The Leader for Forty Years

"SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

Reminiscences

The realm of Laughter is the poorer by the passing on of Wilton Lackaye, noted actor and wit, and one of the shining lights of that famous Temple of Humor—The Lambs' Club, New York. Lackaye was once invited to address an amateur dramatic society. After listening to a two-hours' introduction by the chairman, who wound up with: "The guest of honor will now give us his address," Lackaye rose.

"My address is the Lamb's Club," he said.

And that was all.

It was Lackaye who, having lost one of a valuable pair of cuff links, hung up the remaining link on the club bulletin board over this notice: "LOST—The mate to this cuff link. Will buy or sell."

* * *

During the "all star" tour of "Trelawney of the Wells," in which John Drew made his last appearance, Lackaye, a member of the company—which also included Mrs. Whiffen, the "Grand Old Lady of the Stage," then 84 years of age—was button-holed by two young lady reporters at Springfield, Illinois, who asked him to what he attributed the extraordinary success of the company.

* * *

Somewhat floored by the question—chuckles Peggy Wood, the actress, in her little book, "A Splendid Gypsy: John Drew"—Lackaye suggested that they ask Drew.

"We did," they explained. "But he seemed to be in a hurry. Do tell us."

Reluctantly, and after due pause, Lackaye said:

"Well, I'll tell you; it's Mrs. Whiffen's sex appeal."

* * *

A human little story about Queen Victoria, as the young mother of eight children, is told in Hector Bolitho's fascinating biography of the Prince Consort—"Albert the Good." One day, when the royal family was in Scotland, little Prince Leopold was naughty, and the Queen threatened to whip him. The Duchess of Kent—Victoria's mother, who was present, pleaded for her small grandson (as grandmothers will) and said that it made her very sad to hear a child cry.

"Not when you have eight, Mama—that wears off," said the Queen. "You could not go through that each time one of the eight cried!"

* * *

Which recalls the reply given by a mother to a question put to her by a stranger who ran across her and her brood of nine children, romping in a field.

"Is it a picnic, or are they your children, ma'am?" he inquired, affably.

They're my children, and it is NO picnic," she replied.

* * *

Soon after Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" was published, the Prince Consort wrote to the poet, "apologizing for intruding upon his leisure"—I love that—and asked him to write his name in a copy of the book. Tennyson paid his patron a graceful compliment. He supposed that Prince Albert's appreciation of the poems arose from his seeing in them "unconsciously," an image of himself.

* * *

Mention of Queen Victoria reminds me that Lady Duff Gordon, noted dressmaker, says in her lively and charming reminiscences "Discretions and Indiscretions," that the old Queen loved to have the leaves in her teacup read, and had learnt to read them herself from an old woman who lived near Balmoral. Occasionally the Queen would be persuaded to read the teacups for some members of the royal family, and this was considered a great treat.

* * *

And here's a stolen peep at King Alfonso of Spain and his Queen: Alfonso would often accompany the Queen to a fitting at Lady Duff Gordon's establishment and "took nearly as much interest in it (the fitting) as she did."

"One thing that I always found very charming about that royal couple was their great affection for each other," chats Lady Duff Gordon, "and after many years of marriage King Alfonso was still in love with his wife.

* * *

"He would often slip his arm through hers in the showroom, and one of the saleswomen told me that on one occasion, when the Queen was trying on a dress, King Alfonso impulsively kissed her.

"'You looked so sweet in it I could not help it,' was his answer, when the Queen reproached him for taking all the powder off her nose."

"'I never thought kings were as romantic as that,' was the saleswoman's comment to me afterwards. 'The Queen of Spain is lucky.'"

* * *

Once, when visiting in Washington, Lady Duff Gordon was received by President Roosevelt.

"I'm so pleased to meet you, Lady Duff Gordon," said "Teddy," shaking hands warmly, "I've just been reading your "Memories."

"He talked quickly," she recalls, "asking me questions and never waiting to hear my replies, and did not listen when I tried to explain that the 'Memories' he was talking about were those of my husband's aunt, Lucy, Lary Gordon, who had died in the early 'eighties!"

