

Winsome Winnie

"I never said anything to— Miss Tredennick?" demanded Madam, with an imperious flash of her cold, brilliant eyes on the unlucky abigail, who betook herself to her usual protection of tears and sniffs in an affecting manner.

"I never said anything to— Miss Mildred, Ma—Ma—dam—never; only that the Captain admired Miss Winnie's hair—he said it was so long—I'm sure 'twasn't anything so—so—particular to look at, I dare say he was making fun when he praised it."

"You have no right to suppose anything of the kind," said her mistress, sharply. "Winnie Caerlyon has the most beautiful hair I ever saw."

"And did cousin Stephen admire her?" persisted Mildred, with a proud, lazy smile, looking from her aunt to the injured Miss Tredennick, to whom the capricious young lady had taken a haughty dislike.

"Indeed he did," said Madam, with an admirable air of frankness and candor. "He told me that he thought her such a nice, modest, sensible little creature and pretty too, he said. I laughed so at him! But sailors are very galled, and have an enthusiastic admiration for the smallest particle of female beauty, you know, Mildred."

"I always thought cousin Stephen particularly galled," rejoined Mildred, betaking herself to the sofa again; "a good-natured old fellow he always was, and bought a pony for me when I was a little girl, but he never seemed to notice pretty girls or ugly girls, except to tell me once that I should have made a match better boy than I did a girl."

"Stephen has not seen you since you were in the schoolroom," said Madam, with a peculiar smile. "I have no doubt but that you will find him less insensible now in the matter of handsome faces and plain ones."

Mildred listened in silence, her brows elevated, and her haughty chiselled lips turning in a sarcastic smile.

"Oh, is that it?" she returned, with a provoking air of nonchalance. "Well, I also am less insensible in the matter of handsome faces and plain ones, chose that, and have my own ideal views on the subject."

"Indeed!" exclaimed madam, quickly, glancing with a certain involuntary apprehension at handsome, self-willed Mildred Tredennick, who, by her imperious temper and inflexible will, and in later years by these brilliant, unabashed eyes of hers and her proud beauty, had ruled, monarch of all she surveyed, from her earliest infant days, when vexed nurses pronounced her "a child that no one could manage," to the hour when he last governess said in despair that "Miss Tredennick would do just as she pleased" about music or drawing lessons.

Miss Tredennick did as she pleased about most things, and there were some unpleasant forebodings in the heart of her prudent relatives that Miss Tredennick would continue to do as she pleased in a manner that might prove very unsatisfactory to them. In fact, this visit to the seclusion of Roseworthy, and consignment to the guardianship of her careful, clever aristocratic aunt—not quite palatable to the independent young lady—was a preventive measure, agreed upon in a secret council of the prudent relatives aforesaid. Miss Tredennick's peevish, fussy, pompous father, and her handsome, vain, easy-going mother, and a stiff, sensible, worldly cousin, and graceful, gracious aunt Vivian, with a will nearly as strong as her own, and a diplomatic ability that would have done credit to an ambassador. There were nothing to be apprehended—oh, nothing of course! Only Mildred was so odd, and had such strong opinions and pronounced feelings for a girl of eighteen!

"Ridiculous, you know!" said the easy-going mother.

"Breaking—breaking! I've a good mind to—just to—" broke out the peevish father.

"Bad style for a young lady," observed Madam Vivian, placidly, with a quiet smile.

It was nothing serious, of course! The idea was absurd! But those boy-and-girl attachments sometimes hung on, and occasioned awkwardness and unpleasantness. There was some boy-and-girl nonsense between Mildred and cousin Gardiner; there was no denying it—the sensible cousin had noticed it. Madam Vivian had noticed it.

"There must be no attempt at anger or expostulation, madam," counseled the peevish father, who was for trying the time-honored expedient with wifely demure of "locking her up in her own room."

"You want her to run off with Albert Gardiner the next dark night," warned madam, coolly.

"He wouldn't dare!" spluttered the peevish father.

"Perhaps not," said madam, smiling, "but Mildred would. She'd make him run with her if she chose."

So madam counseled, and they waited, until bright-eyed, fair-haired, Bertie Gardiner went away with his regiment—the most winsome youngster that ever carried a flag. And then madam took self-willed Mildred away, with the understanding from the secret council that she was to be introduced to society, made accomplished and elegant, taught the graces of her own beauty and fortune, and kept under madam's supervision until she had safely disposed of her in marriage.

