

man who is only half awake. There was, too, less evidence of that stunned look which I noticed in the first visit. People went through the streets with their usual look; they seemed to be attentive to their particular business and to be quite intent on it, to the absence of all thoughts of the horrors of the distant battlefield. I went to several places of public resort. In the Rue Royale there is a well-known and rather luxurious restaurant known as La Roca. It was quite full, and the diners served had none of the asceticism of war time. Many of the guests were men in khaki; some our own men, some Frenchmen. But except that there was no music from the old Hungarian band, which once made the place noisy, things seemed to go on just as usual. There was champagne on several tables, the bread was as abundant and tasty as it has been in peace time. In short, there was no suggestion whatever of the war having touched the food supply of Paris. Bread tickets, such as they have in Vienna and Berlin, would have appeared as much a portent as a trench or a 75 in the midst of the luxurious room. Similarly the cinemas were going at full strength.

It is a symptom of that spirit of self confidence which I found to be universal. There may be cracks in France; there may be pacifists; I haven't met one; they must be outside all the many classes which I met. Everywhere I found the determination to go on to a decisive victory, and everywhere the certainty that that victory was sure to come. It is well to dwell for a moment on that point, because Germany has once more been throwing out feelers for peace. In the words of Herr Bethmann Hollweg, the German Chancellor, peace would come tomorrow if the Allies were only free to act as they think best: it is wicked, obstinate England which stands in the way. One may accept the statement, though false, as a compliment, for after all it does prove that the Germans already realize how grossly they miscalculated the British nation. As some Swiss writer has said, the Germans wanted a war and were determined to have it, else why did they resist the appeal of all Europe, including Austria, to prevent it? But while the Germans wanted war, they did not want this war. They wanted a war with the British excluded. They expected we should exclude ourselves, for they had formed an image of our national character and of our national resources which was in stupid contradiction with very palpable facts. To the German mind, England was a nation of slackers, of decadents; not too proud, but too obese and comfortable and cowardly to fight. And she ever did contemplate fighting had none of the resources requisite. She had a little army which Bismarck described as fit only to be arrested by German police, or an army which the Kaiser thought to be "contemptible." The German police did not attempt to arrest the English army, and the "contemptible" army, apart from its deeds of incomparable valor, has by day grown to be one of the greatest armies in the world. And we accept the compliment of the German Chancellor as a realization that this nation, though slow to go into a quarrel, is just as slow to get out of it until it has avenged its honor and secured its safety. If the history of British armies before anything, it is that the bulldog tenacity of the British race has never yet been exhausted by disaster, by time, by threat, by cajolery.

But the compliment, if it is to be, that English tenacity alone stands in the way of peace, is not deserved. For in my opinion England neither more nor less determined to go right on till she has won than any single one of the nations which are fighting with her. France is just as resolute as the most resolute Englishman. It is not a resoluteness which expresses itself in hot words—still less in Hymns of Hate; but it is there all the same. France realizes first that this is the last chance of retaining her position as a first rate power. If Germany had won this war, then probably there would have been further mutilation of her territory, more millions of people—like the Alsatians or Lorrainers—with French hearts grieved every hour of daily existence by compulsory obedience to brutal German masters. That would not have been the end of it. For nearly half a century France has been kept in turmoil and in apprehension and often in humiliating silence a temper kept down with difficulty. For during the half century since Germany's crushing victories of 1870-1 there has not been a year in which Germany did not rattle its insolent sabre and threaten France once more with the tramp of German legions on her soil.

