STRAW HAT DYE.
All kinds of Shades of Straw Hat Dye. Make Old Hats look like New. It will save you money.
MACKENZIE,
The Rexall Store
MILTON Phone 40 ONTARIO

The Canadian Champion

ICE CREAM FOUNTAIN
3—Flavors Ice Cream—3
Sundaes, Sodas and Cones. Bulk and Bricks. Pure Fruit used at our Fountain.
MACKENZIE
The Rexall Store
MILTON. Phone 40. ONTARIO

VOLUME 61. MILTON, THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1921. No. 51.

Canadian Champion
PUBLISHED
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
AT THE OFFICE OF PUBLICATION,
MAIN ST. MILTON ONT

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—$1.50 a year. $2.00 if paid in advance.
No subscriptions will be stopped until all arrears are paid except at the option of the proprietor. A week's notice to discontinue is not sufficient.
Subscribers in the United States $2.00 a year if paid in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES
Business cards of ten lines or less, $8.00 per annum. The number of lines to be reckoned by the space occupied measured by a scale of nonpareil.
Advertisements without special instructions inserted until forbid, and charged accordingly.
Any special Notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary interest of any individual, company, institution or fund, will be considered an advertisement and charged accordingly.
Notices of births, marriages and deaths, with medical box, free. Obituary poetry, 1c. per line.
Transient advertisements, 10 cents per line, except those of lost, strayed, stolen and wants, which will be inserted at a rate not exceeding the first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.
WM. PANTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

Church Directory.

METHODIST CHURCH
Rev. A. E. Marshall, B.A., Pastor
Sunday services, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Sunday School and Bible Class, 2.45 p.m.
Epworth League Monday at 8 p.m.
Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.30 p.m.
W.F.M.S. First Monday of the month at 3 p.m.
Ladies' Aid Last Monday of the month at 3 p.m.

KNOX CHURCH
Rev. W. M. McKay, Minister
Sunday services, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Sunday School, 2.30 p.m.
Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.30 p.m.
W.F.M.S. meets on the second Wednesday of every month at 3 p.m.
The Mission Band meets on the second Wednesday of every month at 4.30 p.m.

GRACE CHURCH
Rev. Oscar F. Cooke, Rector
Rural Dean of Halton.
Sunday services, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Sunday School, 2.45 p.m. Young peoples' Bible Class held in church entrance by vestry door. Teacher, Miss Young.
Holy Communion 1st Sunday in the month at 11 a.m. and 3rd Sunday at 8.30 a.m.
Holidays, 7.30 p.m.
Women's Auxiliary Meetings as announced.
Chancel Guild Meetings as announced.
Choir rehearsal, Thursdays, 7.30 p.m.

ALL SAINTS—MILTON HEIGHTS
Sunday services—Fourth Sunday, Holy Communion at 3 p.m. First and third Sunday evening prayer and sermon at 3 p.m. Second and fifth Sunday litany and sermon, 3 p.m.
Holy Baptism and churchings—Sundays, at 3 p.m.
Sunday School at 2.30 p.m.
Week day services as announced.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH
Rev. Father Savage
Milton and Trafalgar—1st Sunday, 8.30 a.m.; alternately commencing 2nd Sunday, 10 o'clock; with Mass in Milton at 8.30.

ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, HORNBY,
Rev. J. Rogers, M.A., Rector
Sunday services, 1st Sunday of the month, 11 a.m., Holy Eucharist and 3rd and 4th Sundays of the month, 11 a.m. Matins 2nd Sunday of the month, 3 p.m. Evensong and Litany.

Travellers' Guide.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
GOING WEST
7.55 midnight 8.10 a.m. 8.43 a.m.
4.32 p.m. flag 5.57 p.m. 6.15 p.m.
GOING EAST
7.35 a.m. 9.31 a.m. 10.37 a.m.
3.43 p.m. 5.08 p.m. 5.14 p.m.
—SUNDAY—
Going East—7.26 a.m., 9.13 & 9.23 p.m.
Going West—12.55 a.m., 4.14 & 4.32 p.m.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY
H. & N. W. Division
GOING SOUTH. GOING NORTH.
12.01 a.m. 8.26 p.m. 7.25 a.m. 4.23 p.m.

