

BURLINGTON AND HAMILTON BEACH REVIEW

VOL. 1



HAMILTON - ONTARIO



No. 9



The original Ocean House. This photograph was taken about forty years ago, when the popularity of the hotel was far famed.

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GORDON C. WILSON

Gordon C. Wilson, for many years member of the Federal Parliament for Wentworth, which riding includes the Beach section, who was honored Saturday by being unanimously named again to carry the party's flag in the election on September 14th. Mr. Wilson is well known and his experience at Ottawa is an important qualification for the county representative. Mr. Wilson's platform and that of the Conservative party is protection—for the worker, the farmer and the manufacturer. An adequate tariff will bring prosperity to Canada, it is agreed, and return so many of its sons and daughters who have been forced to leave for other parts to find employment. The same strong support of this platform is expected from the Beach electors again this time and the success of Mr. Wilson seems assured.

Mr. Wilson redeemed the Wentworth seat in the Provincial House for the Tory party 21 years ago and he was a member at Toronto for three years, resigning to take a Federal nomination. Again he redeemed the seat for the Conservatives in the Federal fight and since then has been the member.

Mr. Wilson has defeated all comers and last year his majority of 7,757 was the largest ever polled in the country. His workers expect to pass this mark this year, and the organization is intact and ready to serve. He has experienced six elections and the present one will be his seventh. He has served for 21 years in the Ontario and Dominion parliaments and is one of the oldest sitting members today. This record is one that he might well be proud of. Mr. Wilson is a capable platform speaker and his services are always in great demand in other ventures during a campaign, and he never fails to lend a helping hand.

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—o—

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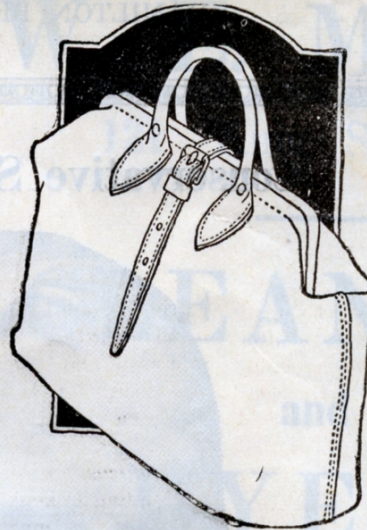
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AT THE CANAL



When yachting was popular. In the foreground can be seen the old Lakeside Hotel

SAILING ON BAY IS REGAINING OLD POPULARITY

White Wings Again In Prominence at Beach—Bayside Yacht Club Takes the Initiative

AFTER many years absence, sailing, as a sport is returning to Hamilton Bay, and to the Beach in particular. Fifteen years ago, on a holiday, when the "White Wings" squadron would race from the old R. H. Y. C. to the smelter buoy and back, boats of all kinds and descriptions unfurled their more or less spotless sails, and the bay was lined with belling canvas, for miles, as the race thinned out, and the speedy ships forged ahead.

While sailing may never more be seen on so large a scale, it has found its place with enthusiasts at Hamilton Beach. Last May deserted shore lines greeted people coming down on the radial cars. Today one sees riding at anchor as the Beach Road is neared, the yawls, dinghys and motorboats which compose the Bayside Yacht Club. Never a summer wind blows these nights from lake or bay, that a Bayside boat does not go out. In storm or in calm, though the heavy weather is preferred, one can see nightly the sails of the Bayside boats, outlined between moon and water, reeling over to the stout southwester, riding the rollers that stream past the point of the island when the wind blows from the north shore.

Sailing Revived

Last spring the club was formed that has revived sailing at the Beach. George A. Buckingham, Jack Gibbs, Eddie Buckingham, Frank Ryan, Jack Burkholder and other sea-going gentlemen who live between Stations 5 and 6, decided that a yacht club was most necessary.

With the intention of promoting boating, and sailing in particular, the club was formed. The objects of the club further include cruising, and inter-club races.

At present the Bayside fleet consists of eight boats. Their owners may not go around with brass bound yachting caps, and the sophisticated air, that betrays landlubbers trying to look natural; and is so often seen around shoregoing yacht clubs; but with old white ducks, sleeveless shirt and white sailor cap, or in oilskins in dirty weather, each and all of these little boats beat out to bay—though the flying water drenches, fore and aft the blinkin' beaches, as some sailor poet wrote about something else.

