

action of the government against the little gang of pro-German syndicalists who have been upsetting the munitions works in Scotland.

In Ireland the people have at last decided to put down the subsidized crazy movement to divide the country. Tullamore is but one instance of the indignation of the mothers, wives and sisters of our heroic Irish soldiers over the odious attempt to undo their work for Ireland and for civilization. But for the protection of the police these pro-German elements would be driven out of every Irish town. Redmond in the meantime has given the coup de grace to the insidious attempt to create another pro-German movement by a campaign against Ireland, paying its share of the war taxes. John Dillon has added his great and popular force to the denunciation of this dishonest campaign and it is now practically dead and buried. Finally Ireland rejoices at the tribute paid to the bravery of the Irish troops at Gallipoli, which was delayed in the confusion that followed the disaster there.

The remarkable and abrupt incursion of Winston Churchill into the House of Commons will supply not merely the chronicles of today, but many years if not many generations to come, with one of the most extraordinary episodes of the war.

Winston Churchill always reminds me of what the great French writer, de Toccqueville, said of France. "France," said the Frenchman, "may sometimes charm you, sometimes repel you, but she will always interest you." Winston Churchill sometimes attracts, sometimes repels, but always interests his countrymen. He is the man of men who has the art of unexpectedness. You never know quite where you will find him next. Beginning life as an ardent, and almost ferocious Tory, he became in a few years an equally ardent and equally ferocious Liberal. He has managed to pack into his life as many varieties of experience as would fill the lives of three or even a dozen ordinary men. He has been a war correspondent, man of letters, politician, and as a soldier he has been in places as tight as the defense of an armored train in South Africa and the Lancashire charge at Omdurman, and by some strange charm he has come out of all these things scatheless. He is in many respects one of the most extraordinary combinations of apparently opposite qualities of any man who ever lived. I do not think his brilliancy as a writer has ever been appreciated at its proper value. He is a great lover of literature, like his father is an omnivorous reader, like his father again has an extraordinarily retentive memory. It is also a curious instance that the favorite author of both father and son is Gibbon. I made an allusion the other night when dining with him to something from Gibbon. He looked at me with a smile and said: "I remember that passage very well."

The man of letters is usually the very antithesis of the man of action, but this extraordinary young man who has so brilliant a pen, is above all things a man of action. He has the power, like all striking personalities, of inspiring equally violent affections and equally violent dislikes; and both feelings are inspired in him by some misapprehension as to the real man who stands behind the public reputation. Like so many famous men he has great moments of self doubt and shyness.

Once I found him in Mr. Redmond's room in the days of the agonizing struggle over Ulster. He sat alone in the small apartment with Mr. Redmond, Mr. Devlin and myself. Of course it was three to one, and that was a disadvantage; but such was my opinion of the abounding self-confidence of the young man that I had expected that he would have tried to argue and even to talk us all down. On the contrary I found him rather abashed, and he turned to me, and with his characteristic candor, said that it was only when in a small committee of men that he felt the least shyness, and that he felt shyness at that moment.

He is a creature of moods and nerves, very often overcast with hours of melancholy and of alarm about his health, for the little, slight frame which seems to be consumed with dynamic energy is not very strong; and I have heard it said of him as I have of Mr. Lloyd George, whose family history for health is not very good, that a good deal of the feverishness of his temper and existence is explained by the haunting idea that his life will not be prolonged. I think that the apprehension in the case of Winston Churchill is exaggerated, and in the case of Mr. Lloyd George does not any longer exist, now that he is safely past his fiftieth year. But still that background of a human being's life must always be taken into account when judging character and career; and it is my experience of men, that those who have such a background are always tempted to try to squeeze every bit of energy into every hour of their existence.

Since he went into the trenches Winston Churchill has been leading an abnormal life. He has to accompany his men to the trench across open ground, and every time he does this of course the stray bullet may catch him. The house in which he is billeted is, I am sure, quite familiar to the Germans, and nothing would please them—who regard him as one of their deadliest enemies—more than to finish his career. His quarters are therefore subjected, as every other building on the line of front, to shell fire by day and some-

times by night. He has seen men shattered to pieces by his side early in the morning as he was lighting his cigar. One of his attractive qualities is his perfect fearlessness; but such a life must be trying on the nerves, and when he returned to London, though there was not the smallest trace of personal apprehension or personal care, there was in his face a little of the tense look that comes to every man, however brave, when he is thus face to face with the prospect of death.

