of stone are to be found there as well as phosphates.

It has also been stated by American experts that evidences of coal and oil are very apparent. Salt is found in great quantities; but upon this the government holds a monopoly with the curious result that salt is at present imported from Smyrna and England.

If it is true that every man has his price, it is equally true that few of them are worth it.

LOCALS.

Miss Moore is taking a vacation in Victoria.

Mr. Alex Johnston's new auto seems to run well and well it ought to.

Messrs McGowan, McLean and Scotsvoild spent a few days in Victoria last week

Messrs, Sparrow, King and Gernaey spent Wednesday at New Westminster.

Mrs. Len McPhee returned home from Bellingham this week, where she visited her parents

The Abbotsford Lumber Company report this last month the largest in the history of that company.

Who has not been tempted to steal a lead pencil, when opportunity affords? Didn't you miss a black one?

Mr. W. Longfellow returned from the South on Tuesday, where he attended the meeting of the Shriners. He looks well after his trip.

The Presbyterian Sunday School held their picnic on Tuesday afternoon, everyone enjoying the outing although the excitement had been delayed since last week

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

Mr. H. McArthur, principal of our public school, has decided to leave Abbotsford at the close of the present term. All will be sorry to hear that he has decided to make a change as he is thought a great deal of by both the pupils and their parents.

INCREASED SCHOOL ATTENDANCE

The present indicatuons are that there will be a necessity for a fourth teacher for the Abbotsford school at the beginning of the next term. So many new settlers are coming into the district urrounding Abbotsford that the three teachers will be unable to handle them. Increased school attendance is a good indicator of the growth of the community.

JUNE BRIDES IN SIGHT

It will soon be time for the June brides, at least one would almost suppose so if he were to visit the Abbotsford Bakery. It is quietly intimated at the present time our genial baker has in his charge the making of some half dozen wedding cakes for brides-to-be during the coming months. "He will have more" he says, "once these leave the shop." Asked as to what the names of the happy participants were, he intimated that it was a secret which he was not in a position to reveal. This paper hopes to give a full report of the weddings in later issues.

MATSQUI COUNCIL

(Continued From Page One)

half of Lot 44.

Councillor Bell gave notice of motion to introduce a by-law to gazette a road from township line road, south, between D. L. 20-23 and N. W. 1-4 sec. 35. Tp. 16, also at the council meeting on June 8th, a rate bylaw for municipal and school expenses, 1912.

The clerk was instructed to write Mr. C. Alverson giving him 30 days notice to give up to the council the planking on the old bridge on Glenmore road, also on the proposition of Councillor Bell the C. P. R. be written to for an underhead crossing at Fore Road.

On the Valley Road it was agreed to expend $100 from near to Riverside across the prairie under the trestle on the C. P. R.

On financial business the clerk reported the receipt of $87 from the treasury, expenses incurred with the removal of an insane man, which he had been endeavoring to obtain for over a year, and the following accounts were ordered paid:

Work on McLain road, $87; Crist $230; Ferguson, 1.75, J. Smith, 10 Fisher, $9.10; Hanson, 6.00; Rigot, $5.00; Maple Grove Lumber Co., $100.20; Auditor's fees, 30.00; Powder, $618.25; Hill & Burnett, 1.00; Henderson, part account, $67.55; McNab & Gillett, $12.35; B. C. Gazette, $8.00; C. M. C. salary and office expenses $86.45; bounty on musk rat tails, $27.00. A cheque was ordered drawn in favor of W. A. McLean to be paid on receipt of deeds.

The council decided to lay over till next meeting the Trade Licence by-law, but adopted and finally passed the Marsh Hill-Glen Valley Hill Road, Boyle Road and Road Tax By-laws.

In concluding the business of the day, it was decided to obtain 23,000 shingles from North Brook Shingle Co.; to refer tenders for culvert to the special meeting on June 1st and to appoint Mr. Jas. Gibson, C. M. C. as Road Tax Collector.

Happy Lives

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

The Abbotsford Bakery

ALBERT LEE, PROPRIETOR

ORCHARD PESTS AND THEIR CONTROL

For the purpose of study and of treatment, Orchard Pests may be divided into four great classes.

1. Insect pests, such as the Aphis Caterpillars, the Oyster-shell Bark Louse and the Tent Caterpillar.

2. Fungus Pests, such as Apple Scab and Peach Leaf Curl.

3. Bacterial diseases, such as the Pear Blight.

4. Physiological diseases, such as Cherry-tree Gumosis, Fruit Pit and Water Core.

INSECT PESTS. Before destroying any insect affecting the orchard three points should be carefully observed.

1. Whether it is actually injurious or beneficial. Many insects such as the Lady Beetles and the Syrphus Flies, are of great benefit Watch closely and determine the form of injury.

