

circles on the question of "fundamentals."

By the death of Mr. John M. Ferguson, K. C., the Church in Ontario loses a devoted son, and the Bar one of its most promising members. Mr. Ferguson never sought political or social prominence, but stuck close to his profession and had already, at the early age of forty, made for himself an enviable reputation in legal circles. By those who should know he was considered one of the best counsel in the Province, and would undoubtedly, said Mr. Justice Lennox, have occupied a seat on the bench had he been spared. The tribute paid to Mr. Ferguson in court by this learned judge was such as any lawyer might have envied. "He was conspicuously a man who was a credit and a distinguished credit to the profession, straightforward, candid, an excellent character, always true to his clients and also an assistance to the judge who presided before him. He was an outstanding example to the young men rising in the profession." And when it is considered that the deceased was as good a Catholic as he was a lawyer, the extent of his loss to the community may be estimated. R. I. P.

### BOY LIFE

"Talks to Boys" By Rev. J. P. Conroy, S. J.  
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#### ON A PRIEST'S VOCATION

I wish to say something in this talk about vocation, and vocation to the priesthood. And I am not going to take the standpoint of exhorting or persuading you to the priesthood—though I certainly do think that every boy who ever plans a great and useful future for himself should look long and seriously at this career—but I am going to explain simply just what a priest's vocation means, just what kind of life a priest leads.

It is of course important for all Catholics to grasp the idea of the priesthood, and, as a general thing, they do. In sickness and at the hour of death, when sin oppresses and in every spiritual crisis, Catholics reach out for the priest and depend upon him. And from our own experience we know what the priest actually accomplishes for them. In our own case, for example, what should we be, morally and mentally, were it not for the priest? Outside of our father and mother he is the closest person to us in the whole world. And in some ways he is even closer to us than they—in those ways, namely, in which he takes the place and acts in the name of God, who is nearer to us than father or mother.

And yet boys often do not get close enough to the priest, until it is late, maybe too late. Why is this? Well, shyness on the boy's part is sometimes one reason. But in many cases it is because we think the priest does not understand our case.

We have an idea that the priest knows the theory of things pretty well, but that he doesn't get near the actual concrete facts. In our ideas of a priest we travel back to his boyhood, and we picture him as a pathetic, pale, remote, far-eyed individual, who has stood apart from boys and men ever since he was able to stand at all; who has been dreaming dreams, and burrowing into books, and praying in an incessant but machine-like and gloomy manner that alienates our sympathy altogether. We fancy him as one who cannot see a joke at all, who looks with pain, or with a kind of sad toleration, upon games and frolics and fun and laughter and all red-blooded life of whatever description.

This gray shadow befalls our whole idea of a priest as we interpret him in his later life. For, we say, the boy is father of the man; and so the strange, mysterious boy develops into the sad, stern, remote man—a man who doesn't grasp hard facts, but who, after being forced all his life into a groove, retaliates, when he gets the chance, by forcing everyone else into a similar groove.

Let me answer this idea at once, by saying that it is all wrong, absolutely contrary to the actual facts. Among the very happiest, the most care-free, most contented, red-blooded boys I knew were those who later became priests—boys who played all the games, and played them fiercely; who shouted and yelled and coached and

"kicked" on the umpire's decisions as wildly as any boy that ever lived. They fought their books too, and generally won there also. They were, moreover, boys who had their own original and decided ideas, and were not afraid to defend them in their clubs, or societies, or debates. In a word, whether in games or out of them, they were workers all the time, very much alive to everything that was going ahead, fully abreast of the first line of march, and always popular among their fellows.

"But," it will be urged, "is it not the truth right now, at any rate, that the priest is remote, no matter what he was as a boy? He cannot do as he likes; he must be always praying, always in a groove. He is alone, and his life is dull and uninteresting."

Let us take up these objections one by one.

"The priest cannot do as he likes."—Nobody can do as he likes. How could we trust any man who acted on the idea of doing as he liked? Such a man, in whatever sphere he works, is bound to turn out a selfish, intolerable tyrant who will certainly ruin everything he touches. We love any man and trust him exactly in proportion as he shows himself constant in doing what he doesn't like. And that is precisely why we love the priest and cling to him—because he has sworn, and has set himself to fulfil it, that he will never do as he likes, never put his personal preference above our own, that in our every emergency we shall be his main interest, and that, at any cost of time or convenience or safety, he will devote his life to helping us to do as God likes.