Astute, politic Madam Vivian had her own views in the arrangement, which the short-sighted members of the council did not perceive.

"So that's it, is it?" repeated Miss Tredennick to herself, copying Miss Tredennick's clear, imperious accents as she fondly hoped, very accurately—as she folded up sundry articles of Miss Tredennick's wardrobe, and put the neglected young lady's apartment "to rights" for the fourth time that day. "I wondered what madam was going to trouble herself with a young lady for—ones as proud and obstinate as herself too—and why she wouldn't have Winnie Caerlyon any more. 'Miss Tredennick will be sufficient company for me,' says she. I wish her job of her management of Miss Tredennick; she's not her match now, sure

enough. I wonder what he'll think!" pursued Miss Tredennick, disentangling the hooks of a velvet bodice from a heap of lace collars, and picking a gray Parisian kid glove out of the meshes of a chunly lace-covered parasol. "Admire her, I suppose. She is grand and stylish looking, I'll allow; and my! doesn't she know what! Why shouldn't she be grand and stylish looking?" continued the waiting-woman, plaintively, holding up a lace-trimmed cambric wrapper. "The money she spends! Fifty pounds this last fortnight on the box of things from Paris, and sovereigns here and there!"

Miss Tredennick turned over the contents of glove-boxes and dressing cases, renewing the toilet table with a medley of ribbons, jewels, perfumes, fans, gloves and loose silver, thrown there by Mildred Tredennick's careless, royally lavished, indifferent hands; tried on some gold bracelets and pearl harpins, and sighed as she looked in the glass and thought of the unkindness of Fortune in not giving her eight hundred a year in her own right, and thus enabling her to look as grand and distinguished a lady as Mildred Tredennick.

"She's not stingy either, I'll allow," she admitted; "that blue silk of mine wasn't a bad present. He might do a great deal worse—she'll make a grand, fashionable, stylish wife for Tredennick of Tregarthen."

She paused a minute to admire a beautiful pale yellow linen summer costume, with malachite and gold buttons, and tilted a little to herself.

"Poor Winnie Caerlyon!" she said, with an intense amount of smiling pity. "She has a great chance against Mildred Tredennick to be sure!"

CHAPTER XII.

The first snow of the year had fallen, and lay as a pure, soft shroud over the bare fields and uplands, feathering with flaky whiteness all the black, leafless branches of the wintry woods. Softly and lightly it had fallen on the dark, iron-bound roads, frozen through long days and weeks of bitter cold and dull leaden skies; but enough lay even on that bleak high road by Tregarthen Head to mark where footsteps had newly passed before Winnie Caerlyon, and to leave the traces behind of her own quick, light footfalls.

The red gold of the western sunlight shone in level rays across the snowy landscape, the calm, wintry afternoon was passing fast, and the quick, light footfalls of the little figure hurrying homeward were weary enough, returning from an errand of some miles distance. It made the way longer, to go up the long lane of Mennacarthien and take in the angle of the Tolgooth mine-road, and the snow lay deep between the high hedges of the narrow by-road; yet the hurrying little figure chose that way, and the quick steps grew slower and slower, until they paused at last, and in the waning sunlight, amidst the drifted snow, Winnie Caerlyon crept beneath the dark shadow of the great overgrown masses of holly and laurel that clustered behind the moss-covered pillars of the Tregarthen gates.

She had a fancy for taking this long, lonely, roundabout Mennacarthien lane in her way, whenever it was possible; she had a fancy for standing for a few minutes in the gloomy shadow of the great, shining, evergreen branches, and she had a fancy for looking at that shut, silent, ruinous old mansion across the neglected lawn.

It was to gratify these foolish little fancies that she had hurried through the chill and sunlight and the crisp, drifted snow; and in the pleasure of the gratification, she felt neither the cold of the snow nor the frosty afternoon air as she stood looking, with a curious interest in her eyes, at that silent house and ground—no unspotted sheet of dazzling snow, save where the sheen of footprints marked the winding avenue.

Everything about the dreary old place possessed an interest for this foolish, lonely little maid, peering wistfully in. It was one of Winnie Caerlyon's greatest enjoyments; this silent flitting up Mennacarthien lane, and looking in at the Tregarthen gates. The number of the shuttered windows had an interest for her; the old time-declad statues and silent, weed-grown pond and fountain were pleasant to her eyes; the coral-jewelled holly trees were more beautiful than the rest of their species; nay, the snow looked whiter and lovelier, glowing in the red sunlight across the lawn and avenue, than anywhere. She always went home happier after having had her look at Tregarthen; it was like hearing of him whose face was ever before her, like being in his presence for a few moments, the poor little maid's fond soul whispered to itself—like hearing that he was living, and well, and happy far away over the sea—she heard no word of news in any other way—hearing of him, the hero of the idyl of her life.

