

# The DOMINION BANK

## Proceedings of the Thirty-Seventh Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders.

The Thirty-seventh Annual General Meeting of The Dominion Bank was held at the Banking House of the Institution, Toronto, on Wednesday, January 29th, 1908.

Among those present were noticed:  
 J. Phillips, C. B. Powell, Capt. Jessopp, W. J. Elliott, Hon. J. J. Foy, Dr. Andrew Smith, J. Stewart, Wm. Davies, W. C. Harvey, R. H. Davies, E. B. Osler, M. P.; H. L. Lovering, Archibald Foulds, H. W. A. Foster, H. Gordon Mackenzie, David Smith, Wm. Glenney (Oshawa), Dr. Grasett, Rev. T. W. Paterson, J. Bell, A. Monro Grier, W. C. Crowther, Ira Standish, Richard Brown, R. M. Gray, Barlow Cumberland, W. D. Matthews, Jas. Carruthers, G. N. Reynolds, Jas. Matthews, J. C. Eaton, H. S. Harwood, Dr. C. O'Reilly, W. R. Brock, W. E. Booth, A. W. Austin, J. J. Dixon, S. Hilligan, L. H. Baldwin, Percy Leadlay, Wm. Ross (Port Perry), Dr. J. F. Ross, H. N. Evans, F. H. Gooch, A. C. Knight, Andrew Scapple, H. G. Gooderham, R. T. Gooderham, H. B. Hodgins, S. Samuel, F. D. Benjamin, James Scott, F. J. Harris (Hamilton), A. H. Campbell, Wm. Mulock, Chas. Cockshutt, W. G. Cassels, C. H. Ritchie, K. C.; C. C. Ross, A. R. Boswell, K. C.; A. C. Morris, F. E. Macdonald, Thos. Watsmley, Colonel Sir Henry M. Pellett, W. Crocker, D'Arcy Martin (Hamilton), C. A. Bogert and others.

It was moved by Mr. L. H. Baldwin, seconded by Mr. A. W. Austin, that Mr. E. B. Osler do take the chair, and that Mr. C. A. Bogert do act as Secretary. Messrs. A. R. Boswell and W. G. Cassels were appointed scrutineers.

The Secretary read the report of the Directors to the Shareholders and submitted the Annual Statement of the affairs of the Bank, which is as follows:

To the Shareholders:  
 The Directors beg to present the following Statement of the result of the business of the Bank for the year ending 31st December, 1907:

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 31st December, 1906	\$ 28,798 33
Premium received on new Capital Stock	933,456 87
Profits for the year ending 31st December, 1907, after deducting charges of management, etc., and making provision for bad and doubtful debts	635,235 51
	\$1,597,490 71

Dividend 3 per cent., paid 2nd April, 1907	\$ 95,149 79
Dividend 3 per cent., paid 2nd July, 1907	107,978 20
Dividend 3 per cent., paid 1st Oct., 1907	111,351 61
Dividend 3 per cent., payable 2nd Jan., 1908	114,413 63
	\$428,893 23
Transferred to Reserve Fund	933,456 87
	\$1,362,350 10

Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward	\$235,140 61
<b>RESERVE FUND.</b>	
Balance at credit of account, 31st December, 1906	\$3,900,000 00
Transferred from Profit and Loss Account	933,456 87
	\$4,833,456 87

In view of the financial stringency which prevailed throughout the world in 1907, and the unsettled monetary conditions existing in the United States, it has been necessary to exercise unusual caution and prudence in administering the affairs of the Bank. Our policy has been to restrict advances without interfering with the proper requirements of the customers of the Bank and to assist in marketing the products of the country—more especially the crops of the Northwestern districts—at the same time maintaining sixing Cash Reserves.

Having reference to our announcement at the last Annual Meeting that one million dollars of new Capital Stock would be offered to the Shareholders in 1907, we have to inform you that on December 31st \$683,700 of this amount was subscribed for, and \$848,597.50 paid up.

During the past year it was considered advisable to establish Branches of the Bank at the following points: In the Province of Ontario, at Berlin, Hamilton, Ottawa, and at the corner of Queen and Victoria Streets, Toronto; in the Province of Quebec, at the corner of Bleury and St. Catherine Streets, Montreal; in the Province of Alberta at Strathcona, and at Vancouver, British Columbia.

The opening of our Vancouver Office not only marks our entrance into British Columbia, but completes a chain of Branches at all important centres from Montreal to the Pacific Coast, including the Capitals of the Western Provinces. Results so far indicate that these extensions will be of great benefit to the Institution.

