The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1922

COMING ALONG

Talk of the country; it's coming along.
Help it a bit with a smile and a song.
Feel that you trust it and say it right out,
Canada knows what she's talking about.

Talk of the country,
You better be sure
It's going to grow,
And it's bound to endure.

Talk of the country; don't feel the alarm
Of those that are seeking to do it some harm.
Just you believe that it's right, and you'll find
There are lots of your neighbors exactly your mind.

Talk of the country,
No use to fear
The taunt of the cynic,
The scoff and the sneer.

Talk of your country; it's fine as you'd wish;
Dubbing and kunning, it's old flag awaish.
Its heart in communion with right and with truth,
Strong in each muscle and sound in each tooth.

Talk of the country;
It's coming along.
Help it a bit
With a smile and a song.

Found in a Fire

By Florence Milner

WHEN FREDERICK FATTON finally arrived, a freshman at Harvard, he had had more than the ordinary preparatory school training. As a small boy he had gone with his family for the summers to a delightful resort on Lake Michigan. The usual amusements of the other children had not appealed to him. He liked swimming, but the parties where he had to "dress up" and the plaudit that meant girls, were things to be dodged.

His one delight was the engine that hauled the bobtailed train between the beach and Holland, six miles away. He made friends with the engineer and was never so happy as when, in blue overalls, with face and hands grown begrimed, he was allowed to spend the day in the cab. He learned to handle throttles and at last achieved the proud hour when he was allowed to run the engine all the way to Holland.

When he went away to preparatory school he found a new but kindred interest. A block from Decker University School was an engine house. He courted the firemen and soon was given the liberty of the place. Occasionally they let him ride on the engine or hook and ladder truck if he were on hand when the alarm came in.

At school it became a recognized privilege for "Pat" as they called him, to go to a fire if he didn't happen to be in recitation. If he were, the slight of his distress sometimes touched the teacher—if he were the right sort it did—and he would say, "Run along, Pat, but come to me this evening and make up the lesson."

Pat always played fair and never failed to report, but he never missed a fire if he could help it. Whenever a general alarm sounded, a general cry went up, "Where's Pat? There's a fire!"

In the new and absorbing activities of college, these earlier interests were shoved aside and he thought little of locomotives or fire engines. Frederick was the only one of his class to enter Harvard. When he saw the close comradeship existing between the men who had entered together from the same school, he often wished that some one of his old D. U. S. pals had come with him. A young man needs a good chum, someone with the same interests, the same ideals, with whom to talk over the great things they are going to accomplish when they get out of college.

He had drawn for a roommate a fellow from a small town near Boston, who was happy only when he had his nose in a book or could talk about his ancestors. Frederick was too much alive to take kindly to that kind of association. He was fortunate in his faculty adviser so his schedule of studies was vital and interesting. He went out for freshman football and for the crew, and had thrown himself thoroughly into general college life so far as it opened to him. But, in spite of all this, he often found himself lonely.

There was to be an hour exam in English "A" the next morning. Frederick had spent the evening in the Farnsworth Room in one of the big, easy-chairs, trying to finish Conrad's "Typhoon" before the library closed. He was well into the last chapter when the lights winked out as a warning for ten o'clock. In the few minutes of grace, he galloped through the remaining pages and so was the last man out. He walked slowly down the long flight of granite steps and turned toward the McKean gate. As he crossed Massachusetts Avenue, a familiar sound greeted his ears.

"One, two; one, two three, four; one," he counted as he stopped in the middle of the street regardless of street cars and automobiles.

"Fire," he said aloud, "and I don't know a single box in Cambridge!" In Detroit he could have headed straight for the fire. There was no use in starting until he had some further clue, so he listened for the first sound of the engines.

"There they come!" he shouted with all his old excitement. "Up Mt. Auburn Street!" With that he was off down Holyoke Street and met the engines as they stopped in front of Randolph.

Every window in the big dormitory was up and a head peering out in search of the fire. Smoke was pouring out of the basement in the rear and oozing through the first floor windows. The firemen, with torches, plunged into the building and ran up ladders to windows that the fire escapes didn't protect.

"Goodness! It's us!" yelled a man from the third story.

"It's us all right!" answered the top floor. "It's up to us to look after our junk!" With that he disappeared into the room.