But these facts do not account alone for the steady determination which I found everywhere in France. I have said before that France meets death with a laugh, and the statement is correct; but I should add a qualification. On the French front there are many French soldiers and officers who come from the districts of France which are still in the occupation of the enemy and have been in their occupation for months. Through the hardships and even stories have been able to trickle to those gallant men of what Germany has been doing in those portions of France which are still under her heel. I dare not repeat some of these stories; my readers have been made painfully familiar with them in the many pages in which the atroci-

ties of Germany have been set forth. And these stories have given to this war a feature which was absent from previous wars in modern times. It is not merely a war to vindicate the integrity of the nation, but to avenge the wrongs of the individual. It is these acts of human and bestial baseness which have served the arms of the French soldier as much as the great issues at stake. Hence I have been told that you see on the faces of the French soldier in the trenches—when they forget to be cheerful and to laugh—a look of set determination that is affrighting. The Germans have called the Devil from the depths, but they have also aroused the Devil in every nation that is at war with them. Indeed it has come to this; that while you may hear a gallant fellow who has returned from the horrors and the disasters of Gallipoli speak with something like friendship of the soldier of Turkey, you hear from no lips of any soldier of the Allies anything but hatred and contempt for the German.

In the hotel at which I stopped in Paris there were two singularly handsome young fellows, almost boys. At first I was surprised to see young faces in the streets from which all young faces have disappeared. I soon discovered the reason. One of them had lost an arm, the other had lost a leg, and they were just striplings scarcely yet grown to manhood. But they were also cheerful; did their work alertly and willingly—the one as a porter outside, the other as a life man. Their bright eyes sparkling with youth, their rosy cheeks, everything spoke of life's strong young sap; and there they were, maimed at life's opening years.

I turn for a final impression of the present mood of France to one or two words about her politicians. I had the honour of an interview with M. Briand, the present Prime Minister. Here is one of the most remarkable political careers of our generation—more remarkable than that of Mr. Lloyd George. M. Briand began life in poverty deeper than even the modest surroundings of Mr. Lloyd George's youth; and yet he has been twice already Prime Minister of France. He is now chosen as Prime Minister in France's most perilous hour, and he is still under fifty. And the face looks even younger than his years. A mass of black hair rises from the head into the big curl that disappears from the heads of most men in the fierce anxieties of public life before many years. The cheeks have still the healthy red of youth, the whole expression of the face is one of youth, beaming, quizzical even; in spite of the aquiline nose and the strong mouth, you think more of him as a quartermaster than of a great dynamic force.

I was accompanied to the interview by M. Henry Franklin Bouillon, one of the most notable figures in the life of France to day. M. Franklin Bouillon, as his name implies, is half English, half French in his origin. I have seen energy so embodied in a single man. He works sixteen hours a day. He is not for the fact that he has no love for society and goes home every night and dines off a bowl of milk, he would have been in his grave long ago. I take him as one of the best tests of French opinion to day; for he has always been a strong Radical; always hoped that Germany, by an exhibition of good sense in neutralizing Alsace Lorraine would enable France to avoid a war—and especially a war which meant the death of ten million men. But Germany's brutal aggression convinced him that the one way to deal with Germany was to beat her, and today—like so many other friends of peace—including myself—he is one of the fiercest in the determination that this war must be fought out till German militarism has come to an end and until the integrity of France is restored.

Herr Bethmann Hollweg is wrong in saying that England stands alone in the way of peace. Every country that is fighting Germany today has the same iron resolve. When peace comes, it must be a real peace, and a real peace can only come when German people have excoriated from their skulls these seven devils that have made a carnage ground of all Europe.

THE ANGLICAN CATHOLIC

The man who wants to be a Catholic without joining the Catholic Church is having a hard time of it just now in the Anglican body. The incongruity of his position is enforcing itself upon him. It is beyond comprehension how any man of conscience can justify the position of making the performance of duty conditional upon the conduct of another or of others. It would be morally as proper for a man with false civic pride or mistaken patriotism to say that he would await the complete reform of his city or country before he would begin to keep the Ten Commandments, as for the Anglican to justify his awaiting the conversion of his brethren of a large part of them before he begins the personal call of Christ to be one with Him through His Living Church.

The unreasonableness of the attitude of the so-called Anglican Catholic is apparent to every one except to those who have an evident desire for some sort of "conscience muffler." No one outside of the Anglican body believes in Anglican claims. The Outlook of December 29, voices the

sentiments of the man of normal mind and the impartial observer of passing events, in the following: "If The Outlook were a Roman Catholic newspaper, it would be inclined to look with a little amusement upon the claim of the High Church Episcopal clergymen to be regarded as true Catholics. We should be tempted to say to them: 'If you want to be reconciled with the Church of Rome, the process is a very simple and easy one. All you have to do is to walk into the door which the Church of Rome is always holding open for you.' But we should add: 'If you do enter that door, remember there can be no more splitting of hairs about the word Catholic. The only true Catholic Church is the Roman Catholic Church.'"

