# The Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 32. BRIDGETOWN, ANNAPOLIS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1905. NO. 51



## Professional Cards

**J. M. OWEN,**
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office in Annapolis opposite Garrison gate.
—WILL BE AT HIS—
**OFFICE IN MIDDLETON**
(Over Roop's Grocery Store.)
**Every Thursday.**
*Consular Agent of the United States.*
*Agent Nova Scotia Building Society.*
—AGENT FOR—
**Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.**
Money to loan at five per cent on Real Estate security.

**O. T. DANIELS**
BARRISTER,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.
(RANDOLPH S BLOCK.)
Head of Queen St., Bridgetown

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate.

**O. S. MILLER,**
**Barrister, &c.**
Real Estate Agent, etc.
SHAFNER BUILDING,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Prompt and satisfactory attention given to the collection of claims, and all other professional business.

DENTISTRY!
**DR. F. S. ANDERSON**
Graduate of the University Maryland.
Crown and Bridge Work a specialty.
Office next door to Union Bank.
Hours: 9 to 5.

**James Primrose, D. D. S.,**
Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Granville Streets, formerly occupied by Dr. Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its branches carefully and promptly attended to. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week.
Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

**B. WHITMAN,**
Land Surveyor,
ROUND HILL, N. S.

**Leslie R. Fairn,**
ARCHITECT.
Present P. O. address—
AYLESFORD, N S
April 1st, 1903.—1y

PALFREY'S
**CARRIAGE SHOP**
—AND—
**REPAIR ROOMS.**
Corner Queen and Water Sts.

THE subscriber is prepared to furnish the public with all kinds of Carriages and Baggies, Sleighs and Pungs that may be desired.
Best of Stock used in all classes of work.
Painting, Repairing and Vanishing executed in first-class manner.
ARTHUR PALFREY.

**UNION BANK OF HALIFAX**
INCORPORATED 1856.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **Capital Authorized,** | - | **$3,000,000** |
| **Capital Subscribed,** | - | **1,336,150** |
| **Capital Paid Up,** | - | **1,336,150** |
| **Reserve Fund,** | - | **931,405** |

*DIRECTORS:*
WM. ROBERTSON, President.
WM. ROCHE, M. P., Vice-President.
C. C. BLACKADAR, GEO. MITCHELL, M. P. P.
E. G. SMITH, A. E. JONES,
GEORGE STAIRS.

Head Office: Halifax, N. S.

E. L. THORNE, General Manager,
C. N S. Strickland, Asst. Gen. Mgr
W. C. Harvey, - - Inspector.

*BRANCHES:*
Annapolis, Arichat, Baddeck, Barrington Passage, Bear River, Berwick, Bridgetown, Clarke's Harbor, Dartmouth, Digby, Glace Bay, Halifax, Inverness, Kentville, Lawrencetown, Liverpool, Lockeport, Mahon, Middleton, New Glasgow, North Sydney, Parraboro, Sherbrooke, Springhill, Sydney, Sydney Mines, St. Peter's Truro, Windsor, Wolfville, Yarmouth.
Port of Spain, Trinidad; St. John, N. B.

*CORRESPONDENTS:*
Bank of Toronto and Branches, Canada.
National Bank of Commerce, New York.
Merchants' National Bank, Boston.
London and Westminster Bank, London, England

Special attention is directed to the COMPARATIVE STATEMENT below, showing the progress made by this Bank in the past sixteen years, also the increase of business in the last year.

STATEMENT

| | 1887 | 1903 | 1904 |
|---|---|---|---|
| Capital, - | $ 500,000 | $1,205,000 | $ 1,336,295 |
| Reserve Fund, | 40,000 | 825,000 | 925,000 |
| Deposits, - | 472,401 | 5,115,648 | 5,835,431 |
| Circulation, | 148,442 | 1,043,866 | 1,134,902 |
| Loans, - | 793,880 | 6,034,329 | 7,607,602 |
| U. S. Bills | 92,139 | 10,754 | 1,316 |
| Liabilities, - | 804,423 | 7,137,176 | 8,115,830 |
| Assets, - | 1,358,209 | 9,170,243 | 10,373,650 |

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT.
Interest allowed at highest current rate on Savings Bank Deposits and on Deposit Receipts, compounded half-yearly.

REASON No 8
WHY YOU SHOULD USE
# Red Rose Tea
**Because it is full weight.**
You get a full pound of tea inside the package. The lead wrapping is not included in the weight.

