

position, which are forecast by the war.

It is perhaps the first time in British history that women have been able to come by their own in British lands. As everybody knows, women have been bread-winners by the millions for generations, in the mills of Lancashire, in drapery stores, and of course, as domestic servants. In some towns of England indeed the women earning their own living are as numerous as the men. In such towns, for instance, as Nottingham, where lace-making is the chief industry, and Luton, where three-quarters of the people employed in hat making are women. The invention of the typewriter and the larger knowledge of shorthand brought a large army of women into the ranks of secretaries and clerks.

Still, the almost universal ideal of the British people remained, that the chief function of woman was to be a wife and mother and the head of a household. I have seen and sympathized myself with the look of disgust and revulsion with which Englishmen turned away in Germany or in France from the sight of women working in the fields; and except in hop-picking, it may be said that agricultural employment was largely closed to women in England, though not quite so much in Ireland. Nor was it usual to see in England what you constantly see in France—the wife of the owner of a dry goods or other store sitting behind the desk keeping the accounts and generally acting as the head of the business.

Then came the war, and all these old ideas were revolutionized. A great new world for women has opened. When you enter a hotel you find a woman in a neat uniform with buttons, standing at the door as porter. When you go up in the elevator a woman usually is in charge. Now and then you see down in the House of Commons a girl of fifteen or sixteen with either a letter or a portmanteau, or sometimes even a telegram; she has taken the place of the boy messenger. In many restaurants you see women in the place of men as waiters. Women have also become waiters in clubs. You will now find her in the National Liberal Club, for instance, in the grill. The other day I dined in the Reform Club, one of the most select clubs of London, and the dinner was largely served by women. I am sure for the first time in all its history. A couple of girls stand in front of the ticket gates of our gateways; a pretty and pleasant young woman punches the tickets on our street cars. Women have always found large employment in England in the postal, telegraph and telephone services, but there are thousands now engaged in that work where there were only hundreds before the war. Very often the women thus employed have their fiancés at the front, and are longing for the time when they will be able to marry and think over the war as a hideous dream of the past.

I have sought to find out how far the change has been, and to the women themselves. In every case I think I can say there was in their faces a new light of hopefulness, energy and self-reliance, and when I questioned them as to their feelings they one and all expressed delight that they had at last found an opportunity of earning their own living and of attaining a position of economic independence of father, mother and of a possible husband.

Nobody who has taken an interest in the future of women and in the improvement of their position can see this extraordinary spectacle with out pride and hope.

In England more than any other country the general sentiment has remained in favor of the cloistering of women and her exclusion from making her own living. Previously men of the middle classes generally have continued to look with horror on the idea of allowing their daughters to go out and face the labors and the perils of working life. In the upper classes, of course, this feeling has been stronger than in any other. The results I have always regarded as disastrous to this nation. In aristocratic families it is a common sight, when the family is large and the estate encumbered, to see three or four educated, refined and energetic women fading into old maidhood and indeed generally poverty, dependent usually for a pittance on the eldest brother, living in the opulence of primogeniture, or on their hard-worked younger brothers. In the middle classes there is that keen eagerness to get the settled livelihood of married life, with consequences on woman's character which are the commonplace of keen observers like Anthony Trollope, our English novelist. It is still held to be an offence against ethics and nature for young women to marry old men who are in better circumstances than themselves. Personally, I hope to see the time when such a marriage will be regarded as at least sufficient cause for man's social ostracism as is cheating at cards.

It is probably the sense of all this widespread though not realized servitude which accounts for the atmosphere of relief which can be plainly seen. These old social prejudices are one of the things burned up in the universal conflagration of this war. Ladies of title may be seen doing the most repulsive part of nursing in our hospitals, at the front and at home.

The other evening I dined with the editor of a well-known daily journal and one of our most prominent and prosperous journalists. Married to a French wife, he has two

charming daughters who bear in their features and speech traces of their Franco-Scottish parentage. One of them, a very bright, charming and pretty young girl, was absent from the dinner: she had gone down to lodgings in Erit, close by London, and one of the great armament centres; was getting up at 5 in the morning and was spending eight or nine hours every day in munitions work. Instead of regarding this as a hardship, she evidently looked upon it as a glorious opportunity, almost as a joyous escapade.