The Outlook is right in all this, but it goes on to show that it does not appreciate the fact that Catholics feel much sympathy for the Anglican in spite of the absurdity of his religious position. No matter how untenable his position and how worthless the counterfeits he loves, the Anglican has a place in our hearts which he is right in thinking an especially warm spot. He loves the name Catholic, even if he does not comprehend the essentials of the thing Catholic. He has many points of view that are Catholic and we are made akin in some sense by some common ideals. We appreciate the fine qualities of mind and heart which make the Anglican shrink from wounding old Mother Church at Panama or anywhere else. We must confess that The Outlook towards Anglicans, much as we admire its discernment and sanity in discussing the Anglican position.—The Missionary.

LOYOLA OLD BOYS

NEARLY ONE HUNDRED HAVE JOINED COLORS

ONE FELL IN ACTION—FOUR WERE WOUNDED
The Gazette, Montreal

It is estimated that nearly one hundred old boys of Loyola College are taking part in the present conflict in Europe. Many are at present in the trenches, one at least has been killed in action and others have been wounded. Many are at present in Montreal awaiting the time when they will be sent forward. La. Col. Henry Tribble, officer commanding the 199th Irish Canadian Rangers, is one of the school's old boys. Loyola, the well known classical college on Drummond street conducted by the English Jesuit Fathers, is less than twenty years old, and while their honor list is only nearing the century mark, it is anticipated that it will be increased in the future. It is admitted that the lists are necessarily incomplete, but wherever possible effort has been made to verify the details concerning the individuals. Further names and details will be welcomed by the rector, Rev. T. J. MacMahon, S. J.

The list of old boys follows:
Armstrong, Thaddeus, 4th Battalion sergeant.
Babin, Harold, 5th Univ. Corps.
Baues, Jules, Sanitary Sec., C. A. M. C.
Beck, Austin.
Beck, Cyril.
Beique, Victor, Lieut., 85th.
Bonnard, Daniel, French Army.
Boyes, George, Major, No. 1 Field Ambul., C. A. M. C.
Boyer, Gay, Major, 22nd.
Battler, Herbert, 2nd Univ. Corps.
Carpenter, Cecil.
Casgrain, Umberto, Capt., No. 3 Stationary Hosp., C. A. M. C.
Chevalier, Armand, Capt., 22nd.
Chevalier, Philippine, now Capt., 163rd (wounded).
Chevalier, Pierre, Lieut., 22nd.
Coggels, Hubert, Belgian Army.
Conway, James.
Cooke, Benedict, Composite Batt.
Cooke, Vincent, 1st Brig., C. F. A.
Davis, Harry, Capt., Artillery.
De Varennes, Henri.
De Zouches, Frederick, C. 150th Mech. Transport Co., A. S. C. (wounded).
Doherty, Clarence.
Donnelly, Ernest, Lieut., 148th.
Donohue, James.
Doran, John, 82nd.
Fawcett, Rev. Charles, Chaplain, Finch, Gerald.
Fletcher, Adrian, Can. Pay Corps (formerly 29th).
Farling, Gerald, Capt., 24th.
Griffith, Gerald, C. A. M. C.
Grimes, Ernest, 2nd Reserve Park, C. A. S. C.
Hanna, Roy, Composite Batt.
Hennessy, Richard, 3rd Overseas Siege Artillery.
Hingston, Donald, Capt., C. A. M. C.
Hingston, Harold, Capt., 60th.
Howe, John, Lieut., 14th.
Hudson, Stanton, 87th.
Hughes, Stanley, 3rd Overseas Siege Artillery.
Jenkins, John, Capt., 24th.
Kelly, Harry, 35th.
Kilbrann, Rev. James, Chaplain, (captain).
Lafontaine, Jean, Lieut., 163rd.
Le Bonhillier, Leo, 24th.
Lynch, Leo, No. 5 Co., Div. Amm. Column, C. A. S. C.
Macdonald, Alain de L., Corp., 24th, Machine Gun Section, (wounded).
Macdonald, Fraser, Lieut., 77th.
Macdonald, Hubert, 77th.
Magann, Alan, R. M. C., Kingston.
Magann, George, Lieut., Div. Amm. Col.
MacDonald, Dawson, Lieut., 199th, 5th Can. Rangers.
McGee, Francis.
McGovern, Arthur L., Capt., 28th.
McGuire, Francis, Sergt.

