

SEVENTH
of the series dealing with the establishment of the
Bank of Montreal at representative points in CANADA
and elsewhere

IN VANCOUVER AND VICTORIA

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THE MODERN INKSMITH
(After H. W. Longfellow)

Beside a giant printing press
The modern ink-smith stands:
The smith, a gifted man is he
With swift and active hands:
He sometimes wishes that his arms
Were strong as iron bands.

His mind is well-informed and quick
To think and know and plan:
His heart is full of strong desire
To be an honest man:
When others pay him what they owe
He does the best he can.

Week in, week out, through cold and heat,
In pleasing form he tells
What all people wish to know
And what each merchant sells:
The music of his paper seems
As sweet as wedding bells.

He tells of what in every church,
Is done for girls and boys:
By him the preacher reaches more
Than those who hear his voice:
By what he tells about the choir,
He makes sad hearts rejoice.

Some eager are to criticize,
Some have kind things to say:
Some ready are in all he does,
To show some better way:
And often he is cheered by those,
Who always promptly pay.

Rejoicing—, sorrowing,
He bravely onward goes:
He seeks to make the thorny path
As fragrant as a rose:
And seldom does the town perceive,
How much to him it owes.

He merits warm and grateful love,
From those he serves so well:
For every worthy cause he does
Stop at his open door,
To learn about the last report
And know their highest score:

The children coming home from school
He keenly feels for those who fail,
When they expected more.
Far more than words can tell:
He cheers and strengthens all the brave,
And leads them to excel.

T. Watson in Tara Leader.

sweetheart, E. V. Thomsen, a young Dane in the employ of Alfred Isley, of Mornington, on Wednesday afternoon last committed suicide by hanging himself with a piece of binder twine on the ladder leading to the mews in the barn.

The young chap, who is highly spoken of by the family where he was employed, was plowing in the afternoon and when the rain came up unhitched the horses and returned to the house. A young boy brought the horses back to the barn and put them away. This was about four o'clock. About five o'clock his body was discovered by Mr. Isley, who had been in Milverton in the afternoon and returned about that time.

Four pieces of binder twine were used by the young man who fashioned a double slip knot, putting the end around the rung of the ladder and the other around his neck.

At the foot of the ladder on the floor two letters were lying, together with a fountain pen. One letter was addressed to his father and one to his sweetheart. They were written in the Danish tongue and a Dane from a nearby farm was pressed into service to read them when Coroner J. D. Monticelli and County Constable Hutcheson arrived on the scene. While the interpreter could not speak very good English, it was gathered that the young man had received some intimation, or at any rate come to the opinion, that his sweetheart had found some one else she liked better.—Milverton Sun.

PERMISSION SOUGHT TO SHOOT AT SIGHT

Milton, June 18. On account of the wholesale stealing and raids on poultry houses during the past two weeks, the farmers of Esquimaux are organizing themselves into a committee to make a clean-up of the thieves and robbers who are infesting the township. The thieves are believed to be an organized gang from Toronto. Some of the farmers have been in Milton during the past few days, buying rifles and shot guns, and will interview Attorney General as to whether or not a farmer can shoot a thief carrying away grain, poultry or other produce while on his property. Other farmers state that they will not wait to interview anybody, but will shoot if they view anybody, but will shoot if he is stealing the affections of his thief or thieves refuse to surrender.

FOX RANCH GROWING

The fox ranch on Mt. J. Pierson's farm, Burgoyne, is assuming quite extensive proportions since it was established three years ago. During that time it has increased 100 per cent. and now contains 48 foxes, including 24 pups.

Mr. Pierson also has 11 adult coons and three pups. Fox farming is fast becoming one of the best paying industries in Canada, and in Ontario many have started into the business. Considerable interest is being taken in the ranch at Burgoyne, and Mr. Pierson extends a cordial invitation to anyone wishing to inspect his ranch to call any day except Sunday after the middle of July.—Fort Elgin Times.

A PLAIN TRUTH

A man may patronize the mail order houses for years—may send them in that time hundreds of dollars—and at the same time they wouldn't accommodate him for a two-cent stamp. This is the plain, unvarnished truth. If you think otherwise try it for yourself and see. These out-of-town houses do not know you—do not care to know you—are not interested in you in any way—only in the money you send them. Spend your money with your own townspeople, who know you for what you really are, who appreciate your worth, your business, your assistance in building up home interests.

