



The Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce serves its customers in three languages in the Arctic.

merce, Bank of Montreal, Toronto-Dominion Bank and the Bank of Nova Scotia. The involvement of the newly chartered foreign bank subsidiaries is considered inevitable since the Canadian banks will not be able to absorb the enormous sums needed.

California's Wells Fargo Bank has announced that it will transfer its Canadian head office from Toronto to Calgary later this year. It is the first foreign bank to establish its headquarters in that city.



One of the Royal Bank's automated tellers.



T.V. banking in the Royal Bank Plaza in Toronto.

Leacock's Financial Career

It has been suggested that Stephen Leacock's essay entitled "My Financial Career" is the funniest short essay ever written in North America. It is the story of an awkward young man who wished to open his first savings account. We offer an excerpt below:

"The manager was a grave, calm man. I held my fifty-six dollars clutched in a crumpled ball in my pocket. 'Are you the manager?' I said. God knows I didn't doubt it. 'Yes,' he said. 'Can I see you?' I asked, 'alone?' I didn't want to say 'alone' but without it the thing seemed self-evident. The manager looked at me in some alarm 'Come in here,' he said We both sat down and looked at each other. I found no voice to speak. 'You are one of Pinkerton's men, I presume,' he said 'To tell the truth,' I [said] as if I had been prompted to lie about it, 'I am not a detective at all. I have come to open an account. I intend to keep all my money in this bank.' The manager looked relieved but still serious: he concluded now that I was a son of Baron Rothschild or a young Gould. 'A large account, I suppose,' he said. 'Fairly large,' I whispered. 'I propose to deposit fifty-six dollars now and fifty dollars a month regularly.'

The manager got up and opened the door. He called to the accountant. 'Mr. Montgomery,' he said unkindly loud, 'this gentleman is opening an account, he will deposit fifty-six dollars. Good morning'. . . . I went to the accountant's wicket and poked the ball of money at him 'Here,' I said, 'deposit it' He made me write the sum on a slip and sign my name in a book. I no longer knew what I was doing 'Is it deposited?' I asked in a hollow, vibrating voice. 'It is,' said the accountant. 'Then I want to draw a cheque.' My idea was to draw out six dollars of it for present use I wrote something on the cheque and thrust it in at the clerk. He looked at it. 'What! Are you drawing it all out again?' he asked in surprise. Then I realized that I had written fifty-six instead of six. I was too far gone to reason now Reckless with misery, I made a lunge. 'Yes, the whole thing.' 'You withdraw your money from the bank?' 'Every cent of it.' 'Are you going to deposit any more?' said the clerk, astonished. 'Never.' An idiot hope struck me that they might think something had insulted me. . . . I made a wretched attempt to look like a man with a fearfully quick temper. . . . 'How will you have it?' he said. 'What?' 'How will you have it?' 'Oh'—I caught his meaning and answered without even trying to think—"in fifties.' He gave me a fifty-dollar bill. 'And the six?' he asked dryly. 'In sixes,' I said"