

ENGLISH HOLES.

Most Founded For Poor Scholars—Are Now Aristocratic.

Some of Britain's great public schools have interesting histories of their own, dating back hundreds of years.

When the Charterhouse School was founded in 1611 by Thomas Sutton it had a different name. It was called "Howard House" when Sutton purchased it for the then very large sum of \$65,000, and it was not even as a school that it was first founded, but as a hospital.

The letters patent which Sutton obtained enabled him to found "a hospital for eighty old men and forty boys," under the name of the "Hospital of King James in Charterhouse."

The former portion of the original institution remains in London. It is an asylum for eighty "poor brethren." Each has a room of his own, and an allowance of about \$150 a year for clothes and pocket money. But the school was removed in 1872 to Godalming, in Surrey, and from its original forty boys has grown to 460.

Charterhouse, though of respectable antiquity, is not by any means the oldest of our great public schools. That honor belongs to Winchester, which was founded in 1387 by the famous William of Wykeham.

The life of the Winchester boy used to be hard beyond belief. Until the time of Queen Elizabeth there was no school of any kind in the town, and the school consisted simply of some straw hung down on the hard concrete floor. Their plates were small squares of board, which are still used for bread-and-butter.

It was at Winchester that the system of "monitors," or prefects, now usual in all large schools, first originated. There were twenty monitors, and these alone were allowed to have fags.

Winchester boys, of whom there were at first only seventy, entered on the understanding that they must "learn, leave, or be flogged" with a four-trigged rod. The school has grown enormously since those early days, and now has about 450 scholars.

Next in point of antiquity to Winchester comes Eton, the largest of all our public schools. Henry VI., who founded Eton about 1441, called it "The College of the Blessed Mary of Eton beside Windsor." Some of the school buildings date from that period.

Sir Laurence Sheriff, who founded Rugby in 1567, was a member of the Grocers' Company. In an inventory of gifts received by Queen Elizabeth on New Year's Day, 1562, occurs, "By Laurence Sheriff, grocer, a sugar loaf, a box of ginger, a box of nutmegs, and a pound of shrewsbury." Queen Elizabeth, with shrewd humor, gave the grocer a crest and coat-of-arms, a branch of dates held in a lion's paw. The present school, the Old Manor House of Rugby, was bought by the trustees in 1581.

It was the great Arnold, who came to Rugby from Winchester, who changed the school from the foggiest and most turbulent to one of the best in England. "Tom Brown's School-days," the finest school story ever written, gives a wonderful picture of Rugby under his strong but kindly sway. Judge Hughes, who wrote it, was at Rugby for eight years and a half.

Haileybury, though not old as schools go, has an interesting history. It was built in 1806 by the East India Company to train cadets for their service.

Sixpenny Parliamentary Votes.

The very cheapest way of becoming a member of the British Parliament is to stand for an English University as an unopposed candidate. Indeed, at the last general election the two members for Cambridge University only spent £18 5s. 6d. between them.

But, on the other hand, enormous sums may be spent. For example, Sir John A. Simon nearly \$14,000 to win his seat at Westminster; but Mr. Gwynn's seat for Galway cost him only \$550.

The cost of the last election was nearly \$5,000,000. But although the average cost of 5,235,323 votes recorded averaged 3s. 8d., some of those who aspired to sit "neath the shadow of Big Ben at Westminster" went a long way above or a great deal below this sum.

Each vote obtained by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, for instance, cost him 6d.; and Mr. P. Snowden had to pay 8d. The candidate who stood for East St. Pancras in the Suffragist interest only secured 22 votes, which cost him £375 13s. 3d., or £17 1s. 6d. each; while another unsuccessful gentleman paid £9 11s. 4d. for each of the 35 votes he secured.

A Gypsy Prophecy.

An English magazine relates a curious instance of gypsy prophecy. The third Earl of Malmesbury, as Lord Fitzharris, was riding to a yemanyer review near Christchurch when, ordered a gypsy woman to open a gate. The gypsy woman quietly waited till Lord Fitzharris and his staff rode up, when she addressed them, saying, "Oh, you think you are a lot of fine fellows now, but I can tell you that one day your bones will whiten in that field." Lord Fitzharris laughed and asked her whether she thought they were going to have a battle. "Yes," she said, "I think so, for I have seen you in that case." More than forty years later the spot was turned into a cemetery.

