

the room at Wells two pie-
there was named "Fast"
the other "Wide Awake."
Bercher's weekly paper,
Union, had issued these
premiums back in 1899
the naturally. It was in-
Celle had been a sub-
magazine. Therefore, if
list of the publication
it would in all probability
of the rooms sought.
at all the old subscrip-
periodical had been de-
was merged with the
the search for Mme.
there have been attempts
trace of her through all
both in New York and
the German Consul has
of search in Germany.
come of it all. George V.
hair at No. 757 Broad-
New York in 1881; a car-
name of Collier lived in
and, Felix Collier, dealer
est, in 1892. But efforts
trace any of these men as
stances have met with no
did not long after that
she last visited the bank.
identified. Perhaps she
robbed and her body con-
ly. Perhaps she had a
leaving New York with
lightest clue to her des-
fact that she kept her
York a secret seems to
theory. But the solution
still a matter of guess-
the guessing is going on
continues to pile up in
she left it.
of Animal Society.
New York, Saturday.
ological Park, where elv-
it be thought to have
artificial institutions as
in the settled areas of
class distinctions.
Z. P. has recently
the Zoological Society,
families, in addi-
aligator, which is be-
diest inhabitant.
animals arrived in the
1902, and the earliest
in the list came in
almost all entitled to be
laughters of the revolu-
engaged in some
famous battles.
time is short for "Dis-
to the Park from 31st,
and was named in us-
of exclusive tank in
When the chief human
the house poses into his
poor, "Lil" thrusts up
one of those unman-
gases and Wagnerian
most moments. The
a conscious attack, but
tital for that.
spinalis to the center,
to in to share my room
any person who does it
Z. P. We had a sug-
alteration a large
gas disappeared. He
with the fortitude of
it would receive no
and yet he appeared
ter it had been un-
breast of rats and
has, been permitted to
at alone. If any fancy
quire separate apart-
Park he will have to
nk with his enemy, but
it first be strapped to
the his future room-
operation will take
make it impossible for
intensity to their dis-
society.
the Park attendants
a white hope in the
shored young aligator
a couple in battle with
poor, but so far none
ame to the Park there
ators coming around
its gates, but now
kind trumpeting out-
the in back with a
let them know that
up in a small pool in
his song sounds more
chaunt and something
rock. If the aligator
pool and go in search
that he supposes to
be familiar roars out-
scape of his old friends
up of tropical rivers
use and a sinister
reactions.
of the Park visitors
Z. P. has a "How to
rown bear, who has
litters since last year.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Statement of the result of the business of the Bank for the year ending 29th November, 1913

| | |
|---|-----------------|
| Balance at credit of Profit and Loss Account, brought forward from last year..... | \$ 771,578 88 |
| Net Profit for the year ending 29th November, after providing for all bad and doubtful debts..... | 2,992,951 10 |
| | \$ 3,764,529 98 |

This has been appropriated as follows:

| | |
|--|-----------------|
| Dividends Nos. 104, 105, 106 and 107, at ten per cent. per annum \$ 1,500,000 00 | |
| Bonus of one per cent. payable 1st June..... | 150,000 00 |
| Bonus of one per cent. payable 1st December..... | 150,000 00 |
| Written off Bank Premises..... | 500,000 00 |
| Transferred to Pension Fund (annual contribution)..... | 80,000 00 |
| Transferred to Rest Account..... | 1,000,000 00 |
| Balance carried forward..... | 384,529 98 |
| | \$ 3,764,529 98 |

GENERAL STATEMENT

29th November, 1913

LIABILITIES

Notes of the Bank in circulation..... \$15,642,923 18

Deposits not bearing interest..... \$52,798,205 84

Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date 140,015,509 40 192,813,715 24

Balances due to other Banks in Canada..... 633,237 12

Balances due to Banks and Canadian Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada..... 10,071,316 73

1st December..... \$15,000,000 00

Rills payable..... 1,941,544 19

Acceptances under Letters of Credit..... \$230,618,524 11

Dividends unpaid..... 2,666 48

Dividend No. 107 and bonus payable 1st December..... 525,000 00

Capital paid up..... 13,500,000 00

Rest..... 13,500,000 00

Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward..... 384,529 98 28,884,529 98

