

Bank of Montreal Annual Meeting

Sir Vincent Meredith Expresses Belief That Canada Will Prosper—Country Offers Inducements to Immigrants Vastly Superior to Those of Other Countries.

Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor Points Out That Canada Must Put House in Order—People Must Insist on Government Practising Policy of Economy.

The 107th annual general meeting of the shareholders of the Bank of Montreal was marked by interesting addresses by Sir Vincent Meredith, President; and Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, General Manager.

The President declared that he was satisfied "that a gradual improvement in the trade situation is occurring. Statistical returns support this view, and while there is irregularity in the movement, in the main the trend is upward." After pointing out the gratifying growth of a favorable balance of trade, the President declared that he regarded this increase in Canada's foreign trade credit as "an augury of a not distant improvement in domestic business."

The President concluded his address with the following expression of confidence:

"My last word is a word of confidence and encouragement. The interests of your Bank are more closely bound up with those of Canada than ever before, and unless Canada prospers the Bank cannot expect the prosperity it should enjoy. I believe Canada will prosper. It offers inducements to immigrants vastly superior to those of other countries which are at present endeavoring to attract citizens. It stands third amongst the countries of the world in natural resources."

"Yet cardinal virtues must be practiced, and I would again stress the necessity for hard work and economy, so often preached and seldom put into practice, and the need for immigration. Given these three things,

The Example of the Pine.

One day a boy and his father who were hunting in the mountains took shelter from the wind in the lee of some great gray boulders that lay like sleeping giants close to the crest of a lonely ridge. As the two looked upward they saw the wild autumn wind, grim hands on a mountain pine that towered from the summit of the ridge. It was a sentinel that could escape no danger. It was an outpost to receive the first shock of the enemy's attack. Savagely the wind tore at it, shook it violently, howled through its shadowy branches. To the boy the tree, stalwart though it was, seemed about to be blown to pieces.

"Look, father," he said, pointing upward, "what the wind is doing to that pine."

The full fury of the blast just then made the pine shudder and sway wildly and heave desparingly against the stormy sky.

"Storms are an old story to that tree," said the father. "A tree like that from the time when it is high enough to catch the first breath of wind lives in a struggle. Tennyson describes an oak as 'storm-strengthened on a windy site'; and the strongest trees are always those that have weathered the greatest number of gales. Besides, the question is not what is happening to the tree, but what is happening in the tree."

"The pine doesn't really seem to mind fighting the storm," the boy admitted.

"It's the same with us," the man said. "It really doesn't matter what happens to us, but it matters a great deal what happens to us. You see, a man's character is tested by everything that happens to him; he becomes either weaker or stronger. The test is not nearly so important as the result of the test. If you think clearly, nothing can really happen to you, but everything can happen in you. That old pine is safe because it resisted the first storm years and years ago, and it has kept on resisting. It is getting stronger all the time. Because of what has happened in it, nothing harmful can happen to it."

A GRAND MEDICINE FOR LITTLE ONES

Mrs. Avila Noel, Haut Lameque, N. B., writes: "I can highly recommend Baby's Own Tablets as they have worked wonders in the case of my baby. I always keep them in the house and would not feel safe without them." What Mrs. Noel says concerning Baby's Own Tablets is just what thousands of other mothers say and feel. The Tablets are a mild but thorough laxative which regulate the bowels and stomach thereby banishing constipation, colic, indigestion and a host of the other minor ailments of little ones. The Tablets are absolutely guaranteed to be free from opium or narcotics or any of the other drugs so harmful to the welfare of the baby. They cannot possibly do harm—they always do good. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.



The Electric Waiter.

In a certain restaurant in Detroit the meals are served by electricity. The diner enters the restaurant, selects his table, notes on the menu the food he requires, drops the menu through a slot in the table, and waits a minute or two. Presently there is a humming noise, and in the centre of the table, on a four-poster tray, appears the food he has ordered.

When the menu is slipped into the slot it drops to the kitchen below; the server there attends to the order, presses a button, and the food is on its way to the table.

When the diner has finished his meal he takes the bill, which has also been delivered by electricity, and pays at the usual cashier's desk.

Payment for articles advertised in this column should be made with Dominion Express Money Orders—a safe way of sending money by mail.

The Homer Pigeon.

What is known as a Homer or Homing pigeon is one that will return to its home or loft from a distance. An ordinary pigeon might be called a Homer if it has this homing instinct, but what the pigeon world calls a Homer is the Antwerp, a breed that originated in Belgium. It has the sagacity and endurance to travel hundreds of miles. It seems likely that the old arriers, Dragoons and Horsemen were used for carrying messages. All pigeons are strongly attached to their homes and will fly back to them so far as their powers allow them to.

The sun is the greatest physician.

Sir Herbert Barker.

TOO WEAK TO WALK

The Sad Condition of a Brandon Lady—How Relief Came.

