



Town of Aldergrove from the west, showing saw mill in background

The elegantly constructed, sumptuously furnished electric cars that now pass through several times daily, offering greater comfort than is to be had on any of the city lines in British Columbia, mark an epoch in the history of this potentially great stretch of country. The wheezy whistle of the brakes, as the first Great Northern train came to a stop in front of the comfortable station, seemed to whisper to the patient residents who had waited long: "Well, I've been a long time coming, but I'm here at last." One grizzled old timer, who was held fast by his fertile fields and the glorious climate of Aldergrove since the days when the gold seekers passed through on the Yale Road to the Cariboo gold fields, was heard to say, "Well, there's surely the latest train in the world—it should have been here twenty years ago."

At last the missing link was supplied—Aldergrove had transportation. Though it was a long time coming, had seen men grow old waiting for it—the important fact remained—it was here now. So everybody was happy and real progress and prosperity began.

What a marvellous force for development is a railroad, when one comes to ponder on the happiness it's coming is always the advance agent of, and compare them with conditions of the past?

The Uganda Railroad has done more to civilize Africa than all the work of all the missionaries in two thousand years.

Railroads give new environments, and men as a body, are changed only by this. The railroad places the farmer and his consumer on a trading basis—it takes away the soil's products and brings back the money. The railroad stands for peace, prosperity and enlightenment—for does not the railroad and the schoolhouse go hand in hand?

Of what value was the fertile soil surrounding Aldergrove, to its owners, were it capable of producing crops such as the world had never known, with no facilities for taking the products to where they were needed.