

The Metropolitan Bank

Statement of the Affairs of the Bank as at
December 31st, 1913

LIABILITIES

Notes of the Bank in circulation	\$ 947,837.50
Deposits not bearing interest	1,890,384.83
Deposits bearing interest (including interest accrued to date)	7,143,632.76
Dividend No. 36, payable January 2nd, 1914	25,000.00
Previous dividends unclaimed	32.50
Acceptances under Letters of Credit	10,656.86
Liabilities not included in the foregoing heads	4,023.67
	<u>\$10,021,568.12</u>
Capital Stock paid up	\$1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	1,250,000.00
Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward	182,547.61
	<u>2,432,547.61</u>
	<u>\$12,454,115.73</u>

ASSETS

Current Gold and Subsidiary Coin	\$ 167,827.43
Dominion Government Notes	1,205,464.50
Notes of other Banks	88,750.00
Cheques on other Banks	487,912.93
Balances due by other Banks in Canada	135,870.31
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada	224,845.74
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities (not exceeding market value)	42,716.66
Canadian Municipal Securities and British, Foreign and Colonial Securities other than Canadian (not exceeding market value)	260,981.51
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks (not exceeding market value)	888,658.45
Call and Short (not exceeding thirty days) Loans in Canada on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	1,055,213.53
	<u>\$4,558,241.06</u>
Other current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less rebate of interest)	\$7,501,752.25
Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit as per contra	10,656.86
Overdue Debts (estimated loss provided for)	8,424.48
Bank Premises, at not more than cost, less amounts written off	322,341.08
Deposit with the Dominion Government for the purposes of the Circulation Fund	51,500.00
Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the Bank	1,200.00
	<u>7,895,874.67</u>
	<u>\$12,454,115.73</u>

S. J. MOORE,
President.

W. D. ROSS,
General Manager.

AUDITOR'S REPORT

I have examined the books and accounts of The Metropolitan Bank at its Head Office and Principal Branch in Toronto, and checked the cash and verified the investments and securities on hand there as at the close of business on December 31st, 1913, against the entries in regard thereto in such books. Certified returns from the remaining branches have been duly furnished to me, together with all information and explanations required, and I certify that the foregoing statement of Liabilities and Assets as at December 31st, 1913, is in agreement with the books and properly drawn so as to exhibit, in my opinion, a true and correct view of the state of the Bank's affairs according to the best of my information, the explanations given to me and as shown by the books of the Bank.

G. T. CLARKSON,
Chartered Accountant.

Toronto, 9th January, 1914.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

for year ending December 31st, 1913.

December 31, 1912, Balance at credit of account	\$181,888.26
Dec. 31, 1913, Profits for the year after deducting charges of management, interest due depositors, rebate on unmatured bills, and after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts	165,659.35
	<u>\$347,547.61</u>
Dividends Nos. 33, 34, 35 and 36	\$100,000.00
Written off Bank Premises	20,000.00
Reserved for depreciation in securities owned by the Bank	40,000.00
Contribution to Officers' Pension Fund	5,000.00
Balance at credit of account	182,547.61
	<u>\$347,547.61</u>

S. J. MOORE,
President.

W. D. ROSS,
General Manager.

The Brood of the Saxon

(Concluded from page 9.)

the regularity of maxims, the rifles—in the hands of men who could hit a running buck at two hundred yards nine times out of ten, soon reduced the boasted aerial fleet to complete wrecks. Like wounded birds, rudderless, with planes pierced and broken, they fell into the sea and were forgotten in the general fight.

The Kaiser, a German ship, was sinking, her crew taking to the boats, the Berlin, her smokestacks shot away, was afire. The battle was yet doubtful, and still the cannons roared and screeched and steel splintered, and decks that were but an hour before models of order, saddening to see. The Quebec, the newest of the Canadian fleet, manned by French-Canadians, many of whom remembered with fierce hate Alsace and Lorraine, was almost a wreck, but with a splendid courage her captain ordered all steam ahead. Those on shore saw the great vessel, half her guns dismounted, steam within half a mile of the German foe—then a quarter, while they wondered if her crew had gone mad. Then, suddenly, with a crashing noise that shook the disturbed sea to greater convulsions, they saw her wounded might drive amidships into the German flagship, while every undamaged gun on her port side thundered into the foe. There was a roar as of falling skyscrapers, a belching of flames into the smoke-laden sky, a mad leaping of humanity into the sea, and both vessels began to fill.

The Vancouver, the Nova Scotia, the Manitoba and the Alberta followed the flagship Canada, whose grey-haired Admiral had sent out the message, "close action." The watchers on shore were to see the impetuous men of the New World come to close hand-grips with the old.