"He must always be praying."—So must everybody. Our Lord has told us that we must "pray always," and He did not limit the command to priests. Each one must pray as best suits him, but we must always, in some sense, have our hearts lifted up to God. If it is meant, however, by "praying always" that the priest leads a strange, abstracted, moody, absent-minded life, nothing could be farther from the truth. No one is more alive and alert than the priest with his people.

"In a groove."—Some people have the idea that priests are moulded like clay in a pottery, or lathe-turned like furniture in a factory. They think that, if truth were told, priests have been browbeaten into the life, from their youth up, hounded by parents, nagged by relatives, labeled by candid friends. This is not true either. Vocation works at last from the inside out, not from the outside in. True, there is a "calling." But it is God that calls, and the final answer is freely given from the heart of the boy, with God's grace helping him. These two, and only these, do all the work of vocation. The priest chooses his life under the inspiration of grace, and he likes it, not because it is a "dull life," but—

Because, even from a human standpoint, it is the most interesting of all careers. The priest seems to be alone, and in a sense he is—in the sense that he has no family ties, no exclusive friendships. But this results in the widest possible field of action for him, varied, constant, and, in the highest degree, important. Apparently alone, he is in reality closely and sympathetically united with everyone under his charge. He knows that he alone can render to his people the only indispensable service they require—soul aid. His great interest is the souls of men.

If other men get interested in real estate, in gold mines, table salt, vegetable gardens, fish, trees, oil, street cars, what about the interest attaching to a human soul, a single one of which is more valuable, important, interesting, noble, than all those put together? Even the money kings see this at last, in a vague way. They tire of the coin stacks and, with a groping instinct of doing something better and higher, they turn philanthropists. They build libraries, hospitals, laboratories, with a new kind of eagerness in their older years. It is the tacit confession that the greatest work in the world is helping souls, and, though they mess things up pretty badly, it comforts them to think that they are lifting themselves out of the sordid pit of selfishness.

No; the priest, though not rushing about with visible speed, is nevertheless very much alive; very active, though not disturbed about it; very able, the only one on earth

entirely able to care for souls, though he does it without advertising; and very much attached to all souls, ready to lose his life for any one of them if such a need arose.

These are facts we ought to know and upon which we ought to act. In our daily life we ought to feel that we can get close to the priest, confide in him, attach ourselves to him as to one who will easily understand us and kindly cooperate with us.

If we think our vocation leads us to be priests, let us be assured it is a call to be warm-hearted and happy, not to be cold and dreary; to be near human life, not remote from it; to be interested, not to be dull. And finally, it is a vocation in which the faithful worker cannot help laying up treasure for himself in heaven, the treasure of priceless souls that Christ has redeemed and that the priest has cared for and brought back to Him.

TO BE CONTINUED

### KNIGHTHOOD OF ST. GREGORY THE GREAT

MESSRS. G. H. BOIVIN, M. P., AND J. L. MURRAY INVESTED WITH PAPAL HONOR BY MGR. PIETRO DI MARIA

Ottawa Citizen, Oct. 13

The conferring of the Knighthood of Saint Gregory, the Great, upon Mr. George H. Boivin, M. P., of Granby, and upon Mr. J. L. Murray, of Renfrew, on the authority of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI., which impressive ceremony was performed last evening, in the Chateau Laurier in the presence of noted dignitaries of State and Church, and hundreds of personal friends, was noteworthy in two important respects.

It was a distinct honor, not only to two worthy Canadian citizens, who are distinguished members of a prominent world society, but it reflected the appreciation of the Vatican to the citizens of Canada as a whole in their generous support of the Catholic Army Huts in France—a work that never asked of a soldier at which altar he worshipped.

And, secondly, the occasion gave opportunity to Mr. Boivin, as Director of the Supreme Council of the Knights of Columbus, to refute, in unequivocal terms, and clear away the mists of misunderstanding with respect to certain allegations operating against that order. In this respect Mr. Boivin said, amidst tumultuous applause of the large and representative assemblage:

"The Knights of Columbus are not a secret society and never pretended to be such. It is a society of Catholic men, proud of their faith, and ready to prove with their lives that a man can be a good Roman Catholic and a good Canadian citizen."

#### NO DIVIDED ALLEGIANCE

Mr. Justice Latchford, who presided at the banquet following the investiture, ably repeated the charge of divided allegiance to crown and Pope. "It has been charged that we are divided in our allegiance," stated the judge, "but such a charge is absolutely without foundation in fact."