MEDICAL

H. A. McCOLL, M.B.
Physician and Surgeon. Coroner. Office hours, 10 to 8 a.m., 12 to 2 p.m. and 6 to 8 p.m. Office, two doors west of Bank of Hamilton, Main St.

R. K. ANDERSON, M.D., L.R.C.P.E.
Physician and Surgeon.
Office, opposite post office. Office hours, 8 to 9 a.m., 1 to 3 p.m. and 7 to 9 p.m.

MARSHALL E. GOWLAND, M.A., M.B.
AND
J. LESLIE KING, M.B.
Offices and residence, corner Main and Commercial Sts., Milton.

CHIROPRACTIC

No Medicine. No Surgery. Osteopathy
A. M. NEILSEN, D.C.
Doctor of Chiropractic
Graduate of the Palmer School of Chiropractic, Davenport, Iowa. Chiropractic Specialist.
Office, Bank Block, Milton.
Hours: Monday and Friday, 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Wednesday, 1 to 4 p.m.

NORMAN D. WINN, L.D.S., D.D.S.
Office over Turner's (Furniture store)
Hours—9 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. 1 to 5.30; Monday, 9 to 12.30. Evenings by appointment. Telephone.

LEGAL

WILLIAM J. DICK
(County Crown Attorney)
Barrister, Solicitor and Conveyancer.
Money to Loan.
Office—Court House. Milton, Ont.

MORLEY & HUTCHINSON
Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, etc.
MONEY TO LOAN.
Main Street, Milton. Telephone 54

MACKAY, MACKAY & PERRIE
Ontario and Dominion Land Surveyors.
Civil Engineers.
Town Planning. Municipal Engineering.
JAMES L. MACKAY ERNEST G. MACKAY
WILLIAM W. PERRIE.
Offices: Bank Block, 72 James St., N.
Hamilton. Telephone Regent 4766.
BRANCH OFFICE OAKVILLE

ESTABLISHED 1872

THE customers of the Bank of Hamilton may depend on absolute secrecy in connection with all transactions. The customer's confidence is never violated under any condition, even the existence of the account itself being treated as a business confidence.

BANK OF HAMILTON
C. H. STUART, Manager Milton Branch.

Phone 199.
J. W. SMITH
Live Stock Dealer
MILTON.
SHIPPING YARDS
C. P. R. MILTON AND HORNBY.

White is King

By buying the White Sewing Machine you are endorsing Canadian products and in turn are putting into your home the best Sewing Machine money can buy.

White rotatory attachments include the latest five-stitch ruffler, the edge stitcher and foot gatherer.

CASH OR CREDIT
C. R. TURNER,
Furniture, Phone 63

NEAR TIME
to meet that engagement. That's so and there is nothing like promptness. If you carry one of our
GUARANTEED TIME PIECES
you won't be late unless it's your fault. It won't be because of the watch.

We have watches with silver cases, gold cases, all prices and all kinds, but are warranted.

Our jewelry all the way through is substantial and reliable, and no one can object to our prices.

E. MARCHAND
Watchmaker and Jeweler
ESTABLISHED IN MILTON SINCE 1894.

We have purchased the business of the late Wm. Weir. All enquiries should be addressed to us.
CATER & WORTH
Monuments
GALT, ONT.
IMPORTED DIRECT FROM ABERDEEN.
Send for Catalogue and Inspect our work in MILTON CEMETERY.

--Insure Your Automobile--
—IN—
The PROVIDENT ASSURANCE CO.
Head Office, Montreal, Que.
Policies cover losses by fire, explosion, transport and theft also employers' liability, public liability and property damage.
WM. PANTON, Agent, MILTON

C. H. HESLOP, V.S.
PHONE 210 MILTON, ONT
Specialist in Surgery and Dentistry, also Canine and Feline Diseases.
OFFICE HOURS—8 to 9 a.m., 1 to 2 p.m., 6 to 8 p.m.

H. CAMPBELL
Conveyancer, Notary Public, Insurance
Marriage Licenses Issued.
Agent for C. P. R. Steamship Co.
PHONE 192.
OFFICE—TOWN HALL MILTON, ONT.

Suitings, Overcoatings, Trouserings.