Was it the presence of a coming crisis of fate that kept Winnie Caerlyon lingering there, her little hands grasping the cold, frost-rimmed iron bars, gazing the cold, frost-rimmed iron bars, gazing of the Tredennicks, and pondering curiously whose could be the footsteps that

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If you or any of your friends suffer from rheumatism, kidney disorders or excess of uric acid, causing stiffness, back-ache, muscular pains, stiff, painful, swollen joints, pain in the limbs and feet, dimness of sight, itching skin or other neuritic pains I invite you to send for a generous FREE TRIAL TREATMENT of my well-known, reliable CHRONICURE, with references and full particulars by mail. (This is not C. O. D. scheme.) No matter how many may have failed in your case, let me prove to you free of cost, that rheumatism can be conquered. CHRONICURE succeeds where all else fails. CHRONICURE CLEANSSES THE BLOOD AND REMOVES THE CAUSE. Also for a weakened, run-down condition of the system, you will find CHRONICURE a most satisfactory GENERAL TONIC that makes you feel that life is worth living. Please tell your friends of this liberal offer, and SEND TO-DAY for large free package, to MRS. SUMMERS, BOX E S-WINDSOR, ONT.

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had disturbed the thin white crust of frozen snow, while the last faint, rosy smile of the winter sun grew farther away, and leaving her in the cold gray evening light, shed his parting rays of level crimson radiance upon the bodies of the old chestnut trees and gnarled oaks, and athwart the windings of the snow-clad avenue.

Bright, radiantly, indeed, they shone, for to Winnie Caerlyon's dazzled gaze they seemed to illumine suddenly a mass of rich color and glistening sheen like the hues of an exotic blossom or the pair of gleaming, jewel-like, glowing on the amber and crimson hues, the feathered velvet robes of a woman, rich and beautiful apparel—gleaming on dainty lacquered boots, slim, close-fitting furled jacket, coquettish, velvet hat with its tuft of crimson and amber feathers stirring in the keen, frosty breeze.

Fondly the pale red sun lingered and shimmering here and there about the tall, straight, graceful form ere he sank to rest in his radiant ocean bed, as if he sought to exhibit to the companion who walked beside her each hidden beauty that his admiring eyes had not yet discovered—the glow and flash of proud bright eyes, the peachy flush painting the pure, smooth cheek, the golden bronze of her masses of shining hair, the gleaming, jewel-like, the rippling, curling lips. Winnie Caerlyon did not miss one detail of that proud beauty in the very flush of its spring-time of youth, wealth and high spirits, with the added charms of all that wealth, indulgence and an imperial self-would bestow to make it almost perfect.

The beautiful young lady of her reverent admiration—looking more beautiful than she ever looked so evidently to him who walked beside her, with his admiring gaze fixed on the proud, lovely face, his smile serenely bright as he responded to hers, all his regard devoted to notice her slightest gesture, to catch the least word that fell from those rosy, scornful-curling lips, to re-echo the merry laughter of that clear, ringing voice. Oh, how beautiful—how lovable—how worthy of all honor, all regard, all dearest, highest affection must she be—young, lovely, beloved, gifted, well-born, wealthy, enviable Mildred Tredennick!

For one moment the passionate fire of a jealous despair leaped into the pale, white face and the gray eyes of the girl standing without in the cold shadow and drifted snow looking upon those two figures in the sunshine—stoutward, handsome, gallant, smiling Stephen Tredennick, and the fair imperial woman who was the object of his devoted lover-like attention and then a darker shadow fell on that of the clustering laurels on her stricken brow, a numb cold weight seemed to fall on her trembling limbs, her hands relaxed their rigid hold of the cold iron bars, and through the cold frosty evening shades Winnie Caerlyon stole wistfully away.