McKenna, Adrian, Corp., 24th (killed in action).
McKenna, Ernest, Lieut., 60th.
Merrill, Geoffrey, Artillery.
Miller, Louis, 27th.
Morgan, William, 69th.
Murphy, Neil, Lieut., 199th Irish Can. Rangers.
O'Brien, William, Major, 199th Irish Can. Rangers.
O'Gallagher, Dermott, Lieut., 38rd.
O'Gorman, Gerald.
O'Leary, Henry, Lieut.
Owens, Sargent T., Lieut., 73rd.
Padet, Henri de L., Lieut., 160th Co., R. Engineers, British Army.
Perdoux, Horace, Lieut., 163rd.
Phelan, Arthur.
Power, Charles G., Lieut., 3rd (wounded).
Power, Joseph, Lieut., 2nd Batt. Power, Rockett.
Rainboth, Ernest, 77th.
Rainville, Gustavus, Lieut., No. 6 Co., Div. Amm. Train, C. A. S. C.
Redmond, Rene, Lieut., 60th.
Ryan, Raymond, Lieut., Borden's, Armored Battery.
Scott, Walter, 42nd.
Shortall, Leo, 1st Newfoundland Batt.
Sullivan, Arthur, Lieut., 79th.
Tribble, Henry, Lt.-Col., O. C. 199th Irish Can. Rangers.
Tureneau, Asmar Ozine, Reserve Brigade, C. F. A.
Vanier, George P., Capt., 22nd.
Waleh, John P., Capt., No. 2 Hosp., C. A. M. C.
Waleh, G. Victor, Lieut., 24th.
Watt, Roderick, Lieut., Div. Amm. Col.
Wickham, John C., Capt., No. 3 Gen. Hosp., C. A. M. C.
Wilkie, John.
Wilson, Lawrence, 105th Brigade, R. F. A., British Army.

BISHOP MATHEW'S

"ACT OF SUBMISSION"

We are both glad and thankful to publish, says The Lamp, the following "Act of Submission to His Holiness Pope Benedict XV.," a copy of which has been sent us by the Right Rev. old H. Mathew, about whom more or less has been printed in our columns from time to time. Very early in the history of The Lamp, when we were Anglicans and he a Catholic, the Earl of Landaff addressed to us an exhortation on the sin of schism. Several years later, having gotten into communication with the Jansenist Archbishop of Utrecht, Holland, he offered to secure an old Catholic mitre for the Editor of The Lamp, and the Rev. Spenner, master of England and the Holy See, if we would join with him in the foundation of an Anglo-United Church, whose orders would be recognized by Rome, and which in time could petition the Holy See for corporate terms of submission. We rejected the proposition without parley, but earnestly sought to dissuade him from perils and unjustifiable schemes, but in vain, as the sequel showed. Now we rejoice that Bishop Mathew realizes the sorry mistake and has had the grace to make the following "Act of Submission." We devoutly pray that the others upon whom he has conferred the orders he received from the schismatic Bishop of Utrecht will follow his example.