We kindly solicit a portion of your trade.
GEO. HILYER
Merchant Tailor Milton

H. WHEELER
MUSIC TEACHER
Piano, Violin and Theory
PIANO TUNING AND REPAIRS
PHONE 24. MILTON.

R. J. ARMSTRONG
DROVER
Phone 62, Milton, Ont.
Highest prices paid for your Live Stock.
HAY AND STRAW DEALER.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
The Double Track Route
between
MONTREAL
TORONTO
DETROIT
and
CHICAGO
Unexcelled Dining Car Services.
Sleeping cars on night trains and Parlor Car on principal Day Trains.
Full information from all Grand Trunk Ticket Agents or C. E. Horning, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.
J. A. BELL, Agent, Milton.
TELEPHONE 17.

T. G. RAMSHAW
Valuator and Auctioneer
Valuations promptly attended to. Sales conducted and satisfaction guaranteed.
PHONE 108 - - MILTON.

C. R. TURNER
Funeral Director and Embalmer
Agent for Dale's Funeral Designs.
PHONE 63. MILTON.

Clubbing Rates

	Regular.	With Champion
Toronto Daily Globe	$5.00	$6.35
Mail and Empire....	5.00	6.35
Toronto Daily Star..	5.00	6.35
Toronto World	4.00	5.30
Montreal Fam. Herald and Weekly Star..	2.00	3.85
Hamilton Twice-a-Week Spectator...	1.50	3.85

The VALLEY of the GIANTS

By PETER B. KYNE
Author of "Cappy Ricks"

Copyright by Peter B. Kyne

True to his promise, the Colonel called on Judge Moore bright and early the following morning. "Act Three of that little business drama entitled 'The Valley of the Giants,' my dear judge," he announced pleasantly. "I play the lead in this act. You remember me, I hope. I played a bit in Act Two."

"In so far as my information goes, sir, you've been cut out of the cast in Act Three. I don't seem to find any lines for you to speak."

"One line, judge; one little line. What profit does your client want on that quarter-section?"

"That quarter-section is not in the market, Colonel. When it is, I'll send for you, since you're the only logical prospect should my client decide to sell. And remembering how you buttoned in on politics in this county last fall and provided a slush fund to beat me and place a crook on the Superior court bench, in order to give you an edge in the many suits you are always filing or having filed against you, I rise to remark that you have about ten split seconds in which to disappear from my office. If you linger longer, I'll start throwing paperweights." And as if to emphasize his remark, the judge's hand closed over one of the articles in question.

The Colonel withdrew with what dignity he could muster.

* * * * * * *

Upon his return from the office that night, Bryce Cardigan found his father had left his bed and was seated before the library fire.

"Feeling a whole lot better today, eh, pal?" his son queried.

John Cardigan smiled. "Yes, son," he replied plaintively. "I guess I'll manage to live till next spring."

"Oh, I knew there was nothing wrong with you, John Cardigan, that a healthy check wouldn't cure. Well, we can afford to draw our breath now, and that gives us a fighting chance, partner. And right after dinner you and I will sit down and start brewing a pot of powerful bad medicine for the Colonel."

Accordingly, dinner disposed of, father and son sat down together to prepare the plan of campaign. For the space of several minutes a silence settled between them, the while they puffed meditatively upon their cigars. Then the old man spoke.

"We'll have to fight him in the dark."

"Why?"

"Because if Pennington knows, or even suspects the identity of the man who is going to parallel his logging railroad, he will throw all the weight of his truly capable mind, his wealth and his ruthlessness against you—and you will be smashed. You have one advantage starting out. The Colonel doesn't think you have the courage to parallel his road in the first place; in the second place, he knows you haven't the money; and in the third place he is morally certain you cannot borrow it, because you haven't any collateral to secure your note. So, all things considered the Colonel will be slow to suspect us of having an ace in the hole; but by jinks we have it, and we're going to play it. You must engage some reliable engineer to look over the proposed route of the road and give us an estimate of the cost of construction."

"For the sake of argument we will consider that done, and that the estimate comes within the scope of the sum Gregory is willing to advance us."

"Now, then, you are going to incorporate a company to build a road twelve miles long—and a private road, at that. That would be a fatal step. Pennington would know somebody was going to build a logging road, and regardless of who the builders were, he would have to fight them in self-protection. How are you going to cover your trail, my son?"

Bryce pondered. "I will, to begin, have a dummy board of directors. Also, my road cannot be private; since we must be a common carrier we might as well carry our deception still further and incorporate for the purpose of building a road from Sequoia to Grant's Pass, Ore., there to connect with the Southern Pacific."