Frederick watched his chance when the firemen were busy elsewhere and sprang up one of the extension ladders that reached to a dark window on the top floor. As his eyes came above the sill, someone switched on the lights in the room. For an instant it blinded him. When he could see, the first thing that caught his eye was a huge crimson banner on the opposite wall. From the color he thought it was a regulation Harvard banner and then there fairly jumped at him in great blue letters, D. U. S.

He plunged through the window toward it as toward an old friend. In the middle of the room he ran full head against a young man, the one evidently who had flashed on the lights.

"What are you doing in my room?" he demanded.

Frederick didn't even look at him. "Where'd you get that?" He pointed to the banner.

"Where'd you suppose? Think I stole it?"

"Did you go to old D. U. S."

"Indeed I did!"

"Eureka!" Frederick shouted as he grabbed the hand of the other. "But we can't stop to chin about it now! I came up the ladder to see if I could help save some of the stuff!"

The owner of the room tossed his green Harvard bag to Fred.

"Take that and cram all the papers on the desk into it. I'll grab a few togs." He vanished into the bedroom.

The commotion increased, shouting of the firemen outside, the throb of the engine, swift running through the halls, a steadily increasing tang of smoke argued a real fire. The desk cleared, Frederick opened the door into the hall a crack, but when heavy, acrid smoke rolled in chokingly, he knew there was no time to lose. He had had experience with smoke before, and knew how quickly it becomes overpowering.

"Here, you! We've go to get out of this mighty quick!" he shouted as he ran toward the bedroom. "Give me those." He took the armful of clothing the other had gathered. "You make one more grab and then we'll beat it."

"No, not that way!" His companion rushing from the bedroom with arms piled high, started toward the door. "Hall's full of smoke. The window for us!" He was outside before the end of the sentence with the other close behind him.

Once on the ground, the Randolph man, who had told Fred to call him "Cracker" although his real name was Harris Manning, led the way to Claverley, where they dumped their salvage into the first room, deserted at the time. They gave it a hasty toss onto the divan and hurried back to the fire. Nothing could keep Pat long away from a blaze.

The fire had gained headway in the few minutes of their absence and the flames were bursting through the windows on the second floor with black smoke pouring out above in a way to indicate that flames were close behind.

"Look, quick!" Cracker grabbed Pat, as he pointed to the window next to the one from which they had escaped.

Against a background of flickering light, stood a figure gesticulating wildly to the crowd below.

"That's my roommate, Nick Marshall! What can we do?" Cracker, pale with fright, looked helplessly at Pat.

Frederick's apprenticeship now served him. He looked for a fireman, but they were all inside or else busy elsewhere, evidently thinking everyone was out of the building.

"Come on!" Pat shouted as he ran toward the hook and ladder truck. He knew exactly where to look, found a coil of rope, which he tossed to Cracker.

Pat, with Cracker close at his heels, ran up the ladder, wound his left arm around the upright and, leaning out as far as he could, tossed the coil of rope to the trapped youth.

"Tie it tight around your waist," Pat called.

When the other had followed directions, Pat drew up the slack, fastened the rope securely to the ladder and passed the end to Cracker with directions to give it a turn around his own body.

The pole reached over to the window sill just far enough to catch on the inner side. Pat rested the other end on the round of the ladder and braced it with his own body.

"Crawl out and hang by your hands from the sill!" Pat ordered, and the prisoner obeyed in a way to show that he was a trained athlete.

"Now slide along carefully on the pole. It'll hold you all right, and anyway Cracker and I've got a good hold on the rope."

"Steady, now, Nick!" encouraged Cracker. "We're all right at this end!"

Nick began to slide his hands cautiously along on the slender pole. Inch by inch he neared the ladder, while the crowd below watched in breathless silence. Cracker, with the end of the rope twice around his body, leaned his full weight against the pole to brace it, and pat took up the slack of the rope as Nick approached.

Nick was where his outstretched hand almost reached the upright of the ladder, when the shifting of his weight away from the sill loosened the grip of the hook. A cry went up from below as the pole clattered to the ground. What could keep Nick from following. But the rope held, although the sudden tension almost jerked Pat and Cracker from the ladder.

Nick dangled for an instant in the air, swinging with the turn of the rope back and forth, like a pendulum, held by the united strength of the other two. None of them lost their heads. Nick watched his chance and caught a round of the ladder as he swung toward it. He hung by his hands long enough to recover breath, then drew himself slowly on to the ladder.