It is weighed by automatic electric machines—machines that never make mistakes (clerks sometimes do), and the tea is poured into the packages after being weighed.

Put a pound package of Red Rose Tea on a scale and it will weigh 19 to 20 ounces, according to the thickness of the lead wrapper; or the tea, poured out, will weigh 16 ounces.

Everything about Red Rose Tea is always full measure—weight, quality, purity, and cleanliness—and your satisfaction will be full and complete when you use it.

**T. H. ESTABROOKS, St. John, N.B.**
BRANCHES: TORONTO, WINNIPEG.


### Nova Scotia vs. Manitoba.

The reputation of Manitoba as a wheat-producing country adds interest to the results of recent experiments in wheat growing conducted by the Canadian government on two experimental farms, one at Nappan, Nova Scotia, the other at Brandon, Manitoba. Out of 58 varieties tested in both places, 40 produced a larger yield per acre and heavier grain on the Nova Scotia than on the Manitoba farm. Over two-thirds of the varieties tested were more successful in Nova Scotia than in Manitoba.—Youth's Companion, Boston.


### When You Need Physic

Get a box of the old reliable Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut, which loosens the bowels without causing griping pains. No remedy is half so satisfactory as Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Price 25c.


### Illegal Export of Game to the United States.

Montreal, Feb. 9.—Special customs officers have at last got trace of long suspected illegal export of game from Quebec province to the United States. It is found that within three months over a thousand deer have been sent out from one point, cut up, barrelled, and labelled "hams." The shipments, as soon as they crossed the boundary, were changed to venison, and the whole lot were valued at about twenty-seven thousand dollars, and duty of about $2,500 was paid. Vast quantities of partridge were also exported as "land fowl," but these cannot be traced.

All shipments were made under false names, both of senders and consignees, but the officers are hot on their trail, headed by Chief Inspector F. L. Jones, who is well known in Ontario as an old member of the Ottawa Press Gallery.


Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.


### This is Peace.

To conquer love of self and lust of life;
To tear deep-rooted passion from the breast;
To still the inward strife;
To lay up lasting treasure
Of perfect service rendered, duties done
In charity, soft speech and stainless days;
These riches shall not fade away in life,
Nor any death depraise.
—Sir Edwin Arnold.

O ye friends, with pleasant smiles,
Help me build my precious whiles;
Bring me blocks of gold to make—
Strength that wrong can never shake.
Day by day I gather from
All you give me. I become
Yet a part of all I meet
In the fields and in the street.
—Nixon Waterman.

I slept, and dreamed that life was Beauty;
I woke, and found that life was Duty.
Was thy dream, then, a shadowy lie?
Toil on, sad heart, courageously,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A truth, and noonday light to thee.
—Ellen Hooper.

### To Save Labour in Digging.

A correspondent writes to the North Sydney Herald: "It may be of service to say, that if parties who are called on to make excavations in frozen ground, to open up water pipes, sewers, to dig post holes, or finally graves, would secure a portion of unslacked lime, place it snugly over the ground to be excavated, if a drain, taking a section of ten or twelve feet at a time, cover the dry lime with a little straw and spruce bows; then pour or sprinkle with water, sufficiently to make the lime slack, but not to wash the lime away. Sprinkling is better than pouring. Let the mass rest an hour or so, and digging can be done with comparatively little labor, and saving of tools. One dollars' worth of lime will save five dollars' worth of labor and tools. The lime gathered up can be used for mortar or in compost, or even the loss of the lime is small compared with hard work saved."


### Afraid of Strong Medicines

Many people suffer for years from rheumatic pains, and prefer to do so rather than take the strong medicines usually given for rheumatism, not knowing that quick relief from pain may be had simply by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm and without taking any medicine internally. For sale by S. N. Weare.


## Poetry.

### Do We Forget?

(By S. O. H. Dickson, in the Pilgrim.)

Do we forget when winter snows lie deep
Above the beds where our beloved sleep,
And we no longer wildly weep,—
Do we forget?

Because, when comes the holy Christmastide,
And love and joy are scattered far and wide,
We check our sighs, and strive our tears to hide,—
Do we forget?

Do we forget, because with mute lips pressed
To fading pictures, all our love unguessed,
Lies locked secure within our patient breast,—
Do we forget?

Because, across the widening gulf of years,
There comes no loving word to quell our fears,
No watchful hand to brush away our tears,—
Do we forget.

Do we forget? Nay, in each heart there lies
A secret place, where, hid from mortal eyes,
Dwells, strong and true, a love that never dies,—
Nor can forget!