The Rabbi's Wit.

Chief Rabbi Adler was gifted with a ready wit as the two following stories prove. He was once seated next to a cardinal with whom he was on friendly terms—possibly it was Manning. "When shall I have the pleasure of seeing you eat ham," Chief Rabbi asked the cardinal. "At your eminence's wedding," was the prompt reply. "You are the prince of beggars," one of the Rothschilds said to him on one occasion. "I am a beggar of princes," was the neat reply.

A Double Flounder.

A double-flounder, both sides being marked alike, with duplicate fins, and having a misplaced eye, was recently caught in English waters.

Mistake Cost Him His Life.

Richmond, Que., March 6.—Thinking a collision was about to take place, E. Seymour, the engineer of a Portland to Montreal immigrant train, early this morning jumped from his locomotive and was killed. No collision occurred, the trains being on opposite tracks. The fireman was injured by jumping.

How the Stack Was Straightened

A Story of a Mechanical Genius

By SAMUEL G. MONTFORD

"Happy the man who has found his vocation." This is an old adage which in these times, when life seems too short to learn a profession before middle age, the saying should be, "Happy the boy in whom some special gift shows itself that can be later on turned to success."

Tom Swartout, a farmer's son, seemed to his father to be worthless because, as the older man said, he was too lazy to eat. And there was reason for the imputation. Tom detested farm work. The hoe handle would never stick to his hands, or if it did he would constantly be stopping in his work to look up in the sky at some bird soaring above and wonder how it kept a fixed position without the slightest visible motion of its wings.

Under the circumstances life was tolerable to Tom and his parents. No one could blame fathers and mothers whose children seem to be useless for showing their disappointment. Tom knew that he was a disappointment, and one night after an expression of his father's disapprobation he resolved to leave home and go somewhere else. In the morning, long before dawn and before any one was stirring on the farm, he got out of bed, dressed himself and started down the road he knew not whither.

The followed hardships that might have been expected. A week after his departure he stopped at an open door of a factory to look in at an engine that was moving machinery distributed through a whole building. There was something in the regular and continued stroke of the piston, the steady revolution of the flywheel, that fascinated the boy. He wondered what kept it going. He had seen machinery on the farm moved by hand power, but nothing driven by heat. While he was looking the engineer, a pale man, was evidently suffering from some disease, began to shiver and into the furnace. The work was evidently hard on him, and he stopped to rest between every shovelful.

"I'll do that for you," said Tom. The man looked at him, then, taking a ten cent piece from his pocket, said: "I wish you would."

Tom put in the coin, then asked the engineer all about the engine—the principles on which it worked, what the piston accomplished, why the flywheel was there, how uniform motion was achieved and a lot of other questions. The man answered his questions and was surprised at how quickly he understood the explanations. Then Tom told him that he had left home, had no means of a livelihood and asked if he might not shovel coal and do odd jobs about the engine room.

The engineer went into the office, and when he came back told Tom that he could stay at a salary of \$4 a week. The boy was beside himself with joy.

One day a wooden post that was a part of one of the machines in the building and that was intended to turn on a pivot like a rudder post began to open in fissures as it turned. Every time it turned the fissures grew larger, and it was evident the post would soon be twisted in two. Some work that had been promised the next morning was dependent on the machine, and there was no time to put in a new post. Tom stood beside the foreman, who was looking at the post not without a frown.

"Getting what to do," "Knowing some wedges," said the coal heaver, "and every time the fissures open fill them up."

The foreman turned to the begrimed boy in astonishment. Then the wedges were brought, driven in and the post was again rigid. The incident drew Tom many pines in the opinion of his employers, and they tried him in various places where good work was needed, but he failed in them all. He had no aptitude for work that did not interest him. It was drudgery, and he had not been made for drudgery any more in a factory than on a farm. There seemed nothing that he could do but assist the engineer, who was a sickly man and often was obliged to absent himself from his duties. So Tom was sent back to the engine room and made an assistant engineer. At this work he seemed to get on better than at anything else, for he loved the machine that could keep the mills supplied with power all day—and all night, for that matter—without getting tired. In its own field, though senseless from it, was better than a man. The man encourages different kinds of food, coal alone would feed the engine. The man must stop for sleep and rest; the engine never stops.