* * *

Lady Duff Gordon tells an amusing story of how she was unexpectedly called on to speak at an "Economy Dinner" in Pittsburg, during the World War, at which President Hoover, then United States Food Administrator, was the principle speaker. Mr. Hoover's subject was "Economy in Food" and all the other speakers—and there were many—had stressed "Economy" in something or other. She followed Mr. Hoover.

* * *

"I fear I rather scandalized the audience, for instead of the speech they expected ("Economy in Dress in War-Time") I began: 'Ladies and Gentlemen, the first thing I am going to tell you is that I don't believe in economy in dress at any time, and, above all, not in war-time. * * * After all, the men don't want to come back to frumps, do they? And just think how fascinating the French women are. You simply can't afford to neglect your appearance."

As she went back to her seat, she apologized to Mr. Hoover for her unorthodox speech. "He burst out laughing and patted me on the back," she chuckles.

"'Never mind, my dear, you have done very well,' he said.

* * *

By the way, Lady Duff Gordon is a sister of Elinor Glyn, the novelist. Both spent most of their early childhood in Canada, on a big ranch—just outside Guelph, Ontario—owned by their maternal grandparents, although both were born in London, England. And you may not know that Lady Duff Gordon made dressmaking history by staging the first mannequin parade. The first male visitor to a dress parade, she recalls, was Mr. Asquith (later Lord Oxford), who accompanied his wife, Margot Asquith, and "sat calmly through the show, though I do not think he gave much attention to the models."

Newspaper Rivalry In The Eighties

In the 1830's (says William Dodgson Bowman, in "The Story of the Times"), William Makpeace Thackeray, then a struggling and almost unknown journalist, was on the staff of the London "Times," whilst young Charles Dickens was "racing about the country" reporting for "The Morning Chronicle"—chief rival of "The Times." There was a deadly feud between the two papers. For instance, on June 13, 1835, "The Times" described the "Chronicle" as "a disgraceful morning print," etc., whilst in its issue of the same date, the "Chronicle" lamented that "the poor old 'Times' in its imbecile ravings," etc.

And, say, didn't Dickens "cash in" on that row when, later, he immortalized the feud between the two local Datanswill papers!

* * *

Most of the work Thackeray undertook for "The Times" at that period was book reviewing—always poorly paid. When his novels had brought him renown, and his price had gone up, he sometimes looked back half regretfully at those early days.

"I turned off far better work then than I do now," he said, "and I wanter money sadly; but how little I got for my work! It makes me laugh at what 'The Times' pays me now when I think of the old days, and how much better I wrote for them then, and got a shilling where I now get ten."

Father had decided that he must administer a stern lecture to his six-year-old son. The boy had been naughty, but did not seem to appreciate the fact, and it was with some reluctance that the parent undertook a scolding.

He spoke judiciously but severely; he recounted the lad's misdeeds, and explained the whys and wherefores of his solemn rebuke, while his wife sat by, duly impressed.

Finally, when the father paused for breath and, incidentally, to hear the culprit's acknowledgement of error, the lad, his face beaming with admiration, turned to his mother and said: "Mother, isn't father interesting?"

Gems of Peril

By HAZEL ROSS HAILEY.

SYNOPSIS.

Mary Harkness plots to catch The Fly, whom she believes "framed" her brother Eddie with the murder of old Mrs. Jupiter, and later killed him to keep him from talking. She is aided by Bowen, of The Star.

Bruce Jupiter, absent many years, returns from Europe with a woman friend. His father orders him out and makes Mary his heir. Bruce swears to rout Mary. Mary's fiancee, Dirk Ruyther, forbids Mary to continue the investigation, refusing to believe in the existence of The Fly. He tells Mary that people are repeating Bruce's charges and says if she goes to Miami on the Jupiter yacht, as will also believe them.

Mary goes and meets Count De Loma, owner of The Fly's horse. She promises to dance with him at a hotel fete.

CHAPTER XXX.

"Nice chap," Bates remarked dryly, as De Loma departed. "What is he—Frenchman?" His bland gaze rested on Louise, who pretended not to have heard.

"Must we stay longer?" she appealed to Bruce, pouting. She put the gleaming carmine tips of two fingers on each temple. "My head—I must lie down."