We have to record with regret the death in January last of Mr. Timothy Eaton, whose varied business knowledge and sound judgment made him a valued member of our Directorate. Mr. John C. Eaton, his son, was appointed to fill the vacancy on the Board.

The Directors, as is customary, have verified the Head Office Balance Sheet, as on the 31st December, 1907, including therein the auditing of our foreign balances and the certification of all Cash Reserves, Securities and Investments.

The usual careful inspection of the various Branches of the Bank has been made during the past twelve months.

E. B. OSLER,  
 President.

The Report was adopted. The thanks of the Shareholders were tendered to the President, Vice-President and Directors for their services during the year, and to the General Manager and other Officers of the Bank for the efficient performance of their respective duties.

The following gentlemen were elected Directors for the ensuing year: Messrs. A. W. Austin, W. R. Brock, James Carruthers, R. J. Christie, J. C. Eaton, J. J. Foy, K. C., M.L.A.; Wm. D. Matthews, A. M. Nanton and E. B. Osler, M.P.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors Mr. E. B. Osler, M.P., was elected President and Mr. W. D. Matthews Vice-President, for the ensuing term.

### General Statement,

LIABILITIES.	
Notes in circulation	\$ 2,913,398 00
Deposits not bearing interest	4,460,297 60
Deposits bearing interest (including interest accrued to date)	29,781,858 12
Deposits by other Banks in Canada	34,242,155 72
Balance due to London Agents	219,596 70
Balance due to Banks in the United States	1,854,408 72
	38,792 68
Total Liabilities to the Public	\$39,268,351 82
Capital Stock paid up	3,848,597 50
Reserve Fund	4,833,456 87
Balance of profits carried forward	235,140 61
Dividend No. 101, payable 2nd January	114,413 63
Former Dividends unclaimed	69 75
Reserved for Exchange, etc.	54,204 34
Reserved for rebate on Bills discounted	142,983 15
	\$48,497,217 67
ASSETS.	
Specie	\$ 1,146,474 77
Dominion Government Demand Notes	4,539,579 00
Deposit with Dominion Government for Security of Note Circulation	150,000 00
Notes of and Cheques on other Banks	1,433,077 62
Balance due from other Banks in Canada	881,867 37
Balance due from other Banks elsewhere than in Canada and the United Kingdom	924,940 77
Provincial Government Securities	\$9,132,958 93
Canadian Municipal Securities and British or Foreign or Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian	237,532 44
	562,079 52

Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	2,568,425 38
Loans on Call, secured by Stocks and Debentures	3,499,083 88
Bills Discounted and Advances Current	\$1,447,382 90
Overdue Debts (estimated loss provided for)	53,496 60
Mortgages	38,274 42
Bank Premises	950,000 00
Other Assets not included under foregoing heads	7,983 70
	\$2,497,137 58
	\$48,497,217 67

Toronto, 31st December, 1907

C. A. BOGERT,  
 General Manager.

# THE SACRIFICE;

## FOR HER FAMILY'S SAKE.

### CHAPTER XXXI.

The following evening the Frau Pastorin was sitting by her son's bedside, but her hymn was powerless to give her comfort.

The old lady could not understand how it had come about that her "boy," who only yesterday was so strong and upright, now lay here like a fallen tree cut down by the storm.

About eight o'clock this morning they had taken him out of the carriage, which had appeared like a spectre at the garden gate, and brought him in here. A "duel," they had told her. What did she know of duels? All she had ever heard of them had only filled her with horror and contempt. "Blasphemous!" they had seemed to her; and now here was her only son! Why had he done it? God alone knew. She had stood by and looked on uncomprehendingly, while the two doctors—the old city physician and the young doctor of the regiment—had examined the wound and bound it up. She had brought water and old linen with trembling hands, but she could not speak. Not until the old doctor turned to her and gave her directions about the nursing did she murmur, "Must he die?"

"No, no, Frau Pastorin. God forbid!" was the reply. But she knew the old doctor, and she saw him turn red as he uttered the lie.

"Now I know all about it," she replied, as she seated herself beside the bed where he lay unconscious and white as the linen on his pillow.

"Oh, the Tollens, the Tollens!" he murmured.

"Yes, yes," she said with a nod, with her eyes still fixed on him, "that has made all the trouble; but you would not listen to me; you always laughed at your old mother, my poor boy."

She did everything that was necessary for the sick man, but very quietly and mechanically.

The patient became restless toward evening; she called the servant and told her to go for the doctor.

The rosy little maid stood at the door, with her eyes red with crying.

"Ah, Frau Pastorin, do you know who did this to our young master?"

"It makes no difference," was the reply.