It remained for the Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen, in a speech of fitting dignity, to add to the feeling of good will which he, as an adherent of the Protestant faith, bore towards Roman Catholics. Hon. George P. Graham, equalled the leader of the opposition in his message of reciprocal kindness and harmony.

#### CEREMONY OF INVESTITURE

The ceremony of the investiture of the insignia was most impressive. It occurred in the ball room of the Chateau. Escorted by a guard of honor of fourth degree Knights, in command of Major J. Gillies and representatives of Dollard assembly, Montreal, and Cartier assembly, of Ottawa, His Excellency, Mgr. Pietro Di Maria, Papal Delegate, made his way through ranks of guests to the dais in the center of this beautiful room. Seated on either side of His Excellency, were His Grace, Archbishop Emard of the Ottawa archdiocese, and His Lordship, Bishop P. T. Ryan, of Pembroke. The others who occupied position on the dais were Mr. Justice Latchford and Messrs Boivin and Murray.

After receiving felicitations on behalf of the Knights from Mr. Justice Latchford, His Excellency addressed the gathering in general, and those about to be honored, in particular.

#### WORK OF ARMY HUTS

The Papal Delegate read his address in which was related in detail the work of the Catholic Army Huts Association and the splendid lead taken therein by Knights Boivin and Murray. The devotion to duty and the conspicuous efficiency displayed by these two Canadian members of the society had been recognized by His Holiness who had recognized as a token of pontifical appreciation, the conferring of the Order of Knight Commander of St. Gregory the Great.

As Rev. Canon L. A. Sylvestre read the papal edicts and as His Excellency affixed the official medal, with its ribbon of red silk, upon

these two Knights, the audience shattered the silence with its plaudits.

#### ACCEPTANCE OF HONOR

In those well-known rich sonorous tones, which many in Ottawa have heard carry to the far corners of the House of Commons, Mr. Boivin, speaking in French, expressed his gratitude and appreciation of the honor just conferred. Mr. Murray, too, made an equally fine and highly creditable reply. Both recipients of the honor accepted it in its lofty significance, regarding it not so much in recognition of individual services rendered to a great cause, but in the spirit of tribute to the response made to a clear call by the Knights of Columbus and the people of Canada.

#### RELATIVES AT CEREMONY

The immediate members of the families of the knights thus signally honored witnessed the ceremony from one of the balconies overlooking the ballroom. Madame Boivin was unable to be present, but Mr. Boivin's two sons were with the party which included Mrs. W. Murray, mother, and Mrs. J. L. Murray, wife of Renfrew's honored citizen. Beautiful bouquets of roses were presented to these ladies, who after the ceremony met His Excellency.

#### OFFICIALS AND CHURCHMEN

State officials and church dignitaries, clergy and laity, vied with each other in eulogizing the distinguished guests. The head table guests included not only such eminent parliamentarians as the Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen, Senator M. J. O'Brien, the Hon. George P. Graham and the Hon. T. A. Low, but officials in other spheres of State service, such as Mr. Justice Latchford and Mr. Justice Mulligan. His Excellency the Papal Delegate, His Grace Archbishop Emard, His Lordship Bishop Ryan, Rev. J. J. O'Gorman, Rev. Canon Sylvestre, and many representatives of the clergy were seated near the guests of the evening. Mayor Plant officially represented the city of Ottawa and was among those seated at the head table, where also was present Mr. P. T. Legare, of Quebec City, the only other Canadian with the same decoration.

Mr. Justice Latchford presided, and after reading several telegrams of congratulation, he was unable to be present, he called for the toast to the King, and then the toast to the Pope, both of which were honored, the former by singing of the National Anthem and the latter in silence.

#### ARCHBISHOP EMARD

In speaking to the latter toast, His Grace Archbishop Emard stressed the idea of unity among the Roman Catholic groups, instancing what had been accomplished by unity in the results of the campaign for the Catholic Army Huts. He hoped now that the war activities had ceased the society would attain still greater achievements in peace. His Lordship Bishop Ryan gave some intimate glimpses of the personality of Renfrew's honored son. Descended from a father who possessed the same sterling qualities His Lordship paid tribute to those high qualities present in the son.

#### TO "OUR GUESTS"

In proposing the toast to "Our Guests" Mr. Justice Latchford referred in laudatory vein to his own political vicissitudes in South Renfrew. Then, in serious thought, he thanked the assistance given to the overseas work of the K. of C. "by our separated brethren."