Bruce paid the check. As Mary expected, the Countess made no further mention of her race track winnings. They might be the inspiration of the feast but they would never pay for it. She had been sure of that all along.

In the elevator, Bruce made some low-voiced plea which Mary did not catch, but it was refused with further protestations of illness.

Bruce retired into glum silence. The iron of jealousy apparently had entered into his soul and to soothe it he must make his inamorata demonstrate her devotion immediately by giving in to his whim.

Mary bade them all good night at the door of her room. Mr. Jupiter responded with a grunt—he was half asleep already and would not be curious about her comings and goings if she chose to steal out now and meet Bowen. The Countess would not be leaving her pillow, and Bruce would be dancing attendance upon his dear Louise.

The coast was clear. Mary put on dark, inconspicuous clothes and hurried out to the rendezvous with Bowen. The Laurel Tearoom was a small, stuffy affair with a row of high-backed benches forming booths along one side. In the first of these, peering out worriedly, she saw him.

Bowen looked at his wrist watch and raised eloquent eyes to the ceiling.

"If I were married to you," he said, "I'd cut your heart out. Where've you been for the last three hours?"

"With De Loma," Mary managed to gasp, her breath still short from running.

That sobered him. "De Loma! Where did you pick him up?"

Mary told him as coherently as she could, and that she had an engagement to meet him at the fete the following night.

"Do the others know who De Loma is?" Bowen asked.

"No. I'm afraid to tell Bruce, and I haven't had a chance to tell Mr. Jupiter yet."

"Have you got the necklace here?"

Mary hesitated only a second before replying, "Yes." She had lost the complete trust she had once given to everyone. Dirk had planted the germ of distrust thoroughly; hereafter, she would be frank, with reservations, even with Bowen.

"What kind of blow-out is that tomorrow night?" Bowen asked, with wrinkled brow. "What is a fete, anyhow? Fancy dress?"

"I haven't the least idea what the Ambassador's notion of a fete would be," Mary returned. "I imagine it's going to be one of those ghastly affairs where society dowagers go about wearing paper hats and sucking lollypops. Why?"

"I was thinking about your costume. Will you have a chance to wear the necklace?"

"Do you think I'd better — so soon?"

"Soon?"

"Well, I've only just met him tonight. Wouldn't he think I was too trustful?"

"You'll have your party with you, won't you? What's trustful about that?"

"That's true. Well—"

"What's the matter? Scared?"

"Not exactly." She gulped. "He's—horrible, though. He gives me shivers when he looks at me . . . his eyes . . . like black coils . . ." A shudder passed over her. "But if I must, I must. That's what I came here for."

"The sooner the better," Bowen advised. "The Ambassador won't put him up rent free much longer. They're wise to his kind. He was probably counting on that pony of his to recoup his finances. What a winning that would have been! He's probably spent all he got from the diamond rings and the bracelet he took from Mrs. Jupiter, if he has let go of them at all. He may be keeping them still, afraid to turn them over to a fence for fear of being double-crossed. Well, maybe they'll come in handy to pay his board-bill with—diamonds are swell security."

* * *

So that was what the dark little man was summoning De Loma about! A reckoning of his bill.

"But there's something I don't understand," Mary told him. "De Loma and the Countess are old friends. Do you suppose she could be an accomplice? She's been running around Europe with Bruce for two or three years—I've gathered that from their talk of different places they'd seen together. And The Fly has been busy right here in this country, for several years, you told me. Before that he claims to hail from South America. He looks Spanish enough. At least, he looks like Spaniards do in the movies—I don't know that I've ever seen a real one. He has those funny side-burns, and he's brown enough, goodness knows—"

"You don't have to go any farther than Rockaway to get a swell tan," Bowen reminded her. "I'm still digging away at his past—been putting in my spare time here going through the police morgue. I haven't set eyes on anyone yet that looke like him, but I haven't given up hope. He picked up that Spanish lingo somewhere, so why not in this part of the country? He may have come up from Cuba, or some of these other islands. They're full of polyglot. "Spaniards'—usually about one-third Spanish blood and two-thirds what-have-you. Not that it matters a damn if he's an Eskimo, but I've got a hunch that he left a nice little record behind in the place he started from. And I want to find it, wherever it is."

