

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA

For the Year Ending December 31st, 1908

Head Office: WATERLOO, ONTARIO

CASH ACCOUNT

INCOME		DISBURSEMENTS	
Net Ledger Assets, December 31st, 1907.....	\$11,069,846 22	To Policyholders:	
Premiums (Net).....	1,917,334 15	Death Claims.....	\$ 352,217 23
Interest.....	628,807 23	Matured Endowments.....	271,116 00
		Surrendered Policies.....	107,608 23
		Surplus.....	85,586 46
		Annuities.....	11,221 34
			\$ 827,749 26
		Expenses, Taxes, etc.....	425,181 69
		Balance Net Ledger Assets, December 31, 1908.....	12,368,056 65
	\$13,615,987 60		\$13,615,987 60

BALANCE SHEET

ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
Mortgages.....	\$ 6,244,701 78	Reserve, 4%, 3½% and 3% standard.....	\$10,967,831 69
Debentures and Bonds.....	4,127,103 29	Reserve on lapsed policies on which surrender values are claimable.....	11,237 27
Loans on Policies, etc.....	1,670,826 67	Death Claims unadjusted.....	55,256 00
Real Estate (Company's Head Office).....	32,883 39	Present value of death claims payable in instalments.....	44,907 81
Cash in Banks.....	309,216 10	Matured Endowments, unadjusted.....	4,400 00
Cash at Head Office.....	2,222 45	Premiums paid in advance.....	14,305 25
Due and deferred premiums (Net).....	336,944 17	Due for medical fees and sundry accounts.....	9,822 78
Interest due and accrued.....	259,776 52	Credit Ledger Balances.....	23,897 03
		Surplus, December 31st, 1908..	1,852,016 54
		(Surplus on Government Standard of Valuation \$2,291,034 93).....	
	\$12,983,674 37		\$12,983,674 37

Audited and found correct,

J. M. SCULLY, F.C.A., Auditor.
Waterloo, January 25th, 1909

GEO. WEGENAST, Managing Director

New Business written, 1908 (increase over 1907, \$171,062)	-	\$7,252,464
Insurance in force (increase over 1907, \$3,602,035)	-	\$54,693,882
Surplus (increase over 1907, \$348,296)	-	\$1,852,016

Booklets containing full report of the Annual Meeting, held March 4th, 1909, are being published, and will be distributed among Policyholders and others in due course.

The Mauve Lady

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 17

just arrived in town, and I suppose you will be here all the season."

He replied it was not unlikely, and begged she would remember to communicate with Madame Farr.

"I forgot to tell you," added the girl, "that she is known as 'the masked seer.' It is part of her cleverness. She wanted to make herself different to others, and I daresay she is terribly ugly. She speaks with a slight foreign accent, possibly to conceal her original Whitechapel."

These were the first sarcastic remarks he had heard from Miss Richmond's lips, spoken lightly enough as she drifted away, taking with her the delicate perfume of violets.

That night Louisa's face haunted his dreams. Sometimes she was vanishing behind a green door to consult a masked woman, more often she was laughing through a maze of violets, or floating above him in purple mists.

* * * * *

He was glad when the hour came for him to enter that house of mystery himself, the white house in Hanson Street, an imposing-looking building, which he concluded Madame Farr shared with other professional persons.

The man-servant who had brought him the paralysing message on the previous day, answered the door, and ushered him through a luxurious hall to a boudoir, daintily upholstered. An air of extreme refinement, born of an affluence which showed itself in artistic feeling, pervaded every nook and corner. The boudoir was in shadow, the blinds being drawn, and a screen placed before the windows. With her back to the light, the masked figure sat sphinx-like behind a small table. She bowed stiffly, and pointed to an empty chair beside her. He could not tell if her figure were young or old, since she was enveloped in a black and gold kimono.

She asked for his hand in rather a silvery tone, distinctly foreign, but attractive. He felt kindly towards her, and less critical. The atmosphere of the room was reposeful, and soothing to over-strained nerves.