### Keep A-Goin'!

(From Sing Sing Star of Hope.)

If you strike a thorn or rose,
Keep a-goin,!
If it hails or if it snows,
Keep a-goin'!
'Tain't no use to sit and whine,
When the fish ain't on your line,
Bait your hook and keep on tryin',
Keep a-goin'!

When the weather kills your crop,
Keep a-goin'!
When you tumble from the top,
Keep a-goin'!
S'pose you're out o' every dime,
Gettin' broke ain't any crime;
Tell the world you're feelin' prime,
Keep a-goin'!

When it looks like all is up,
Keep a-goin'!
Drain the sweetness from the cup,
Keep a-goin'!
See the wild birds on the wing!
Hear the bells that sweetly ring!
When you feel like singin',—sing!
Keep a-goin'!

## Selected Story.

### THE CONSEQUENCE.

(By Alice Mack.)

The doctor looked into the woman's brave eyes and slowly pronounced her sentence.

"The operation must take place within a few days or—"

"Or what?"

"It may be too late to operate at all."

"And—I will get through it safely?"

"I hope so."

"You are not sure. You think there is a risk?"

"There is always a risk in every operation," he answered evasively.

"Tell me the truth, doctor; I can bear it."

The old man looked into the desperate eyes and put his hand gently on the woman's shoulder.

"You are a brave woman. I will tell you the truth. This operation will be a very serious one—in fact there is only a chance that you will survive it. But there is a chance, and for the sake of it you must not lose heart."

"Couldn't I wait until next month—just for a few weeks longer? It surely would not make any difference if it were postponed until then?"

"My child," the doctor answered, "if we postpone it for a few weeks, for even one week, you will lose your one chance of recovery. Besides, you will suffer such agony that your life will be unbearable. Let me advise you, and make up your mind to go through it immediately."

"Immediately?"

"Within the next few days. You must go to the hospital tomorrow to be prepared for it."

Then he explained the arrangements he would make for her, and after listening in a dazed, half stupid fashion, Elizabeth said "good-by" to him, and wearily went out in the cold and darkness of the December evening.

She drove along in a hansom, the tears running down her white cheeks, and her heart rebelling at the cruel hand of Fate that had so unsparingly dealt her this blow. Had she deserved it? Was this trial sent to her because she had set one man on a pedestal and worshipped him to the exclusion of the whole world? Or was it because she, like a fool, had thrust away with laughing eyes the happiness that had been held out to her, and the gods had guessed that it was only a freak, and were punishing her because she insolently played with the best thing they had to give? Six months ago, when David Moore had started to tell her how dear she was to him, she had stopped him with a laugh, and had warned him that it would be wiser to wait till he returned from abroad before he decided that she was "the only woman in the world." She did not then know why she had done it, why, when her heart was craving for his love, she had coquetted and warded him off. But right deep down she knew that it was for his own sake, to give him a fair chance of seeing other younger, more beautiful women, before she let him tell her that she was the best of all.

"I'll be back in six months, Elizabeth," he said, holding her hand tightly, and looking into the sweet gray eyes. "I'll come straight to you. You will then believe that I am in earnest." And so he left her.

And now the six months were at an end; for that morning a telegram had come telling her of his arrival in England, and to expect to see him tonight.

She had lived every hour of her life in these six months for David; everything she did was for his sake—was to please him. And now, when the time had really come, and he would be with her in a few hours, she must gather up her strength and send him away without a word of love, and without a sign of regret.

It was because the pain had waged so fiercely through the night that she determined to go to a doctor to beg for something to give her relief, for the time at least. She had gone, and had had her sentence pronounced.

Although he had not exactly said so, Elizabeth guessed that even if she did survive the operation she would always be a weak, delicate woman. And in her great love she decided to sacrifice even one hour of joy—she could never bear to be a drag on David, she must send him away again without explaining the reason.

When she arrived at the house where she lived in Kensington, she turned down the lamps under their red shades and told the maid to put more coal on the fire. She decided to postpone her preparations for her illness until after her visitor had gone. She would only have time now to prepare herself for the scene she must go through with him.

After she had some tea, she went to her room. The frock she had chosen to wear was lying on the bed. It was a soft blue silk and was very simply made. Quickly she put it back into the wardrobe and took down one that was sufficiently old-fashioned to be dowdy.

"Mollie said I looked twenty in blue and thirty-five in black," she whispered, as she laid it on the bed.