Already a course has been buoyed out, and round it the Sunday morning races are held. The starting buoy is located 100 yards south of the Island point at Station five. From there in a straight line toward the Steel Company, lies the first leg of the

course. Slanting back until the third buoy is picked up, 200 yards off the store near Station 9, and almost out from the tower at that station, one returns back a mile or a mile and a quarter. The third leg of the course runs from the buoy there to the home buoy.

Good Races

The races are started off in style. Accurate timing is kept by Commodore Buckingham. A five minute gun is fired before each race, and it is indeed a pretty sight, if there is any wind blowing, to see the swelling sails, tugging at the sheets, and the light bows beating the water as though impatiently, straining like horses at a starting point; to be given their heads and let run.

The colors of the club are blue and white, with the initial letter "B." The burgee (the little three-cornered flag) which flaps at the mast head of all the boats is quite original in design. It marks a boat as a "Bayside" and should be looked out for in future races by all Beach residents.

After Cups

It is expected that at the coming regatta the club will win the Uneeda and Spectator cups. The latter cup is held by Frank Ryan at present, skipper of the big 30-foot sea-going yawl, which he bought last year from Jack Gibbs. Mr. Ryan won the cup at the last year's regatta.

The officers of the club are—Commodore George A. Buckingham, Rear Commodore Jack Gibbs; Secretary, Ed. Buckingham; Treasurer, Jack Burkholder; Chairman House Committee, Frank A. Ryan.

Good Reports

In this yacht club, the winning of the race is an incidental matter. Most of the boats are of different classes or rig, and an elaborate system of handicapping has been worked out. It is the fun of sailing more than anything else that keeps mutual interest in the club. Again, the boats in the Bayside Club are not mere racing shells, that have to be rigged up for each race and that can not be used on other days for fear of carrying something away or springing a seam. The boats are first sea worthy.

As an example not only of the sea worthiness of one of the boats but of the fine seamanship of the club members, Mr. Ryan, with other members, sailed down the lake to Bronte last week-end. Though there was not another boat right side up, out on the bay, they made Bronte without mishap.

Large Congregation At Bethel Church

Farewell Sermon Preached By
Rev. Mr. Rutledge last
Sunday

THE largest congregation of the summer season greeted Rev. Dr. Wm. L. Rutledge at his closing service at Bethel Church, Station 12, last Sunday evening. Dr. Rutledge has conducted the services during the month of July and has given all who attended much food for thought in his carefully prepared series of discourses.

His subject Sunday night was "Tied Hands," and he took for his text, Matthew 13: 58th verse: "He did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief." He elaborated on the story of Jesus' visit to Bethany, His home town, where He could not do any great works because of the unbelief of the people. "We miss many blessings because of our unbelief," said Dr. Rutledge, "and the results of the efforts of those who desire to benefit humanity are often interfered with because of the unbelief of those round about."

A beautiful solo was rendered by Miss Groves.

During the month of August the services at Bethel Church will be conducted by the Rev. A. Lloyd Smith, M.A., B.D., of Toronto, Assistant Secretary of Home Missions of the United Church of Canada. Rev. Mr. Smith is a brilliant young preacher and the services throughout the month of August are sure to be helpful, as well as bright and interesting. His subject for August 1st will be "Citizens of Two Worlds."

Miss Viola Decker, of Hamilton will be the soloist next Sunday night.

Permanent waves are all right in hair, but too many of our roads seem to have them.

Had is the past tense of money.

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"WE STRIVE TO SERVE"

FRIDAY, JULY 30, 1926.

EDITORIAL

PAYING UP

SEVERAL days ago at the office of the Burlington Beach Commission, a bill was received from the Ontario government for an amount slightly over \$32,000. The bill in question was the amount, fixed by the government, as that which was due from Beach taxpayers for the cost of the provincial highway, built a few years ago. At that time the Commissioners were informed if the highway were built the Beach residents would have to pay 20 per cent. of the total cost. In round figures that 20 per cent. now proves to be approximately \$32,000, or a little more.