His own theory of life always has been that whether in Westminster or on the battlefield a man should always live for the hour quite reckless of what the next hour will bring; and when he went to the front he was not only conscious of this hourly peril, but also quite ready to meet it. At the same time he would be more than human if he did not feel that a personality so powerful as his should not go out in a millimetre of defeat. For of course he is still under the black cloud of the failure of Gallipoli, the initiative of which has been, by one circumstance and another, transferred entirely to his shoulders; and I rather think that he would be glad if a turn in political affairs might bring him back to the arena, where he certainly is much more useful than in standing up against the stray bullet and the shell.

His intervention in debate was one part of a big campaign that has been going on underground in London for some weeks. There are many persons who still have immense faith in Lord Fisher and who regret his departure from the Admiralty. Here again you come into one of those atmospheres of strong personal feeling which direct counsel in times like these. There is both in the Navy and in society a violently pro-Fisher and a violently anti-Fisher party, and while one section believes that Lord Fisher is the one man to give to naval construction the necessary impetus, there is another section that thinks the supersession of the existing Board of the Admiralty would create an immense amount of discontent in the Navy itself. I am able to pronounce my opinion upon these conflicting ideas, for, as the world now knows, the people who know least of what is going on behind the scenes are the members of Parliament. But Winston Churchill by adopting the side of Lord Fisher lent an immense impetus to the campaign in Lord Fisher's favour. Mr. Balfour was able, by his brilliant dialectical qualities, to crush Mr. Churchill for the moment, and there was nothing left for him but to go back to the trenches. However, the end is not yet, and we may see some strange developments before the whole story is told.

PORTUGAL THE UNQUIET

Probably the most interesting country that is today not at war with itself—but constantly at war with itself—and now on the verge of trouble beyond its borders—is Portugal. Revolution-ridden, graft-ridden, infidelity-ridden and godless, Portugal is a spectacle for angels and men. The last revolution in Portugal took place only a few months before we recently visited it—chiefly because of steamship arrangements. We had just one day to pass in Lisbon, but, instead of sight-seeing, we devoted ourselves to the better business of getting information. The last revolution was only for the purpose of changing a ministry. It succeeded because the navy has a firm grip upon the capital. The former revolution, which drove out the king, had been successful only because of the treason of the navy, which commanded the city from the river. The navy kept up its reputation for treason this time in exactly the same way. It bombarded its own capital city, landed marines, and, with the help of the lowest elements of the population, to whom guns were served out by a secret society, succeeded in changing a ministry. "Not much harm was done," said one man to me. "There were only about a thousand killed." What are a thousand lives in the ambitions of Doctor Afonso Costa? "When will you have another revolution?" I asked. My informant shrugged his shoulders and answered: "Who knows? Perhaps to-morrow, perhaps in ten minutes, perhaps it is breaking out now."

The condition of the Church in Portugal is sad in the extreme. Doctor Costa's arrangements contemplate stamping out the name of God in one generation—at least that is what he says he is going to do. But, strange to say, the oppressive laws, as they always do, have deepened the Faith of the people, and the Holy Father is now free to appoint his own bishops. Further domination over ecclesiastical appointments is therefore at an end. For this one little mercy, we may offer thanks. The condition of Portugal to day is a consequence not, however, of a republic, but of a monarchy—a monarchy which began to oppress the Church, do away with religious orders and religious instruction, and grasp ecclesiastical as well as civil power; a monarchy which became a curse later on through its inefficiency and, later still, through its very powerlessness. The King of Portugal was for years only a figure-head. He could change nothing; he could do nothing. He was a uniform stuffed with feathers, some of them sticking through the top of his hat. Constitutional government was a farce. Votes were not counted. One set of thieves drove another set of thieves

out of office. It could not last, because there was still another set of thieves lower down—the little merchants and the little professional men, who had to have their share. What would you? There was no other way of becoming rich in Portugal except by going into politics.