With a dull, heavy throbbing at her heart, a dull intangible pain quivering through her very soul, with compressed lips and hands clasped tightly over her eyes, as one who tries to stifle the anguish of a mortal inward wound, she sped swiftly on in bewildered haste, scarce knowing whether that familiar road by Tregarthen Head was leading her, seeing nothing but these two figures in the sunlight, hearing nothing but the echo of Mildred Tredennick's ear imperious tones. In her dizzy confusion of thought and vision, she almost imagined that she encountered them again face to face at the cross road leading to Tolgooth mines, and shrank breathlessly aside from the pair that stood in converse together.

"My word, Miss Caerlyon, you're enough to give one a start, positively!" and in alarm, partly real and partly simulated, Miss Tredennick caught up her silk flounces in her lemon colored kid gloves, and whirled around with a sharp little scream, "Now, didn't she give you a start, Mr. Pascoe? I am sure I never saw or heard her coming!"

Acquainted as Winnie had hitherto been with the fashionable waiting woman's resources in the way of effective toilette, her information had evidently fallen far short of Miss Tredennick's ability in this direction; and she gazed confusedly at the splendid apparition, in order to make sure that her unsteady sight and fast-throbbing brain had not misled her as to the identity of the person attired in rich black silks and vel-

rets, a gold chain, and the long-coveted silky jet black Astrakhan fur.

Miss Tredennick's hair was crimped and curled, Miss Tredennick's complexion had the most extraordinary charming blending of roses and lillies in lieu of its usual sallowness, and one lemon-gloved hand held a fragile lace mouchoir, most delicately perfumed with essence of wood violet.

Winnie glanced from her to Mr. Pascoe, whose gracious countenance wore and awkward, detected expression.

"Evening, Winifred!" said he, sulkily kicking the snow about with his boot. "I did not rise out of the earth, or drop down from the sky," observed Winnie, coolly, in reply to Miss Tredennick's exclamation. "I saw you both standing here as I came over from the cliff road."

"Ah, yes," said Miss Tredennick, recovering herself with a genteel cough and smile, "we were talking, Miss Caerlyon, Mr. Pascoe and I. The gentleman, hearing himself alluded to, looked up, more sulkily, if possible.

"I was speaking a few words to Miss Tredennick," explained he, shortly and roughly, as if to deprive the conversation of complimentary significance with which the lady strove to introduce, "she were a-telling me the news."

"Ah, yes," the lady responded, smiling sweetly; "I was just saying to Mr. Pascoe that it is such a pleasant thing—so suitable—quite charming indeed—and one gets sadly lonely at Roseworthy, but now we have a pleasant prospect. Visitors, and so forth, you know, Miss Caerlyon, make a great change."

"Oh, certainly," said Winifred, nodding a slight adieu, and endeavoring to smile sweetly; "I was just saying to Mr. Pascoe that it is such a pleasant thing—so suitable—quite charming indeed—and one gets sadly lonely at Roseworthy, but now we have a pleasant prospect. Visitors, and so forth, you know, Miss Caerlyon, make a great change."

"And indeed, Miss Caerlyon, you're missed—you were always so quick with your hands, and so ready. As I often say to Mrs. Grose, 'Dear me, if Miss Winnie was here, we should give her plenty to do.' A wedding makes such work and bother and fuss!" and she flattered affectively behind the lace handkerchief, glancing over it at Mr. Thomas Pascoe, as she had seen Madam Vivian do with her fan; but she made no further impression on that polite young man than to make him turn still more of his shoulder towards her, and kick the snow until it flecked her dainty skirts and wetted her boots.

"A wedding!" cried Winnie; and it seemed to her as if the chill, dark wintry afternoon closed around her in a sudden fall of night—as if the ocean surges roared and thundered in her ears.

"Yes," said Miss Tredennick, with an air of excessive astonishment, belied by the saucy smile of her hard black eyes; and Mr. Pascoe lifted his foxy face from the contemplation of his thick mine-boots, and grinned in a malevolent manner, looking at Winifred with an elaborate pretence of indifference from beneath half-closed eyelids.

"You've not heard, Miss Winnie?" continued the lady's maid, "Really, I'm surprised! And stories like that do go so fast!"

"'Twas all over Tolgooth to-day, when he brought her through the works," Mr. Pascoe put in, with the same disagreeable smile, eyeing a stone on the roadway as if he meant to ascertain its chemical proportions, by sight. "A fine girl she is too—shows the man his good taste."