Now what we want to know is, why the Beach residents should have to pay that amount, and we believe that the majority of property holders along the Beach are of the same opinion. In dealing with the County, the government charges property holders 20 per cent. on all provincial highways built within the county. But only those property owners in the county who are within a radius of one and a quarter miles on each side of the highway are taxed. If the government so desired every property owner in the county could be charged, but this is generally not necessary.

Now what we maintain is that the Beach taxpayers should not be compelled to pay toward Provincial highways at a greater rate than paid by the county taxpayers throughout the province. On the Beach property only extends 200 feet on each side of the highway and in some places is even less. On the basis of charging property holders who live one and a quarter miles on each side of a provincial highway for a portion of the cost of same, Beach taxpayers are, in our opinion being taxed most unjustly. In addition it is not an exaggeration to say that only 3 per cent of the traffic over the Beach highway is formed by Beach residents. Ninety-seven per cent. of the traffic is due to visitors from Hamilton and other outside points. Why should the Beach taxpayers be asked to pay for a road which they use to such a small extent? We believe that the government will admit that the Beach highway is merely a connecting link between two provincial highways, and is a convenience for motorists of the Province and not for Beach residents alone.

Already the Commissioners, it is understood, are taking up the matter with the government. It is only right, in the interests of Beach taxpayers that they should. In addition the Commissioners should seek the aid of the members from Hamilton and the County in an effort to have the amount very greatly reduced, if not wiped out entirely.

(Continued on Next Page)

A GOOD FRIEND



WILLIAM MORRISON

Also re-elected, polling consistently well all over the city, he secured second place on the board.

Popular and energetic member of the board of control of Hamilton, who is also one of the most enthusiastic summer residents on the Beach. If there is anything to be done that will be of benefit to the Beach, tell it to Bill. He will see that the matter is not shelved. After working hard for the building of the new Windermere highway, Controller Morrison is now trying to get better lighting for the Beach. As in other things in this, he will be successful.

Bill also originated the plan to give city children a free ride to the Beach during the hot weather. Hundreds of children who daily make the trip and enjoy a swim prove conclusively the popularity and success of the venture.

It might not be out of place to mention that the Morrison family hold the distinction of being the oldest continuous summer residents on the Beach. Controller Morrison has summered every year at the popular resort since he first saw the light of day.

There is hot and cold water in most homes. Wives keep their husbands in one, and throw the other on most of their

North pole's discovered. South pole's discovered. But our auto discovered a telephone pole.

EDITORIAL

CONTINUED

THEY STILL ARE BROTHERS

THEY tried the Scott brothers, Russell and Robert, in Chicago for the murder of a drug store clerk during a robbery. At first Robert Scott pleaded guilty, then he fought the case and, in open court, denied that he had fired the shot that killed the man.

Russell Scott was tried. He was sentenced to be hanged. Robert Scott following his denial and trial, was sentenced to life imprisonment. With that sentence pronounced, Robert the other day issued a statement saying that it was he, after all, who had fired the fatal shot.

Russell, thus, under sentence to hang, is thrown upon executive clemency. Under such circumstances just what is a governor supposed to do? The man who says he is guilty of the murder is under life sentence; his brother, whom his statement exonerates, is doomed to hang.

These Scott boys are not a bit like Cain and Abel.

o o o

WHAT DOES THIS PROVE?

THERE are 15,000 bootleg houses in New York City. Who said so? Well, we have it on the word of Chester P. Mills, federal prohibition administrator for that district.

Thus there are more bootleg houses in New York City today, Mr. Mills says, than there used to be licensed saloons in the whole state of New York. Only 13,005 licenses were issued for New York state during the year 1918.

New York City, of course, may be an exception. Again it may not. Other federal officers, in various parts of the country, may know where there are several thousand more bootleg places. If Mr. Mills knows where 15,000 are, must not the other agents have tab of a few also?

Suppose there were as many bootleg houses scattered over the country, in proportion to population, as there are in New York City? Roughly then, we would have around 345,000 places in this, the eighth year of prohibition.

Of course, the rest of the country is not so wet as New York. That is, we believe not. That is, we mean, we guess not.

o o o

GOING STRONG

AFTER all these years, it was announced the other day that John Drew, dean of Thespians, was about to doff the sock and buskin and walk from the stage for the last time.

Such a pronouncement did not seem unreasonable, in view of Drew's age, which is 73, and great regret was expressed in the minds of all who knew him or had seen him.

