

some factory, with its latest improvements in machinery, may co-exist some feudal edifice that bears witness to the times when all manufactures were really wrought by hand, when steam was only in the kettle, and electricity moved only in advance of the rolling thunder.

Nor is it only in stately edifices that these survivals are seen. There are numberless old societies, boards and corporations, formed originally, no doubt, to undertake very important or pressing objects, but now exercising very shadowy and ghost-like functions. We do not know whether the society still exists for the purpose of ransoming Christians held by the Barbary pirates—a society that flourished, held meetings, and spent money long after the evil it was invented to mitigate had been swept from the earth. But we do remember reading some little while ago, that there still is somewhere in England a Jacobite Society for the purpose of securing the re-accession of a “rightful” or “legitimate” monarch of the Stuart lineage. We have read that the melancholy devotees of this organization speak of some (to us rather obscure) individual as the Queen of England, and of Her revered Majesty, Victoria as— Well, never mind! Nobody meddles with them because England is a merry and tolerant land, full of these doddering survivals.

Second, perhaps, in quaint absurdity to these ancient societies, are some of the periodicals that flit about the churchyards of English Old Line Insurance. Years ago, on this continent of America, we fraternalists were terribly attacked by the Insurance “Observers” and “Gazettes,” (or whatever erudite names they bore) then flourishing on this hemisphere. The wounds have healed, the memory of the attacks has faded out, and the great dollar-for-value paying public has paid dues to us fraternalists, and relegated a multitude of insurance periodicals to the ash-barrel.

But England, as we have hinted, delights in perpetuations of what is useless, provided it has sufficient age and absurdity to distinguish it as an antique. We, therefore, are not surprised to find our Order, the I.O.F., our Actuary, Mr. Rae, and our actuarial valuation attacked by the “Records,” and “Observers,” and “Gazettes,” those linen-wrapped Pharaohs which in England still adorn the museums of insurance.

These belated Jacobites of economics treat the action of the I.O.F. in filing a valuation with the Insurance department of England (the Board of Trade) as “audacity,” as an “elaborate official jest,” as an “amusing spectacle.”

We know it is useless to explain the true principles on which insurance contracts should be valued to men whose heads are stuffed with “surrender values,” “bonus additions,” “commissions to

agents,” “dividends to shareholders,” and all the ridiculous investment features that transform a simple undertaking to insure John Smith for a certain period for so much money into a highly complex operation.

When John Smith takes on a policy in an old line company, and pays, say \$30. he thinks he has taken out a policy for one year, and considers himself insured for a year. He also thinks he knows the consequences of not paying another \$30 at the beginning of the next year.

But it would never do for the company, to take a one-year view of the case; for the reason that the company does not see the colour of any one of the three thousand cents of the premium.

There is, therefore, at the very outset a radical difference between the way old line companies and fraternal societies will value their contracts. An old line will never consent to value its policies as term contracts. A fraternal, which gets every cent of the price it charges for insurance is quite willing to make its reckonings on a term basis. Our Actuary, Mr. Rae, has valued the contracts of the I.O.F. as term assurances and thereby caused a great numbling and shaking of heads.

We might waste hours, nay weeks, in proving the soundness of this valuation and in modernizing the notions of some gentlemen, but we forbear. For *The Insurance and Financial Gazette* gravely tells us:

“The goring and ripping abilities of the tusks of a wild boar could not be reduced or modified by the application of giltfoil to the tusks.”

THE INDEPENDENT FORESTER is short of gilt-foil; we cannot wait to gild these decayed tusks, we shall cut them off.

Correspondence.

MONTREAL, June 21st, 1899.

To the Editor of *The Star*:

SIR,—Referring to the letter signed “Whole Truth,” and Dr. Oronhyatekha’s reply thereto published in the *Star* of Saturday last: Being convinced that the manner in which you put the matter to him must have had a good deal to do with Dr. Oronhyatekha’s decision to deviate from his usual practice not to take notice of anonymous—and he might for that matter have added any—communications calling for information regarding the inner working of the Independent Order of Foresters, it has occurred to me that the members of the Order in this city might, through the columns of your influential journal, obtain, what we have thus far been unable by other means to obtain, viz., some explanation of the seemingly unjustifiable course which, for some time past, the Supreme Executive has been pursuing.

It has already been pointed out to the Supreme Chief Ranger, by whom the statement has not been disputed, that under the revised rates of the I.O.F. the cost of carrying a policy in that Order is actually higher than in the regular life insurance companies.