

THE DOMINION BANK

PROCEEDINGS OF THE

Thirty-Fourth Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders

The thirty-fourth annual general meeting of the Dominion Bank was held at the Banking House of the institution, Toronto, on Wednesday, January 25th, 1905.

Among those present were noticed: Lieut.-Col. Mason, Lieut.-Col. Pollatt, Messrs. Wm. Ince, Wm. Spry, E. B. Osler, M.P., W. D. Matthews, Thos. Walshley, W. G. Cassels, David Smith, A. R. Boswell, P. Leadley, G. N. Reynolds, A. Foulds, A. A. Jones, H. Gordon MacKenzie, J. Gordon Jones, W. Crocker, J. F. Kav- anagh, J. G. Ramsay, W. C. Lee, W. C. Crowther, F. J. Phillips, F. D. Brown, H. B. Hodgins, W. C. Harvey, R. Mulholland, S. Samuel, F. D. Benjamin, J. F. Risley, Jno. Stewart, F. J. Harris, Wm. Davies, A. W. Agnew, W. R. Brock, E. S. Ball, Wm. Booth, J. Bruce Macdonald, R. A. Stapelin, Wm. Mulock, R. T. Gooderham, Dr. Andrew Smith, Jno. J. Dixon, Chas. Cockshutt, A. E. Webb, T. G. Brough and others.

It was moved by Mr. W. D. Matthews, seconded by Mr. Wm. Ince, that Mr. E. B. Osler do take the chair, and that Mr. T. G. Brough 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, 1904: Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 31st December, 1903 \$474,902 63 Profit for the year ending 31st December, 1904, after deducting charges of management, etc., and making provision for bad and doubtful debts 459,670 01

Dividend 2 1/2 per cent., paid 2nd April, 1904 \$75,000 00 Dividend 2 1/2 per cent., paid 2nd July, 1904 75,000 00 Dividend 2 1/2 per cent., paid 1st October, 1904 75,000 00 Dividend 2 1/2 per cent., payable 3rd January, 1905 300,000 00

Transferred to Reserve Fund \$634,572 64 Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward \$184,572 64 RESERVE FUND.

Balance at credit of account 31st December, 1903 \$3,000,000 00 Transferred from Profit and Loss Account 500,000 00 \$3,500,000 00

Property has been purchased at the corner of Bloor street and Dovercourt Road, where an office will shortly be opened. The Stanstead Branch was closed in July last. All branches of the Bank have been inspected during the past year.

Toronto, 25th January, 1905. The report was adopted, and the thanks of the Shareholders were tendered to the President, Vice-President and Directors for their services, 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. W. Austin, W. R. Brock, T. Eaton, J. J. Foy, K.C., M.P.P., Wm. Ince, Wilmot D. Matthews and E. B. Osler, M.P.

GENERAL STATEMENT

Table with columns for LIABILITIES and ASSETS. LIABILITIES: Notes in circulation \$2,690,324 00; Deposits not bearing interest \$3,752,972 23; Deposits bearing interest (including interest accrued to date) \$25,947,071 15. ASSETS: Specie \$1,081,098 86; Dominion Government Demand Notes \$2,555,181 00; Deposit with Dominion Government for Security of Note Circulation \$150,000 00.

Toronto, 31st December, 1904.

T. G. BROUGH, General Manager.

A Millionaire's Cab Ride

The multi-millionaire was busily engaged with some papers on his desk when his visitor entered. One of these he took up and examined frowningly, while the visitor stood, hat in hand. Then he took up a pen and made a hasty memorandum on the back of the document. Tossing it into a pigeonhole, he looked up severely. "I can give you just about three minutes," he said. "If, as you say, you have a good thing and you can convince me of it in that time, well and good. What is it?"

The visitor was a young man, stoutly built, with quick black eyes, a massive jaw and self-possessed manner. His dress betokened poverty in the genteel degree. His voice, when he spoke, was soft and low, but particularly distinct. "I have a good thing," he said. "It is possible that you have seen it before, but I know it will interest you now. I know, too, that you are a man who can take a quick grasp of a situation. This is the article."

He pushed the muzzle of a short, fat revolver within a foot of the multi-millionaire's waistcoat. "Don't cry out," he said, in the same calm, soft voice. "Because if you do you will instantly solve the mystery of the heresedite, and know you don't want to do that. Have you grasped the situation?"