Among the married working women the war has also produced great economic changes. At the beginning of the war there swept over the country an entirely new feeling with regard to the soldier—and still more the soldier's dependents. In the old days it was not at all uncommon to find that even the soldier or sailor who had won the Victoria Cross was faced with the dread necessity of spending his last days of feeble old age in the workhouse. During the Civil War in America the whole country of Lancashire and all its thousands of cotton operatives were left to face semi-starvation for years with no assistance from the State except the support of the dependents of the soldiers and sailors, and journals had to raise funds to keep alive the survivors of the "Charge of the Light Brigade," one of the most extraordinary episodes of the Crimean War. Men who have fought through the Boer War have come up to me in the streets within a few months after the struggle, and begged for food. At the very beginning of this war I spoke to a leading Conservative member for Liverpool, suggesting that the support of the dependents of the soldiers and sailors should be treated in a different spirit, and he at once replied that all these should be regarded as part of the cost of the war.

This spirit was so universal that the Ministry were compelled to appoint a committee to reconsider the whole scheme of pensions which had been drawn up by the naval and military authorities on old and rather stingy lines, and it is a sign of the times that this new committee was appointed on the suggestion of Mr. Bonar Law, then the leader of the Conservative party. I was a member of that committee; and unanimously we increased the pensions to figures which would have been staggering to a previous generation. The magnitude of these figures will be gathered from the single fact that we are paying in pensions and allowances today seven million and a half dollars; and nobody grumbles. This again has reacted on the position of women. Take the case of the wife of an agricultural laborer who is now fighting at the front. His wages in some of the poorer counties of England, like Oxford, were not above four dollars a week, and on that sum he had to support a wife and sometimes several children. Under the new pensions scheme his wife receives an allowance of three dollars a week, and she gets in addition 5s. for first child, 3s. for second and 2s. each additional child. It will thus be seen that the wife and the children receive more than the husband did when he was working at home; with the addition that his support is provided by the State.

It is plainly impossible that the old social conditions and the old pay can be accepted by such families, and this new feature in English life may be one of the things which will force that reconstruction of our land system to which I have already referred.

Finally, the position of woman must be enormously influenced by the fact that the already great disproportion between their numbers and those of the men will be largely increased by the loss of men's lives in the war. It was estimated that before the war the excess of women over men in England was over a million. That excess of course will be largely increased after the war, when you take into account the number of disabled men as well as of those killed, it may be doubled.

#### FAITH COMES FORTH FROM CRUCIBLE OF WAR

A few weeks ago, says the Christian Advocate, we printed the words in which Henri Lavedan, the French skeptic, denounced his atheism. A similar declaration by Horatio W. Bottomley of London, Free Thinker and editor of John Bull, is now reported:

"Now to-day, in my fifty fifth year, and after about as strenuous a life as any man of that age has ever lived, I believe in God and in the immortality of the soul of man. I am not sure that if poor Footie (G. W. Footie, the leader of English atheists, who has just died) had died a few years ago I might not have been a candidate for his successorship. But now it is too late. The great world war, has done it. In war there is a mighty alchemy, transmitting the base metal of human experience into the pure currency of faith. If war does not endanger faith, it must necessarily breed despair. In these soul-searing days no man can be content with a mere negative philosophy. The doubter must go to the wall. Pure rationalism, however 'scientific' has no word of comfort for weary watchers or of solace for broken hearts. And now I have come to believe that every noble aspiration, every worthy act and thought, every high resolve is conserved immortally. I believe that God has a divine purpose for not only the blood of heroes, but equally for the tears of women,

the quivering anguish of the human heart and the sacrificing effort of unselfish aim."—Intermountain Catholic.

#### HONORS FOR MANY CATHOLICS

##### TEN CHAPLAINS INCLUDED IN THE LIST

London, Jan. 15, 1916.—Catholics are prominent in the New Year's honors lists. We have a new Catholic peer in Sir Thomas Shaughnessy the Canadian Railway man, and two new baronets in Sir Charles Russell, son of the late Lord Russell of Killowen and himself a well known London solicitor, who has led many a Catholic forlorn hope to victory. The second baronet is Sir Gerard O'Brien, Lord Chancellor of Ireland. A knighthood has fallen to another valiant Irishman, Sir Daniel McCabe, recently Lord Mayor of Manchester, who not long ago was decorated by His Holiness with a K. C. S. His grateful fellow townsmen of all degrees and political complexions have presented him with a cheque for \$5,000 in recognition of his services to Manchester. Several other Catholics have received decorations, and a pleasing feature of the list is a dispatch sent by General French was the large number of Catholic officers mentioned for distinguished services. Amongst these latter were no fewer than ten chaplains, of whom eight were temporary—that is to say, priests from the missions who have elected to endure with the soldiers all the hardships and dangers of the campaign, with less preparation for so doing than the ordinary Tommy. One has been wounded; one Father Donlevy, is a London priest; and one Father Rawlinson, has become assistant chaplain in chief, and has gone from the Western to the Eastern theatre of war.

