

ANNUAL STATEMENT BANK OF HAMILTON

As submitted to the Shareholders at the Annual Meeting held at the Head Office of the Bank, at Hamilton, Monday, January 20th, 1908.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS FOR 1908:

HON. WM. GIBSON, President. GEORGE RUTHERFORD, J. TURNBULL, Vice-President & General Manager
JOHN PROCTOR, C. C. DALTON, HON. J. S. HENDRIE, C.V.O. CYRUS A. BIRGE

LIABILITIES		ASSETS	
To the Public		Gold and Silver Coin \$ 534,978.33	
Notes of the Bank in circulation	\$ 2,215,621.00	Dominion Government Notes	2,575,670.00
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date	19,902,027.36	Deposits with the Dominion Government as Security for Note Circulation	125,000.00
Deposits not bearing interest	4,314,939.69	Notes of and Cheques on other Banks	1,485,108.95
	24,216,967.05	Balances due from other Banks in Canada and the United States	141,488.68
Balances due to other Banks in Canada and the United States	197,568.51	Dominion and Provincial Government Securities	226,818.23
Balances due to Agents of the Bank in Great Britain	517,397.56	Canadian Municipal Securities, and British, or Foreign, or Colonial Public Securities, other than Canadian	3,246,917.94
Dividend No. 74, payable 2nd. December, 1907	\$61,759.00	Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	801,685.77
Former Dividends unpaid	324.00	Loans at Call, or Short Call, on negotiable Securities	1,441,119.62
	62,083.00	Notes Discounted and Advances current	\$10,578,787.52
	\$27,209,637.12	Notes Discounted, etc., overdue (estimated loss provided for)	20,343,839.60
To the Shareholders		Bank Premises	62,842.94
Capital Stock	\$2,470,360.00	Office Furniture, Safes, etc.	1,186,075.34
Reserve Fund	2,470,360.00	Real Estate (other than Bank Premises), Mortgages, etc.	115,029.45
Amount reserved for Rebate of Interest on Current Bills Discounted	75,000.00	Other Assets not included under foregoing heads	69,065.21
Balance of profits carried forward	217,949.79		
	5,233,669.79		
	\$32,443,306.91		\$32,443,306.91

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

The Balance at Credit of Profit and Loss Account, 30th. November, 1906, was	\$110,270.04	From which have been declared four quarterly dividends, in all 10 per cent.	\$247,028.50
The profit for the year ended 30th. November, 1907, after deducting charges of management and making provision for bad and doubtful debts, are	384,708.25	Carried to Reserve Fund from Premium on new Stock as above	270.00
Premium received on new Stock	270.00	Written off Bank Premises	25,000.00
	\$495,248.29	Allowance to Ex-President authorized by Shareholders	5,000.00
			277,298.50
		Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward	\$217,949.79

HON. WM. GIBSON, President

J. TURNBULL, Vice-Pres. and General Manager

ANNUAL RECORD OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH

Year.	Paid-up Capital.	Reserve.	Circulation.	Deposits.	Total Liabilities to the Public.	Total Assets.
1897...	\$1,270,000	\$ 725,000	\$ 934,249	\$ 6,437,436	\$ 7,829,649	\$ 9,846,678
1898...	1,250,000	775,000	1,187,572	7,084,374	9,117,310	11,199,144
1899...	1,500,000	1,000,000	1,189,726	8,779,994	10,622,526	13,163,057
1900...	1,708,212	1,234,119	1,393,695	10,019,581	11,837,592	14,827,357
1901...	2,000,000	1,500,000	1,660,221	11,549,904	13,479,907	17,071,759

It will be seen by the above that during the last ten years the Bank's Capital increased 97 per cent.
Reserve increased 240 per cent.

THE SPOTTER

"Travel seems to be steadily increasing on our Nuestro Heights Branch, Ferris," Mr. Goodwin, superintendent of the Grand Pacific Electric Railway, said to his assistant one morning as he came into the office. "Bentley's car's most always crowded. I rode down on twenty-seven, and it was scarcely half full, on the average. We crossed Bentley at the corner of Pacheco avenue and Ninth street, and there didn't seem to be standing room left on his car."