Several years passed during which Tom got no further up in the ladder of success than assistant engineer. There was a vague idea among his fellows and his employers that he was born for success, but there was a screw loose somewhere in his bodily mechanism. One day when he was a

grown man his opportunity came, and the only person unconscious of its arrival was Tom himself.

He made the discovery that the smokestack, a huge brick, hollow, round tower set on a square base and a hundred feet high, had lost its original perpendicular position, veering at the top about two and a half feet. With in a few days it was found to veer six inches more. At this rate it would not be long before it would fall, not only a ruin in itself, but crushing one of the most costly wings of the factory.

The management were in sore distress. They were in the midst of their busiest manufacturing season, yet work must be stopped while the chimney, valuable as it was, must come down to be replaced by a new one. First a scaffolding to the top must be erected, brick after brick must come off, then be replaced from the bottom till the stack reached its original height, standing perpendicular from its base.

Tom, having reported the matter to his employers, was forgotten by them in their anxiety about the chimney. The same evening they called a meeting of engineers and builders to discuss some means of propping the chimney to tide them over the busy season. Not an expedient was suggested that could be relied upon. If the stack should fall and wreck the wing the loss would be far greater than that occasioned by stopping work while the chimney was being taken down and rebuilt. The propping plan was abandoned, and the meeting adjourned with the understanding that the stack must come down.

The next morning Tom Swartout in overalls went into the office of Mr. Rogers, president of the corporation, and, leaning his bare arms, black with coal dust and grease, on a rosewood railing, said reflectively:

"Mr. Rogers, I've been wondering if a way of straightening the stack I've been thinking about wouldn't work. 'You've been thinking about it! Do you know that last night we had the best engineers in the country here discussing the matter, and they all agreed the stack must come down.'"

Tom was about to take his departure when the president asked, "What's your plan?"

"Why, you know the base is square. 'And the stack leans in a perpendicular line with one of the faces of the base.'"

"Yes." "Now, if a line of brick on the sides of the base other than that in the direction the stack leans could be removed, the stack would settle on that side, swinging the top toward the perpendicular."

"The removal of brick under so heavy a weight would be impracticable."

"I was wondering if it couldn't be done in this way: Remove the brick at intervals, so as to leave several little pillars for support. Now, supposing we wish to take out three inches of the brick, we begin by removing six inches on the other three sides, filling up the spaces with blocks of wood of equal thickness, leaving three sides wood instead of brick. Between the blocks put in brick piers three inches high, which would leave a space of three inches, the distance required to right the stack, between the top of the piers and the top of the brick piers. This done, burn out the woodwork, and the upper brickwork of your base gradually sinks down on the piers."

Tom made this suggestion with no more consciousness of its importance and ingenuity than if he had prepared a plan for mending a broken machine. As he progressed the president kept his eyes fixed on him with a growing interest mixed with wonder. When Tom had finished Mr. Rogers continued to stare at him for a few moments, then brought his fist down on a bell beside him. A boy came hurrying in and the president thundered out the order:

"Send the superintendent here at once!"

Within an hour Tom's plan of righting the chimney was begun and within eighteen hours had been completed. The amount of change to swing the top of the chimney into position was a matter of a brief mathematical calculation and was made before the removal of the brickwork was begun. When the woodwork had all been removed by fire the settling was found to be correct and satisfactory, and the stack stood perpendicular.

Mr. Rogers inspected the work, saw that it was good, went to his office and called for Tom Swartout. When Tom reported he hadn't the slightest idea what he was wanted for. The president handed him a check for \$10,000. Tom looked at it, then at Mr. Rogers for an explanation.

"I would gladly have paid an engineer twice that sum," said the president, "for your suggestion. It has saved thousands on the stack—thousands for breach of contracts and thousands for contingent loss of business."

Tom couldn't get it through his stupid head how a little matter like that should be made so much of.

A few days after this Tom received a leave of absence to go home. Neither his father nor his mother knew him, for he had bought good clothes and looked prosperous. They welcomed him home, and when he set about supplying their every want they were thunderstruck.

"How ever did you do it, Tommy?" asked his mother, beside herself with wonder.

"Oh, I did a little job on a smokestack that as any other fellow could have done it. Well, I only nobody happened to think of it."