\$ 260,030,720 57

ASSETS

Current Coin and Bullion..... \$ 9,579,473 66

Dominion Notes..... 20,836,182 50 \$33,415,656 16

Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada..... \$6,884,652 83

Balances due by other Banks in Canada..... 22,122 47

Notes of other Banks..... 3,106,230 00

Cheques on other Banks..... 6,418,425 14 16,431,430 44

Call and Short Loans in Canada on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks..... 9,610,550 08

Call and Short Loans elsewhere than in Canada..... 16,154,360 65

Dominion and Provincial Government Securities..... 3,434,605 06

British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities and Canadian Municipal Securities..... 2,431,989 71

Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks..... 18,091,224 04

Deposits with the Minister for the purposes of the Circulation Fund..... 738,500 00

Other Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less rebate of interest)..... 136,474,874 82

Other Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less rebate of interest)..... 18,102,015 15

Overdue Debts (estimated loss provided for)..... 487,554 72

Real Estate (including the unsold balance of former premises of the Eastern Townships Bank)..... 979,915 61

Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the Bank..... 433,607 32

Bank Premises..... 4,281,481 60

Other Assets..... 21,411 02

Liabilities of customers under Letters of Credit, as per contract..... 1,941,544 19

\$260,030,720 57

B. E. WALKER
Z. A. LASHI
ALEXANDER LAIRD
GENERAL MANAGER

Christmas parties, banquets
and all occasions where a
large number of people
are to be catered for.

We have the unusual advantage of
being able to supply at instant notice
a full menu to parties of any size

The necessary help and equipment
for the catering business is well provided
for by us, and we ask your investigation
of our methods.

Call here for supper after the show.

THE
Berlin Restaurant
66 W King Street Phone 364

THE REVOLT OF THE TOYS

By WELLS HAWKS.



HE irritated hotel guest was fuming and fuming and quarrelling with the clerk because he could not sleep. It was 10 o'clock on Christmas eve, and the throngs of merry-makers on the streets made so much noise that a number on a ground floor was impossible. In a most obliging manner the clerk gave the guest an inside room on the sixteenth floor in place of his suit with windows opening on the street.

Outside a throng of merry people noisily, happily awaited the coming of the gladdest day in all the year: women and children, old and young, jostled and pushed, blew horns and threw confetti, and the policeman stood on the corner and smiled, and the real people who could not sleep looked out from their windows and laughed and said, "It is so good to see them happy."

But on the sixteenth floor of the big hotel and in the solitude of an inside room a little selfish man stood and rubbed his hands and smiled because it was so quiet. Once the distant blowing of a horn was heard, and he stood on a chair and stuffed a bath towel into a ventilator.

"Fine, fine," said he. "Those fellows I'll get some sleep now."

And he undressed and walked about and smiled. Long ago, when the hair just above his ears began to show a little gray, a great wall arose in his life and cut off the past—the past when he was a boy. And dead vines hung about this barrier, and its walls grew thicker and higher until it faced back all of the streams of happiness and



A DOWNPOUR OF BALLS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

smiles that came from childhood's happy memory, and his heart grew hard and cold.

"Christmas!" he sneered as he reached for the electric light. "All over the country, I suppose, they are deluding children with the Santa Claus foolery."

Then it was darkness, and he tucked himself deep down under the covers. A great happiness came over him, for he could not hear a sound, so he closed his eyes and sleep came to him.

Outside the noise grew fast and loud. Only a little time and the bed would ring the midnight hour and it would be Christmas morning. A million housepots were silent, for beneath them, in their tiny beds, were the little expectant hearts.

And he in the inside room was snoring. Suddenly he threw his arm up and grabbed the side of the bed. He tossed his legs wildly about and rocked like a man in great agony. Then he was still for a moment, and then suddenly he sat erect and, shaking his fist in the air, exclaimed:

"Back, I say! Back before I fire!"

Let us crawl over the wall around his heart and look. The room is filled with a thousand soldiers—more than that.

There is regiment after regiment. Some are of lead, others of tin, while those making the assault on the bed are wooden. From back of the bureau comes a troop of cavalry, the tin horses fairly galloping as the captain brandishes his sword. From the cupboard the washtand comes a battery of artillery. They are playing their guns. The little general, painted so carefully, is on the man's shoulder. Will he capitulate? There is quiet among the troops. The general comes down and consults for a moment with the commander of the wooden soldiers. The man looks at them with terror. He has asked

for more time. Suddenly the troops move back again, and around the bed appear hundreds of tiny tents. The man in the bed groans. They are going to starve him out.