TO THE CHIEF OF POLICE

In an open letter to the Chief of Police at Wariaton, the Canadian Echo of that town dilates on a subject that applies to constables in other places as well, when it says:—

Last Thursday on Berford Street at 3.30 p.m. as you were in front of the Police Magistrate's office, a large touring car, driven by a local garage man passed you at a rate far exceeding the town speed limit. Your attention to this breach of the by-law was drawn at once when the car was not a hundred yards past you. Did you issue a summons for this breach of by-law? If not, why not? The safety of the lives of the little children of this town is in your hands, so far as the street-traffic is concerned, and it is your business to prevent these rascals from making a speedway of the short strip of cement pavement in town. You get paid for such jobs. We will give you credit for doing your duty a couple of weeks ago. We saw you warn an 8 year old boy against travelling too fast on the sidewalk with his little wagon. The boy will be good, but you missed a chance to regulate one motorist for the rest of the season. The only cure is a blue paper from the Magistrate.

ON BOBBED HAIR

Of the startling changes wrought by this widespread twentieth century craze, the most aggravating, as regards mere man, has undoubtedly been the "babies" invasion of the barber shop.

Not many months ago it was considered immodest for a member of stronger sex sit fumingly awaiting the fair sex to step within the precincts of the tonsorial artist's place of business. Now, walk into a barber shop almost any evening and behold the artisan diligently applying the scissors or curling tongs to a feminine head, while a score of the privileged, and perhaps unconsciously deprived of one of our few remaining privacies. The barber shop is no longer the rendezvous of "Old Cronies" and the airing place for "Best Stories." They are drowned beneath the bedlam of flapper jibberish. Seriously the situation is provoking. Soon the cuspidors will be missing, and in their place parking "No Smoking" signs will shortly be displayed along with other imploring courtesy to the ladies. Meaning here will be two lines of customers and the male row will not be first. Our barber will now be neglecting his razors to devote his attention to polishing the curling tongs and preparing sweet-scented perfumes for his fair customers.

Honestly, the situation bids fair to become tragic. But it will not be the only tragedy following in the wake of this latest menace. Bobbed hair has sounded the death-knell of the hair-pin industry. Many a hair-comb manufacturer has gone "over the hill to the poorhouse." It is annihilated in the age-old adage "A woman's crown glory is her hair" and it has driven to desperation more than one irate papa and hubby. Bobbed hair may have rejuvenated the tonsorial treasury and brought untold joy to starving feminine souls, but if you think it has eased the way of work-torn man, ask him who has frothed for hours in the barber-shop line.—Ex.

WOULD YOU DO IT?

By Edgar L. Vincent.

If it was the fashion, would you cut your coat-tails off under your arms? But we do just as foolish things as that. Look at the woman with bobbed hair. Now there are fashions that are all right to follow. A new man comes into the neighborhood and begins to do things right. He sets the fashion of being a downright good farmer. All men with a spark or snap in them begin to follow his example to follow. It is a good fashion when all women take pattern after some nice, sensible young woman. That makes the world a better place to live in, and don't we all want to have a hand in that?

But there are fashions that belittle those who set out in pursuit of them. And that is one thing that has brought us to where we are to-day. We see some neighbor riding round in a fine car. Our first thought is, "That's a fine turnout." Then quickly we say, "We have got to have one like it, or even more costly." And we begin to strain every nerve to get the money to buy the finer machine.

The other day I had a business in the office of the public official whose business it is to file and record mortgages. He showed me his books, and it dumb-founded me to see how many people are driving mortgaged cars. You never can tell when you see a costly car sweep by whether it is paid for or whether there is a big mortgage on it.

A man I know drives a good car that he never has paid a cent on in a while. He buys his cars on time, paying nothing down, but giving a mortgage; and when the dealer gets sick of carrying him on his books he takes the car away. What does the shyster do then? He just goes and gets a new car. What earthly happiness there can be in that sort of business I can't see. It is bad fashion, and cannot but end in trouble.

So I wonder if it was the fashion to cut the tails of your coat, off close under your arms, wouldn't a great many of us do it. But it is not sensible. The finest car to ride in is the car we have paid for. The farm machinery that does us the best service and makes us the happiest is one that is free from debt. And we leave it in our own hands to bring about better times. How? By giving a good, common sense sway in our lives.

Men age fastest. When they were married he was 21 and she 20. Now he is 40 and she only 29.