But it seems that the report of Mr. Drew's theatrical demise was greatly exaggerated. The news brought from the great actor a sturdy denial that he intended to retire from public life, that he would tread the boards just as long as his legs would hold up under him, and that he expected they would hold up for quite a while yet.

Drew is an actor of the old school. He is a good actor. He is cleverer at 73 than plenty of others we have seen who were forty years younger. We are glad to know that he will carry right on. It is understood that he is looking around now for a play to bring to Broadway this fall.

EMERGENCY CALLS

It would be well for residents of the Beach to remember the following telephone numbers in cases of emergency:

- Fire calls Regent 100
- Police Garfield 1809 ring 2
- Waterworks troubleman—
Garfield 1822 ring 3

When a doctor is needed in a hurry, call Regent 744, which is the office of Dr. T. W. Peart, Burlington, who has a private line and can make a rapid trip to the Beach when called.

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

The girl today is very strange
And causes speculation;
She treats the world with cold disdain,
Admits no hesitation.

Why does she paint like redskin brave
Bedecked for hostile action?
She surely cannot think that she
Enhances her attraction.

When she goes forth in sheerest silk
And makes a great sensation,
It pleases her, because she then
Provokes interrogation.

But does she thus display herself
To dare man's domination,
And carry on, in manner wild
To win emancipation?

Perhaps this change to wilful ways
Marks steps in evolution;
Evolving at the present rate
Will end in revolution.

To stop the girl from her mad whirl,
I know of no solution.
Her dreadful ways will not, I hope,
Become an institution.

There must be something in her soul—
Some thought that seeks expression:
I do not know—she will not say,
Nor will she make confession.
—JACK and BILL.

Another'n.—How foolish. She hasn't even
got an automobile.

It all depends on you whether anybody
else can.

We still wonder what makes the wheels
go round—but we know that lack of gaso-
line is what makes 'em stop.

It's kinda hard for some people to put
their feet on their desk on account of the
work piled up on it.

Mrs. Reckles On the Radial

Dear Mister Beachnut:

THE other mornin I was late, and took my stand at Station 8, to catch a car up to the city, how long I waited was a pity. I ain't the kind to make a holler, but I wood like to tell Mister Waller, that ridin on his radial cars, give me many bumps and jars. In the distance I heard a gong, then the car it came along, but it was full up to the door, the motor man says there will be more, follow up this radial caravan and rite past me the old can ran. I waited long and worried not, but under the collar I got hot, when by me an-

other rattler sped, flying a flag with color red. I new that they would be another still, so very much aginst me will, I sat down to await the next, of coarse you know that I was vexed. It came along in half an hour, and I got aboard to find the power was off and the car stood still, some profane words I then did spill. Finally an automobile came by, the driver ast me if it would please I, if he give me a lift to my place of duty, the car was big and seemed a beauty. He stepped on the gas and away we went, for the ride he wouldn't take a sent. We started and we goed and goed, until we reached the old beach road. When we was half way it came to pass, that my dear old driver ran out of gas. There was no fillin stations near, and as cars past folks gave us a jeer, and then in the distance I could see, the car what shud of carried me. But I was far from radial tracks, and got mad at passers wise cracks. So on shanks mare I made the trip, singin as I went of the old sandstrip. Un-

til I finally reached Barton street, where every one I chanct to meet, says good mornin Mrs. Reckles, why don't you spend a few odd sheckles, and ride upon a car or bus, and save your shoes from such a muss. I got to work a few hours late, the boss, real mad, says theres the gate, and fired me before I could explain, what caused the mix-up and delayin. So now I aint got nothin to do, but pen these few odd lines to you to tell about the woes and jars, of folks who ride on radial cars. But if the bumps are large or small, the Beach is a grand place after all.

Yours poetically,
MRS. RECKLES

LOST—A SLIPPER

On Friday night, July 23rd a resident of the Beach lost a blond shade, kid slipper, between Station 10 and Beach Road. Will the finder please phone Garfield 669 or call at Cottage 795, Station 10. Reward will be given for return of slipper.