The man sticks his head out from the cover for air. His head is hardly out when it is struck by a great rubber ball, and then, like a July storm, when a great cloud breaks, there comes from above a downpour of rubber balls, footballs, baseballs, jackballs, tennis balls and all of every description.

They beat on the bed and pumel the man like hail on a bed of roses. He lies still and groans. The shower ceases, and then, with the noise of a hurricane, there comes rushing through the air what seems an African typhoon.

"It is the hoops, the hoops!" cry the wooden soldiers.

And so it is. The air is filled with every kind of hoop, and they roll backward and across the bed like a storm lashed sea. The man screams in pain. Some of the hoops have bells on them, and their ring in his ears as the sharp edges of the bent livery cut his face. He is weak and pale, but does not give in.

Then there is a clang of bells and a blowing of whistles, and with a rush the entire toy fire department makes for the bed. Following them come the tin locomotives, wildly ringing their bells, and back of them the toy trolleys. The bed looks like a side street during a four alarm fire.

Now the hose connections are made, and scores of streams of water beat on the face of the man. From the foot of the bed comes a cloud of steam from the engines, while hot and blaring above are sparks from the trolleys as they grind along the brass of the bed. He fights hard, but finally succumbs and falls weak and exhausted. The firemen ring the door, and the man, who has been a victim of the toys, is rescued. He is carried to the door, and the toys, the crowds of brownies, Indians, rubber men, tentacles, jumping jacks and walking monkeys that were clanking around the ropes.

The man watched all this carefully. He never dreamed of his own arm. Somehow it all faded away. He seemed to be climbing over a wall. He reached the top and, looking down a pathway, saw a summer house. About it the lilacs fell in great clusters. Looking through the doors, he saw beyond the vista of the curtains and waving maple rows of flower beds, and there was among them, clipping, training and guiding over trellises the tender blossoms she loved so dearly. In the summer house on the floor he saw a boy.

He was lying on the floor, while his chubby hands played about the fort of sand the little soldiers he took from a box. The man sighed. He opened his eyes and looked about him. It was the inside room on the sixteenth floor. It was very quiet. He looked in the glass and saw a tear in his eye. It ran down his cheek, and another came in its place and followed it. Then he threw open the window. Like a tempest in rushed the noise—the blowing of the horns, the clatter of the rattles and the laughter of merry people. He dressed hurriedly. From his satchel he took a portfolio and, taking out a check book, wrote a check and, grabbing his hat, rushed out of the room.

"Cash this for me and in a hurry," said the man to the night clerk.

The clerk went to the safe and brought out a roll of bills. He counted it, but there was not enough, and he opened the petty cash drawer and gave the man all that was there.

"Fine!" said the man, stuffing it into his pocket. "I'll be back in the morning."

The man rushed into the street. Just a half block up a lot of little boys were looking at a cart full of rubber balls. The man handed the peddler a big bill and said, "Give all of these to the boys."

The peddler looked surprised, and the boys yelled with glee. Across the street were a lot of little girls, tired and worn from the day and night's work of running at the cry of "Cash!" but just happy at looking in the windows. Almost like a madman the man pushed them into the store, and soon each had a great doll and a shawl and candy and so many things that are good before they knew it. Across the street was a man selling boxes of tin soldiers.

"Ah!" said the man, with a remembrance of a boy. He jumped out of a box and yelled for all the boys around to come near him, and as they did he handed each a box of soldiers and then paid the man twice the cost.

"What is it?" said the man.

"It is Santa Claus gone wild," said a policeman who had children at home.

The man rushed on and into a market. It was very late, and the poor were buying the leftovers for a Christmas dinner. The dealers were packing up the best to save for the New Year's sale.

"Open up!" cried the man as he flourished a roll of bills. And as the multitude of pale and worn went by those in the faded alpaca he reached out and gave them money and said:

"This is to buy for the children," while the dealers poured into the jangling bells on the bell on the stalls.

It was morning when he threw himself in bed, tired, but such a good tired. He stretched himself out and fell asleep. And in the morning he looked out, and there before him, as far as his eyes could reach, were the soldiers all drawn up for review. The tin horses began to play. The officers marched proudly at the head of the column. The parade began to move up the room, then to the bed and across. He arose and saluted, for as they passed the guns were all at present arms, and the colors dipped as they went by.

