

to lose—and you won't suffer disappointment.

THE SUN LIFE REPORT.

It is evident from the results obtained by the Sun Life of Canada for 1916, essential features of which appear elsewhere in this issue, that the big Montreal Company has quite kept up with its usual rate of progress.

The Sun again maintained its leadership among Canadian life assurance companies in amount of new assurances issued, total assurances in force, assets, surplus and income. Assurances for \$42,700,000 were issued and paid for in cash during the past year, constituting a record for all Canadian companies to date and bringing Sun Life assurance in force to the total of over \$281,000,000. Something of the phenomenal growth of the company in recent years is indicated by the fact that assurances in force have more than trebled in the past twelve years.

Turning to the factors indicative of financial strength it is noted that assets now total practically \$83,000,000, an increase of over \$8,500,000 for the year. The net surplus over all liabilities and capital now stands at \$8,509,865, an increase for the year of close on to \$1,000,000. Cash income from premiums and investments totalled nearly \$18,500,000.

During the year the company paid a total of \$7,578,000 to its policyholders, bringing the payments to policyholders since organization to over \$60,000,000.

Such a record reflects credit upon the directors and officers in charge of the company's affairs and should be a source of no small gratification to Sun Life policyholders.

A Concert There Was

(Concluded from page 22.)

Why not have a few threnodies and elegiacs when it's all in the air?" Admitted. But we didn't happen to need fine music to remind us of the sorrows of war, when any day we can read a headline and get that.

We take occasion to remark, however, that in Sir Hubert Parry's Naval Ode, "The Chivalry of the Sea," we got some real old-fashioned thrills. Parry is a fine old blustering John Bull, who bangs open the windows and lets in the winds of the heavens and the hills. He is not a great artist or he never would have written his Blest Pair of Sirens. But he comes near to being an art creator in this Naval Ode.

Once again also, we mentally take off our hats to the obvious magic of the Manzoni Requiem, an excerpt from

which made the finale to the programme. This extract from a great ecclesiastical opera reasserted the Choir's consummate ability to create triumphant and overwhelming climaxes, such as one can never hear even in the greatest Metropolitan House opera.

In tracing thus at random the characteristics of the programme of 1917, we do not forget that in most of its enduring qualities of great art the Choir remains where it was in spite of the ravages of war and the lack of musical spontaneity among the people.

As for the orchestra, it gave abundant proof that the orchestral material in this part of the country is almost, if not quite as great as the undoubted desire for that kind of music on the part of the public. It was a good band; and it also called up other days when we were beginning to develop a local orchestra in the wake of a great choral movement, not only in the Mendelssohn Choir, but in other choral societies. The viola solo of Mr. Frank Smith in the Elgar Overture was as fine a bit of incidental art as we have heard in many a year.

Thought-Thievery—The Latest

THE Plagiarist we have always with us—the more so since the demand and the rewards for good writing and clear thinking have increased. In the "Bulletin of the Authors' League of America," Mr. Robert H. Davis, editor of the Munsey publications, says of this modern crime:

"It ramifies into every avenue of literature—into books, into magazines, drama, and motion-pictures. An army of mercenaries, fattening upon the thoughts of other men, is in the saddle. They apply to the business of plagiarism the same kind of intelligence and cunning, and even art, that a forger or a check-lifter brings to his unholy calling. By divers and sundry tricks they absorb the idea, if not in letter, in spirit—breathe into it an unwholesome vitality, christen it with a new name, and thrust it out into the world as a legitimate offspring. Its acceptance is regarded as a triumph on the part of the scalawag parent, whose intellectual communion is held solely with the devil.

"The arguments of defense put forth by these most pernicious of all thieves are characteristic of sinners. Confronted by the evidence of their guilt, they take refuge behind any one of the following excuses:

"(a) I had no idea it had ever been printed before. It was told me as an original story by a friend.

"(b) A gentleman whose whereabouts at the present moment are unknown gave me the story in the form of a manuscript and asked me to touch it up a bit.

"(c) I can't understand it at all. Probably I read it somewhere when I was a child and it clung to my memory. This is a surprise!

"There are a number of other equally vapid and ridiculous explanations that come glibly from the liar's lips, but the samples cited will suffice.

"They seldom make it clear how

such vacillating memories and deficient intellectual mechanism as they appear to possess are able to absorb and hold details, dialogue, situations, etc., ad infinitum. Of course, you can't expect a pickpocket to announce in advance that he is about to go through your clothes. And so, therefore, these belated explanations awaken irritation instead of satisfaction.

