

The Standard Bank of Canada

The Thirty-Seventh Annual Meeting of the Standard Bank of Canada was held at the Head Office of the Bank, 15 King Street West, on Wednesday, February 21st, 1912, at 12 o'clock.

Amongst those present were: John Neelands, Stephen Noxon, Wm. Crocker, W. W. Tamblin, C. M. Gorton, Hy. Swan, J. K. Niven, Wm. A. Harvey, Dr. Armstrong, W. C. Crowther, Thos. Gilmour, T. H. Wood, E. A. Bog, F. D. Brown, G. B. Strathy, G. P. Scholfield, Thos. Meredith, R. C. Babbitt, S. Nordheimer, Dr. Chas. O'Reilly, W. C. Boddy, F. Wyld, F. W. Cowan, W. F. Allen, T. H. McMillan, J. E. Baillie, Arch. Foulds, Lieut.-Col. C. A. Denison, Major Michie, R. H. Cosbie, Dr. F. LeM. Grasett, and J. S. Loudon.

On motion, the Vice-President, Mr. Frederick Wyld, occupied the chair, and Mr. E. A. Bog, the Chief Inspector, acted as Secretary to the meeting.

The following report was submitted.

The report of the affairs of the Bank at the close of its Thirty-seventh year, ending the 31st January, 1912, reflects a substantial growth in all branches and indicates that its funds have been employed at remunerative rates during the year.

The net profits, after making provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts, Rebate of Interest on unmatured Bills under discount, Exchange, Cost of Management, etc., amount to \$381,601.10, being at the rate of 19.08 per cent. per annum. This amount, added to the balance brought forward from last year, makes the sum of \$436,383.58, which has been appropriated as follows:

Three Quarterly Dividends at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum.	\$180,000.00
One Quarterly Dividend at the rate of 13 per cent. per annum.	65,000.00
Transferred to Officers' Pension Fund	10,000.00
Written off Bank Premises	20,000.00
Transferred to Reserve Fund	100,000.00
Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward	61,383.58

\$436,383.58

It is with regret that your Directors have to record the death during the year of Mr. W. R. Johnston, who had been a valued member of the Board for many years.

Branches and sub-branches of the Bank were opened during the year at Eagle Place, sub-branch to Brantford, Ont.; Crescent Heights, sub-branch to Calgary, Alta.; Lamont, Alta.; Locust Hill, sub-branch to Markham, Ont.; Mundare, sub-branch to Lamont, Alta.; Penhold, Alta.; Riceton, sub-branch to Lajord, Sask.; Waseca, sub-branch to Maidstone, Sask.; Hillsdale, sub-branch to Elmvalle, Ont.; Shannonsville, sub-branch to Belleville, Ont. Branches at Ossington Avenue and Broadview Avenue, in Toronto, will be opened when the premises, now under construction, are completed.

The usual careful inspection of the Head Office and Branches has been made during the year and the various members of the staff have discharged their duties efficiently.

W. F. COWAN, President.

GENERAL STATEMENT

LIABILITIES.

Notes in circulation	\$ 1,992,353.00
Deposits bearing interest (including interest accrued to date)	\$25,279,801.47
Deposits not bearing interest	4,837,068.41
Former dividends unclaimed	459.00
Dividend No. 85, payable 1st February, 1912	65,000.00
Due to other Banks in Canada	403,608.87
	\$32,578,290.75
Capital	\$ 2,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	2,600,000.00
Rebate of interest on Bills Discounted	71,643.45
Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward	61,383.58
	\$ 4,733,027.03

\$37,311,317.78

ASSETS.