The toys were the victors, but they honored the conquered—New York Mail.

At Toms River, N.J., Joseph Moriarty was acquitted on the charge of murdering Mrs. Caroline Turner, wife of a gatekeeper on the estate of Geo. Gould.

Hamilton's reduction of hydro power rates has been dated back to include November accounts.

The request of District Attorney Whitman, of New York, that he be appointed a special deputy attorney-general that he might make a State-wide graft investigation will not be granted by Governor Glynn, who questioned his motives in asking the appointment.

Carlo Dolci's Great Painting



MADONNA

CHRISTMAS MOTTOES.

Every one knows that a fitting sentiment to go with a gift greatly enhances its value. Here is a very old one, which is appropriate for nearly every individual, and is consequently a safe one to use: It is in the quaint old spelling, which is attractive in fancy lettering:

All joys and joys wait on thy holiday;
Love and friendship
Follow thy happiness

Now a little more sentimental goes well with flowers or a plant:

Fond thoughts and constant prayers I scatter
Like flowers, along the pathway thou must tread.
Grateful and glad I hope they may shed
Some fragrance to refresh and comfort thee

The last one, which is by Tennyson, is beautiful inscribed in a book or to go with a calendar:

The time draws near the birth of Christ;
Cheer up, ye maid, the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

THE OLDEN MISTLETOE RITE.

Origin of Present Use of the Classic

The druids at Yuletide used to cut the mistletoe to place upon their altars with elaborate ceremonies. Their name for it was all hail or all healing. There was a large procession, headed by the druidical priests, with bands singing canticles and hymns, then a herald preceded three druids, furnished with implements for severing the sacred plant, then the prince or chief of the druids, accompanied by all his followers.

The chief mounted the oak and with a golden knife detached the mistletoe and presented it to the priest, who received it and gave away the branches with great reverence. Two white bulls were sacrificed during the rite.

On the first day of the new year the branches after resting on the altars in the interval were distributed among the people as a sacred and holy plant, the druid priest crying, "The mistletoe for the New Year." Just when the mistletoe became known as the "kissing bush" is not known.

A Mistletoe Romance

LAST night I went to call on Eulalie. On Eulalie, the fairest maid I know (That is, excepting Eugene and Clare), and as her coming down I did await, I spied, low hanging from the chandelier, A sprig of brightsome holly, all aglow, Which half concealed a bright, contrasting spray

Thick jeweled with the pearls of mistletoe. Then suddenly resolve leaped to my mind. A wild resolve and one extremely bold—To wit, that though I'd known her but six years, If she should chance beneath that chandelier To pause, I should at once assert the right. The ancient right of Joyous Christmas slide.

And strive to kiss her. Lo, the maiden came, With welcome smile and outstretched glad hand, And where I stood expectant. She advanced, Unconscious and serene, she stood Directly beneath the shining mistletoe. And, though with trepidation in my mind, I kept my pledge unto myself and did The daring deed.

Sweet moments followed, then While startled she sought refuge in my arms. But brief the joy, for then from underneath A davenport her little brother crawled And cried: "Say, sis, I told you so, you know I bet he'd bite Pay up!" But quick she led Him by the ear unto the door and out. What did the rascal mean? I do not know. Nor do I care for such things—I'm engaged.

An Unfortunate Oversight.

"Eileen said," said the thoughtless man, "Isn't this unpleasant?" I haven't bought my mother-in-law a single Christmas present."

The Christmas Stocking

HANG up the Christmas stockings; Leave not a dear one out. And wake on Christmas morning With ringing song and shout. For in the silent midnight Shall Santa Claus appear And crown with gifts of gladness The love time of the year.

Hang up the baby's stocking. Right here between the boys, And give him books and papers, As he gives the children toys. Let Santa Claus be careful About the politics. For father has a conscience That to the right side sticks.

Hang up the old folks' stockings; Hang up the little girl's. Dear grandma with her silver hair, Sweet Popsy with her curls, Will both be very happy When dawns, in rosy cheer, The merry Christmas morning. The love time of the year.

An Ode to the Store.

Now the maiden goes a-shopping, tra la. To get a present for her daddy, pa, pa. But when cometh the New Year A bill will then appear To her daddy for the price of gift, ha, ha!