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Pascoe," Miss Tredennick responded, having much recourse to fluttering of the lace handkerchief, and tittering behind it; "and you show your taste, too, ha! ha! Really she's a fine, tall, stylish young lady, as you say, Mr. Pascoe, that will do a man credit. Ha! ha! Really you're too bad, Mr. Pascoe. But it's a fact that gentlemen do seem to run after tall, fashionable-looking women!" and Miss Tredennick smiled slightly, drew herself up to her full, tall height, rustled her fashionable silks and furs, and cast her eyes modestly down.

Darker, darker grew the chill wintry pall of a strange misty night, louder beat the surging tide of heart and brain, as Winnie Caerlyon stood still and calm, unmoved in torture, defeating all the malicious pleasure of her unworthy foes.

"You are alluding to Miss Tredennick, I suppose?" she said, her voice only a little harder and sharper than usual. "She is very handsome."

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"Yes," observed Mr. Pascoe in reply, although she had neither addressed nor looked at him, smacking his lips as he spoke, and putting his hands in his pockets; "she's something worth lookin' at—a fine young woman?"

"And the Captain thinks exactly as you do, Mr. Pascoe," Miss Tredennick cried, giggling excessively. "It's queer you didn't hear of it, Miss Caerlyon; it's quite a charming match."

(To Be Continued.)

HIS CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

(By Frances L. Haun.)

It was Christmas time. The streets were crowded with people, nearly every one laden with packages.

In a large department store stood a plain looking man, a fur cap surmounted his gray hair, a knitted scarf of many colors was wound about his throat, a brown coat and heavy mittens completed his toilet.

As the crowd surged about him, a bewildered look crept into his face, as if he were approaching him, asked: "Something for you, sir?" He attempted to reply, but a more desirable customer attracted her attention and she passed on.

Presently a young lady approached, and bidding him a cordial good afternoon asked: "Can I be of any use to you, sir?" A genial smile lighted the rugged face as he said: "I take it kindly of you, lady, to help an old man. You see, daughter Liza and her folks came to-day. My other girl Mandy stayed home to help mother—that 'counts for my being here alone. I didn't think to have no trouble trading, but I got confused like."

"There are a great many people here," she replied. "Now, suppose we begin. What shall we start our list with?"

"Let's begin with mother," eagerly replied the old man. "A spell ago, Ell our cat, broke her best preserve dish, and I calculate she'd be pleased with another."

The pencil moved rapidly. Then as she looked up he said: "Mother thought a fine table cloth for Liza, her little boy Samuel must have some toys, and her husband is a great hand for reading, he must have some books; but you see, lady, I don't know much of reading matter, so you will pick 'em out?"

"Then there's Mandy, she's keeping steady company; he's to work in the city. He's coming to-morrow, so mother said to get her something to fix up the parlor with. Mebbe a silk spread to put on the marble top table, I don't know what else. Can't you think of something?"

"Certainly can," she replied. "Well, that's about all, except the things for Baby Belle."

"Your grandchild?" questioned the lady.

"No, ma'am," he replied; "you see, last year as the meeting house bell was ringing in Christmas, she came, and her mother, our neighbor, went."

"The next morning early I drove over. Mother called me into the hall, 'Samuel,' says she, 'there are four motherless ones besides the baby. If only she had gone too.'"

"Nancy, God knows best," says he. "He always does," says she. "But I've been thinking, here we be not so dreadful old, hale and hearty; Liza is married; Mandy's keepin' company. Soon we'll be alone on the farm. Now, why can't we take the little one?"

"We called her Belle, for she came when the Christmas bells were ringing."

As he finished the lady's eyes were dim. "How beautiful in you!" she said. "What shall we get for the dear baby?"

"I was thinking that a doll baby and some picture books; then we must have

enjoy going around with us."

Quickly she added: "Oh, my! the lady added a large box of candy, and a bunch of holly to the well-filled basket."

As the old farmer took the basket on his arm, the lady asked: "Where is your girl, Mr. Bert?"

"Bless your heart!" he replied, "I don't want nothing; I got a pound of tobacco up the street; it will be fun enough for me to see the folks pleased."

Taking the tiny gloved hand in his mittened one, he said: "Thank you kindly for all the trouble you have taken for the old man. God bless you, dear lady. A merry Christmas to you."

As he passed midnight, in a mansion, in a richly furnished room, sat a

lady upon the hearth, and leaning against the holly barked mantel, a man looked lovingly down upon the wet face.

"Just think," she is saying. "The dear old man didn't desire the slightest thing for himself, so I slipped a box of cigars addressed to him into the basket. He certainly was one of nature's noblemen."

"Listen, Harry, there are the chimneys. Merry Christmas."