A great shout went up from the crowd as the three came down the ladder. All Randolph and many others rushed up to pound out their congratulations on broad backs and wring the hands of rescuer and rescuers. Pat suddenly found himself the centre of a crowd of Harvard students who made him feel one with them, not an outsider as before.

By this time the fire was under control, although smoke still had full possession of the building and the firemen would allow no one to enter it.

"I left all my duffle in your room, Babe," Cracker remarked to a cherubic-looking youth of the bunch. "Dumped it in at the first open door."

"That's all right! Come on over," said Babe. "You can't sleep in that place to-night. I'll bunk you on the divan where your duffle is. I mean all of you." He turned to Pat and Nick. "Can't sleep you all, but we've got to talk it over, you know."

"I'm not burned out," said Pat. "I still have a bed in the freshman dorm."

"How about oats?" asked Chick. "This rescuing business is hungry stuff." He linked his arm through Nick's. It would not become a college student to betray any greater emotion even toward the friend whose life he had recently helped save.

"I've got some grub," assented Babe. "We can dig up enough for a feed, I guess."

While he was "digging for grub," Nick explained how he had been caught in the building.

"I'd been in the library until nine o'clock. When I came home I was so dead sleepy I went into my bedroom and threw myself onto the bed. I must be some sleeper, for I never heard a sound. Woke up choking with smoke, and then it was too late to get to the stairs or a fire escape. I had just got to the windows when you saw me."

"You can thank this man for saving you. I was scared stiff and could not think of a thing to do." Cracker turned to Pat. "How'd you happen to know all those firemen tricks?"

"Don't you remember the engine house a block from old Decker? I used to live there, almost."

"Are you the fellow who was so crazy about fires?"

Pat nodded assent.

"I remember about you, now. When I was there you were in the I-wer school. You must have come int. the upper room the fall after I graduated. That's why I never knew you."

When Babe Baxter had collected "eats" they sat down to a characteristic college feed and disposed of the indigestible combination with the appetite of youth, fearless of consequences.

As they ate, Cracker and Pat reminisced. The others received as one of them this old schoolmate of Cracker's, and Frederick felt once more the glow of real companionship with fellows of his own sort.

As he whistled his way back to Perals Smith dormitory, he was no longer the lonely youth who had left Widener Library at ten o'clock.

MR. PEASLEE ON SPITE WORK

"I've heard tell 'fore now of spite fences," remarked Caleb to Deacon Lysander Hyne, "but till last week I never saw one of 'em here in Dilmouth. Never!"

The Deacon became interested. "Who's been buildin' a spite fence?" he asked.

"Nate Parsons was the spirited man," Mr. Peaslee replied, "and he built it agin the widder Hoames, on 'count of her keepin' a few hens over close to his line. He wanted she should move her henhouse, and she wouldn't or couldn't; so Nate built a fence along the line."

"Must have cost him somethin'!" commented the deacon. "Why didn't she go to law about it? She must know about how pop'lar Nate would be with a jury."

"Oh, the widder ain't figgerin' on going to law over it," Caleb replied smoothly. "Nate had an idea mebbe he'd carry it to court, but the widder convinced him he'd better not."

"What'd he want to go to law for?" snapped the deacon. "He built the fence, didn't he? And he could take it down if he wanted to, couldn't he?"

"He built it, all right 'enough," Caleb conceded, "but talkin' it down was another matter altogether, as Nate found out when his wife and daughter got back from that six weeks' visit to some of her folks.

"They got home in the evenin', and they didn't know anything about the fence till the next mornin'. Along about nine o'clock my wife asked me to go over to Nate's and get a sweater he'd lent Nate's wife. So after I'd passed the time of day with her and the girl I fetched up the matter of the sweater, and the girl went into the foreroom to get it. She'd scarcely more'n got into the room where she hollers out, 'For the land's sake! Ma, come here a minute! And Ma' Parsons when you consider she weighs near two hundred pounds, got up consid'able lively.

"I followed along m'self, for by the way the girl yelped I didn't know but she'd done herself some hurt accidental. But she hadn't. She'd just ketched sight of that fence.

"You see, from their foreroom that fence cuts off every mite of view they had down the state road. Nate prob'ly don't go into the room five times a year, and he never took notice that about all they'd have to look at, when they set down in the fore part of the house, would be them raw tiphers that he'd went to board over.

"Well, after them two women had sort of ketched their breath they both started to talk at the same time, and I began to realise that Nate had got a quick job ahead of him.

