LANGLEY

F ROM the first, Langley was a farm. Before the fir had drawn the lumbermen, or fisherm n had found the values of the finny denizens of the river, Langley Prairie was provisioning the horses and men who were at work opening up the country.

The old Hudson's Bay factors from the fort found its possibilities, and made there the first farm in the Valley.

No choice of pioneers has been so amply justified. The farm of a hundred years ago is a multitudinous farm today, pouring its productions in seasonal succession into the cities of the coast that have sprung up since. Premier in priority, it has continued to be premier in productivity and is known through the Dominion as premier in quality of its products. From feeding the little Fort settlement of the early days it has enlarged its fences to meet the ever-growing demands of urbanity, and is regarded today as one of the chief garden-patches on which the tables of the town depend.

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This farm-famed district is but ten miles from New Westminster, and twenty-two from Vancouver—within an hour by auto truck with its eggs and milk, and when the aerial express of the near future is operating its fruit can be laid on the restaurant breakfast table before the dew has had time to evaporate.

The south bank of the Fraser makes a dyke-fence on the north— the fence on the south is but an imaginary one, though of stern reality to officials of Customs and Immigration, and the area thus enclosed by the Charter of the Municipality is about 75,532 acres.

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The homeseeker of the future who comes to Langley to spy out the land could, from an eminence or airplane, see a panorama of varied scenery and activity.

From the river southward he would first notice the old Fort on a rising knoll, now nestling in hoary seclusion among a colony of bright residences that resemble an old country village Eastward of the Fort will be seen a bay of rich alluvial soil left by an age-old turn of the Fraser, now a pocket of prosperous f rms, well described in its nan e of Glen Valley.

Above the first benches lie the broad black a res of the old prairie, dotted with dairy herds and barns, netted with roads, rails, and wires, gleaming streams winding wantonly, little centres clustered round railroad stations and road corners, a level plateau of thriving activity.