John Cardigan smiled. "The old dream revived, eh? Well, the old jokes always bring a hearty laugh. People will laugh at your company, because folks up this way realize that the construction cost of such a road is prohibitive."

"Well, since we're not going to build more than twelve miles of our road during the next year, and probably not more than ten miles additional during the present century, we won't worry over it. It doesn't cost a cent more to procure a franchise to build a road from here to the moon. If we fail to build to Grant's Pass, our franchise to build the uncompleted portion of the road merely lapses and we hold only that portion which we have constructed. That's all we want to hold. Moreover, deeds to rights of way can be drawn with a time-limit, after which they revert to the original owners."

"Good strategy, my son! And certainly as a common carrier we will be welcomed by the farmers and cattlemen along our short line."

"Well, that about completes the rough outline of our plan. We have a year in which to build our road; if we do not hurry, the mill will have to shut down for lack of logs, when our contract with Pennington expires."

"You forget the manager for our new corporation—the vice president and general manager. He must be a man of real ability and a person you can trust implicitly."

"I have the very man. His name is Buck Ogilvy and only this very day I received a letter from him begging me for a small loan. I have Buck on ice in a fifth-class San Francisco hotel."

"I Should Be Placed in Charge of a Keeper."

"Tell me about him, Bryce."

"I'll read you his letter. I claim there is more character in a letter than in a face."

Here Bryce read aloud:

"Golden Gate Hotel—Rooms Fifty Cents—and Up.

"San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 16, 1916.

"My dear Cardigan: Hark to the voice of one crying in the wilderness; then picture to yourself the unlovely spectacle of a strong man crying.

"Let us assume that you have duly considered. Now wind up your wrist and send me a rectangular piece of white, blue, green or pink paper bearing in the lower right-hand corner, in your clear, bold chirography, the magic words 'Bryce Cardigan'—with the little up-and-down hook and flourish which identifies your signature given in your serious moods and lends value to otherwise worthless paper.

"When you knew me last, I was a prosperous young contractor. Alas! I put all my eggs in one basket and produced an omelette. Took a contract to build a railroad in Honduras. Honduras got to fighting with Nicaragua; the government I had done business with went out of business; and the Nicaraguan army recruited all my laborers and mounted them on my mules and horses, swiped all my grub, and told me to go home. I went. Why stay? Moreover, I had an incentive consisting of about an inch of bayonet—fortunately not applied in a vital spot—which accelerated rather than decreased my speed.

"Hurry, my dear Cardigan. I finished eating my overcoat the day before yesterday.

"Make it a hundred, and God will bless you. When I get it, I'll come to Sequoia and kiss you. I'll pay you back some time—of course.

"Wistfully thine,
"BUCK OGILVY.

"P. S.—Delays are dangerous, and procrastination is the thief of time.—B."

John Cardigan chuckled. "I'd take Buck Ogilvy, Bryce. He'll do. Is he honest?"

"I don't know. He was, the last time I saw him."

"Then wire him a hundred. Don't wait for the mail."

"I have already wired him the hundred. In all probability he is now out whirling like a dervish."

"Good boy! Well, I think we've planned sufficient for the present, Bryce. You'd better leave for San Francisco tomorrow and close your deal with Gregory. Hire a good lawyer to draw up the agreement between you; be sure your're right, and then go ahead—full speed. When you return to Sequoia, I'll have a few more points to give you. I'll mull them over in the meantime."

Catarrh
Catarrh is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is a Tonic and Blood Purifier. By cleansing the blood and building up the System, HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE restores normal conditions and allows Nature to do its work. All druggists. Circulars free.
F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

CHAPTER XI.

When Bryce Cardigan walked down the gangplank at the steamship dock in San Francisco, the first face he saw among the waiting crowd was Buck Ogilvy's. Ogilvy thrust forth a great speckled paw for Bryce to shake. Bryce ignored it.

"Why, don't you remember me?" Ogilvy demanded. "I'm Buck Ogilvy."

Bryce looked him fairly in the eye and favored him with a lightning wink "I have never heard of you, Mr. Ogilvy. You are mistaking me for some one else."

"Sorry," Ogilvy murmured. "My mistake. Thought you were Bill Kerrick, who used to be a partner of mine."

Bryce nodded and passed on, hailed a taxicab, and was driven to the San Francisco office of his company. Five minutes later the door opened and Buck Ogilvy entered.