"That's about how it most always is, Mr. Goodwin," Ferris glanced up in the big man's smooth, suave face as he spoke.

"But Bentley's cash-in turns don't tally up with the travel, Ferris. Needs looking into closer. See to it, please."

"Bentley's the best conductor we've got, Mr. Goodwin. Five years without an off day or scratch to a passenger is our record-breaker, sir."

Goodwin wriggled in his chair. "He has had Monahan at his grip mor'n half that time, Ferris, an' you know very well that it's the gripman quite as much as the conductor that prevents accidents."

"They must work together, sir. Monahan and Bentley make as bang-up a team as you can scare up. Any fresh orders this morning, Mr. Goodwin?"

The question nettled the stout, ruddy superintendent. "If you can't conjure up some way of dissolving the leakage on Bentley's car, I must take the matter in hand myself, Ferris."

"His daily cash return to the office averages fully five per cent. more than any other conductor's on our road, sir, which you know without my telling you."

Goodwin's absorption in a communication from the chairman of the Board of Directors of the road, which he was now reading, seemed to Ferris to make him oblivious of his reply. Ticking the letter as he finished it on top of the file which he had already gone through, under the paper-weight, he swung his revolving chair till he faced his tall, lank-featured assistant. "See here, Ferris," he retorted, "you ain't such an overgrown easy as to s'pose that a man can build a four thousand dollar house on the savings of five years' conductor's wages of a dollar and eighty-five cents a day?"

"Hardly, sir, hardly. But Bentley is a steady, sober, self-respecting young man, aiming to better himself. The Building and Loan Association helps him to build that home for his invalid mother, whom he supports. The rent of half the house will more than pay interest and taxes, and the property will increase in value all the time."

"M-m-m, quite good financiers, you and Bentley, Ferris," Goodwin snapped sardonically. "But if I may hope that the interests of the Grand Pacific has any of your attention, sir, I shall henceforth look to see you aid our spotters in every possible way in

scouting out the leaks—especially on Bentley's car."

Something hitherto unseen in his chief's look, as he delivered these sinister orders, alarmed Ferris. What if Mr. Goodwin should suspect him of being in secret league with Bentley in defrauding the company? "Your instructions will be carried out to the letter, sir," he replied in palliating voice. "I did not mean to be obtrusive, Mr. Goodwin."

"Of course not, Ferris. Henceforth, however, you remembering that this company is in business for other than benevolent purposes will simplify matters and obviate misunderstandings. I look to see this leakage ferreted out very soon. If no pertinent discoveries are made within the next week, shift Bentley on to the Ruralton run. That will tell the story in a nutshell, though it won't be sufficient to convict any one. That's all this morning, Ferris."

It was about 11 o'clock, the slackest time of travel on Bentley's run, when Ferris boarded his car at the corner of Pacheco and Twelfth. Bentley, with the thumb and forefinger of his right hand on the bell strap, felt the cracked ring in Ferris's voice as he bid him "Good-morning," boarding the car.

"You ain't feelin' quite yourself this mornin', Ferris? Hope nothin' oil the track so soon," Bentley banttered as Ferris got beside him between the two after-end outside seats.

"Running smooth as cotton 'seed with me, Ben. How's the crowd this mornin'?"

"Bigger'n ever. That Mother's Club convention down at Stanton's Pavilion is drawin' 'em all out. I was packed on my three last down trips."

"That's good, Ben," with a suggestive look that half-bewildered him. "Don't forget your tally strap in the push."

While Bentley was helping out a stout old lady off the car on the other side, he boarded the next Sixteenth street car passing and rode over to the power house to fill out his order blanks for to-morrow.

Tom Bentley was meantime brooding sorrowfully over Ferris's suggestive "Don't forget your tally strap in the push." It was the first reflection, direct or indirect, upon his own honesty that he had ever heard from man or woman. Coming from his friend Ferris, whom he would trust with uncounted millions were they his, and whom he had hitherto believed would trust him likewise, the sting of the poisoned hint became momentarily more painful.

"What in the world's happened, Tom?" questioned Miss Leisurely, one of his regular patrons, as he helped her, gallantly on the car. "Mother ain't seriously ill again, I hope? Never saw you looking so woebegone like."