"What do you want?" gasped the multi-millionaire. "Turn that thing away; it might go off." "I see you don't quite," remarked the visitor. "You are excited. I have been too abrupt, perhaps. But let me assure you, in the first place, that there is not the slightest cause for alarm if you will only keep cool. To come to the point, I want money—filthy lucre. Try and compose yourself now."

The multi-millionaire seemed to make an effort and the color slowly came back to his face. "Well," he said, after a moment or two, "I'm sorry, but you've come to the wrong shop. I've a good deal of money tied up in investments, but I have no cash."

"All that's better," commented the visitor. "I see the mental paralysis has passed. Now let me premise. I have this little weapon, as you observe. I am what is called a desperate man—that is to say, I don't care a red cent what becomes of me if you conclude not to give up. It would even afford me some pleasure to sloop your pretty and expensive rug with your vital fluid, for the reason that I invested rather heavily in your Gargantuan. Consolidated and Unliquidated. Do you believe this?"

The multi-millionaire looked into his eyes and then nodded. "Then if anybody should interrupt us tell them that you are engaged, in your ordinary affable manner. Don't let them get a hint of what's going on, because if you called the whole police force and the national guard they couldn't prevent me from plugging you. Understand?"

The multi-millionaire moistened his lips with his tongue and nodded again. "All right, then. Now we'll get down to business. I want \$10,000. You will naturally be surprised at my moderation. If you had the cinch I had you'd never let go until you'd pumped your man dry, would you? Well, I've got a conscience, that's the difference."

"My friend," said the multi-millionaire, "you misjudge me. I am not without conscience, and to a certain extent I can understand and sympathize with your distress. If you lost money in Gargantuan I can assure you I made nothing out of it. Still, I suppose I must hold myself responsible for your loss and I will make it up to you. Do you know, I have taken a fancy to you. As I said, I have no cash on hand, but if you will leave me your address—"

"Too coarse!" said the visitor. "I feel hurt to think you should have such a low opinion of my intelligence. We're wasting time. I guess your bank can stand an overdraft. Is that your check book there by your elbow?"

"Yes," said the multi-millionaire, opening the book with cheerful alacrity. "I'll write you a check, \$10,000 you said, didn't you? What name?" "My name is Short," said the visitor, "but you can make that check out to yourself. Don't keep me too long."

"But if—" "Please don't argue; you make me nervous, and my forefinger gets the twitches when I'm nervous. That's right. Excuse me looking over your shoulder, but you've got that dated day after to-morrow. Tear the check out and try another. That's better. Now I want you to call a clerk and send him over to the bank to get that cashed. Now I want you to be very careful in your manner to that clerk. If I see a gleam of suspicion in his eye—or if the bank makes any bones about this there will be consequences right off. Understand?"

The multi-millionaire pulled a handkerchief and wiped his forehead. "I think I've blotted this check a little," he said. "I'll write another." The visitor smiled. "Quite a difference in the signature," he observed, as he watched the writing of the check. "Now touch your buzzer. I'm going to lean back in an easy attitude, but my artillery will be in position just the same. Now let me implore you for your own sake to be careful."

He seated himself as he spoke, and as the clerk entered, burst into a fit of laughter. "That's a pretty good one," he cried, between chuckles. "What's good! It reminds me of what you used to do at school!" "Take this check over to the bank and cash it, if you please, Rogers," said the multi-millionaire. "Get ten one-thousand bills and bring them here to me."

"We haven't much time, you know, old fellow," hinted Short. "As quick as you can, Rogers," said the multi-millionaire. The clerk took the check and disappeared. "You did that pretty well as near as I can judge," said Short. "I may be mistaken; I hope not, for your sake." He spoke with a cold menace that made the multi-millionaire shudder. "Oh, it will be all right," said the latter. Then he added, quite genially: "See here, I know when I'm beaten and I can take my medicine without whining. I've been held up before now, and have been more taken away from me, though my friends didn't use a gun. I tell you I like you. How would you like me to invest that \$10,000 for you?"

Mr. Short grinned. "I'll consider it and advise you by mail," he replied. When the clerk returned and laid an envelope on the multi-millionaire's desk the visitor was relating a humorous anecdote and this time the multi-millionaire was laughing good-naturedly. "Count your money," he said, when the clerk had gone, throwing the envelope over on the visitor's side of the desk. "You do it for me," begged Mr. Short. "I have one hand occupied." The multi-millionaire counted out the money. It was unquestionably all there, in crisp new notes. Mr. Short took the envelope and placed it in his breast pocket. "Now we'll go," he said. "Get on your hat and coat. We've just time to make a train."