"I was a bit puzzled at the dock, Bryce," he explained as they shook hands, "but decided to play safe and then follow you to your office. What's up? Have you killed somebody, and are the detectives on your trail? If so, 'fess up and I'll assume the responsibility for your crime, just to show you how grateful I am for that hundred."

"No I wasn't being shadowed, Buck, but my principal enemy was coming down the gangplank right behind me, and—"

"So was my principal enemy," Ogilvy interrupted. "What does our enemy look like?"

"Like ready money. And if he had seen me shaking hands with you, he'd have suspected a connection between us later on. Buck, you have a good job—about five hundred a month."

"Thanks, old man. I'd work for you for nothing. What are we going to do?"

"Build twelve miles of logging railroad and parallel the line of the old wolf I spoke of a moment ago."

"Good news! We'll do it. How soon do you want it done?"

"As soon as possible. You're the vice president and general manager."

"I accept the nomination. What do I do first?"

"Listen carefully to my story, analyze my plan for possible weak spots, and then get busy, because after I have provided the funds and given the word 'Go!' the rest is up to you. I must not be known in the transaction at all, because that would be fatal."

Three hours later Ogilvy was in possession of the most minute details of the situation in Sequoia, had tabulated, indexed and cross-indexed them in his ingenious brain and was ready for business—and so announced himself. Always an enthusiast in all things, in his mind's eye Mr. Ogilvy could already see a long trainload of logs coming down the Northern California & Oregon railroad, as he and Bryce had decided to christen the venture.

When Bryce Cardigan returned to Sequoia, his labors, in so far as the building of the road were concerned, had been completed. His agreement with Gregory of the Trinidad Redwood Timber company had been signed, sealed and delivered; the money to build the road had been deposited in bank; and Buck Ogilvy was already spending it like a drunken sailor. From now on, Bryce could only watch, wait and pray.

On the next steamer a surveying party with complete camping equipment arrived in Sequoia, purchased a wagon and two horses, piled their dunnage into the wagon, and disappeared up-country. Hard on their heels came Mr. Buck Ogilvy, and occupied the bridal suite in the Hotel Sequoia, arrangements for which had previously been made by wire. In the sitting room of the suite Mr. Ogilvy installed a new desk, a filing cabinet, and a brisk young male secretary.

He had been in town less than an hour when the editor of the Sequoia Sentinel sent up his card. The announcement of the incorporation of the California Outrage (for so had Mr. Ogilvy, in huge enjoyment of the misery he was about to create, dubbed the road) had previously been flashed to the Sentinel by the United Press association, as a local feature story, and already speculation was rife in Sequoia as to the identity of the hare-brained individuals who dared to back an enterprise as nebulous as the millenium. Mr. Ogilvy was expecting the visit—in fact, impatiently awaiting it; and since the easiest thing he did was to speak for publication, naturally the editor of the Sentinel got a story which, to that individual's simple soul, seemed to warrant a seven-column head—which it received. In glowing terms he spoke of the billions of tons of timber-products to be hauled out of this wonderfully fertile and little-known country, and confidently predicted for the county a future commercial supremacy that would be simply staggering to contemplate.

When Colonel Seth Pennington read this outburst he smiled. "That's a bright scheme on the part of that Trinidad Redwood Timber company gang to start a railroad excitement and unload their white elephant," he declared.

When Bryce Cardigan read it, he laughed. The interview was so like Buck Ogilvy! In the morning the latter's automobile was brought up from the steamship dock, and accompanied by his secretary, Mr. Ogilvy disappeared into the north following the bright new stakes of his surveying gang, and for three weeks was seen no more.

On a day when Bryce's mind happened to be occupied with thoughts of Shirley Sumner, he bumped into her on the main street of Sequoia, and to her great relief but profound surprise, he paused in his tracks, lifted his hat, smiled, and opened his mouth to say something—thought better of it, changed his mind, and continued on about his business. As Shirley passed him, she looked him squarely in the face, and in her glance there was neither coldness nor malice.

Bryce felt himself afire from heels to hair one instant, and cold and clammy the next, for Shirley spoke to him.

"Good morning, Mr. Cardigan."

He paused, turned, and approached her. "Good morning, Shirley," he replied. "How have you been?"

"I might have been dead, for all the interest you took in me," she replied sharply. "As matters stand, I'm exceedingly well—thank you. By the way, are you still belligerent?"