"She's real well just now, thank you, Miss Leisurely," he almost whispered, his mouth close to her ear, and he handed her up the top step and rang his car ahead. "Fact is, I put an extra hour last night at my Correspondence University studies, and it was a bit too much for me."

"Mustn't burn the candle too long at both ends, Tom," she corrected, jocularly, sitting down on an outside seat near his usual stand.

"Only way to get any light out of the candle in my fix, Miss Leisurely," was his rejoinder.

The lady spotted, in "Salvation Army" uniform and a bundle of "War Cries" under her arm, sitting inside, had a sharp casual eye on the pair. It has been hinted by Goodwin that an occasional free ride to some of his most admiring lady passengers might account for somewhat of Bentley's popularity. So there was a reward in sight for the spotter first detecting him in the act of bestowing such favors. But, to their increasing chagrin, Bentley collected and rung in his fares from the fairest and most intimate of his passengers with unerring alacrity.

For months together they had watched Bentley as cats watch mice without being able to pick a flaw in his work. Nothing could convince Mr. Goodwin that there was not a big leak there somewhere, and he at last told Ferris that he would take a hand in the business himself. He could scarcely support a family decently on his own salary, yet some of their conductors were laying up money hand over fist on one-ten, his wages and building big houses at that. "I rather like to see a man getting on, Mr. Goodwin, even though I can't carousing away his wages, an' he comes on duty clear-headed and with a steady nerve."

"Better get right in and join the Purity League, Ferris," stepping abruptly into his private office and shutting himself in.

Next morning Mr. Goodwin gave Ferris orders to shift Bentley onto the Ruralton run, car forty-nine, and to put Snider in his place. The change, instead of being a discomfiture or loss to Bentley, was, on the contrary, a benefit in more ways than one. His new run took him well out of town over a pleasant stretch of open country, dotted with mostly fine homes, half hidden in tall palms, camphor, magnolia, rubber, blossoming acacia and other trees. In this fresher fragrant air he began to brace up and take on flesh almost immediately. There were not one-quarter the fares to collect, and he found most of his passengers agreeable and pleasant people to meet.

So Bentley's popularity soon followed him to his new ground of activity. Mr. Goodwin, in a month's time, began to marvel at the increase of travel on their Ruralton Branch. The attractive residence suburb was, of course, growing fast, but that was not all. Nor did the returns of Bentley quite come up to the travel on his car, though it was ten per cent. more than that of the other conductor on that run.

Goodwin had kept his own counsel of late regarding this matter, and was doing a bit of private spotting on his own account. He had, in fact, come to almost suspect Ferris of being in some sort of league with Bentley in cozening the company.

One afternoon about half-past five when Bentley came, on his in-run, a little distance within the city limits, a rather delicate-looking young woman with a feeble child in her arms got on the car. Her woebegone look and generally careworn, pinched aspect, seen at closer range, attracted the attention of the other passengers. The frequent long-drawn sobs of the poor child told of its suffering. Mother and child were rather poorly clothed, and the poor maternal heart

seemed to be almost breaking in the fruitless effort to soothe and quiet it. There were a score or more of other passengers on the car, and eyes were focussed on Bentley when he stepped up to the woman to collect her fare.

The appeal in her look up into his face was something that would "pierce the heart of a stone."

"I haven't a penny in the world, conductor," she wailed. "Me poor husband is dead six months gone, an' ye see the state the poor child is in and—"

"We're not running a benevolent society on this line, madam. Fare, please."

"I'm on my way to the dispensary for some medicine for the poor, dyin' crachure, an' God's me judge, I am not able to walk." She saw that Bentley's words helied his feelings. "And if ye put me off the car, we'll both perhaps die on the heartless street."

The other passengers had by this time become deeply interested, as Bentley stopped his car to help on a young couple beaming with the pleasure of being in one another's company. "Come, my good woman," he continued, on ringing in the two fares, "you pay your fare or get off at the next corner."

The woman broke completely down in a fit of lamentation. Bentley looked suggestively around at the commiserating passengers as he rang to stop the car. There being no practical response to the cries of mother or child, he was about to take hold of her to eject her from the car when a faint scream from the child unnerved his arm from such inhuman act.