THOSE CHEAP SCHOOL BOOKS

The big printing firms of Toronto which have the name of their publishing house prominently advertised on every school book they publish do not print text books at the price advertised on the books. They get direct grants from the Legislature to pay the cost of the plates and any loss they may have at the low price of printing the school books. This extra comes under the heading of what is known as the subventions to publishers as supplementing retail prices of text books. Here's the haul six firms got from the Provincial treasury: Copp Clark Co. \$13,578.12; T. Eaton Co. \$106,692.94; W. J. Gage & Co. \$13,212.76; Hunter, Rose Co. \$174.59; McMillan Co. \$1,476.16; Ryerson Press \$22,921.15. The T. Eaton Co. isn't printing those public school books so cheaply after all.—Chesley Enterprise.

WROXETER MAN GUILTY OF INDECENT ASSAULT

Goderich, June 13.—The case against John Sage, a man of 62 years of age, of Wroxeter, charged with indecent assault upon a young girl under 14 years of age, came to a close to-day by the jury finding him guilty of the offense and the sentence of the court will be imposed upon him at 10 o'clock Saturday morning, June 14.

The case against Robert Munn, of Hay Township, charged with indecent assault upon a young girl under the age of 14 years is now in progress and will be resumed at 9 o'clock Saturday morning when the court opens.

Goderich, June 14.—John A. Sage, of Wroxeter, a man of 60 years of age, appeared before Judge Barron, of Stratford, here this morning for sentence, the jury finding him guilty of indecent assault upon a girl of 14 years of age. Judge Barron, in passing sentence, addressed the prisoner at some length and imposed a sentence of five months in the county jail.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

A lady was asked this question the other day and found difficulty in saying off hand what characteristics and qualities she considered essential in the make-up of a gentleman. After one or two rather disappointing attempts, she said why not consult a dictionary? Good idea. That's what dictionaries are for, and if they were oftener consulted there would be a great deal clearer thinking and fewer misunderstandings.

The Standard Dictionary says:

Chevrolet Brings Town and Country Close

IT is no longer necessary for the farmer to remain a recluse—for his children to forego the youthful companionship which they all crave. Neither is it necessary for the town or city dweller to think of the countryside as a delightful place to be visited only at vacation time. The automobile has made communication swift and easy. It has brought friends near each other, though they live miles apart.

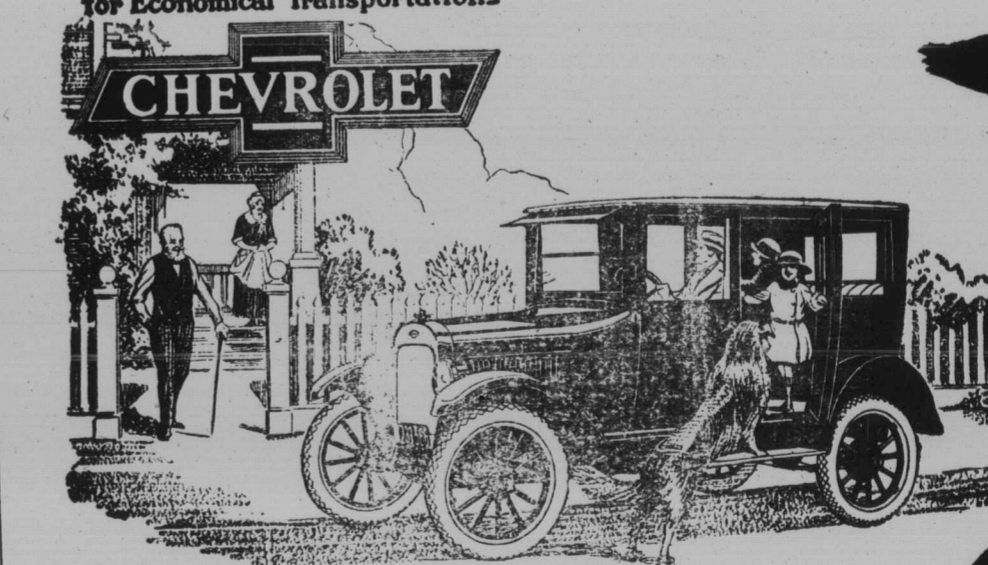
fits of an automobile. For Chevrolet is not only an exceedingly low-priced car, but it is also the most economical car in the world to maintain.

Even though you have not the ready cash with which to purchase at present, the General Motors Acceptance Corporation makes it possible for you to pay for your Chevrolet while you are using and enjoying it.

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And Chevrolet has made it possible for almost every Canadian to enjoy the benefits of an automobile.

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