Gold and Silver Coin	\$ 532,058.14
Dominion notes, legal tender	3,086,664.00
	\$ 3,618,722.14
Notes of and Cheques on other banks	1,538,771.30
Due from other banks—	
In Canada	246,026.08
In United States	165,748.69
In Great Britain	520,245.41
Dominion Government and other first-class bonds	2,862,194.88
Loans on call on Government, Municipal and other bonds and stocks	1,906,845.00
	\$10,858,553.50
Deposit with Dominion Government for security of note circulation	100,000.00
Bills discounted and advances current	25,325,083.28
Notes and bills overdue (estimated loss provided for)	72,585.40
Bank Premises	897,842.13
Real Estate other than Bank Premises	24,400.00
Other Assets not included under the foregoing	32,853.47
	\$37,311,317.78

GEO. P. SCHOLFIELD,

General Manager.

Toronto, 31st January, 1912.

The Vice-President, in reviewing the report and statement, commented upon the continued progress made by the Bank during the year, special attention being called to an increase in deposits of over \$3,700,000, the total now being \$30,116,869.88, and that the Bank was now paying its shareholders 13 per cent. per annum.

The usual resolutions were passed, and the following Directors were elected for the ensuing year: W. F. Cowan, Frederick Wyld, W. F. Allen, Wellington Francis, K. C. F. W. Cowan, H. Langlois, and T. H. McMillan.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors Mr. W. F. Cowan was elected President and Mr. Frederick Wyld, Vice-President.



The management desires to announce that the recent transfer of the Hotel Victoria property, New York City, will in no way interrupt the present policy of the house. The Hotel will be conducted as heretofore until the expiration of lease, several years hence.

Rooms with Baths, \$2.00

Hotel Victoria

Fifth Ave., 27th St. and BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

American Hotel Victoria Co.

GEO. W. SWEENEY,
President.

ANGUS GORDON,
Manager.

THE MAN AT LONE LAKE

(Continued from page 19.)

"How did I manage to forget it?" he said, looking down into the face that showed white in the dark. "I will go at once, and return in all haste, Nance. Don't be frightened."

"I am not frightened—only hurry, please."

He half leaned towards her, as though about to say something further, then swung out through the open door.

The thread-like path to the river was as familiar to him by night as by day, but now he went armed and watched the shadows. They lay like black velvet across the silver-frosted brittle grasses, for the moon was rising, and it was still and cold.

As he took his way he thought of Francois. It was his opinion that the half-breed would be wary, and not go the length of murder if he could force his enemy away by fear.

Francois knew—none better—that—even in the wilderness, murder will out, and that through that crystal-clear air, the scent of human blood carries far. Deep in the nature of every Indian flourishes an undying, though seldom expressed, curiosity regarding his fellows. For a man who had lived for a year or more in their neighbourhood, or comparatively near to it, totally to disappear, was to turn this curiosity into questions—simple questions of direct, penetrating, and unpleasant quality. He knew the mounted police are never better pleased than when they play avenging angel. For the most part they are young, and keen for adventure. They ride like centaurs, and are tireless as the wind. They track their quarry with light hearts untroubled by sentiment, and they bear their prisoners bound, and desolate of friends, across unbelievable miles of roadless wastes, gaily conducting them in safety to those tribunals where justice is sure, and often swift.

Wynn had heard from McCullough that the half-breed feared the law; that much as he dreaded the red flag flying above a small-pox smitten district, he dreaded more the sight of a mounted soldier.

Death of itself Francois disdained. He risked it continually. His soul troubled him not at all, nor the affairs relating to it, for he was neither Pagan nor Christian, but cheerfully scorned the tenets of both. Death, short and sharp, by a rifle bullet, would have given him no qualm of fear, although he preferred to live—but death at the end of a rope, the possibility of slow strangulation, the ghastly preparations, the creaking gallows, the curious-eyed onlookers, the priest with beads and book and graphic tongue-picture of the fire to come—which a man might disbelieve yet not wish to listen to—the thought of these things sent him into a cold sweat and took the strength from his limbs.

And so Wynn surmised, while not being absolutely sure. Of one thing he was sure; he would be a target for many bullets. Francois would shoot at him continually from safe ambush, touching his leggings or his coat-sleeve, or nicking the wood just above his head, with incomparable skill and diabolical cunning. Unless chance favored, there might come no opportunity to retaliate, while each day his nerves would be strained to the breaking point.