Barnaby, B.C., sold \$1,250,000 worth of treasury notes to a Toledo, Ohio financial house for a little over \$1,100,000.

Shipments of fruit from Okanagan Valley, B.C., this year to date totalled about a million and a third in value.

Christmas Not a Humbug.

"Christmas a humbug, uncle!" said Scrooge's nephew. "You don't mean that, I'm sure."

"I do," said Scrooge. "Merry Christmas! Out upon Merry Christmas! What's Christmas time for you but a time for paying bills without money, a time for finding yourself a year older and not an hour richer, a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

It is many years since the conversion of old Scrooge from the error of his ways by the three ghosts of Christmas past, Christmas present and Christmas yet to come. It is many more years since the first Christmas anthem rang triumphant in the bush of an expectant midnight hour over the plains of Palestine. And yet, in spite of the years and their message to the world, there still exist those unfortunate souls who, like the wretched Ebenezer, call Christmas a humbug and lose sight of the real spirit and joy of the day.

"Christmas a humbug" one is moved to exclaim with old Scrooge's indignant nephew. No, not a humbug, but a feast of good cheer, of kindly impulses, of generous giving, if hearts are opened and sympathies allowed free play, if cynicism is barred and pessimistic philosophy banished to the limbo of all unpleasantness. For the very essence of the spirit of Christmas is that of kindness, of affection.

When the flame of the real spirit of Christmas is dim or altogether dead there are a dozen ways of fanning it into renewed life. So many things contribute to foster the Christmas atmosphere, to make it, as Scrooge's nephew said, "a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time, the only time in the long calendar of the year when men and women cease from their wonted to open their shut-up hearts freely and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow passengers to the grave and not other races of creatures bound on other journeys."

A REAL SANTA CLAUS.

SANTA CLAUS, I think for you is the mantle stockings two to the one and one to the one. I know.

There is a chimney in the town. You have never traveled down. Should you chance to enter there. You would find a room all bare. Not a stocking could you spy. Matter not how you might try. And the vision you'd see is such As no boy would care for much.

In a broken town you'd see. Some one just about like me. Dreading of the pretty boys. Which you bring to other boys. And to him a Christmas eve. Merry only in his dreams.

All he dreams, then, Santa Claus, Swift the stockings with, because When it's fixed up to the term. It's Santa Claus to him.

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

A QUESTION.

IF there isn't any Santa Claus, who is it turns your feet? Toward the shop where gifts are smiling as you walk along the street. Who is it sets you thinking through your nose as you can't see? About the names and laughter round the children's Christmas tree? Though you vow "this Christmas business is a nuisance anyhow." There is an influence at work that clears the frowning from your brow. The small tin trumpet sounds a blast that wakes your soul and nerve. To homage for the doll who is a lady and a queen.

And the once prosaic world where it has been your lot to dwell Is a realm of fascinations, neath some mystic fairy spell. If there isn't any Santa Claus, who is it, day by day, That turns our thoughts to Christmas, strive to show it as we may? Who comes at this bleak season armed with telepathic arts? And by generous suggestion dominates our minds and hearts?

CONSTANT CHRISTMAS.

Oh, never failing splendor, Oh, never silent song, Still keep the green earth strong! Still keep the gray earth strong! Still keep the brave earth strong! Of deeds that shall be done While children's lives come streaming Like sunbeams from the sun! Oh, angels, sweet and spien-
gle, Throng in our hearts and sing The wonders which attend The coming of the King! —Phillips Brooks.

CHRISTMAS TIME.

EACH and good will toward men! Bless Christmas time That brings to famished thousands a good meal. While even those, immured in cells, that steal From others' make their livelihood in crime— Now sit at tables with the best of fare. Children, unused to luxury and joy. Now have abundance, are a'en blessed with toys. For did not Christ take such unto his care? The laborer sick, his family hungry, cold, Is now remembered; wood and coal and rest And flour and meal and fowl to him are sent By them that know the genuine use of gold. Whose eyes have seen the shepherds watch by night, Who've read the Sermon on the Mount aright. —Edward & Cremer in Brooklyn's Eagle.

Hugh MacDonnell, barrister, was found dead in bed at Goldee, B.C. He went west in 1897, and before that was a member of a Toronto legal firm.

Farmers near Chatham report seeing a stranger who resembles the missing Professor Lavelle.