"Having spent two months, beginning from 18th October, 1915, in almost uninterrupted solitude and retreat, in order that I might devote much prayer and study to a careful reconsideration of the position I was induced in 1907, to adopt, in relation to a movement which appeared likely to help forward the return of our nation to the faith of our forefathers, it behooves me to inform my friends of the result of this period of serious contemplation. I have become, more than ever, and now absolutely and irrevocably, convinced that an attitude, such as we have advocated, of interior union with the Primacy of Christendom, unaccompanied by exterior submission, together with His Holiness' recognition must prove to be futile and fail in the achievement of its object. The Primacy of the Roman Pontiff as the successor of St. Peter and inheritor of his prerogatives, was clearly and fully acknowledged by all the early as well as by the later Ecumenical Councils. The first seven of these are accepted by the Eastern Orthodox Church, which is, therefore, bound to return to union with Rome, and will do so sooner or later.

"Once the spiritual Primacy is grasped as an integral point of faith which cannot be rejected without hereby, the other attributes of the Holy See, its Supremacy and its Inerrancy in the teaching and guidance of Christendom, must logically follow, and be accepted without hesitation or doubt.

"The Primacy, let it be remembered, is a matter of faith and not of negotiation. I regretfully acknowledge that I fell into the error of attaching secondary instead of primary importance to the Papal Primacy. I now realize its fundamental importance. When a man perceives clearly that he has blundered, or been misled, it is his obvious duty, at no matter what sacrifice, to acknowledge the fact. This I am now doing by offering my contrition, with humble, unconditional, and entire submission to His Holiness Pope Benedict XV.

"The kind and fervent prayers of all who read this communication are requested, that in all things the Divine and Holy Will of Almighty God may be accomplished.

"I beg the Divine Blessing upon all those who hitherto accepted my ministrations and I exhort them to consider carefully the reasons which should compel all devout Christians to seek for union with the Visible Head of the Visible Church."

ARNOLD H. MATHEW.
Kingsdown, N. Deal, Dec. 31, 1915.

PASSED TO HIS REWARD

REV. FATHER PALLIER, OTTAWA HAD LABORED LONG AND ARDUOUSLY IN THE VINEYARD

Ottawa, Feb. 8.—By the death of Rev. Father Pallier, former pastor of St. Joseph's Church here, and one of the best known members of the Oblate Order in Ottawa, there passed away a pioneer priest of this community and one of the most saintly and beloved clergymen that ever labored in this city. He had been a resident of the capital for forty years. He was parish priest of St. Joseph's for twenty-six years and was the idol of his parishioners during that time. After a short illness with pneumonia he died last week at the Water Street Hospital. The remains were transferred from the hospital to the Sacred Heart Church and a requiem Mass sung there Thursday, when many friends of the beloved priest were present. Thursday afternoon the casket was taken to St. Joseph's Church where it remained during the night and the funeral Mass was chanted Friday morning before a large congregation of the deceased priest's former parishioners.

Rev. Father Pallier was born in France and came to Ottawa in 1842. Later he moved to the United States and lived there for a time and was in that country when the civil war broke out, serving as chaplain in the American army. Returning to Ottawa after the war he became a member of the staff of Ottawa University, with which institution he was connected for over fifty years, having been rector for some months in 1886. By his wisdom, Christian piety, gentleness, great patience and kindness, he endeared himself to all who knew him and won the love of all with whom he came in contact. He possessed a deep, loving nature and a tenderness of heart and charity of mind that sympathized with all human weaknesses. Self-denial and consideration for others were his leading characteristics and his spiritual guidance was acknowledged perhaps by more Catholics in this city and district than that of any other priest ever living in Ottawa. He was a man of the simplest manners and the most fatherly, approachable nature. By example and precept he pointed the way to the higher Christian life and unquestionably his saintliness and profound human sympathy were most uplifting to the thousands to whom he ministered during his long career in this city as an earnest worker in the vineyard of the Lord. His memory will be long and reverently cherished by all who had the pleasure of knowing this saintly and able priest, whose life and example stimulated so many to higher ideals of piety, charity and good works."

—Union Globe.