Tom Swartout was given a position at the factory, which had no name. His duties were to think out all sorts of problems that were impossible to others. He was never at a loss for a device and invented methods for expediting and bettering work which put enormous profits into the pockets of his employers and made him rich.

All this his father and mother could never understand.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

DAIRY COW FEEDING.

The following suggestions on dairy cow feeding are from Professor J. B. Frazer of the dairy department of Idaho.

Maintain early summer conditions as nearly as possible throughout the year. These conditions are described as follows:

1. An abundance of palatable food.

2. A balanced ration.

3. A succulent ration.

4. Moderate temperature.

5. Comfortable surroundings.

The following indicates in a general way the amounts to be fed:

1. Feed all the roughness the cow will eat up clean at all times.

2. Feed one pound of grain per day for each pound of butterfat produced per week, or one pound of grain daily for each three pounds of milk.

3. Feed all the cows will take without gaining in weight.

THE COLT IN WINTER.

Liberal Feeding Needed to Make a First Class Horse.

When the colt is weaned at the age of six or seven months he comes to a critical period in his life. Whether he shall make a profitable horse or not depends on the treatment he receives, says the Iowa Homestead. While suckling he has no doubt learned to eat grass, hay and grain. When he is taken away from the mare he must subsist on a grain and hay ration alone. If he is allowed only what he has been getting the deprivation of the milk from his mother will cause him to lose flesh. Although he may not have received much milk from the mare the last month of the lactation period, it has been very rich and nourishing.

Therefore it is necessary when weaning the colt to give it a liberal ration of grain and hay. As the colt's digestive organs are not as strong as those of an older horse, the grain should be ground. Bran, oats and corn chops mixed to a proportion of one-third each will be a splendid feed for the colt. A quart and a half of a feed will be a fair ration if plenty of good hay is given. Clover, alfalfa and timothy mixed will furnish a variety.



An Illinois horse raiser, writing to the Breeder's Gazette, says he considers the Shire the best breed of draft horse he has ever handled. Shires are easy keepers and possess great vitality and vim. Of kindly disposition, they are more easily broken to harness than other breeds and as utility horses are inferior to none. The Shire here illustrated is Truman's Sensation, the best heavy gelding at the International live stock show, Chicago. He weighed 2,240 pounds.

of roughness for him. It is advisable to keep plenty in his manger most of the time.

While it may seem a little expensive to feed the colt all the grain and hay he will eat, it will pay in the long run. The colt will develop into a better horse and bring a better price than the one that is fed straw and cornstalks or left to rustle for its food the best it can.

The colt should be wintered by the time it is weaned. It can then be tied in the stall and led out to water every day until it forgets its mother. It should be given a comfortable and commodious stall. If it must stand where cold winds beat upon it and snow and rain fall through the roof to chill its body it is not apt to do very well, although fed liberally. The colt should also have good, dry bed upon which to sleep. Leaves, straw or cornhusks will be suitable for bedding. The stall should be cleaned every week or the manure will accumulate in the stall, making it filthy and uncomfortable.

Vary the Horse Ration.

If one of your working horses loses its appetite do not assume that it has acquired some serious malady. You have probably been keeping it on a monotonous ration. Change the diet first, and if an improvement is not noted quickly give the animal both a purgative and a tonic. A tablespoonful of linseed in the feed is an excellent tonic, as it sweetens the stomach and stimulates the appetite.

Feed the Colt Well.

The colt that must stand the storms of winter on a poor ration will come through thin in flesh and wabbly legged. If he never makes a first class horse he may not be to blame. Stunted the first winter may mean stunted for life. There is no doubt that blood will tell in horses, but a man can starve that blood until it is hardly able to tell anything but a story of bad treatment.

Chinese Hid in Box Car.

Detroit, Michigan, March 5.—Nearly dead from hunger, cold and exposure, and with their feet so terribly frozen that they will have to be amputated, two middle-aged Chinamen who had been smuggled across the Detroit River on Sunday night, were found hiding in a box car last night.

WENT 30,000 MILES.

A Long Journey for a Film Through Australian Wilds.