"That afternoon I had to go over to the widder's to harrow her little patch of garden for her, and I'd just bent over to hook the whiffletree on the harrow when I heard her holler out sharp, 'Don't you lay an axe nor even a hand on that fence, Nate Parsons! I've got a witness right here,' s'she, and then she beckoned me over.

"Nate looked both wumblecropt and mad; he didn't seem to want to parley with her, but I guess he made up his mind it was the better wisdom.

"'Why won't a lay a hand to it?' s'he. 'It's my fence and on—'

"'No, 'tain't your fence, nor on your land, neither one!' she snapped out. 'And you can't touch it! not 'thout you want to pay big damages! I've got good law counsel on it. And if you think I ain't you just go ahead and try to meddle with it!'

"The trouble came in Nate's not bein' partic'lar enough to locate just where his line was. He'd sighted kind of rough by that line of a locust trees on the far ridge of his lot; and they've been harvested, out of plumb by every southwest wind for sixty years and more. He he went over his line a foot or more, and he'd built the whole fence on the widder's land!

"And accordin' to the law, as I get it," said Mr. Peaslee, "it being 'a structure erected bi posts set into the ground,' it's the prop'ty of the one that owns the grounds. It took a trip to the city to consult with a lawyer to make Nate believe it. And the widder is tickled to death with the fence; she's figgerin' on buildin' a new henhouse and using part of the fence for one wall, and the balance of it for growing morning-glories and hollyhocks."

"How does Nate's women-folks take it?" asked the deacon.

"Judging by Nate's appearance," replied Mr. Peaslee, "I 'jeakouse they're takin' it harder'n what the widder does!"

SMALL BEGINNINGS

A man in Connecticut found a very small potato in one of his pockets when he came in from his work. "Here," he said laughingly, to a boy twelve years old who lived with him, "Plant that, and you shall have all you can raise from it till you are of age."

The bright boy cut the potato into as many pieces as there were "eyes" in it, and planted it.

In the autumn he dug and laid by the increase of it, and planted that the following spring. The next year he planted the larger crop gathered the previous autumn. The potatoes did well, and his fourth year's harvest amounted to more than a hundred bushels. The farmer asked to be released from his bargain, for he saw that the boy's planting would cover all his land. And yet it is quite common to despise "the day of small things!"

AN INCH OF RAIN

When the weather records show that an inch of rain has fallen in any part of the country, the downfall is usually regarded as a "slight shower." But insignificant as it seems, if spread over a large area the inch of rain assumes sensational, even staggering, proportions.

If, for example, a downfall of an inch were recorded over the whole of any ordinary Canadian province, it means that rain has fallen to weight of 7,692,153,600 tons—a weight far beyond the powers of the unaided mind to grasp.

Suppose it were possible to collect all the water in this widespread downfall, with the object of transporting it to a central reservoir for storage against a dry season, we should have to requisition every locomotive on the earth; and each engine, drawing a load of a third of a thousand tons, would have to make 200 journeys.

It would provide a freight of 44,640 tons for every locomotive in the country, or five trainloads a day for each working day in a year; while it would take all the horses in the country twelve months to transport it, assuming that each horse made ten journeys daily, hauling a ton of water each journey.

So colossal is the weight of our "inch of rain" that it would allow of a distribution of nearly five tons to every man, woman, and child living on the earth to-day, or approximately three gallons for every day of the year. If distributed among the people of the Dominion, each person would have sufficient water to fill a tank 150 feet long and 27 feet wide to a depth of five feet.

DIET, WEIGHT AND WORRY

Women are very rarely satisfied with their size; they are too tall or too short, too fat or too thin. One cannot help the former state, but the latter can be altered, and if you are too thin it is merely a matter of diet to alter the condition.

Fresh air is a great asset, so spend as much time as possible out of doors, and sleep with your windows open.

After fresh air comes diet, and this is a simple matter, for starchy foods, plenty to drink between and with the meals, will prove conducive to plumpness. It is much more agreeable to get fat than thin, the latter meaning stern self-denial, while the former allows indulgence in all sweet and starchy foods.

Milk is a most important factor towards putting on flesh, and at least a quart a day should be taken, sipped slowly between meals and on going to bed. Brown bread, with plenty of butter, nuts, cereals, and bacon should be included in the breakfast menu, not forgetting cream if one can afford the luxury.