"HOME WITH MOTHER"

The human derelict who, near Vancouver, ended his drifting career when a freight train overtook him on the track, confided to the trainman a strong desire to be "home with mother." Before he could finish any specifications of home or mother his spirit fled and left the tattered bundle that had been a man, found it difficult to realize that it ever had a home or mother. Yet, somewhere in the depths of this man's memory through the callous exterior marked by hard living and unceasing strife with the world, had come the flash of home and mother at the crucial moment when he was face to face with death; it was then that his mind reverted to the sunny days of childhood, when all the world was fair to him in the mother's sheltering arms.

Home and mother! Words of magic, conjuring up the memory of all the good, the steadfast, the true and the sure things of life! Within the crushed body of the man the human derelict flashed back in the hour of stress to the healer of his infant wounds, the comforter who soothed his childish troubles and rocked him into forgetfulness. Too little this man had reckoned of home and mother in his boyhood days. The world was bright to youth, and pleasure smiled and beckoned him away from his anchorage. Forgetful of the better things, he drifted from the safe haven of his childhood and finally, bruised, bent and cast off by the world, he at last remembered the golden days he had once enjoyed at home with mother.

In the hurry and strife and bitterness of the struggle with the things on earth it is only with advancing age that the mind of man begins to revert insistently to long dormant memories of the childhood days. There comes a time when the life struggle palls, the blood begins to cool and run less urgently, and the tired body seeks in vain for rest at home with mother. There comes a time, when the rough and inhospitable

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journey of life draws near to the close, when the tired limbs begin to falter, that memory's flash reflects the hope of peaceful rest like childhood knew at home with mother.—Catholic Columbian.

BENSON A PENANCE

"Robert Hugh Benson first crossed my path as a weekly penance," says Miss Catherine Parr, in "An Appreciation—Robert Hugh Benson." The Rev. Reginald H. Buckler, O. P., when living at Haverstock Hill, England, had the pious practice of assigning to his penitents the weekly recitation of three "Our Fathers and three Hail Marys," to be said for Anglican clergymen whom he hoped to draw into the Church. He imposed on Miss Parr the penance of praying for Mr. Benson. "The prayers were fruitful," Father Benson himself bears witness in his "Confessions of a Convert," in which he says that Father Reginald was the priest "whose hand unlocked for me the gate of the city of God and led me in." The holy Dominicans reared his spiritual children at first on the Penny Catechism, and for three afterwards he walked and talked with the young Anglican clergyman, instructing him on the points of the Catechism which Hugh Benson had studied in his spare time. The instructor, a sound theologian himself, knew of no better way of receiving the kingdom of God than as a little child receives it. He preached, and practiced, simplicity and humility. The son of the Archbishop of Canterbury was no exception to the rule. Father Benson tells, in his book, of the Penny Catechism, and the Little Acts which he made kneeling at Father Reginald's feet, at the time of his first confession.—New World.

THE TONGUE

Keep it from unkindness. Words are sometimes wounds. Not very deep wounds, always, and yet they irritate. Speech is unkind sometimes when there is no unkindness in the heart; so much the worse that unintentionally pain is caused.

Keep it from falsehood. It is so easy to give a false coloring, to so make a statement that it may convey a meaning different from the truth, while yet there is an appearance of truth, that we need to be on our guard. There are many who would shrink from telling a lie who yet suffer themselves to make such inaccurate or exaggerated or one-sided statements that they really come under the condemnation of

those whose "lying lips are an abomination to the Lord."

Keep it from slander. The good reputation of others should be dear to us. Sin should not be suffered to go unrebuked. And it should be borne in mind that what is often considered as merely harmless gossip runs dangerously near, if it does not pass, the confines of slander. A reputation is too sacred to be made a plaything of even if the intent be not malicious.—Catholic Universe.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Tai-chowfu, 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 run 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, 8 churches in different cities with catechists, supporting two big catechumens 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.
Previously acknowledged... \$6,796 50
A. C. M. 5 00
J. M. D., Guelph..... 5 00
A. J. McDougal, Judique... 60
Walter Casey, Holmesville. 2 00
Mrs. D. Bonang Yarmouth. 50
In memory of our dead friends 1 00
Mrs. Stanton, Pakenham (St. Anthony's Brend)..... 5 00
J. H. Mulhollin, Montreal. 2 00

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