Disconcerted at this unheard-of action, thinking that their enemy were about to follow the mad example of the Quebec and run them aboard, the German ships were paralyzed.

But Admiral Scott had no such design; five hundred yards from the end of the crescent he poured his whole starboard armament into the bewildered Bismarck, and continuing, he passed between their line and delivered his port broadside. The others followed his lead. It was a magnificent manoeuvre, if a daring one, and the effect told. So quickly was it consummated that the Germans were wholly at a loss, and, pierced through and through by the time the last of the Canadian line had delivered its broadside, the Austro-German ships were masses of twisted and sinking wreckage. Their firing slackened, ceased; indeed, for those on the end of the crescent, there was nothing to fire at, for the wily Canadians were passing the lower end of the crescent and already wearing round to continue the manoeuvre backward.

But, as the grim, grey monsters swung into position again, there was no further need for carnage. Already the flags were sullenly fluttering to the decks.

On the bridge of the Canada stood the Admiral, trumpet in hand, and by his side the boy who but an hour before was—merely a boy—an epitome of youthful patriotism—sobored to a man, and with a deeper knowledge of the hates of men. And, as the victorious ships steamed slowly and majestically alongside the conquered foe, a feeling of pity filled his breast. They, too, had fought for a principle, even as his exultant countrymen had fought for the vindication of Empire.

Pavlova, the Perfect Elf

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

PAVLOVA and her troupe of dancers have been in Canada and are gone again. They appeared two nights in Toronto, with two big Shakespeare companies performing in the principal theatres. But even the magic of immortal William could not keep more than 2,000 people from paying anywhere from \$2.50 to \$1.00 a seat to see the most remarkable aggregation of dancers that ever came to Canada. Ballet dancing, older than the French Revolution in Europe, is modern in America. Two years ago Canada got a first glimpse of the Russian ballet, when Pavlova appeared with Mordkin. Since then the little sylphine danseuse premiere has slapped Mordkin's face and taken on Novikoff. And though Novikoff is scarcely the equal of Mordkin, the ballet troupe of 1914 is considerably better than that of 1912, and Pavlova herself is despairingly, ethereally fine. Probably some people went expecting to see something "risque." They were sorely disappointed. From the opening of "The Magic Flute" musical pantomime by Mozart to the last thump of "L'Automne Bacchanale" by Glazounow, everything was as clean and crisp as a May morning in a land of blossoms. It was not classic dancing done by one danseuse as Isadora Duncan did it. It was not pure Russian ballet—except in spots. It was a congress of descriptive novelties that included nearly everything ancient, mediaeval and—

No, not modern. Thank goodness! there was no suggestion of tango or turkey-trot or the bunny-hug.

This kind of dancing differs, too, from the delirious dreams of Maud Allan. Pavlova did not dance the Funeral March of Chopin or do anything else outre just because it might be different. She gave an exhibition of programme and descriptive dancing that ranged over the entire field of expression in the earlier and more conventional forms of the art. "The Magic Flute," a pantomime, with the music by Mozart, lasted half an hour or more, and was really a wordless operetta in which the medium of expression was the dance and the music,

with as much acting woven into the dance as was necessary to make the story obvious and sufficiently dramatic. It was done with due regard for all the legitimate rules of expression, and was entirely free from the suggestive element.

The "Invitation to the Dance," music by Weber, familiar to concert-goers from orchestral performances, was a purely conventional ball-room scene, done after the manner of the French instead of the Russian ballet. Its chief value was in its exquisite grace and conformity to the music, and it was perhaps too formal to be very exciting. It had much of the flavor of "The School for Scandal" or "She Stoops to Conquer," and was surely as demure and chaste as any stage scene could possibly be.

The smaller numbers provided a greater variety of expression. Of these the Hungarian Rhapsodie of Liszt was the most elaborate and most vividly portrayed. It was full of gorgeous abandon and Hungarian fire, and would probably not have displeased Liszt as an incarnation of his music. The "Moment Musicale" of Schubert, done by three little sylphs, with the "horns of elf-land faintly blowing," was altogether the most exquisite selection of that programme. The "Danse de Printemps" was as vernal and balmy and altogether charming as its name suggests.

Pavlova herself was easily the Queen of the May. Beautiful as were the dances of other female forms divine on that programme, hers had an intangible, ethereal quality that none of the others possessed. When she was picked up by Novikoff she seemed to be a creature of no weight. It was levitation set to exquisite music. When she pirouetted on her toes she was impalpable. When she whirled like a catherine-wheel she was perfect abandon under superb restraint from the music. Pavlova is the most elf-like dancer that ever came to Canada. She may not be as daring as Maud Allan or as classic as Isadora Duncan; but in the poetry of expression set to music, she is a human phantom.