"It was Lieutenant Wegstedt; but he got something, too—and, Frau Pastorin, our Fraulein Katie, the Lord bless her, she has got to die."

"Go, go and fetch the doctor," said the old lady.

When the two adversaries had reached the place of meeting, the seconds had, as usual, tried to reconcile them, and, of course, in vain.

They had come to this meeting without a suspicion of what the truth really was; neither of them laid the blame on her who was engaged to them both.

In the long, sleepless night that had preceded this morning, the doctor had not been able to shake off the gloomy feeling that it would be better for Katie if a merciful bullet should preserve her from a life-long union with a man, every fibre of whose heart belonged to another, and that it would be better for him if he were not condemned to act a part forever before the woman who loved him so ardently.

He was very calm when he reached the place of meeting. The preparations were soon made.

The doctor had cast only one glance at the white face of the little officer, whose light eyes looked black to-day; after that he kept his eyes on the old oak tree, which looked so deliciously fresh and green against the gray morning sky; and he heard, too, the song of numberless larks above in the blue sky, but he was no longer capable of thought. His second had given him one of the pistols, the distance was marked out, and the men were placed with their backs to each other. Some one began to count, "one—two—three," both turned, and at the same instant two shots were heard.

The doctor sank to the ground at once. Wegstedt remained standing, but his left arm hung helplessly by his side. His second went up to him, while the doctor hurried up to his opponent.

Schonberg was still conscious. He made a sign for Wegstedt to come nearer.

"Pardon, Herr von Wegstedt," he said, though the blood streamed from his mouth. "Pardon—I—but you see Katie Tollen is engaged to me." He did not see the young officer stamp the ground with his foot like one distracted. He was already unconscious.

Wegstedt, who had only received a slight flesh wound, drove back to his rooms. The doctor was to follow as soon as he had done all he could for Schonberg. Hans Wegstedt, though his arm was aching and bleeding, went straight upstairs to the Tollens. Helen was in the little kitchen, chopping up ice for the sick girl, who was raving in delirium. Her eyes were red with weeping.

"Tell me how long Katie has been engaged to Doctor Schonberg," he began abruptly.

The pale, quiet girl looked at him with startled eyes, as he stood there on the threshold, his pale face pale and drawn with pain, the sleeve of his coat cut open, and blood on the bandage that had been hastily wound round the injured arm.

"For Heaven's sake!" she gasped.

"How long has Katie been engaged to Doctor Schonberg?" he repeated.

"Tell me, Fraulein Helen."

"How long—she stammered, "oh, a month or two. Did she not tell you?"

He turned without a word and went downstairs. There he locked his door behind him, threw himself into a chair, and sobbed like a child. He had just looked death in the face and had not flinched, but he would far rather have given his life than have suffered this disappointment.

When his second came with the doctor, he determined to be driven at once to Schonberg.

"He will not know you, he is quite unconscious," said the doctor.

"Is it very dangerous?" he inquired.

"Oh—let us hope for the best—he is shot through the lungs."

"If you can travel, Hans, the colonel says you had better go away," said his comrade. "It will be better for you, too, for the investigation cannot take place now."

"Yes," he said, "and I cannot stay any longer in this house."

He took a card, wrote P. P. C. on it below his name, and sent it to Frau von Tollen.

"The Fraulein up there is very bad," announced his servant as he came back.

"Doctor, do you think such an illness can have an influence on a person's actions days before it breaks out?"

"Certainly," was the reply.

He pressed the doctor's hand in gratitude for this milder view of the conduct of the girl whom he had loved as only a faithful, true heart can love.

He turned quickly away. "Pack the small trunk," he ordered his servant. In the afternoon he left Westerberg.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

When the doctor's illness was at its height, Katie von Tollen was buried.

The roses were in fullest bloom. They almost covered the narrow coffin in which the dead girl lay. She was laid beside her father, and wreaths of roses were heaped upon the low mound. On the top of all lay the myrtle wreath that Gussie had brought as a last offering of affection.

All her young friends, with pale, sorrowful faces, had stood round the coffin in the house of mourning; it is so hard for the young to realize that one of their number, who, only so short a time before, had been among them so rosy and smiling, can be snatched away so suddenly; and there was a mysterious about this death, too! As she lay on her death-bed two men had fought about her. Who knew what was behind all this? It was shrouded in impenetrable darkness—perhaps Katie had died of a broken heart!

The Frau Majorin was sitting at home in her little parlor. She found it hard to collect her thoughts; the struggle that had taken place in the adjoining room for the young life that could not yield itself to death had been too horrible.