So the end has almost come. There is not any good left in government; therefore no civic virtue, no probity; no reason except in the hearts of those who dare not speak and those who have left the country. From one revolution Portugal will go to another; and when the present European war is over, and the nations have picked each other's bones a couple of the strongest of them will go and pick the bones of Portugal. After centuries of glory, the "navigating nation" that produced a Vasco da Gama and a Camoens, will hear from the caverns of the past, the saddest Misereere that was ever sung over a dead state.—Extension Magazine.

CHAPLAINS

MORE REQUIRED THAN ARE AVAILABLE

London, March 7, 1916.—The need of Catholic chaplains, exposed by the Irish bishops, is becoming a serious problem. Cardinal Bourne has received applications from eighteen Irish priests in Ireland itself to fill the twenty vacancies spoken of in the recent report of Father Murphy, C.F. But His Eminence has made it known that the war office is now calling for fifty more Catholic chaplains in addition to the twenty above mentioned. It is immaterial to the war office whether the need is met or not. They are offering facilities to Catholics, and if the latter do not avail themselves of them the authorities have not themselves to blame. Considering that Protestants are getting quite cross about the facilities they consider we enjoy in the appointment of chaplains and the exemption of ecclesiastical students from conscription, it would seem a pity if we fail to utilize them. But unfortunately the English do not supply many priests to the Church. For some time the dearth of students for the priesthood has been an anxiety to the bishops when the ordinary needs of the missions were alone in question; with this new need it is becoming serious. Many missions are understaffed already, and for this reason the bishops are more inclined to draw on the religious orders than to let the secular priests depart for the fighting line. For this reason also Ireland, which already supplies so many priests to the English mission, is looked upon as the place par excellence to secure chaplains. But there is a limit even to the ecclesiastical students of Ireland. Some well known London priests consider the time has come for the faithful in the big towns to sacrifice themselves somewhat for the men who are defending their hearths and homes. If they would be content with one or two Masses on a Sunday in place of a choice of four at the small churches and seven at the large churches, ranging in time from 6.30 a. m. to half an hour after midday, our soldiers would not be dying without the Sacraments at the front.

Father Murphy has now been commissioned by Cardinal Bourne and the Irish bishops to receive candidates' applications direct, but each must be accompanied by a letter from the priest's bishop recommending him, and giving the necessary permission for absence from the diocese. Monsignor Keating, a senior Catholic chaplain who has been several times mentioned in despatches, writes from France to endorse the need. He says if chaplains are needed in the English camps before departure they are still more needed on the French front. He points out that when the fifty now in question have been found the need will not be exhausted, but will grow more and more as time goes on, until the conclusion of this titanic struggle.—New World.

"A SIGN OF THE TIMES"

"The following is what one may consider a sign of the times from an unexpected quarter regarding the Protestant missionary propaganda in this part of India," writes Father Hood, E. F. M., of Madras. "I clipped the item from the Madras Times, a leading daily of the city and give it to you as it was published in that paper."

"Strange things are happening in the London Mission Churches in the city of Madras. This denomination started work in Madras about a century ago, and now for some reason or other the Society has practically closed its work."

"The Mission House of Pantheon Road has been sold and the missionaries have been transferred to other places. The Indian pastor has been superannuated, past against his will, and the congregations in George Town and Puthampalam are without an ordained pastor, or like sheep without a shepherd."

"The preachers for the Sunday service are obtained from other churches, and they preach contradictory doctrines, as they come from different churches. At Puthampalam, for the communion service once a month, an ordained minister from some other church is secured, but in the church on Davidson Street, this month, I learn that a catechist administered the communion. I

never heard of such a thing being done in any of the churches in Madras for the last twenty-five years. The Quakers and Plymouth Brethren do not require a minister for the communion service, but until now Congregationalists have always had a minister." — Sacred Heart Review.

PROHIBITION IN POETRY AND PROSE

A prohibition minstrel of excellent pith, Mr. Clinton N. Howard, touches the stars with his sublime head, singing a new "Battle Hymn of the Republic," called "Going Dry."

They're out of West Virginia and Virginia's won the day, Carolina's on the wagon, North and South, and dry to stay. Oregon and Washington, Idaho and Iowa. Our Country's Going Dry.