Then she unfastened her hair. She remembered some one once saying, "To part the hair in the center either makes a woman look much older or much younger than she really is. I think, Elizabeth, that it makes you look much older." Taking up the comb, she carefully made a parting down the center of her head and twisted her hair into a tight knob at the back.

The reflection that the mirror sent back to her made her shudder.

Then she put on the dowdy black frock. Ugh! she did look plain and old and commonplace. No man could make love to a woman who looked like that. And of all men, not David Moore, for she knew so well that he liked a woman to be good to look at.

Having finished her strange toilet, she went down to the sitting-room and waited. Fifteen minutes later her visitor came.

Elizabeth saw him start and the surprised look in his eyes as she held out her hand to him and asked coolly how he had enjoyed the trip.

"Are you ill, Elizabeth?" he said quickly, without answering her, and looking anxiously at the face that had changed almost beyond recognition since he last saw it.

"No, No! Why should I be ill?"

"You look so white and—"

"Old," she finished. "Well, I am six months older, you must remember, since you went away, and I am not the type of woman who wears well."

"Is there anything the matter? Are you in trouble?"

"What should there be to trouble me? I never do anything but have a good time. I love excitement and all that sort of thing."

The man looked as if he was not sure he had heard aright.

"No," Elizabeth continued, "I am not really different, but you have been accustomed to fresh young faces lately and so poor mine seems old and withered in comparison. But please don't waste further time in discussing my appearance. Tell me how you enjoyed your visit."

"Fairly, but I was so anxious to get back to London to see you again that I did not think much about it. You know why I wished to be here by the fifteenth, Elizabeth?"

She looked as though she was trying to remember.

"Darling," he went on, coming close to her, "you have not forgotten that you said you would listen to me when I returned. You know, without any words, that you are the dearest woman in the world to me, and that I wish you for my wife."

"Your wife!" she echoed, with a sneering laugh. "Thank you, no, I must decline the honor."

"Elizabeth!" and his face went white as he held her hands tightly, "what do you mean?"

"Just that," she said. "I must decline the honor."

"Then," and he dropped her hands and turned away, "I had better go. I was a conceited fool. Forgive me. My love for you has carried me too far."

Even in the half-lit room Elizabeth's face looked strangely white as she put her hand to her side and leaned back in the cushions.

But she laughed again.

"Ah, it does not matter. You will forget it as readily as I will. And perhaps, after all, it was my own fault. But you must always allow for a woman changing her affections. It is a woman's way, you know."

"No, I did not know," coldly.

"Why not? She may vary her frocks—why not her affections?"

"For heaven's sake, don't talk like that. You might be a heartless flirt by your tone."

"I hardly think I am that, for your sex does not interest me sufficiently. But I am a woman of the world, and not a silly, love-sick girl."

"I never imagined you to be a silly, love-sick girl, any more than I thought of you as a 'woman of the world,' as you put it. Perhaps it will amuse you to hear that I thought you were foolish enough to think you were—well, altogether different."

"Yes, it is rather absurd," she answered, driving her nails into her left hand as she stood up and held out her right one to him. "Good-by. There is now no need to extend this interview. Besides, I am busy tonight. You will excuse me."

He took her hand and held it tightly as he looked into the tired grey eyes.

"Elizabeth, Elizabeth," he whispered, "what does it all mean? Have you nothing kind to say to me?"

"Yes, forget me as soon as you can. And—you will lose your beauty sleep if you don't go quickly."

He dropped her hand and went out of the house.

Her acting had been a success, too much of a success, for not only had he gone away with the idea that she was indifferent to him, but she had forced him to despise her for her levity. Yet, after all, it was better thus; it would be less difficult for him to cast her out of his heart.

She certainly did look plain. Yet her appearance had not made any difference to him. Ah! that look of concern in his eyes when he asked her if she was ill. Why couldn't she have told him? It would have been so sweet to have had his loving sympathy.

And if her operation was to be as serious, and the result as fatal, as she feared, was there not some way in which she might, before it was too late, wipe out the false impression she had made tonight? She could not bear the thought that he would think bitterly of her—afterwards. Surely it would be some comfort to him to know the truth then. Yes, he must be told. She would write a letter and confess all. If she lived, it must be destroyed; if she died it must be delivered.