"The most profound and noble countenance I ever saw, upon which were written reflection, wisdom, and serenity, belonged to a man who had spent thirty years of his life in an insane asylum, under the impression that he was the lost Dauphin.

"The kindest and most benign individual I ever met—one whom I would have felt secure in naming as my executor—was in a penitentiary, where he had been thrust as a youth of eighteen for assassinating his father.

"If you want to pick out a nice, quiet-looking boy to sing in the church-choir, step into any reform-school.

"But for pure, undefiled innocence, a face carrying the expression of an archangel, a pair of eyes that can brew tears against accusation, I commend you to a plagiarist."

"It is seldom that plagiarists are actually convicted beyond the peradventure of a doubt. They possess the delicate sensibilities of a vitrified brick. An accusation pointed and proved has about as much weight with them as would have an autumn leaf falling upon the bosom of Lake Superior.

"It is the business of the Authors' League of America to set its traps for these varmint and exterminate them. There are hundreds of cases known to every editor, and perhaps half of them are known to every author. Should we not make it our business to define plagiarism so that it can not hereafter

be misrepresented?

"I would recommend that a committee be appointed to examine into all charges of plagiarism; to read both the original and so-called plagiarized version of any story out of which charges of plagiarism grow; to make a report to the League and to publish a verdict in The Bulletin; and that all book publishers, magazine editors, dramatic producers, and motion-picture scenario editors be notified of such verdict."

"Ten years ago contributions from strangers were accepted on their merit and printed under the assumption that the writers were honest men. It is now regarded as a necessary precaution to write a new author, whose manuscript has attracted attention, and ask for references. Even these precautions do not always succeed. One must wait for the publication of the plagiarism before a comparison with the original can be made. In the interval the fraud is accomplished. A comparison of the two stories supplies the evidence of guilt.

"It is the opinion of the writer that unwarranted leniency has been shown these offenders. The usual penalty is a severance of connections, followed occasionally by the return of the money dishonestly collected. A period of agreeable silence follows, after which the malefactor sits down with a ream of white paper, selects another alias, and continues in the business of selling old tales for new."

Ladies, Try This.

Two ladies on the other side of the Border were holding a stairhead confab one morning on the troubles of life, and husbands in particular.

"I dinna wonder at some puir wives haying to help themselves out of their husbands' trouser-pockets," remarked the one.

"I canna say I like them underhand ways myself," responded the second matron. "I jist turn ma man's breeches doonside up and help masel' off the carpet."—Tit-Bits.

An Enigma.

"I beg your pardon, but what is your name?" the hotel clerk asked.

"Name?" echoed the indignant guest who had just signed the register. "Don't you see my signature there on the register?"

"I do," answered the clerk. "That is what aroused my curiosity."

True Pity.

Hostess—"Doesn't it seem a shame, Mr. Jones, that this poor little lamb should have to die for us?"

Mr. Jones—"Ah, yes, indeed! It is rather tough."—Ideas.

HESSSELBERG

RUSSIAN MASTER PIANIST AND PEDAGOGUE
STUDIO OF PIANISTIC ART OPEN ENTIRE SUMMER.
AVAILABLE FOR CONCERTS—RECITALS—MUSICALES—FESTIVALS, ETC.
32 BLOOR ST. W., TORONTO. PHONE NORTH 5350.

DELBERT R. PIETTE

Pianist Teacher.

Studios—Nordheimers
and 684 Bathurst St.

RICHARD TATTERSALL

Organist, Old St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church.

Studio: Canadian Academy of Music only.

Residence:
347 Brunswick Ave. Phone Coll. 2403

ALBERT DOWNING

First Tenor Adanac Quartette.

Soloist Bloor St. Pres. Church.

Mus. Dir. Dovercourt College of Music.
Phone College 3153, Jct. 274.

ERNEST SEITZ

Pianist and Teacher.

Studio: Toronto Conservatory of Music.

ATHERTON FURLONG

A Brilliant Season

Now Opening.

159 College St. Telephone College 1192

FRANK S. WELSMAN

Pianist.

Studio for Lessons at Toronto
Conservatory of Music.

Residence: 30 Admiral Road.

There are all kinds of
weather but only one kind of

PURITY FLOUR

Always the same
More Bread and Better Bread

