

UNCLAIMED TREASURES IN BANKS

ON September 25, 1819, Mr. J. Armor bustled into the bank in Montreal, and presented himself at the desk. He completed a transaction, and turning to the clerk, asked, "What is my balance?"

"Ten dollars, sir."

"Thank you," said Mr. J. Armor, and walked away.

In all of which is nothing out of the ordinary. But what is of interest in connection with this commonplace occurrence is that, after the lapse of nearly a century, that ten dollars still lies to the credit of J. Armor in the Bank of Montreal. Ninety-seven years have passed since the day on which Mr. Armor made this last transaction in his account, and still the money remains unclaimed by Armor or his heirs. Armor himself died without leaving any directions as to the disposal of his bank account, and his heirs, if they ever knew it, made no attempt to claim it. So the Bank of Montreal is ten dollars to the good as a result.

Many similar and equally or more interesting cases of credits remaining in Canadian banks unclaimed for a long period of years are to be found. The next oldest account on record in Canada, still untouched, is that of John Blair, for whom the Bank of Montreal has been holding \$72 in its coffers ever since February 13, 1826. Lady Georgina Cathcart has had \$54.72 to her credit in the Bank of Montreal from March 9, 1839, and her husband, Col. Hon. G. Cathcart, is entitled to a smaller sum, from a date six months previous to this.

One can easily conceive that personal records of small accounts such as these might readily be overlooked in those stirring days, but one wonders what fate befell the firm of Jas. Nairn & Co., who have never claimed \$835.85 that has been held for them by the oldest bank in Canada since the year of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne, four score years ago. That being the year of the outbreak of rebellion in Lower Canada, mayhap Nairn and his partners were among the unfortunate ones who lost their lives in the subsequent fighting, or were in the group who were obliged to fly the country. At all events, since 1837 the bank has never been called upon to make any transaction in this account or to pay over the sum to its rightful owners. It never will, at this late date.

In Toronto the oldest unclaimed balance is that of Thos. Stewart. Since October 11, 1840, his account has had \$60 on the right side, and \$268.35 has lain to the credit of T. S. Treadwell from the same day and month in 1851. Both of these men are doubtless dead and gone long since, and it is quite probable that here also the bank will never be required to part with these balances.

In these days when money is so difficult to obtain and so easy to part with, it may create no little wonder, not to say doubt, when the statement is made that in the chartered banks of Canada on the last day of 1915, there was nearly a million dollars in unclaimed balances in respect to which no transactions had taken place, or upon which no interest had been paid, for five years or upwards prior to that date. Yet such is the case. Many persons, since the inception of war, have had to make inroads upon the funds salted down against a rainy day, yet at the 31st of December, 1915, there remained to the credit of several thousand persons a total of \$916,535.74, about which none of them had cared sufficiently even to have the interest accrued and credited for at least five years back.

SUCH being true, one is tempted to think that the above cited instances are cases of extraordinarily large amounts, and that most of the credits are for practically negligible amounts.

This is far from being true, however. Very much larger amounts than those already cited are to be noted. Since August 12, 1858, the Bank of Montreal has had \$1,956.23 to the credit of Cornelius Donovan, whose relatives were last known to be living in St. Gabriel, Que., and scores of other cases are on record where the account exceeds one thousand dollars, and still has remained untouched for decades.

The largest unclaimed balance in Canada is in the Bank of Commerce at Vancouver. It is in the name of W. L. Blatchford, and has remained there for eight years—8,435 good dollars, and their owner not even calling once in a while to collect interest and to say, "Well done, good and faithful servants."

The Bank of Commerce has, or had, another Vancouver customer, John Cann, who, since 1902, has evinced not the slightest interest in \$2,500 which he might have any day, just for the trouble of calling for it.

By C. A. GOODFELLOW

Who ever heard of a big business corporation either ignorant of money values or disdaining to seize on all it can, legally at least? Yet the Montreal Boulevard Co. holds what would seem to be the record in that line—having absolutely ignored the \$3,443.15 to their credit in the Bank of Montreal since 1891, a quarter of a century.

Vancouver and other western and northern cities have long odds on the rest of Canada in the matter of large, unclaimed bank accounts. In addition to the cases referred to, there is another, perhaps more interesting, of W. Beck, whose account in the Bank of British North America at Victoria, B.C., on February 9, 1874, was \$1,330.67. He has never to this day touched the account or communicated with the bank. Then, there is the case of A. Landry, who has had over \$5,800 in a branch of the same bank at Dawson City for eight years, and has given no attention to the bank's notice sent to him regarding the large sum to his credit. These are only typical cases picked at random, and are by no means the only instances of large bank accounts amounting to several thousand dollars, the owners of which seem

ferent names, and the persons had apparently no connection with each other.

In St. John, N.B., lived two women, Martha Baxter and Josephine Love, relatives, who had to their credit in a joint account in the Bank of Nova Scotia \$2,111. Both of these women died in 1901, leaving no executors of their estate. As a result, the Bank of Nova Scotia still holds their two thousand dollars, which it will in all probability never be called upon to pay out again.