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STUFF AND NONSENSE IN BEACH SPORT

(By Beau Beach)

OUR ESTEEMED fellow-scribe, Frederick Kime, whose words of wisdom are incurred through constant contact with Beach sport and sportsmen, has suggested that "home-brew" arbiters might be as satisfactory, or more so, than imports, as far as the games at the canal are concerned, and he has opened up a passage of argumentative possibilities. "Gunner" Farrell and Jack Hazell have been umpiring for a long time. Their efforts were considered highly satisfactory to many teams and leagues that have operated on the sand-strip, and in past days such teams and leagues have been rated with those of today. Any umpire will, and does, make mistakes. It's human nature. No one is infallible, and after all, the greatest satisfaction is derived by earnest effort. With-in our knowledge, both Farrell and Hazell should be eminently satisfactory, in spite of anything to the contrary that might be said by those who might have had cause to complain in the past, and in justice to Beach fans and residents, it would be preferable to hold all participation in Beach sport to those who are most familiar with conditions and to those who are best known and appreciated. There is no crying need for outside umpires.

—x—

Do any of the fans who watch the men play at the canal realize that they are looking at some of the best softball players in the world?

—x—

That's a pretty broad statement to make, but consider the facts. Hamilton, it is well known, is the home of softball. There is little or none of it in the United States, and in Canada how many teams outside of Hamilton have ever made an impression here?

—x—

Here and there, one will find outstanding players, but no where will one find a team to compare with one that could be chosen from the four teams comprising the senior league at the canal. In every position, stars can be chosen—really outstanding softball players—who would be almost unbeatable against outside competition.

—x—

In this connection it might be a splendid idea for the canal league officials to arrange a series with the Toronto City champions later in the season. The fans have been very faithful this year, as in many past, and they would undoubtedly lend

their heartiest support to a series that might determine whether or not Beach players were above the ordinary calibre.

—x—

It is impossible to pick the best team in the canal league at the present time, with so many tie games being played, but the experts are doing it with their customary lack of conviction.

—x—

Bill Hooker, Windermere's third-sacker, is an ardent angler, but we don't know yet whether he is a fisherman at heart or merely one who believes in saving money on his meals.

—x—

Newell Woods is in a fair way to become one of the best moundsmen performing before the sand-strip fans, but before he will become an outstanding hurler he will have to learn to protect himself from an angry populace by ceasing to make reference about the weather. The only thing we have against Newell is that he is one of those chaps who persist in enquiring "Is it hot enough for you?"

—x—

Score another one for the old Beach. While the city swelters and moans about the fiery blasts, the sand-strip residents continue to keep their butter and eggs cool in the lake. So far, old Ontario has been an ideal refrigerator.

—x—

As Joe Allan remarked on one of the hot days, "She ain't so much to swim in, but she's mighty good to drink."

APPEALING

THE rustle and bustle and crazy-like hustle of cities is getting my goat. My feet have grown weary; my eyes have gone bleary. There's acres of dust in my throat.

No wonder man sighs when he's suddenly wise to the wear and the tear that he takes. Big buildings and such spoil the close-to-life touch and your energy suddenly breaks.

You need, now and then, to break 'way from the mob and get real relief from the grudge. A man, very likely, does stale on the job if he labors in clamor and smudge.

I've tried lots of trips for the much needed change, and I know where I'd much rather be. In hiking away for a rest I'll arrange a trip to the country for me.

Bushes On Shore Should Be Protected

THE bushes on the lake shore are to be plowed out, according to recent information. Cutting these trees down every year runs the Hydro power company into thousands of dollars, and getting rid of them for all time is the company's aim.

This will never do, and a protest must be made. If the bushes are to go—so will the Beach. They protect the land and were planted 40 years ago by the Grand Trunk railway—now the Canadian National Railway, and form the bank. If the bushes are cut down, or plowed out, the banks will go and seas off the lake will engulf the Beach. NO! the bushes must not be plowed out, for if they are, the Beach, on the lakeside, will be like the Sahara desert. Beach residents should protest to the Hydro Commission and ask that the bushes be cut—nothing more.

To plow out the shore means the ruination of the Beach. The Beach Commission members ought to step in and tell the Hydro Commission about it. The Hydro has been making a "football" of the Beach long enough, but it can't get away with this latest idea.

—o—

Hair is usually a woman's crowning glory—except when she first gets up in the morning.

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