Thirty thousand miles is a long way to go for a cinematograph film. Add to it a journey of savage and treacherous black men, an almost unknown country, and a superabundance of venomous reptiles, and one is able to form a very fair idea of the kind of enterprise cheerfully undertaken by the cinematograph operator in pursuit of striking films. The gentleman taking this particular trip is Mr. A. A. L. Haydon, who has written books about various matters of the globe, and is making a special study of the world's mounted police. He is going out for the Warwick Trading Co. with recommendations from Sir George Reid, High Commissioner for Australia, and from the Minister for the Interior at Melbourne, to spend two or three months up country in the northern territory of South Australia taking cinematograph pictures. The northern territory remains to this day a geographical enigma. Practically nothing has been learned of vast stretches of the region since Burke and Wills crossed it on their disastrous expedition of 40 years ago. A few vast ranches are scattered over a great island of tropical forest, wide grass stretches, bird-covered lagoons. To the rest of Australia this territory is a hinterland of romance.

From time to time stockmen on the overland route enter Queensland from it. The few stories that have been extracted from these silent and satirical men have fired the imaginations of the residents in the more familiar and settled regions. It has become a commonplace to say that nobody can tell what is to be found in the northern territory. Mr. Haydon, therefore, should get some strikingly one particularly remarkable thing of which he has never seen a photograph, though drawings have been made by naturalists. The land is so remote, it is now pretty thoroughly established on several excellent authorities that at a certain season of the year one may in the midst of desolate marshy plain come suddenly on an old tree stump, and around which are several hundreds of snakes; so densely intertwined as to form a solid mass. The snakes are conducting what appears to be some sort of solemn tribal dance—hence the name corroboree.

Another of the schemes Mr. Haydon outlined is to lie in wait all day hidden with his cinematograph apparatus beside a water hole. At one period of the day the animals and birds of the plain and the forest troop to the water hole to drink. This is what Mr. Haydon hopes to get. Certainly a living picture of "all Australia" parading down to the water hole should be fascinating. He is also going to make scenic pictures of the Macdonnell Range in the center of the country is rumored to contain some of the finest scenery in Australia—pictures of the snakes at home, and pictures of native life, including the various elaborate tribal dances. Mr. Haydon, who is starting this month, will go first to Perth, then northward along the coast to Broome and the "white-mile beach," the Asiatic corner of Australia, where he will take pictures of the Japanese and Polynesian pearl fishers at work. He will then go on to Port Darwin, and from there start his 30,000-mile journey into the interior. Afterwards he will go to Sydney. From Sydney he will leave for South Africa where he is to be the guest of the Natal Mounted Police, who have promised to take him all over Natal and Zululand, showing him native life there.

The First Doll.

The origin of the first doll is difficult to trace, but there is said to be sufficient evidence to prove that it had ecclesiastical associations; that it was used in religious economies by gods or as symbols of the gods themselves, probably in the religion that preceded Brahmanism. India, the wonderland of the world, undoubtedly produced the first doll. Although we do not find specimens of these early images in India, we do find considerable literature bearing on the subject which goes to prove that dolls were in existence there even before the little wood, stone and clay nursery pets of Egypt were so carefully placed in the graves of children.

"Pot Wallpapers."

In certain districts of England formerly when an owner parted almost entirely with other rights to a house he would reserve the right of coiling his pot on the fire. This secured to him the right of voting and, what was of more importance, the position of being a freeholder. At Taunton, for example, the voters were called pot wallpapers because they had the right to "wallpaper," or boil, their pots at their in their freehold houses. Sometimes when a person parted with a long lease, but not with the freehold of a house, it was expressly stipulated that he should keep the right to boil his pot on the fire.

Wanted None of His Art.

At a dinner in London Theodore Watts-Dunton said: "It isn't generally known that Turner, the painter, and Dr. Augustus Pritchard, the medical man, were once living together for a year in Cheyne row. The painter and the physician had a fine garden, and they took a good deal of pride in their flowers. But the garden gate did not work well, and one day Turner, because it wouldn't open, pettishly gave orders that it be nailed up. It was thought that this odd act would enrage Augustus Pritchard; but, on being told of it, all he said was, 'Oh, well, I don't care what Turner does to the gate so long as he doesn't paint it.'"—Graphic.

Long Service.

