



Millionairing at \$4.50 a Week

YOU will look twice on this picture of a great hallway in an old Canadian home before you will have the ghost of an idea why it is printed. But there's a story in that picture. A few years ago a Canadian writer was working on a novel, part of whose plot was laid right in that Canadian home. He had never seen the house except from a street car. All he knew about it was that it belonged to a remarkable Canadian financier whom he had seen a great many times on the street, in church and elsewhere. The personality of that man made a distinct and ineradicable impression on the writer. He conceived of him as a character in the novel which he was engaged in writing. He fitted the part. Where he failed to fit the

story, the story was changed to fit the character. The man looked so mysteriously the part of a financier. Of all Canadian wizards of finance he looked most like a man who could think in millions and still count coppers if need be.

That financier is dead now. But his work lives on. The hand of that old man was mighty in middle Canada. He had a long, mysterious face, a chin whisker and a smooth-shaven upper lip. His head was bald. He usually wore a silk hat. As he bustled along King St., Toronto, he looked like the man who had founded all the banks on the street. As it happened he was the President of the biggest—and of course by this time you have concluded that he was a Senator also,

that he was one of the props of Methodism, a pew-holder in the "millionaires' church," a prominent figure in coal, railways, trust companies, banks, life insurance—Senator Cox—to be sure. And the picture on this page is the hallway of his fine old home on Sherbourne St., where before wireless was invented this astute native of Peterborough Co. kept tab on the affairs of Canada. Cox was a strange, unrivalled personality in Canadian business. He founded and built up the Canadian Life and had a big compelling hand in the Bank of Commerce. He had much to do with Central Canada Loan and Savings and a number of other financial and fiduciary institutions. From the boots up—he was a bootmaker once—he was a self-made man, a genius in finance, an economic thinker who looked as though there was no organization on

top of clay that could fool him.

In this huge hallway Senator Cox received many a monetary and political guest—now and then a preacher or a bishop. The staircase is remarkable; solid walnut. The figure of the Senator going up is all it lacks to make it look about as it did while he was alive. No photograph of this interior was ever published, so far as is known, while the financier was alive. The reason it is made public property now is that the old-fashioned home of Senator Cox is now the nucleus of a sort of benevolent boarding house for girls employed by one of the big department stores. The old house was built about by the new institution and any time she likes after working hours any girl who pays \$4.50 a week for board and lodgings may regard this millionaire hallway as her own private property. At \$4.50 a week she may go up and down a solid walnut staircase and wander into great rooms once reserved only for the financial and social elect. Such is modern business democracy.

The same great bank may be headed by men of tremendous dissimilarity in experience and temperament. Senator Cox was never a great enthusiast in art and never took much public interest in music. When he was President of the bank Sir Edmund Walker was general manager. Sir Edmund at that time was at the height of his interest in art and to a lesser extent in music. Last Saturday afternoon, for instance, Sir Edmund gave a talk on 200 of his 1,000 Japanese prints at a well-known art club. On Tuesday of this week he gave a dinner to the Mendelssohn Choir—of which for some years he has been honorary President—on the occasion of Dr. Vogt's retirement from the conductorship. A few days ago he was elected by the Board of Governors of the Toronto Conservatory a member of the Board; and was almost immediately chosen as President of the institution to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Sir John Boyd.

Such versatility was completely lacking in Senator Cox.



ALBERT CAMPBELL, winner of the second Winnipeg-St. Paul dog race a few weeks ago, knows a good dog. This was the leader whose team won the race. That was one of the three happiest moments—as Champ Clark would say—in his whole life. One of the other two was when Lady Maude Cavendish, daughter of the

Duke of Devonshire, in honour of the winning team dog and the owner of the winners, herself took a ride with Albert Campbell round the city of Winnipeg on the dog-sled. This little entente was one of the many pleasant features of the popular Devonshire round of amenities in the west during the past couple of weeks.

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