The past year had brought many hard things to bear, but this was the hardest of all.

Lora was sitting opposite her. She had nursed her sister day and night, faithfully, uncomplainingly. Now the first dreadful hours of rest were weighing upon her like a nightmare.

She got up and put her arms carelessly about the worn and broken woman. Then the servant brought a beautiful wreath into the room. "The Frau Pastorin's compliments, and she would have come herself, but the Herr Doctor is so bad to-day."

Lora took the wreath of white roses

and myrtle leaves, and went out with it. She laid it on the empty bed in Katie's little room, and then went up to her own Mansard room.

Here everything was as it used to be. It might have been only yesterday that she had stood here, blushing, as she looked across at the old gymnastium. But he no longer went in and out there, and perhaps he never would. Downstairs two were missing in the family circle, and her heart fluttered no longer.

She could not even shed a tear for her dead sister, and Helen's imperfect account of the duel had seemed to come to her from a remote distance.

She only understood one thing: that he was suffering on Katie's account, and that she envied the dead his love even in the grave.

Why had she not died? It would have been much better.

In a few minutes she went downstairs again. A young officer was sitting in the parlor with her mother; he was in full uniform and carried his arm in a sling. "Von Wegstedt," he murmured, introducing himself to Lora. Then he turned toward the door, hastily taking out his handkerchief.

Lora looked after him. So it was he who had shot Doctor Schonberg, because he, too, loved Katie. Poor Katie, happy Katie, to die in the month of roses.

Two days later the majorin was standing before Katie's wardrobe; she took out the simple dresses, and tears rolled down her cheeks at the sight of them.

"Helen, what dress was it she had on when we found her ill?"

"The light woollen one, mamma, with the little dots. What do you want of it?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing, only to take it into my room."

"Here it is, mamma."

The majorin pressed her face to the dress, as she used to do with the dark, silky hair of the dead girl.

"There is something in the pocket—a letter, mamma."

"Give it to me."

It was a thick letter that Helen put into her hand. "To be given at once to Doctor Schonberg," she read.

"I will keep it from him, Helen."

"It may give some explanation of the duel," said the latter.

"The letter is not intended for us, and—what good will it do us to know, now she is dead?"

"Of course, mamma, I only meant—"

Frau von Tollen went into her room with the dress, the letter, and the velvet bow that Katie had worn in her hair, and laid them away in the old chest on which was carved the Tollen coat of arms, together with the major's uniform, which he had worn on the last day of his life, at Lora's wedding.

There was the box in which she kept her bridal wreath, her children's christening caps, and the tiny baby shoes.

Well—God alone knew what other trials would come to her in this life of sorrow and misery.

Lora, too, was packing her trunk. She was going back to her busy life, the only cure for a sick heart. No one spoke of the future; only Lora promised that she would come back when Helen left her mother.

She was to travel by the ten o'clock train the next morning.

The morning came and the hour for her to go to the train, but she still lingered, arranging her shawl-straps.

"Child, hard as it is, you must go," said her mother, whose handkerchief was wet with her tears.

But Lora paid no heed. She waited, ready though she was, with her eyes on her watch, but she seemed unable to stir from the spot. Then some one came up the steps, and the old porter's wife came in.

"The Frau Pastorin's love, and she thanks you very much. He is a little better to-day for the first time, and has eaten a little."

"Good-bye, mamma," said Lora, and she drew her crape veil over her face and left the house.

(To be Continued.)

### UNNATURAL.

"Well?" said the anxious mother, stealing into the room softly as the front door banged.

"It is no use, mother," said the sweet girl, shuddering, "I cannot marry that man."

"Mother," she continued, "did—did you know he had a glass eye?"

"Yes, Norah, I was aware of the slight infirmity."

"Slight infirmity," said Norah, with another shudder, "slight! Oh, mother, mother! He was here, sitting on the sofa not ten minutes ago, pouring out his whole heart and wealth of love for me, and looking at me with eyes—oh, at least, one eye—full of affection, and just at the most impassioned part a fly perched right in the corner of the glass eye and walked slowly across, and he never even blinked. Oh, mother, it was awful!"

The visitor had already spoken at considerable length when he said to the children, whose attention had begun to wander: "And now I want to tell you of a boy I once knew. He had a good father and mother," the visitor continued, when he found several pairs of eyes had returned to their survey of his face, "and they did all that lay in their power to make him happy. But the boy was thoughtless and selfish; he frittered away his time, and never thought of the future. To-day, instead of filling an honorable and useful position in life, where do you suppose he stands, children, as a man?" "He stands before us!" shrielled all the little boys and girls in prompt and joyous unison.