"I have sent you away from me," she wrote, "and am now breaking my heart because I will never look into your face again. David, tonight I acted a part to you. I forced myself to be cold and false. I made myself a fright to prevent you telling me of your love. I knew that if you did so, I would not have the strength to resist you. I did not want you to guess that I cared. I wanted you to think me a heartless flirt—to despise me—anything rather than you should regret or have a heartache.

"Today my doctor told me that I must go under the knife within the next few days. He said that there was a slight chance, but in my heart I know that if I do live I will be a weak, sickly woman. But I don't believe there is a chance, so I want to tell you how dear you are to me before it is too late. I love you as only a woman can love the man who represents everything that is good and strong and true to her. For nearly two years I have waited to hear you say what you said tonight. Six months ago I prevented you because I was not quite sure; I thought it would be wiser for you to wait until you returned. I could not realize that the glory of your love should be showered on me. I thought it fair for you to see other women before you offered your life to me.

"David, I want you to understand how desperately hard it was to refuse to listen to you tonight. It was the greatest sacrifice I have ever made in my life, and I prayed for strength to do it. My whole being revolted at the part I set myself to play, although I felt it was best for you—now and afterward. Can you forgive me, David?"

She then rang for her maid, and after explaining about what was to happen to her, she gave her the letter and said what she wished her to do with it.

No surgeon can ever be quite certain to what length a disease has spread until he starts to use the knife, and oftentimes he finds it more or less serious than he anticipates.

So it was that when Dr. Sanders commenced to operate on Elizabeth Trent he was agreeably surprised to find that instead of her case being most complicated, it was merely an ordinary one.

"She will be all right now, nurse," the great surgeon said, after the operation. "Fortunately it has not been so serious as we feared. It is a decidedly interesting case and she will pull through splendidly with careful nursing."

It was two weeks later when Elizabeth asked her maid if she had destroyed the letter she had given to her on the eve of her operation.

"Destroy it, Miss Elizabeth?" the woman answered. "I thought you said to post it if you lived."

"Oh, Harmon! You surely have not sent that letter?"

"Yes, Miss Elizabeth, I have. I thought you wanted me to destroy it if anything happened to you, and to post it if you got safely through the operation. I waited until last night to make sure that you did not have a relapse, then I thought it was time."

Before Elizabeth could answer, a nurse came in with a florist's box in her hand and a bright smile on her face.

"This is for you, Miss Trent," she said. "Shall I unfasten it?"

Elizabeth cried out in joyous surprise at the wealth of beautiful flowers with which the box was filled. But her eyes went beyond them to a letter that lay partly hidden in their leaves.

"It is from David," she whispered softly, as she gazed at the dear, familiar hand-writing. As she opened it with quick, trembling fingers, the nurse and Harmon quickly went out of the room.

"My darling," Elizabeth read, "I have just received your letter. Only half an hour before I met Mansfield, and he told me of your illness. I thought he must be mistaken, but he said his wife had been to see you at the hospital yesterday. My first impulse was to go and beg them to let me see you, but I remembered that you would not care to have me. Oh Elizabeth! It seems too wonderful to be true, that you should love me like that. Why, my dear, you were never more lovable in my eyes than you were that night. You looked ill and tired, and I longed to have the right to take care of you and shield you from all annoyances. When I remember the hard things I said, I feel that it will take all my life to endeavor to wipe them out. Elizabeth, almost as soon as you read this I will be with you."


**NOTHING EQUAL TO IT**
Will be your experience if you use
**WARREN'S WHITE PINE AND TAR SYRUP.**
There are lots of White Pine and Tar preparations, but this is a *Special One* and *Specially Made.*
**It Cures.**
Ask your friend about it. We sell more of it than all the rest put together—it sells on its merits.
Prepared by
**W. A. WARREN, Phm. B., Chemist & Optician.**

**Consumption**
¶ There is no specific for consumption. Fresh air, exercise, nourishing food and Scott's Emulsion will come pretty near curing it, if there is anything to build on. Millions of people throughout the world are living and in good health on one lung.
¶ From time immemorial the doctors prescribed cod liver oil for consumption. Of course the patient could not take it in its old form, hence it did very little good. They *can* take
**SCOTT'S EMULSION**
and tolerate it for a long time. There is no oil, not excepting butter, so easily digested and absorbed by the system as cod liver oil in the form of Scott's Emulsion, and that is the reason it is so helpful in consumption where its use must be continuous.
¶ We will send you a sample free.
¶ Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