#### WORK OF ARMY HUTS

Both honored guests received ovations on rising to speak. Mr. Boivin spoke first in English and then in French. Like that of his colleague, his speech was an eloquent plea for increased unity and better understanding among all races and creeds. He drew applause when he declared that "the first literature in French distributed to the Twenty Second battalion and other French Canadian units were paid for by their English-speaking brethren of the K. of C. of Ontario." In thanking all those who had contributed to the campaign he especially mentioned the contributions "from the very large number of our separated brethren." Outlining the peace time activities of the K. of C., he stated these to be largely devoted to the interests of Catholic youth before such reached the age of eligibility to society.

#### A PLEA FOR INCREASED UNITY

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#### NOT A SECRET SOCIETY

Continuing, Mr. Boivin emphatically contradicted certain allegations

levelled against the society. "It is not a secret society," he declared, adding that such secrecy as did exist with respect to pass-words, etc., was only intended "as a gentle surprise" for those becoming members. "It is a society of Catholic men, proud of their faith, and ready to prove with their lives that a man can be a good Catholic and the best of Canadian citizens," reiterated Mr. Boivin.

#### MR. GRAHAM IN S. RENFREW

Hon. George P. Graham was in his usual genial mood and set the audience laughing when he contrasted his political experience in South Renfrew with that of Mr. Justice Latchford. "I knew when to leave Renfrew," he said, "and therefore my judgment of the political atmosphere was better."

Speaking seriously, he stated that church relationships never formed a barrier to his friendship.

#### THE OPPOSITION LEADER

Linked with this toast was the name of the Right Hon. Arthur Meighen. The leader of the opposition made a telling speech. "I am glad I came," he said, simply and sincerely, "and though I am not of your faith, I bear in my heart no feeling of the slightest enmity, feeling but friendship and goodwill." The speaker was especially glad that Mr. Boivin had so finely refuted the allegations. "He has stopped the air of mystery and banished the air of hesitancy which many felt toward this order," declared the Right Hon. Mr. Meighen, who expressed a wish that Mr. Boivin's frank message could receive the widest publicity.

The toasts to "Our Overseas Clergy" was proposed by Mr. J. McGlade, of Brockville, and replied to by Rev. Father J. J. O'Gorman and Rev. Father Desjardins. The toast to the "Order" was proposed by Mr. Justice Latchford, and responded to by Judge Mulligan.

### THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

#### VENERABLE BISHOP GROUARD OF ATHABASKA ON HIS MISSIONS

##### CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK

I spent the following Sunday at Spirit River, where I went by train, and left for the mission at St. Augustine, stopping only a short time at Friedenthal, where I admired the beautiful church which we are building there. Scarcely had I reached St. Augustine when I was seized with a violent fever, which would not yield to any of the remedies administered to me. I attributed this sickness to the fatigue of the journey, but it soon became necessary to recognize that the germs of the disease introduced into my system at Lake Sturgeon had reached their development, for a veritable explosion of pustules covered my head, face and entire body. In consequence the doctor ordered me into quarantine. Every body was obliged to leave the house, only one old Brother being left as my nurse, and I had to resign myself to a prisoner's life until every trace of the disease had disappeared. I consoled myself with the thought that I would at least do my best not to communicate it to others and as a matter of fact no one at the mission nor among the Sisters was inconvenienced.

I regretted, however, so much time lost in this manner. I had promised to go to Lake Athabaska, even setting the date for my arrival and as soon as I was released I took passage on a boat to descend Peace River. I had to stop at Fort Vermilion and little Red River in order to give confirmation, but I was counting on celebrating the feast of the Assumption at the mission of the Nativity. Unfortunately the steamboat, of whose regularity I was assured and on which I embarked on the appointed day, could not pass the Boyer Rapid, because the water was too low and our boat had a heavy cargo. You have doubtless heard of the discovery of petrol at Fort Norman on the banks of the Mackenzie. Many people have come into the district, sent by powerful companies for the purpose of digging wells in order to extract the precious liquid, and our boat was carrying the provisions of which all these people stood in need for their winter supplies. Our captain rightly feared to endanger or damage his cargo, as had happened to him once before in this rapid, when the river was higher than on this occasion. He decided on the course of sending three men by canoe to Fitzgerald in order to ask for help, and I would have liked to go in this canoe, but I was not allowed to do so. I had to wait patiently for a fortnight. A series of storms accompanied by heavy rains caused the river to rise and at the same time a motor boat came from Fitzgerald and removed part of the cargo, so that we were able to pass the rapid without accident. More than once during that long delay I said to myself: "What am I doing in this big boat? If I had foreseen events I would have taken a canoe and an Indian as in former times and we should have reached Lake Athabaska, without mishap."