Salads with plenty of oil, cheese and milk puddings should be indulged in at luncheon time, while dinner may include thick soup, potatoes roasted in dripping and fish served with cream sauce. If you are a woman of leisure it is wise to indulge in an afternoon nap and to go to bed early, the extra rest being of great assistance in building up fatty tissues.

Women who worry never get plump, so that is a fact well worth remembering if you are in the habit of making "mountains out of molehills."

AIRMAN'S LIGHTHOUSE

If it materializes, the airman's lighthouse which it is proposed to erect on the summit of Mount Afrique, in the centre of France, will possess the most brilliant light on earth, seeing that it is estimated that the lantern will be of 1,000,000,000 candle-power. The most powerful lighthouse around the British Isles, is that at St. Catherine's Point, of 15,000,000 candle-power, while the United States claims to have one of 60,000,000 candle-power at Navesink, New Jersey. What a single light of 1,000,000 candle-power is like may be imagined when one remembers that the aggregate of all the street lamps of the City of London, probably the most brilliantly lighted square mile on the earth, is only equal to 1,260,000 candle-power, or about one-eight-hundredth of that of the proposed French airman's lighthouse.

5,000-YEAR-OLD SEEDS

A morning glory seed, reputed to be 5,000 years old, has been taken to Baltimore and planted in the garden of Mrs. Wm. Champlin Robinson, in Green Spring Valley. The seed is one of twelve found in the hand of a mummy of a young Egyptian girl, which was recently removed to the United States. Ten of the seeds have already been planted, and all of them germinated.

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To Test Tea is to Taste it.
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Natural Leaf Green Tea is proving a revelation to those who have been users of Japans.
TRY IT——YOU WILL LIKE IT

VITAMINES
are an essential factor in promoting healthful growth
Scott's Emulsion
is far richer in the fat soluble A vitamine than cream. It aids growth—builds health!
AT ALL DRUG STORES
PRICE, $1.20 and 65c.
Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont.
ALSO MAKERS OF
KI-MOIDS
(Tablets or Granules)
FOR INDIGESTION
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the conference, you have half an hour to catch the train."
Long Distance not only reached him in time, but enabled him to promise attendance.
Long Distance service was never more efficient than now.
Ask for our booklet, "A Few Ways to Speed Up Business"
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CORD TIRES FABRIC
¶ "There's something in the Quality of Dunlop Tires that's missing from other tires. Don't know what it is, but when I make that quick stop I know instantly I have Dunlop Tires on!"
¶ One motorist thus spoke for himself. He really was speaking for thousands of car owners.
¶ Live Rubber and Best Egyptian Cotton go into Dunlop Cords and Fabrics. No shoddy, no skimping. The day of the short-mileage tire is gone; the day of the high-mileage tire is here; and when "tire-mileage" is up for discussion now, you find the word "remarkable" generally precedes a reference to DUNLOP.
DUNLOP CORD TIRES DELIVER THE MOST MILEAGE—ARE SAFEST TO USE
Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Co., Limited
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We re-cover auto tops and equip your auto with door opening curtains. We do all kinds of Carriage Trimming and Carriage Top Repairing.
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We have the latest and best equipment for applying Carriage Rubber Tires. We use the best Goodyear Rubber. You can get your rubber tire, steel or wood spoke wheels repaired here at any time at reasonable prices.
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50th YEAR
Bank of Hamilton
ANNUAL REPORT
FEBRUARY 28th, 1922

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Balance at credit of Profit and Loss Account, 28th February, 1921		$ 139,244.96
Profits for twelve months ended 28th February, 1922, after deducting charges of management, interest accrued on deposits, rebate on current discounts, and making provision for bad and doubtful debts	$50,672.13	
Premium on New Stock	890.00	
		$ 990,827.07
Disposed of as follows:—		
Quarterly Dividends, Nos. 128, 129, 130, and 131 at rate of 12% per annum		$ 599,953.78
To Pension Fund, Annual Assessment		23,407.66
War Tax on Bank Note Circulation		49,924.94
Transferred to Reserve Fund—From Premium on New Stock		890.00
To Bank Premises Account		100,000.00
Balance of Profits carried forward		216,590.69
		$ 990,827.07

RESERVE FUND

Balance 28th February, 1921	$ 4,849,110.00
Premium on New Stock	890.00
	$ 4,850,000.00