Scott & Bowne
Chemists
Toronto, Ont.
50c. and $1; all druggists

**Ayer's Hair Vigor**
Feed your hair; nourish it; give it something to live on. Then it will stop falling, and will grow long and heavy. Ayer's Hair Vigor is the only hair food you can buy. For 60 years it has been doing just what we claim it will do. It will not disappoint you.
"My hair used to be very short. But after using Ayer's Hair Vigor a short time it began to grow, and now it is fourteen inches long. This seems a splendid result to me after being almost without any hair."
MRS. J. H. FIFER, Colorado Springs, Colo.
$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for Short Hair


The publisher of the best Farmer's paper in the Maritime Provinces in writing to us states:

"I would say that I do not know of a medicine that has stood the test of time like MINARD'S LINIMENT. It has been an unfailing remedy in our household ever since I can remember, and has outlived dozens of would-be competitors and imitations."

—At present Canada has no mint; and it may be a surprise to many to know that there is no such thing as a Canadian gold coin. The Dominion Parliament, however, has now voted $200,000 for the establishment of a mint. It will, we understand, eventually cost about $375,000. But a gold coinage for Canada will be well worth this output. Canadian gold will be good the world over, but this is not and cannot be the case with paper money.


Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.


# UNION BANK OF HALIFAX.

*INCORPORATED 1856.*

## PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

*CREDIT.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1904—Jan. 30th. | By Balance | $ 6,504 33 | |
| 1905—Jan. 31st. | By Net Profits, after providing for bad and doubtful debts, | 148,308 40 | $ 154,812 73 |

*DEBIT.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1904—July 31st— | To Dividend No. 95 | $ 46,642.59 | |
| 1905—Jan. 31st— | " Dividend No. 96 | 46,762 95 | $ 93,405 54 |
| | " Cost of Buildings at Dartmouth and Bridgetown, Safes, &c., Written off | | 20,322 17 |
| | " Transferred to Reserve Fund | | 38,594 25 |
| | " Balance to New Account | | 2,490 77 |
| | | | $ 154,812 73 |

## RESERVE FUND.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1904—Jan. 30th. | By Balance | $ 925,000 00 | |
| 1905—Jan. 31st. | " Premium on New Stock | 6,405 75 | |
| " " " | Transferred from Profit and Loss Account | 38,594 25 | |
| | | | $ 970,000 00 |
| 1905—Jan. 31st. | To Balance Carried Forward | | $ 970,000 00 |

## General Statement,

31st January, 1905.

### LIABILITIES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Circulation | | $ 1,209,113.31 |
| Deposits on Demand | | 1,089,020 12 |
| Deposits payable after notice | $ 5,228,015 71 | |
| Add Accrued Interest | 46,602 38 | $ 5,274,618 09 |
| Balance due to other Banks in Canada | | 3,536 33 |
| Outstanding Drafts between Head Office and Branches | | 68,849 54 |
| Balance due to Dominion Government | | 21,305 93 |
| Balance due to Provincial Government | | 102,631 33 |
| Balance due to London Agents | | 101,347 77 |
| | | $ 7,870,422 42 |
| Capital | | 1,336,150 00 |
| Reserve Fund | | 970,000 00 |
| Profit and Loss Account | | 2,490 77 |
| Dividend No. 96, payable 28th February, 1905 | | 46,762 95 |
| Dividends Unclaimed | | 370 49 |
| Unmatured Drafts on London | | 124,165 87 |
| Other Liabilities | | 21,074 97 |
| | | $10,371,437 47 |

### ASSETS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Specie | $ 257,507 79 | |
| Dominion Notes | 635,066 50 | |
| Notes and Cheques of other Banks | 357,590 79 | $ 1,250,165 08 |
| Balance due from other Banks in Canada | | 189,263 95 |
| Balance due from other Banks and Branches not in Canada | | 312,790 91 |
| Dominion and Provincial Debentures | | 634,937 41 |
| British Consols, Municipal and other Bonds | | 434,597 08 |
| | | $ 2,821,754 43 |
| Bank Circulation Redemption Fund | | 69,137 82 |
| Call Loans secured by Bonds, Debentures and Stocks | | 257,272 97 |
| Current Loans | $ 7,134,399 88 | |
| Less Rebate of Interest | 46,963 75 | $ 7,087,436 13 |
| Overdue Debts | | 4,022 97 |
| Bank Premises | | 112,158 75 |
| Real Estate other than Bank Premises | | 4,083 51 |
| Mortgage on Real Estate sold by the Bank | | 2,000 00 |
| Other Assets | | 13,570 89 |
| | | $10,371,437 47 |