I owe my present good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," says Mrs. Annie Treherne, Brandon, Man., who tells of her now found health as follows: "Some years ago I had an attack of pneumonia and it left me in a terribly weakened and run-down state. I was unable to walk for a long time as I had practically lost the use of my legs, and had to be carried upstairs, for I had not the strength to go myself. I became despondent over my condition for I had tried many remedies, which failed to help me. While in this wretched condition a lady friend urged me to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial and I procured a supply. After taking the pills for a while I could see that I was growing stronger, and I gladly continued their use until I had fully regained my old-time health and strength. Now if I feel at all run down at any time I at once take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they never fail me. I can therefore warmly recommend them to others who may be run down."

There is no better tonic than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to improve the blood and bring back strength after acute diseases such as fevers, pneumonia, influenza, etc. Given a fair trial they will not disappoint you. You can get the pills from your druggist, or they will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Inchcape Rock.

Many poems are unknown to the modern schoolboy that used to delight his youthful grandfather. Who now declaims Southey's spirited ballad of the Inchcape Rock, once so popular with budding orators? Do young voices in their teens, magnificently rolling their r's and occasionally cracking inopportunistly at the climax, still proclaim from the school platform to their critically attentive followers how

"Sir Ralph the Rover, tore his hair; He cur-rst himself in his despair. The waves r-rush in on every side; The ship is sinking beneath the tide!"

It is to be feared not; Southey is a neglected poet nowadays. But the story of the Inchcape Rock—or Bell Rock, as it is often called—in our day—is interesting from the fact Sir Ralph the Rover, insolently removing the warning bell buoyed over the reef by the plow and benevolent Abbot of Aberbrothock, and later himself wrecked upon the unguarded rock, is like the good Abbot, a figure rather of tradition than of history, but a bell there was, long preceding any light.

The building of the present Bell Rock Light, as it is related in F. A. Talbot's Lighthships and Lighthouses, is as fine a story as Southey's tale of the pirate and the Abbot's bell.

It was in 1806 that the Commissioners for Northern Lighthouses decided to put up a tower on the long, low, lonely reef twelve miles from the coast of Scotland—a reef two thousand feet long, entirely submerged at high tide and falling steeply away on all sides to deep water. Until the tower had risen to a fair height work was possible only on the calmest days of the summer, and then during but five hours a day. It was before the era of steam, and men and materials were dependent on the perilous and difficult manoeuvring of sailing craft in the complex racing currents with their sudden changes—manoeuvring often made even more difficult by the weather's turning against them.

Once while some of the men were at work on the rock their vessel and tender broke adrift in steaming fog and rising wind. The workmen were too intent on their work to observe their danger, but not so their engineer, Robert Stevenson, who was that day superintending the job in person, and who realized their plight only too well. But he said nothing, and only when they laid down their tools to leave did the men realize that they were caught and were more than likely to be drowned before the boats could beat back. Indeed it was not their own boats, but a pilot boat that fortunately came to their rescue just as the water was beginning to lap about their feet.

They were so drenched, exhausted and terrified that out of thirty-two only eight could return to work next day, but after a day's rest the twenty-four others had recovered their nerve and were back on the job.

The tower, hundred and twenty feet high, was completed in 1810. It still stands,

though its "ruddy gem of changeful light," as Sir Walter Scott called it, now shines from a modern light chamber with vastly improved power and brilliance.

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EASY TRICKS

No. 340
Hidden Spirits



This stunt does not amount to much if badly presented. With a little care in working up the effect, however, it can be made very puzzling.

The effect is that a spectator places a tumbler on the table, drops a coin into it and covers it with a handkerchief. The performer pretends to magnetize the hidden coin. At his command it jumps up and down in the glass, ringing any number requested. At any rate, it seems to do that because the spectators, who are not too near, hear it ring. The secret is another tumbler, a small one, in the trickster's hip pocket. In this is a coin to which a thread is attached. The other end of the thread is fastened around a suspender button on the left side. The thread is slack enough so that the spectator can catch it around the little finger of his left hand. An imperceptible movement of the little finger will cause the coin in the hidden glass to hop up and down, making the ringing sound. At a few feet it will appear to come from the glass on the table.

The best part of the trick is to make suspicious movements with the right hand, leading the spectators to believe that the coin in the glass on the table is animated by a thread attached to it. If some confident spectator snatches the trickster of doing the trick in that manner, the trickster can easily turn the laugh on him and at the same time divert attention from the real solution of the mystery.

(Clip this out and paste it with other of the series, in a scrapbook.)

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

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Palermo	12 hrs.	Jan. 21	Mar. 2	May 7
Naples	12 hrs.	Jan. 26	Mar. 7	May 11
Piraeus-Athens	24 hrs.	Jan. 29	Mar. 8	May 15
Constantinople	24 hrs.	Jan. 31	Mar. 10	May 19
Beyrouth	14 hrs.	Feb. 3	Mar. 13	May 22
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