"I can't do it," he told himself audibly. "I'll turn in her fare myself first. I could never look a woman or child square in the face again if I did."

In the engrossing watchfulness of the rest of that run through the heart of the turbulent city Bentley forgot the poor woman and her woes. He was, however, presently reminded of them on coming near the end of his run, when there were only a couple of other passengers left on his car, yet there seemed to be less sorrow in the woman's face and the child rested and breathed easier. Then his heart thrilled with a great joy at having had the manhood to break for once the iron rule of the company. Both might have died in the street, as she said, had he put her off. He shifted a nickel of his coin from his vest pocket to his jacket pouch with the trip's fares and ran it in.

He was now coming close to the power house, and was presently amazed at seeing the feeble woman brace herself up in the seat at an erect, vigorous posture. Her eyes, too, after

wiping them a bit with her handkerchief, darted a luminous look of perplexing inquiry at him, as much as to say, "Now, then, my smart conductor, what do you think of yourself?"

"What under heaven could it all mean? Had he been sold? He had some where, sometime seen those strangely bright eyes before. But ere he had time to answer himself the gripman stopped the car in front of the power house and the woman got off, spry as a kitten, hastening into the office with the child in her arms. Bentley, steadying himself, followed her in to empty his pocket of the trip's fares. But she had disappeared with Goodwin into the private office ere he reached the door of the front one.

"Nothing new, Bentley. You can start out on time," Ferris directed, wondering what new strange incident had befallen him on that last trip.

On his next forenoon's run Bentley from the start, found himself the target of the sinister remark and oblique look of every conductor and gripman he passed. Such painful change in the attitude of his fellow-workmen, among whom he had hitherto been something of a hero, half maddened him. Something terribly damaging to his name must have happened quite unknown to himself. He could not even think clearly on what it could possibly be. Yet he somehow could not get rid of the notion that the woman and sick child of last night had something to do with it.

"What's the matter with you, Jim?" he demanded sharply of his gripman as he jumped on the forward platform with the bar after shifting a switch.

"What ye staring so at me for?"

"Dun know, Ben," curtly. "The cat can look at the kin, I guess, can't he?"

At 1 o'clock, when they were reliev-

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ed by the afternoon crew, Bentley was summoned to appear in the main uptown office at 3 o'clock. Mr. Goodwin wished to see him.

"Do try and eat something, son," the mother urged, as Bentley sat with her at the little kitchen dinner table. "You ain't been yourself since last night. Your eyes are swollen as if you hadn't slept none for a week."

(Continued on page 7.)

CONSTIPATION.

Although generally described as a disease, can never exist unless some of the organs are deranged, which is generally found to be the liver. It consists of an inability to regularly evacuate the bowels, and as a regular action of the bowels is absolutely essential to general health, the least irregularity should never be neglected.

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These are well made, stylish Muffs, in the large imperial styles, made of first quality skins. Reg. \$8 Muffs, Sale price.....\$5.50
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- \$45 and \$50 Royal Ermine Muffs \$29.75**
Beautiful \$45 and \$50 Muffs, large pillow and imperial styles, trimmed with genuine ermine tails, lined with white satin, and finished with silk wrist cords. Sale price.....\$29.75
- \$125 to \$145 Persian Lamb Jackets \$89.00**
These Jackets are in the fashionable Imperial and Alexandra styles, plain or Canadian Mink trimmed, all sizes. Regular \$125 to \$145. Sale price.....\$89.00
- \$15.00 Persian Lamb Ties \$8.75**
In the new piddle end styles, lined with fine black satin, 65 inches long, and MUFFS to match above. Regular \$15. Sale price, each.....\$8.75
- \$10 to \$15 Royal Ermine Ties \$24.75**
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- \$25 to \$30 Mink Ties \$18.00**
Stunning Ties of first-quality skins, finished with brown satin linings, and beautifully trimmed with heads and tails. Regular \$25 and \$30. Sale price.....\$18.00
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Fine cloth shells, linings of muskrat, squirrel and hamster, collars of mink, sable, Persian lamb and lynx, shells in all colors. Sizes from 48 to 52 inches long. Regular \$65 to \$85. Sale price.....\$49.00
- \$65 Men's Fur-Lined Coats \$47.50**
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