The man wondered if he would kill the half-breed should the chance come. Somehow his white heat of anger had died out. He realized the fire of jealousy pent and smouldering in Francois' narrow soul, and understood it.

"To have killed a man in cold blood," he said to himself, guiding the canoe through a thin skimming of ice. "The memory of it would be a tedious sort of companion. To shoot a man deliberately, and leave him out among the lodge-pole pines for the coyotes to find, or it may be to freeze into a queer distorted shape that slowly lost outline under the snow." He fancied how that belt Wanota had made, with the Egyptian-like pattern embroidered on it in blue beads,

would gleam out through the snow last of all—and that brought the thought of Wanota. She came into the question. The eternal feminine.

The small melancholy face rose before him, the pleading eyes. He heard still the pain-wrung cry, with the words, "You go! You go!"

"I am a fool," the man said, striking a match in the cold cabin, and searching with benumbed fingers for the black leather case on the shelf with the tobacco tins, "a fool given to philosophy and sentiment. Facts are facts, and if one of us is to be shot and left to the coyotes it had better be the Indian."

He dropped the case into his pocket and returned up the freezing river.

The door of the log-house still stood open and the moonlight now made a shining path into the living-room.

As Wynn crossed the threshold Nance met him. In that white radiance, and with her hair loosened about her, she looked to him strangely unreal. Hitherto she had been woven in his thoughts as part of the gold and blue of the morning, the glow of the sunset, the rose-warmth of the firelight; a tangible part, a delight material and to be overtaken. For the moment she seemed as something ethereal that might vanish at his touch.

"Oh!" she said hurriedly, "but I am glad you have come! The pain has grown worse, much worse this last hour—and here in the dark . . . Wanota has prayed to her gods, but I could not pray at all . . . I only listened for your step . . ."

"I am no doctor," Wynn answered a little unsteadily. "I can only trust: I am doing the right thing."

"Whatever causes the pain, he will die of exhaustion if it is not stopped," the girl answered. "Anything is better than to sit by helplessly."

The man told Wanota to light three candles. By their glow he filled the small nicker-plated syringe. Long familiarity with the delicate instrument had made him expert.

In a moment he was by McCullough and had bared the tossing right arm. The old man raised his eyes.

"Put out the candle," he said thickly. "Nance need not see."

"You will be all right now, old chap," Wynn assured him, slipping the needle under the skin quickly. "There will be no more pain, I know."

"No more pain?" the grey lips repeated. "When?"

"Soon," said the other nodding. "Very soon. Trust me." He flashed the sunlight of his smile on to the drawn face.

The three candles burned brightly, an unheard of illumination. The hemlock logs crackled. Joris stretched on the bear-skin rug, sighed deeply and shut his eyes. With the wisdom of wild things he knew that for this time at least his watch was ended.

A rising wind swung the bark door close, and shut the moonlight out.

Wanota sat on the floor, her eyes shining from beneath the red shawl. Her stillness had passed, and she rocked a little back and forth.

The old white head still moved restlessly against the fur-covered couch. Wynn held his watch, and waited. Ten minutes went. Fifteen. McCullough was quieter. Twenty minutes were gone.

"Wynn," he whispered.

"Yes?"

"I'm mending—it may be."

"Sure, old chap. Didn't I tell you?"

"Ay," the voice said faintly.

"Wynn!" he spoke after an interval.

"I've been lying here on the rack these hours past while unseen hands have turned it—and I've been thinking—thinking of the beasts I've trapped out over the lines around Lone Lake. Foxes—game little beasts that would snap at one in their pain, hatred in their hearts and defiance in their eyes beneath the death glaze. And bears. Big brutes whimpering under trap torture, and grown tame. Nance was right, boy! Nance was right! Take every cursed trap," he