Arizona, Oklahoma, Arkansas and Kansas, too, Mississippi, North Dakota all have joined the temperance crew, New York is on the program and now it's up to you. Our Country's Going Dry.

There is a fine lyric fervor to this. The muse has not deteriorated since she signed the pledge. But how bleak Fate looks by the side of those ardent Fancies. Maine, the mother of prohibition, "went Dry" more than sixty years ago. The Maine Republicans held their State Convention in Portland recently. Out of a court-ous wish not to distract the attention of the delegates from their work, the Mayor closed the saloons. After two generations of Neal Dowism, Maine saloons are closed on great occasions, such as holidays and strikes, and a Republican Convention. The closing is incidental. The openness is normal.—N. Y. Times.

PAPAL BULLS AND THE NEWS BUSINESS

Two Papal Bulls have recently been brought to notice once again. They are, of course, products of the "Dark Ages," and offer splendid proof that the Papacy sought to destroy the timid ventures of newspaper enterprise in "those unpleasant days for journalists." The last person to make use of these Bulls was Mr. Charles R. Miller, of the New York Times. Recently, in an address delivered in the Park Avenue Methodist Church, he expounded their import in a way that was deemed worthy of "featuring" by the American Press. "A Weekly Journal for Newspaper Men." Since we may expect to hear of these documents again, it may be well to give them a careful consideration. Mr. Miller thus informed his audience:

"Volumes of news letters have come down to us showing that letter writing continued through the Middle Ages. The Church and the State both attempted to wipe out the custom. In April 1572, Pope Pius V. issued a Bull against the letters. This was a few months before the massacre on St. Bartholomew's day. His successor issued another Bull against them in September, 1572, a few weeks after the massacre, directing that writers should be condemned to the galleys. That was an unpleasant age in which to be engaged in the newspaper business."

It is hardly to be presumed that busy editors of metropolitan papers can find the time either to read or digest the contents of the "Bullarium Romanum," but it is too bad that kind friends are not at hand to warn them of the danger of repeating reckless statements about the Papacy in general or Papal Bulls in particular. Had Mr. Miller such a friend he would never have delivered his speech as it stands. His statements, carelessly made and as carelessly reprinted in the American Press, are but another instance of that popular state of mind which takes for granted the correctness of anything drowsy and benighted that is said against Rome.

The Bulls in question are found in the fourth tome of the Bullarium, part III, pages 196 and 234, respectively. The first of these documents was issued by Pope Pius V. and is dated March 17, 1572. It is directed, as the document itself tells us, "against those writing, dictating, retaining, transmitting and not destroying news letters and letters called d'avis, which either contain statements that would injure any one's good name, or make public future transactions and matters pertaining to the government of the Ecclesiastical State, which require secrecy."

There is consequently no general condemnation of news letters, as Mr. Miller has been led to believe, but the suppression, in the first place, of malicious and defamatory publications which would destroy the good name of reputable citizens. The Papal Decree thus bears eloquent testimony to the wise and truly Christian concern of the Holy See for even the least of its subjects. In the second place, the document forbids what no efficient modern government would tolerate: the distortion and premature publication of State business which of its very nature required private consideration before it could be made known.

In this the Pope, not only acted wisely, but his action has the sanction of the present usage of governments in time of stress and danger. The calumnies of jingo papers are not to be preferred to the nation's welfare. A mere glance at

the Bull makes clear the Pontiff's whole contention. He is found complaining that these malicious letters insult both public officials and private individuals and injure their reputation. Moreover, he rightly judges that the rash announcement of the unfounded reports, about important steps to be taken, "results in hatred, enmities, seditions, quarrels, and in a multitude of murders." In order, therefore, to prevent such evils from befalling the country in the future he forbids, as in duty bound, that any one should "write, dictate, copy, multiply or retain news letters and letters of prognostication, commonly called letters d'avis, containing insults, injury or harm to any one's reputation and honor," and in which, moreover, as above described, the private deliberations and intended actions of the State are prematurely exposed and usually wrongly and dangerously interpreted, thus making the State more difficult to govern and imperiling the welfare of the commonwealth.