The same stars shone kindly down upon the quiet farm house. In the plain sitting room in a wooden cradle the Christmas Belle slumbers sweetly.

Just then the cracked bell in the old meeting house rang out a joyous peal.

Drawing his wife to him, he pressed his lips to her wrinkled forehead, saying: "Merry Christmas, mother."

A FAMILY AFFAIR.

Mrs. Newlywed's mother was terribly perturbed. A little bird, who ought to have known better, had whispered into her ear that Mr. Newlywed was addicted to the awful practice of playing cards at his club.

"Yes," remarked Mrs. Newlywed to her mother, "it's quite right. Frederick plays every night, but it doesn't matter, for he gives me all his winnings."

"But, my dear Cissie—"

"Oh, it's all right, mother dear! He nearly always plays with Mr. Next-door."

"But what difference does that make?"

"Well, you see," explained the young wife, "Mrs. Next-door makes her husband give her all his winnings, too. Then we just change over. I give her all Frederick's winnings, and she gives me the winnings of her husband."

"Oh," remarked mad, rather pained.

"Thus, you see," wound up Mrs. Newlywed, "both Mrs. Next-door and myself get more out of our husbands than we could possibly hope to do by any other means."

The Bank of Montreal

Closed Best Year in Its History

That the Bank of Montreal is one of our oldest as well as one of our most important financial institutions, was emphasized by the fact that the annual report held this week was more important place in the financial, commercial and industrial expansion of the Dominion. The annual report presented, which covered the year ended the 31st October, 1912, showed net profits for the year of \$2,318,000, which with a balance brought forward of \$1,855,000 and the premiums on new stock amounting to \$834,000, make a total of over \$5,207,000 available for distribution. Quarterly dividends, and two bonuses absorbed \$1,894,000. The sum of \$1,000,000 was transferred to rest account, \$1,000,000 to contingent account and \$511,000 expanded on bank premises, which left a balance to be carried forward, \$82,000. The Bank has now total assets of nearly \$27,000,000, making it one of the strongest financial institutions on the continent. During the year it increased its paid-up capital to \$16,000,000, increased its rest account to a similar sum, made large gains in deposits and in current loans, opened a number of new branches and otherwise kept pace with the growing prosperity of the Dominion. The fact that the Bank made current loans of a big demand in the country for banking accommodation, and that the Bank of Montreal is doing its full share in catering to the business needs of the communities where its branches are located.

The year was the first under the general management of Mr. H. V. Meredith and the fact that the profits for the year were some \$242,000 greater than those of the previous year, making it regarded as not only satisfactory to the shareholders, but as complimentary to the foresight and business sagacity of the General Manager. It is doubtful if the Bank of Montreal was ever in as good condition to take care of the growing needs of the Dominion than it is at the present time. Its increase in paid-up capital and rest accounts, its gain in deposits, total assets and other matters, makes it peculiarly fitted to take a leading place in the financial and industrial expansion of the country.

The addresses of the President and General Managers were both comprehensive reviews of the financial, commercial and industrial conditions prevailing throughout the Dominion. That of the President, which referred to the Dominion as a whole, was a masterly summary of the conditions prevailing at the present time. The address was optimistic in its tone, Mr. Angus declaring that conditions throughout the Dominion were unusually sound and that satisfactory progress might be expected as long as present conditions prevailed. Mr. Angus touched upon the agricultural expansion, the increase in immigration, the growth of manufacturing, railroad development, the shipping industry, and practically speaking every phase of our commercial and industrial expansion.

Mr. Meredith, in his address, referred more particularly to the growth of the bank and the banking business. He touched on the forthcoming revision of the Bank Act, and intimated that there might be a few minor changes, although in the main the present law was giving satisfactory service. He also dealt in an able and comprehensive way with the increased cost of living and the charge that the banks throughout the Dominion were not paying sufficient attention to the farming communities. He denied the charge that the banks encouraged farmers to become depositors and not borrowers and stated that in so far as his bank was concerned many millions were on loan to farmers and small traders.

Throughout the addresses of the two heads of the Bank, the annual report itself were eminently satisfactory to the shareholders present, and should prove equally so to business men throughout the country as well.

ALWAYS ONE DRY PLACE.

In a college library one day recently a card was found attached to a row of books dealing with philosophy. On the card some pranking student had written these lines:

Should there be another flood, For refuge hither fly; For should the whole world be submerged, These books would still be dry.