GENERAL STATEMENT

LIABILITIES

TO THE PUBLIC:		
Notes of the Bank in Circulation		$ 4,860,286.00
Deposits not bearing interest	$17,073,020.85	
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date of statement	46,837,100.07	
		$63,910,120.92
Balances due to other Banks in Canada		221,936.53
Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents in the United Kingdom		78,320.54
Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada and the United Kingdom	240,581.70	
Acceptances under Letters of Credit	143,137.65	
		$69,363,352.63
TO THE SHAREHOLDERS:		
Capital Stock paid in		5,000,000.00
Reserve Fund		4,850,000.00
Balance of Profits carried forward		216,590.69
Dividend No. 131 payable 1st March, 1922		150,000.00
Former Dividends unpaid		812.00
		$79,580,755.31

ASSETS

Gold and Current Coin	$ 1,442,832.64
Dominion Government Notes	7,891,358.00
Notes of other Banks	477,651.00
Cheques on other Banks	2,466,804.19
Balances due by other Banks in Canada	452,074.38
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents in the United Kingdom	45,856.34
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada and the United Kingdom	733,857.77
	$13,515,237.32
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities, not exceeding market value	6,047,508.81
Canadian Municipal Securities, and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian	2,111,954.48
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks, not exceeding market value	374,132.85
Call and Short Loans (not exceeding thirty days) in Canada, on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	2,324,589.11
	$23,573,956.07
Loans to Cities, Towns, Municipalities, and School Districts	4,964,692.76
Other Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less rebate of interest)	41,664,077.20
Real Estate other than Bank Premises	652,681.35
Overdue Debts, estimated loss provided for	335,543.59
Bank Premises, at not more than cost, less amounts written off	3,128,407.33
Deposit with the Minister of Finance for the purposes of the Circulation Fund	250,000.00
Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit as per contra	143,137.65
Other Assets not included in the foregoing	512,055.34
	$79,580,755.31

JOHN S. HENDRIE, President. J. P. BELL, General Manager.

AUDITORS' REPORT

In accordance with the provisions of sub-sections 19 and 20 of section 56 of the Bank Act, 1913, we report to the shareholders as follows:—

We have audited the above Balance Sheet and compared it with the books and vouchers of Head Office and with the certified returns from the Branches. We have obtained all the information and explanations that we have required, and are of the opinion that the transactions of the Bank which have come under our notice have been within the powers of the Bank.

We have checked the cash, and verified the securities representing the investment of the Bank, at its Chief Office and principal Branches at a date other than that of the verification at the Chief Office on the 28th February, 1922, and found that they were in accordance with the entries in the books of the Bank relating thereto.

In our opinion the Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the affairs of the Bank according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us, and as shown by the books of the Bank.

Hamilton, 16th March, 1922

C. B. SCOTT, F.C.A.
E. D. S. Scott & Co.
E. S. READ, C.A.
of George A. Touche & Co.
AUDITORS

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Coleman's Quick-Lite
Come in and We Will Demonstrate
Coleman's Lamps and Lanterns belong to the class of lighting devices known as vapor or Gas Generating Pressure Lamps. They make and burn their own gas from fuel under pressure instead of burning the liquid in a flame as is done with the common kerosene lamp.
Coleman Lamps are made with heavy tight metal tanks so that liquid cannot spill and so that the air pressure will feed the fuel to the burner.
About 6 per cent. gas, and 94 per cent. air forms a gas that is burned in the mantles, giving an extremely strong bright white light.
Coleman's Lantern, $11; Coleman's Table Lamp, $12.50.
The BOND HARDWARE CO. Ltd
Phone 1012 - - GUELPH

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To represent goods exactly as to their quality; to sell to those who know and, to those who don't know at a uniform fair price; to fulfill all guarantees and cheerfully correct all mistakes; to deserve your confidence, by always giving you satisfaction.
Savage & Co.
Jewellers
GUELPH — ONTARIO

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
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Unexcelled dining car service.
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Full information from any Grand Trunk ticket agent or C. M. Hornby, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.
H. S. HOLMES, Agent
ACTON, ONT. Phone 1

R. NOBLE Ltd.
Acton Elevator
At Grand Trunk Station
Just Arrived—Car No. 1 Feed Oats
A QUANTITY OF FRED CORN AND OIL CAKE JUST RECEIVED
FLOUR, FEED, NORVAL BRAN AND SHORTS, FEED FLOUR
R. NOBLE Ltd.
HENRY AWREY - MANAGER

Footnotes
For Spring
Our spring arrivals are being opened out every day, and include all the standards of footwear in Beauty and Utility.
Men's Fine Shoes.
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