A careful study of this Bull in the light of the conditions called forth by the world-war cannot fail to evoke admiration for the prudence and the charity of the Holy See. The Papacy can well stand in the searchlight of the world, but unfortunately this light is rarely turned upon the real Papacy. As in the present instance it is usually directed to a caricature. However, a better day is dawning.

The Bull of Pope Gregory XIII., dated September 1, 1572, is of the same tenor as the one just examined. The Pontiff complains that there is in Rome a group of men "who set forth, receive and spread, without any discrimination, truths and falsehoods, things that happen at home and abroad or never happened at all. They have made an art of this, as it would seem. Many of them, urged by the greed of lucre, send hither and thither short anonymous commentaries upon these matters, based mostly upon false rumors. Sometimes they first send these papers to different places outside the city, and then, when they are brought back, they carry them about and sell them. They not only trifle at pleasure with actual facts, but brazenly prophesy the consequences that are to follow from this or that event." As a result of such mercenary dishonesty and disregard for truth, "the good name and reputation of many suffer harm."

To safeguard the rights of honorable citizens against this criminal and venal band of harpies, we regardless of truth, neither respected themselves nor others, but were intent on scattering the seeds of discord, the Pontiff directs "that no one hereafter shall compose such commentaries, or accept them when already written, or copy or spread them, or presume to send them to others." A sanction then follows, none too severe for men whose business is fraud and calumny, the ruin of the innocent and the creation of civil discord.

In neither of these two Bulls is there the slightest question of forbidding any legitimate news business. Undoubtedly papers are tolerated today which answer to the description of those condemned by the Holy See in the sixteenth century. But no sane and honest man will claim that we can boast of this as a sign of progress. To such sheets we must attribute, as the Pontiffs did in their day, the mercenary campaigns of slander and calumny, the propaganda of sedition and murder, the deeds of arson, poisoning, wreckage and violence of every description that now amaze, disgust, and horrify all good men.—Joseph Husslein, S. J., in America.

DEATH OF FATHER RICHARDSON

Death came with painful suddenness to the Rev. Father Richardson, P. P. of Weston, in St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, on the 29th ult. He was only ill two weeks when the end came. About the middle of March he was seized with a severe cold which became so serious that he collapsed in his pulpit the Sunday previous to his removal to the hospital. Although the disease progressed with startling malignity he fought against it with a gallantry that was almost pathetic. It was only near the last when pneumonia set in that his determination to get up and around lessened, and the courage of his heart subsided. Once aware that his condition was critical he lost no time in equipping himself for death by preparing for and devoutly receiving the Last Sacraments. It was his consolation and supreme happiness to receive the full rites of the Church before the end.

The late Father Richardson was born in Niagara-on-the-Lake, 1873. His school and college days were spent in Toronto. He received his classical education from the Very Rev. Mgr. Cruise. In 1893 he sailed for Italy and entered the same year the Collegio Brignole Fale Negroni, Genoa. Here he made his course in philosophy and theology under such brilliant professors as Rossi and Traverso.

Returning to Canada in 1898 he spent the first four years of his priesthood as a curate of St. Helen's parish. From here he was promoted to the parish of Uxbridge with the missions of Markham and Port Perry where he labored as pastor for twelve years. During his pastorate he beautified and enlarged the church in Uxbridge and renovated the

exterior of the presbytery. In 1913 he was transferred by His Grace Archbishop McNeil to Dixie and latterly to Weston where he came to his death with all the tragic incidents of the ship foundering in mid-ocean.

Father Richardson was a man of pronounced individuality. Though remote and silent his character was none the less straight and strong. While his presence seemed timid and his manner receding, he could be bold and assertive whenever Catholic principles were attacked or the doctrines of the Church challenged. In theology his opinions were as unyielding as cast-iron. He could never see the necessity for revising the breviary or re-writing the Lives of the Saints. He loved the stern discipline of the Ancient Church. He glorified the late Pius X. because he recognized in his defiant answer of "no surrender" to the French Government, the accents of Hildebrande. He also despised public opinion as a rule of conduct and held to the last that it was the office of the Church to dis-infect it of its harmful excesses. He also held in contempt the policy of expediency and opportunism. He considered both the art of weaklings and altogether unworthy of a place in the science of Church Government.