"But about tomorrow night—"

"Yes, that's what we've got to plan for now. Have you got costume?"

"No, but trust me to get one. There must be shops here—costumers who furnish the society crowd with fancy dress. I'd go as the Empress of All the Russias or Cleopatra or somebody addicted to wearing quarts of jewels, so that it will seem quite natural to trot the necklace out and show it off."

Bowen nodded. "That's the girl."

"And look—what do you think of this? I'll tell everyone it's just a bauble from the five and ten and I'll be just a poor enough liar that they'll know I'm lying. It will make people twice as sure it's the real thing, if I protest a lot and swear it isn't—"

Bowen nodded approvingly. "Don't over-act now, Juliet," he added. "Take it easy. Just a shade too much fuss over it, and De Loma will be afraid to touch it. He's cagey as the deuce, remember. Just because he seems to be eating out of your hand, don't think he's asleep . . . just that little coincidence of his acquaintance with your friend Louise is what's responsible for his walking right up to the gun, like that. Her being there lulled his suspicions, or he might have high-tailed it out of sight the minute he saw you in the hotel."

"Well, that's something to thank Louise for, at any rate," Mary admitted grudgingly. "Otherwise, she's a blot. Bates thinks she's a crook. He's forgotten all about The Fly. Too busy trying to trip her up into making some sort of admission that it will show him what her real game is."

"Oh, well, Louise is none of our affair. Bruce will give her the boot when he gets his land-legs and looks around this country a bit . . . some of these bathing beauties ought to make him drop his easel and run . . ."

"That reminds me," Mary interrupted. "I'm supposed to wangle a picture of her somehow—for Bates to carry next his heart, I think, though he says it's to send home to the New York police department. For a man who thinks he's out with the reincarnation of Catherine de Medici and the Borgia family, he's having a better time than any college sophomore I know!"

"Maybe they'll take a picture of the notables at the party tomorrow night. She'd be one of 'em, if all you tell me about her is true."

"And if she has a bad conscience, she'll hide in the background and be unrecognizable. No, I've got to buy or borrow a camera, and walk right up to little Louise and say 'Let me snap you, darling, for my memory book! You look SO distingue!' Uhg!"

"Say!" Bowen was struck with an idea. "I've got a friend on the paper down here—frankly, he's been putting me up since I cut loose from the payroll and came down here. He has one of these cameras you hide in your pocket, and shoot when nobody knows it. If we could smuggle it in tomorrow night . . ."

"Bring it yourself!" Mary cried delightedly.

* * *

Bowen bent on her a look of unutterable reproof.

"Am I one of the idle rich?" He threw out his hands. "I hitch-hiked to this village, my dear lady, and I did not have a swallow-tail tied up in the handkerchief that served me as a trunk. Just a hobo, that's me. A darling of the gods like you can't realize what it is to be broke, I know—"

Mary put out her hand in quick sympathy. "I can realize you've done this for me," she said. Like a flash she opened the bag she carried and took out a roll of bills which she thrust toward him.

(To be continued.)

The Latest Arrivals

The third set of twins in the past five years. That's a record Alex. Weller, Jr., of Woodstock, defies anyone to beat. The latest arrivals are boys while the other four were girls!

In honor of his daughter's wedding, a Scottish landowner was giving a dinner to his tenants. He gave express instructions that a magnificent repast was to be served up, and there was to be no stinting of champagne.

Two farmers were partaking of their fifth glass of the finest champagne when one of them turned to the other and whispered, "I say, Donald, I wonder when the whuskey is comin' round. These foreign mineral waters are very lowerin'."

"Mrs. McQue has just passed without speaking. I thought you were great friends."

"No, we're not on the best of terms just now."

"How's that?"

"Well, it's like this. You remember the fire that took place at their house about a fortnight ago? Well, I run for a long plank to put up at the window, so that she might slide down before the fire brigade arrived. But how was I to know there was a nail in it?"