2. With injurious insects, note the manner in which the food is absorbed, particularly whether from the surface or whether by suction from below it.

3. Decide on the most vulnerable point in the insect's life history

For general purposes of control by spraying, insects may be divided into two classes:

First—Biting Insects, provided with biting jaws adapted to chewing food. These are usualy controlled by covering the plant with a stomach poison, such as Arsenic in a suitable form

Second—Sucking Insects. Are more difficult to control. They are provided with sharp beaks, with which they pierce the surface and draw their food in the form of plant juices from below it. There is no way of reaching them with a stomach poison, just as a mosquito, which is one of this class, cannot be poisoned by Paris Green. The Aphis and the various scale insects are our principal foes in this class For Sucking Insects we, therefore, use a contact insecticide, that is, one which will kill the insect by touching it, either by filling up the breathing pores, which are situated along the sides of the body, as with Kerosene Emulsion, or by the general caustic action of the spray, as with Lime Sulphur. To get results with contact insecticides, every single insect must be covered. With stomach insecticides, we spray to cover the entire surface liable to injury. With contact insecticides, we spray to cover every insect.

Most insects have four stages in their life history:

First—The egg.

Second—The larval, or worm form which is the period of growth, and during which most insects do their injury.

Third—The pupal form, usually a resting form, and usually invulnerable in practice.

Fourth—The adult or perfect form

In the case of the Tent Caterpillar, for instance, the eggs are deposited in the Fall, in a mass, surrounding a young twig, and coated with a waterproof covering. The winter spray usually does them little harm. The eggs hatch in the spring, the larva or caterpillar growing rapidly on the young leaves. This is evidently the time to destroy it with a stomach poison as it is a biting insect. The Codling Moth is another example. The egg is laid on the surface of the leaf or fruit, and is not vulnerable to any practicable spray. As the young larva hatches out, it may feed for a few days on the surface of the leaf but usually it makes its first meal on the surface of the fruit, generally in the calyx end. As we have no means of attacking it unless it has penetrated the fruit, it is evident that some stomach poison must be administered with its first meal. This we secure by an arsenical spray, thoroughly applied just after the blossoms fall. We have no means of attacking the pupil form, despite many trials. With a knowledge of the principal facts concerning the life history of any pest, we are able to determine possible and practicable methods of control.

(To be continued)

Dr. Swift is opening an office on Pine Street.

BIRTH—To Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Bates, on May 19th, a son

Constable Faulkner has returned from the Fraser Canyon, where he spent some time as guardian of the peace among the I. W. W.'s. Mr. Faulkner looks well.

Mrs. E. Brooke, of Victoria, wife of our esteemed merchant, spent a few days in Abbotsford. During her short stay here, which is her first visit to Abbotsford, Mrs Brooke thinks Abbotsford all right.

Mr. E. Redfern Turner, of Vancouver, who will have charge of the entertainment in the Maple Leaf Hall on Saturday, June 8th spend the week ends in Abbotsford during the summer. On Sundays he will have charge of the Episcopal church choir; and while in Abbotsford will take any pupils, who may desire to have his instruction. The "Kinderspiel" will be a fine introduction for Mr. Turner, to the people of Abbotsford, who all appreciate musical entertainments of a high class. Mr. Turner has a national reputation as a teacher and musician. For seven years he was vocal instructor in the Lombardi Conservatory of Music, Milan, Italy; and assistant choir master of the Roman Catholic cathedral for five years. He now resides in Vancouver where he is well and favorably known.

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

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.

An Interesting Watch.

An interesting horlogical, sidereal novelty has been perfected by the Rev. Daniel B. Marsh, D.Sc., F.R.A.S. The watch contains many ingenious features, and is conceded to be a striking example of timekeeping mechanism. It is adjusted to five positions, fully jewelled with twenty-one rubies, compensated for temperature, and owing to the special construction of the face-mechanism there is no lost motion in the hands. The watch has been acquired already by the leading observatories of Canada, and is being manufactured in Switzerland, the watch-makers of that country alone having proved equal to the delicate nature of the task imposed, so as to bring it within the reach of all.

Safety Window Cleaner.

The invention consists of a wire frame made to clip the window cloth. To the frame is attached a long band of webbing, which passes over trolleys running along the top and bottom of the window-frame and continues right down the inside of the window. There is obviously no danger in cleaning the outside of a window with this invention, as, of course, the pad is moved to and fro, up, down, or sideways, entirely by the manipulation of the webbing strap on the inside of the room. The necessary pressure upon the surface of the window is obtained by springs, and in obstinate cases the busy maid can of course revert to that well-known domestic dodge of adding a little methylated spirit to the water.

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