Though lean of stature and with few physical assets Father Richardson used his eighteen years of priestly life as one continuous working day in the service of the Church. He moreover carried the first fervor of his priesthood through all the drudgery and changing fortunes of parochial administration. There is little doubt that a sombre atmosphere overhung many of those years, but the voice of faith and the call of duty triumphed over all the disadvantages of the lone mission. His was a full life, replete with the deeds that count for much in the day of the final reckoning. His early demise will be noticed and regretted by the priests of the Diocese and the hundreds of laity who loved him as father and counsellor.

The funeral was held in St. Michael's Cathedral, Saturday morning. There were present His Grace Archbishop McNeil, Mgr. Kidd and Mgr. Whelan with most of the city clergy. M. C.

WHAT THE DOCTOR CALLS IT

HE HAS A HIGH-SOUNDING NAME FOR AN AILMENT THAT IS VERY COMMON

Very few people are conscious of the fact that they are daily "poisoning" themselves. They do not use alcoholic stimulants; they do not eat greasy meats nor foods that may be suspected of being unwholesome or indigestible.

How can a person poison himself with such dietetic habits as these? The person who eats ridiculous, indigestible culinary concoctions must expect to be poisoned, but how can a person who eats only wholesome, digestible foods poison himself? It is all very easy and simple. Most self-poisoning comes from over-eating, and from defective elimination. The daily intake of food is too much for the system to handle, and instead of being completely digested the food lies in the stomach or intestines and ferments, producing poisons that are taken up by the blood stream and carried to all parts of the body. The Doctor calls it "auto-intoxication," which means self-poisoning.

In such cases all sorts of cathartics and laxatives are resorted to, the most of them being injurious. The best remedy is a simple, natural food like shredded wheat biscuit, which not only supplies all the nutriment the body needs, but has the property of promoting peristalsis (bowel exercise), which keeps the alimentary tract clean and healthy. While building healthy tissue it brings about perfect elimination, which is the secret of good health.

Shredded wheat has in it all the body-building material in the whole wheat grain prepared in a digestible

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form. In the shredding process the bran-coat is retained and this has the valuable property of stimulating bowel exercise. Being ready-cooked and ready-to-serve, it is so easy to prepare a meal with shredded wheat without any kitchen work or culinary skill. Eaten with hot milk or cream, or in combination with fruits, two of these biscuits will make a complete, perfect meal, supplying all the strength-giving nutriment that is needed for a half day's work and securing perfect elimination that is so necessary to the healthy condition of the human body.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Dec. 11, 1915.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: It may be a little surprise to you to learn that it takes \$100 a week to keep my mission going. I am glad when I see that amount contributed in the RECORD, but when it is less I am sad to see my little reserve sum diminished and the catastrophe arriving when I must close my chapels, discharge my catechists and reduce my expenses to the few dollars coming in weekly. I beseech you to make one more supreme effort during 1916 to keep this mission on its feet. You will be surprised to learn what a great deal I am doing with \$100 a week—keeping myself and curate, 30 catechists, 7 chapels, and free schools, 3 churches in different cities with caretakers, supporting two big catechumenates of men, women and children during their preparation for baptism and building a church every year. Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary. J. M. FRASER.

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IF THEY ONLY KNEW

"If people only knew the Catholic Church as it is, they would love it," says the Catholic Columbian. "But erroneous ideas about it not only keep them away from it but prevent them from giving it a fair hearing. They think of it as a dark, secretive, corrupt, superstitious, degrading, domineering organization. Belong to it? Why, they would not hear of such a thing. But, O dear Christ, if they only knew it, its beauty, its truth, its grace, its sweetness, its motherly tenderness, its love for sanctity, its desire to be of use to them, they would knock at its door persistently and they would not stop until they had been admitted."

Crosses are sure to come. We can not avoid or escape them. The thing to do is to pray for strength to bear them in a Christ-like manner, bravely to the end.

When you feel that your efforts for good are of little avail, think this: I am only one, but I am one. I can not do everything, but I can do something! What I can do, I ought to do, and by the grace of God I will do it!



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