"Come!" said the multi-millionaire, "this is a little too much. You've got your money. Take it and go. I'll give you my word of honor that I won't have you followed—my sacred word." "You certainly have a gift of humor," said Mr. Short with a chuckle. "Hurry now. I haven't any time to waste and it would be a pity to have anything happen now." The multi-millionaire donned coat and hat, and the two left the room and walked through the main office, conversing affably, into the street. There Mr. Short indicated a closed carriage. "Get in!" he commanded.

The multi-millionaire hesitated, but his companion poked him in the ribs with something and he got in precipitately. "Just as far as the railway station," explained Mr. Short. "I leave you there." "Oh, you're going to take a trip, eh?" said the multi-millionaire. "Well, a pleasant journey to you. I was beginning to be afraid you were going to kidnap me." "Not at all," said Mr. Short, "you couldn't hire me to."

"You don't mind if I smoke?" "Not at all." The multi-millionaire lit a cigar. "The smoke will be too much for you, I'm afraid," he said, politely. "I'll let down that window, if you'd just as soon." He half rose and bent across Mr. Short. As he grasped the window strap, he lost his balance a little and lurched against his captor. "A thousand pardons," he said.

"Don't mention it," said the other. "I think I can do that for you and still keep my drop on you. Allow me." He let down the window with a jerk. "Now sit still," he commanded. "I'll tell you what your program is now, and you will do well to follow it. You are going to board the 2:45 express. It's 2:40 now, so we've just time to catch it. I've got you a ticket, so you haven't anything to worry about. You can do your telegraphing at the first stop, or they may shut down and let you off, but in any case I shall have all the start I want. I'm going to see you off. I want you to stand on the car platform and wave your lily hand to me until the train is well on its way. See? Don't make any mistake. Here we are. We've got to run for it, I'm afraid."

He threw the driver a dollar and called to him to wait. Then seizing his captive's arm, he skidded him along through the gates and boosted him onto the train just as it was beginning to move out. "Good-bye, old fellow," he cried. "Good-bye, my boy," returned the multi-millionaire, breathlessly, but heartily. "Understand, I wish you luck and don't bear any malice. You'd better send me that money and let me invest it for you."

He stood on the car platform and waved his hat as far as Short could see him. That worthy looked puzzled. "He certainly seems to take it uncommonly well," he muttered. "He's a good loser, I'll say that for him." He turned away, and as he did so his hand sought his breast pocket. The next instant he had sunk into one of the seats with a groan of pain, to rise and search through his garments in frantic haste, to shake his fist in the direction the train had taken and then to collapse again into the seat.

"The infernal old bald-headed pick-pocket," he said, dolefully. "He must have touched me for the bundle in the cab. I ought to have known better than to have gone against a professional."—Kenneth Harris in Ten Story Book.

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"I was eight months an invalid," says Mrs. Adams, "and no one can tell what I suffered. My doctor said I had Bright's Disease and Scatica, but I got no relief from anything he gave me. At last a friend of my husband induced me to give Dodd's Kidney Pills a trial. I had no faith in them, for I thought I never would get better, but after taking three boxes of them I was able to do my work. I have had good health ever since I used Dodd's Kidney Pills."

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When Marie Corelli Heard Frank Criticism. There is a story going the rounds in London of an amusing passage at arms between Miss Marie Corelli, the novelist, and a certain Miss Coals, a school mistress who presides over the intellectual shooting of a score of young ideas immediately across the street from the much-heralded writer's home. Part of the school exercises, it seems, consists in the study of music, and agreeable though this proved to the children, it proved particularly disagreeable to Miss Corelli. So it happened that the following note was sent across to the music teacher. "Miss Corelli presents her compliments to Miss Coals, and begs that she will be good enough to arrange so that there may be no singing class between the hours of ten and one, these being Miss Corelli's working hours, when distractions are peculiarly distasteful. The white-aproned maid who wore this rather unusual missive was detained long enough to bring back the answer. It ran: "Miss Coals presents her compliments to Miss Corelli, and begs to state that if such a course is likely to prevent the writing of such books as 'The Sorrows of Satan' she would rejoice in arranging a singing program for every day from nine to two."

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