I did not reach there until the middle of September, to find the mission scattered by smallpox. Bishop Jousard, my dear coadjutor confided to me his troubles and his difficulties. The disease having attacked the school children, the police of Fort Chipewyan had given orders that the sick people and half the Sisters should be removed to an island in the middle of the Lake, twelve miles from the mission. He wanted to take me there, but misfortune pursued me. The mission of the Nativity has a small steamboat and Bishop Jousard gave orders to hold it in readiness for our trip. The Sister superior, being anxious to inform herself as to the situation, was authorized to follow us with two other Sisters. We set out in the morning after breakfast and were to return in the evening. Everything seemed favorable when in rounding the point of an island we felt ourselves rudely shaken, a dull sound was heard and the boat came to a standstill. We had run upon a reef and the screw was broken. It was impossible to set ourselves free. We shouted for help and gave signals, but to no purpose, for rescuers are rare in this country. We finally sent out a canoe with two men at the oar in search of Mr. Collins Fraser, a merchant who is one of our friends, to ask him to send his boat to our rescue, which he did. His boat drew ours off the reef, took it in his wake and brought it back to the mission in the afternoon.

The next day we resumed our expedition which this time succeeded. We found the refugees on the island on the road to recovery. Father Jaslier was there, saying Mass every day and hearing confessions. I must make special mention of dear Father Le Doussal, aged eighty-seven, who last year celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his priesthood. After Bishop Jousard, it was he whom I was especially desirous to see on this occasion, and thank God I had the happiness of finding him very well.

I left Lake Athabaska to go to Fort MacMurray and from there to Edmonton by rail, the train runs only once a week. It arrives Saturday at noon and leaves two hours later, but the actual terminal is twenty-two miles from Fort MacMurray. Now having arrived there Friday night I would have had to leave there very early Saturday morning in order to reach the station in time. Father Lafont had no great difficulty in persuading me to spend Sunday, especially as he had several candidates for confirmation. I regretted, however, losing still another week when there were other engagements calling me elsewhere, but Providence came to my rescue. On Sunday after the High Mass Col. James Cornall, head of a steamboat company, invited Father Lafont and me to dine on board one of his large boats, where he was that day receiving the head of the government and several officials of the province. We accepted the invitation and I had the honor of meeting the Hon. Mr. Greenfield prime minister, and his companions. During dinner, being seated at table beside Mr. Greenfield, I asked him if he did not intend to go as far as Lake Athabaska; the boat leaving the next day he would doubtless take advantage of it to visit that part of the country under his administration.

"No," said he, "we are in a hurry to get back to Edmonton and we are leaving tomorrow."

"But," said I, "the train will not return until next day."

"Oh," he replied, "we have our special train."

Thereupon I bowed respectfully, but shortly afterwards it occurred to me to ask Mr. Greenfield if he did not have a little corner in his train into which I could fit without inconveniencing anyone in his suite.

"I will receive you with pleasure and we shall be honored to have you with us," he said.

"But I am not alone. A good old Brother is accompanying me."

"That makes no difference, we shall find room for him too."

And thus I had the pleasure and the advantage of going to Edmonton without delay. The government officials showed every consideration. We went by motor boat on the Eau Claire River to the foot of a steep cliff on the top of which is the railroad. The road leading to it was precipitous and rough. Mr. Greenfield was kind enough to take charge of my bag, and taking my arm helped me to climb the sharp slope which was obstructed by fallen trees. He made me rest when my breath gave out, and in short, took as much care of me as though I were his own father. I am unable to sufficiently express my gratitude to him for his kindness, and I beg God to reward him. My visits to the other missions were made without too great difficulty.

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Upon how many old men has it come with a strange surprise that peace could come to rich or poor only with contentment, and that they might as well have been content at the very beginning as at the very end of life! They have made a long journey for their treasure, and when at last they stoop to pick it up, lo! it is shining close beside the footprint which they left when they set out to travel in a circle!—Philip Brooks.

Yet the longer I reflect the less am I satisfied with the idea of forming a separate class of mankind on the basis of high intellectual power. At best it is but a higher development of innate gifts common to all. Perhaps, moreover, he whose genius appears deepest and truest excels his fellows in nothing save the knack of expression; he throws out occasionally a lucky hint at truths of which every human soul is profoundly, though unutterably, conscious.—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

### Growth of the Mutual Principle

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