In 1865, in Montreal, Mr. X bought a bank draft for \$1,030.26, making it payable to Mr. Y, but the latter never received the draft, or, if he did, he never cashed it. The Bank of British North America has no particulars of the name of either purchaser or payee, but still has the thousand dollars, which it was not required to pay out because of some chance happening. The same bank is ahead many hundreds of dollars by reason of similar misconceptions between purchaser and payee, whose names are not on record. The case of oldest date is one of a draft for \$123.36, purchased in Toronto in 1847. Here, also, the payment was never demanded by the one entitled to it.

It is a noteworthy fact that very few of these unclaimed balances are ever reclaimed after they have lain for more than six or eight years. The banks are required to send a notice only once to the creditor, at the end of the first five years, and it is quite infrequent that a balance is reclaimed if this notice remains unheeded for more than two years. Instances are quite numerous where creditors have been unaware or have forgotten that they have goodly sums available, and when the bank's notice was received they at once heeded it. A Toronto lady in January, 1916, was informed that she had \$1,500 in the Bank of Commerce, which she at once called for.

Fewer cases are known where amounts that lie for more than five years are reclaimed, but one is on record of \$3,364 being claimed by a Toronto man after a period of eight years.

That much money is claimed on notice being given is evidenced by the fact that in the year 1914 unclaimed balances in Canadian banks decreased from \$934,771 to \$861,518, although in 1915, a war year, odd as it may seem, the figures increased to \$916,535. The strange fact about all this is that a very large proportion of the unclaimed balances had been lying idle for not more than ten years, a period so short, comparatively, that few of the creditors but would be still alive. From which one can only infer that there are several thousand persons who have an extraordinary contempt for the "filthy lucre" which the average man strives after zealously day in and day out.

Meanwhile, no doubt, the bank officials, the while they prepare their report for the Government, on unclaimed balances, fervently pray that each new notice may go astray.

The Song of the Thankful Time

By Miriam S. Clark.

This is a song of the Thankful-time,
Hear, little child in the light,
I am the fairy of growing things,
Plenty and gladness beneath my wings;
I sing while the fire is bright,
I'll sing you a song of the Thankful-time,
So listen, dear drowsy, and hear my rhyme!

I am the fairy of warmth and light,
I am the fairy of rain;
I am the spirit who watches true,
In fog or shadow or sun or dew
Till the meadows grow ripe again;
Singing forever in every chime,
My song of hope for the Thankful-time.

The trees in the orchard were red, little child,
The meadows were gold with the wheat,
All the long summer I watched them grow,
Bringing them gladness in ways I know
To make them most perfectly sweet.
Now they are yours, little child, little king,
With their sunshine, their goodness, their every-
thing.

This was my part of the Thankful-time;
I sing it and go my way,
Dear little drowsy, before you sleep,
Here where the shadows are warm and deep
Look out to your stars and say:
"I am glad for home, I am glad for love,
I am glad for the wide, kind sky above,
I am glad for the plenty in any clime,
In my heart is the spirit of Thankful-time."

—Youth's Companion.

to have disappeared from the face of the earth, or this part of the earth, at least. Doubtless some of the men of whom the banks can secure no information were old timers, veterans of many a gold rush, who, depositing their gold in safe keeping, went forth to seek for more of the precious metal, and met death in doing so. Their savings in the banks will probably never be claimed.

What becomes of a sum to which there is no claimant after a long period of years? It still remains with the bank in which it was originally deposited, and earns its keep and more for the institution, and in the end is a pure profit for the bank. Thus, three outstanding examples are the Bank of Montreal, which, at the end of 1915, had \$111,000, the Bank of Commerce \$103,000, and the Montreal City and District Savings Bank \$128,000, which had been in their hands unclaimed for over five years. Nor do these amounts include any sums deposited for a fixed period, say, in trust, unless the sum had lain for five years beyond the expiration of that period.

The banks of Canada are required to make, within twenty days of the last day of each year, a return to the Minister of Finance, submitting a complete list of all balances, which have been unclaimed for a period of five years or more, and in the reports some curious cases are to be noted.

In the Cobourg branch of the Bank of Montreal there are eleven accounts bearing unclaimed balances, varying from \$5 to \$150, and a peculiar feature is that the last transaction in each account was on May 31, 1881, although the accounts are all in dif-

Scaraba the Dog

SCARABA, the dog, joined the 122nd Battalion at Huntsville, under the firm impression that the whole trek had been arranged for his benefit. If ever a mongrel had a sense of humour, Scaraba possessed one. Into every town and hamlet of Muskoka, Scaraba proudly led the 122nd Battalion, and although beaten in a hundred running fights (Scaraba was a philosopher, not a fighter) he never relinquished his place at the head of the procession.

Strictly against Major Tisdale's orders, he accompanied it to Camp Borden. Headquarters spotted him and suggested that we get rid of him by a certain hour and a certain date. Headquarters are so confoundedly explicit—they leave nothing to the imagination. Scaraba was sent under escort to the village of Angus, three miles away, and there gave him to one Langdon, who purveys ice cream for a livelihood.

Three nights later the dog returned to the tent occupied by the signalling and machine gun officers. Scaraba always stayed with those two young gentlemen, apparently on account of a fellow feeling for the "underdogs."

He was chained to a tent peg. The next day Sir Sam Hughes reviewed us on the Ceremonial Area. Seized by a natural desire to be "among those present," Scaraba went—by the simple process of taking the tent peg with him. The last thing seen of him he was trotting contentedly at the heels of General Logie's horse as he had trotted for miles and miles on the Trek.