He nodded. "I have to be."

"I think you're a great big grouch, Bryce Cardigan," she flared at him. "You make me unutterably weary."

"I'm sorry," he answered, "but just at present I am forced to subject you to the strain. Say a year from now, when things are different with me, I'll strive not to offend."

"I'll not be here a year from now," she warned him.

He bowed. "Then I'll go wherever you are—and bring you back." And with a mocking little grin, he lifted his hat and passed on.

* * * * * * *

Col. Seth Pennington was among those who, skeptical at first and inclined to ridicule the project into an early grave, eventually found himself swayed by the publicity and gradually coerced into serious consideration of the results attendant upon the building of the road. The Colonel was naturally as suspicious as a rattlesnake in August; hence he had no sooner emerged from the ranks of the frank scoffers than his alert mind framed the question:

"How is this new road—improbable as I know it to be—going to affect the interests of the Laguna Grande Lumber company, if the unexpected should happen and those bunco-steerers should actually build a road from Sequoia to Grant's Pass, Ore., and thus construct a feeder to a transcontinental line?"

Five minutes of serious reflection sufficed to bring the Colonel to the verge of panic, notwithstanding the fact that he was ashamed of himself for yielding to fright despite his firm belief that there was no reason why he should be frightened. Similar considerations occur to a small boy who is walking home in the dark past a cemetery.

The vital aspects of his predicament dawned on the Colonel one night at dinner, midway between the soup and the fish. So forcibly did they occur to him, in fact, that for the nonce he forgot that his niece was seated opposite him.

"Confound them," the Colonel murmured distinctly, "I must look into this immediately."

"Look into what, uncle dear?" Shirley asked innocently.

"This new railroad that man Ogilvy talks of building—which means, Shirley, that with Sequoia as his starting point, he is going to build a hundred and fifty miles north to connect with the main line of the Southern Pacific in Oregon."

"But wouldn't that be the finest thing that could possibly happen to Humboldt county?" she demanded of him.

"Undoubtedly it would—to Humboldt county; but to the Laguna Grande Lumber company, in which you have something more than a sentimental interest, my dear, it would be a blow. A large part of the estate left by your father is invested in Laguna Grande stock, and as you know, all of my efforts are devoted to appreciating that stock and to fighting against anything that has a tendency to depreciate it."

Carefully he dissected a sand dab and removed the backbone. "I'd give a ripe peach to learn the identity of the scheming buttinsky who bought old Cardigan's Valley of the Giants," he said presently. "I'll be hanged if that doesn't complicate matters a little."

"You should have bought it when the opportunity offered," she reminded him.

"I dare say," he admitted lightly. "However, I didn't and now I'm going to be punished for it, my dear; so don't roast me any more. By the way, that speckled hot-air fellow Ogilvy, who is promoting the Northern California & Oregon railroad, is back in town again. I think I'll wire the San Francisco office to look him up in Dun's and Bradstreet's. I'd sleep a whole lot more soundly to-night if I knew the answer to two very important questions."

"What are they, Uncle Seth?"

"Well, I'd like to know whether the N. C. O. is genuine or a screen for the operations of the Trinidad Redwood Timber company."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"I Have Never Heard of You, Mr. Ogilvy."

BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA
ESTABLISHED 1832
Paid-up Capital $ 9,700,000
Reserve - - 18,000,000
Resources - 230,000,000

Mutual Growth

Many customers who started as small depositors or borrowers in The Bank of Nova Scotia are now among the country's largest concerns.

They have grown with the bank, and the bank has grown with them. The Bank has helped them, by sound and careful service, to grow, and as their business increased so also did that of the bank.

20B

THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA
W. B. Clements, Manager, MILTON

Safety for Your Private Papers

FOR protection against loss of your Bonds, Deeds, Insurance Policies and other valuable papers, and your personal Jewelry, by fire, theft or other misadventure, a steel Safety Deposit Box in the Vault of The Bank of Toronto is strongly recommended.

The boxes are of different sizes to suit requirements, and the contents are in your absolute possession—no one else can have access to them without your authority and key.

The rental is low, the protection invaluable, and you have freedom from anxiety regarding the safety of your papers.

We Give Service

MILTON BRANCH
H. B. Youell, Manager

THE BANK OF TORONTO
Incorporated 1855