The Royal Bank of Canada

General Statement 30th November, 1932

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock Paid up		$35,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	$35,000,000.00	
Balance of Profits carried forward	1,166,954.95	
	$36,166,954.95	
Dividends Unclaimed	14,996.29	
Dividend No. 181 (at 10% per annum), payable 1st December, 1932	875,000.00	
		37,056,951.24
		$72,056,951.24
Deposits not bearing interest	$128,983,165.53	
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date of Statement	468,391,153.26	
Balances due to other Banks in Canada	662,915.70	
Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada	21,056,908.77	
		619,094,143.26
Notes of the Bank in circulation		28,733,752.74
Advances under the Finance Act		25,000,000.00
Bills Payable		199,352.87
Liabilities not included in the foregoing		335,768.32
Letters of Credit Outstanding		20,092,951.71
		$765,512,920.14

ASSETS

Gold and Subsidiary Coin on hand	$28,168,913.45	
Dominion Notes on hand	38,046,090.25	
Deposit in the Central Gold Reserves	3,000,000.00	
United States and other Foreign Currencies	16,012,894.92	
		$85,227,898.62
Notes of other Canadian Banks	2,087,242.18	
Cheques on other Banks	18,667,993.61	
Balances due by other Banks in Canada	2,232.25	
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada	58,645,357.92	
		79,402,825.96
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities (not exceeding market value)		89,448,844.13
Canadian Municipal Securities and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian (not exceeding market value)		26,750,444.41
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks (not exceeding market value)		9,748,496.47
Call and Short (not exceeding thirty days) Loans in Canada on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks and other Securities of a sufficient marketable value to cover		28,951,263.47
Call and Short (not exceeding thirty days) Loans elsewhere than in Canada on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks and other Securities of a sufficient marketable value to cover		30,400,142.54
		$355,929,915.53
Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less rebate of interest) after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts	$252,380,972.62	
Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less rebate of interest) after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts	104,167,441.69	
Non-Current Loans, estimated loss provided for	4,013,872.16	
		360,562,286.47
Bank Premises at not more than cost, less amounts written off		17,194,887.80
Real Estate other than Bank Premises		2,431,601.64
Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the Bank		870,947.73
Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit as per contra		20,092,951.71
Shares of and Loans to Controlled Companies		6,326,569.03
Deposit with the Minister for the purposes of the Circulation Fund		1,600,000.00
Other Assets not included in the foregoing		503,760.03
		$765,512,920.14

NOTE—The Royal Bank of Canada (France) has been incorporated under the laws of France to conduct the business of the Bank in Paris, and the assets and liabilities of The Royal Bank of Canada (France) are included in the above General Statement.

H. S. HOLT, President — M. W. WILSON, General Manager

AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS, THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA:

We have examined the above Statement of Liabilities and Assets at 30th November, 1932, with the books and accounts of The Royal Bank of Canada at Head Office and with the certified returns from the branches. We have verified the cash and securities at Head Office at the close of the Bank's fiscal year, and during the year we counted the cash and examined the securities at several of the important branches.

We have obtained all the information and explanations that we have required, and in our opinion the transactions of the Bank, which have come under our notice, have been within the powers of the Bank. The above statement is in our opinion properly drawn up so as to disclose the true condition of the Bank as at 30th November, 1932, and it is as shown by the books of the Bank.

A. B. BRODIE, C.A., of Price, Waterhouse & Co.
JAS. G. ROSS, C.A., of P. S. ROSS & SONS.
} Auditors.

Montreal, Canada, 28th December, 1932.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 30th November, 1931	$4,155,105.61	
Profits for the year ended 30th November, 1932	4,861,849.34	
		$9,016,954.95
APPROPRIATED AS FOLLOWS:		
Dividend No. 178 at 12% per annum	1,050,000.00	
Dividend No. 179 at 12% per annum	1,050,000.00	
Dividend No. 180 at 10% per annum	875,000.00	
Dividend No. 181 at 10% per annum	875,000.00	
	$3,850,000.00	
Contribution to Officers' Pension Fund	200,000.00	
Appropriation for Bank Premises	200,000.00	
Reserve for Dominion Government Taxes, including Tax on Bank Note Circulation	600,000.00	
Transferred to Investment Depreciation Reserve	3,000,000.00	
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward	1,166,954.95	
		$9,016,954.95

H. S. HOLT, President — M. W. WILSON, General Manager

Montreal, 28th December, 1932.

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