Perhaps the world's record for long service is held by the occupant of a grave in the churchyard at Battle, Sussex, England. This is Isaac Ingall, who died in 1798 at the age of 129. For ninety years he was in the service of the Websters of Battle Abbey. Sir John Thompson of Belfast served eighty-three years with one family, dying in 1895.

Murdered at the Grave.

Paris, March 6.—A cemetery at Lille has been the scene of a painful tragedy. A man named Julien Flammant, who was separated from his wife, visited his child's grave in the cemetery. His wife came there at the same time, and on seeing her, the husband attacked her and killed her with a knife.

Map Fascinated Him.

That great story—"Treasure Island"—had its origin in a map. One day Robert Louis Stevenson was playing with a box of water-colors belonging to his stepson, and idly drew and colored a map of an imaginary island.

To quote his own words: "It was elaborately and, I thought, beautifully colored; the shape of it took my fancy beyond expression; it contained harbors that pleased me like sonnets and with the unconsciousness of the predestined I tickled it 'Treasure Island.' The next thing I knew I had some paper before me, and was writing out a list of characters."

The upshot was that for the next fifteen days Stevenson wrote like one possessed, turning out a chapter every morning, which he read aloud to his wife and stepson every afternoon; the map was adapted to the action, and became the pivot of the yarn. Illness prevented the story from being finished there and then, but when Stevenson again resumed, "Treasure Island" flowed from him "like small talk," and soon afterwards made its debut to the world in "Young Folks"—at once leaping into popular favor as one of the prime favorites of modern fiction.

Irish Oratory.

Sir Henry Lucy, in his book of reminiscences entitled "Balfourian Parliament," gives a delightful example of Irish oratory. A speech of a certain Irish M.P. in the British House of Commons, reported verbatim, reads thus:

"I would say, Mr. Speaker—Mr. Speaker, I would say that in Ireland—I would say it here today—in Ireland and the conviction is universal—universally held by everyone—that the case was connected by the police, and that this policeman—this policeman, I say, who has suffered eighteen years' imprisonment—and is still in prison—I say it here now, still in prison—was absolutely innocent—absolutely innocent—of the crime laid to his charge—of the crime with which he was charged."

Confession Didn't Save Him.

Ringleader of Montreal Robbery Given Fourteen-year Term.

Montreal March 7.—"You planned this diabolical deed and then you sought to escape from the consequences of your encouragement to two weaker men to commit a crime by a cowardly confession, implicating them," said Judge Levesque this morning to Charles Vega who directed the savage attack made on a jeweler, Louis Cohen, in his store on Feb. 24.

Vega was given fourteen years, the heaviest sentence ever imposed for robbery in this city, while Jones and Baldonada received ten years and twelve years respectively.

Latest Airship Danger.

Drag Rope Caught Man Strangling him to Death.

Berlin, March 6.—A mechanic named Robers met his death in a peculiar way. As the airship, Parseval went up on a moonlight trip around Berlin the drag rope caught Robers around the neck, and he was carried up in the air for a distance of 300 meters. The people on the ground shrieked, but the three men on the ship did not hear them. Robers was carried for a distance of forty miles, and was only discovered when the ship was about to descend in passing over a wood. The men in the ship felt a jerk, and subsequently discovered the dead body of Robers in a tree.

Gets a Life Term.

Oklahoma City, March 7.—Mrs. B. Gentry was today convicted for murdering her husband, and was sentenced to life imprisonment.

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Record of Business as at the 31st of January, 1912

ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
Cash on Hand	\$3,618,722.14	Notes in Circulation	\$1,992,353.06
Notes and Cheques	2,470,791.48	Deposits	30,116,889.88
Due by other Banks	2,470,791.48	Dividends	65,450.00
Domestic Govt. and other first-class Bonds	2,862,194.88	Due to other Banks	403,608.87
Loans on Call, on Govt., Municipal and other Bonds and Stocks	1,906,845.00	Capital	\$2,000,000.00
Government Deposits to secure Note Circulation	100,000.00	Reserve Fund	2,600,000.00
Bills Discounted and Current Advances	25,397,068.68	Rebate of Interest on Discounts	71,643.45
Bank Premises	897,842.13	Balance of Profit and Loss Acct.	61,383.58
Other Assets	57,253.47		
	\$37,311,317.78		\$37,311,317.78

GEO. P. SCHOLFIELD, General Manager.

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