Tracing the line with a pencil, she gave him certain family details, easily procurable from the peerage. Then, just as he was thinking how foolish was the whole proceeding, she caught his interest. He found himself leaning forward, rivetted by her words.

"You have a pronounced love of practical joking," she murmured, "a passion for the mild kind of adventure, by which some idle people promote a useless, utterly foolish, excitement. Only yesterday this futile waste of time led you to traverse tiresome paths. In your position there are many profitable pursuits for the employment of spare moments."

He pictured himself waiting outside that very house in the humiliation of disguise, and was inclined to heartily corroborate her statement.

"I wish," he said, "that you could explain a mystery which has been haunting me for the last twenty-four hours. You profess to be a thought reader. Can you discern my trouble or explain it away?"

"The explanation may annoy you," replied Madame Farr, "but I will give it to you for what it is worth. Wait—I must close my eyes, I must look into darkness."

She put up one hand in front of her mask.

"I see a young lady in a mauve dress, standing at an hotel window, watching a well-dressed man, who crosses a crowded thoroughfare, and enters what looks like a cabman's shelter. Her friends are telling her that he is a man of title, with too much leisure on his hands, and no serious way of employing his time.

She loves a joke, this 'violet girl,' so on seeing he has changed places with the driver of a hired vehicle, she hastens out to employ the disguised baronet."

A fresh light broke in upon Sir Robert. Was it possible Louisa Richmond had been visiting Mrs. Richardson that same morning, and Frank had sent her out in his place to play a trick on the bogus motorman?

"The girl thinks," continued Madame Farr, "that she will give him a lesson, so she not only makes use of him, but to drive her point home, she mysteriously vanishes, without paying her fare. That is her part of the joke. She knows she will meet him again that evening, so she leaves a bangle for him to find on the seat. Her friends watch the comedy with amusement. She dines at his side; all the time she is laughing in her sleeve. She secretly longs to offer him a humble cab fare. If you do not believe me, go and ask your friends at the hotel."

Madame Farr paused breathlessly; she had spoken so fast she almost forgot her foreign accent.

"I do believe you," he said; "but I think I know how you got your information. Miss Richmond told you the whole story this morning on the telephone, and I may say that for once I have been beautifully duped. I suffered agonies about that girl and her honesty; it has put me off practical joking for ever and a day. You may laugh at me, Madame Farr, but I don't mind telling you I lost my heart to her at first sight, and if you will give me her address, I will go there at once. She may be wanting her bracelet, and—well—there is so much I want to say—"

He rose impetuously, his ear suddenly attracted by a voice in the passage calling: "Lou, Lou!"

At the sound of it Madame Farr shrank back. The door opened, and in sailed Mrs. Richmond, hatless, with a piece of work in her hands.

"I left a reel of silk here," she was saying, then, looking up, exclaimed: "Why, Louisa, what on earth are you doing in that old domino and mask?"

Madame Farr sprang to her feet. "Sir Robert has come to lunch, mother," she said, "and I was pretending to be a fortune-teller."

The mask fell off, and Miss Louisa Richmond broke into a peal of laughter.

"To finish my explanation," she continued, turning to the bewildered visitor, "you just drove me home yesterday, and I had lots of trouble inducing our new young footman to help me, and take you that message. If Evans, our butler, hadn't been away with an attack of gout, I could never have carried it through. He has no sense of humour. The Richmonds think you will never forgive me."

"What is Louisa talking about?" gasped Mrs. Richmond.

"Nothing of consequence," answered her daughter. "Sir Robert shall tell you the whole story after lunch, if he is not too offended to stay."

She turned to him with a look of inquiry in her deep violet eyes. He gazed back at her like one in a dream.

"Delighted," he said. "The most unexpected pleasure in my life."

BEAUTIFYING OTTAWA.
(Ottawa Journal.)

IN the last ten years Ottawa, through the enterprise and the artistic tendencies of its citizens, has grown to be one of the most beautiful cities on the continent. There is, however, room for further beautification, particularly public beautification. The Horticultural Society, which has laboured zealously in the good cause for years is now seeing the flower of its effort.



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