#### LOVE IN TEARS

##### FATHER VAUGHAN SPEAKS OF HIDDEN LIFE AT NAZARETH

London, Jan. 21.—Preaching at the Church of St. Edward the Confessor, Golden's Green, London, on Sunday, Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., said: "When we reach the threshold of our eternal home, God our Father, has promised to wipe away all tears from our eyes. But not till then. Meanwhile, in the love of God, in hand, much like shine and rain. Here, on earth in exile, often more than love is in tears. Love, being what it is on this test ground for the seed of virtue, sees best through a mist of tears. In fact, you may readily measure the height of a soul's love by the depth of her sorrow. If this is so, it is easy to understand Mary's grief being compared with the unfathomable sea."

For a moment pause to gauge something of the Blessed Mother's love. If I had the tongue of men and angels, I could not pretend to describe it. I cannot even imagine it, for it was the wholehearted love of God's most perfect creature for her one and only Child, who was also her Maker and her Redeemer.

##### MARY'S ALL CONSUMING LOVE

She was the only one, who could give a mother's love to God, and in return demand from Him an only son's devotion. She was the only one in all creation, who could offer to Jesus a love, in some measure commensurate with His claims. Our dear Lady had but one all-absorbing thought, but one all-embracing wish, but one all-devouring love, and Jesus was the object of it all. He was meant to closely knit every fibre of her being. He was so completely interwoven with her very existence, that we may say that Jesus was Mary's life, her breath, her pulse, her atmosphere and her environment itself. From the day of the Annunciation, when the Spirit of Love brooded over the inner sanctuary of her being and made fecund the love-flame within till the hour, when Mary lost Him in His twelfth year, there had been no moment's separation from Jesus. She had fed her love upon the very sight of Him day and night. Not for a section of time was Jesus out of His mother's sight, or out of His mother's heart. She lived where he loved.

These early years at Nazareth were the purest, the brightest and the holiest, as well as the happiest, ever passed on earth by any favored child of God. The Blessed Mother knew she was everything and everybody to her growing Child. She recognized that she was His own choice. And so she ministered to Him, gave Him His body, nursing it, feeding it, washing it, and clothing it, putting her darling Child to sleep in her arms or in His cot.

We are told in today's Gospel that the Child grew, and waxed strong and was full of wisdom. What an unutterable pleasure it must have been to the Virgin Mother to follow from day to day this wonderful, beautiful development in her God Child.

Not a day passed but He gave fresh proof of His lovely and holy childlike character. Not an hour fled by but He left some new token in her heart of His devotion and of His loving gratitude to her, who was more to Him than all the world beside. And let us not forget the joy it must have been to the Divine Child Himself to feel Himself becoming stronger day by day, to run His Mother's errands, to draw water from the well, to pluck herbs from the garden, to gather fruit from the mountain side and to gather big bunches of wild flowers to adorn His

mother's home. I can see Him running with pattering feet with His arms full of flowers and then caught up in the embrace of His most lovely and holy mother, who poured out the whole tide of her love into her Divine Child's heart.

##### THE SORROWS OF LOVE

Here we must pause to turn over a new chapter in the story of the hidden life. I have always noticed that God does not seem to permit the tide of love to ride like a tidal wave over the whole course of man's life. Tremendous love rarely always means tremendous trials to it. Mary was no exception to the general rule; and, notice, her trials began when most mother's trials begin, when their children pass into their teens. Jesus had reached his twelfth year, when a Jewish boy was called the "Son of the Law," and was no longer to be treated as a child. In our Lord's case the year was marked by the visit to the Temple at Jerusalem, for the Passover, which occurred in the spring of the year. Most probably the Holy Family went by the route passing through the country of the Samaritans; past Jacob's well in the valley, past Bethel and Gerizim, past Shiloh and Gibeah, till on the third day of their pilgrimage, suddenly there would spring into sight the gilded roof of the great temple appearing above the snow-white walls rising out of a belt of spring green.

It is altogether impossible to imagine a more enchanting scene than that presented by the beautiful Boy and the beautiful Mother, locked arm in arm, ascending the steps of the holy temple to pray for you and me. What tears of rapturous love and joy were shed by Mother and Child as they sank to the temple floor, worshipping God together, singing perhaps the very words of the Magnificat which have echoed through the Church of God day and night ever since. But there came an end to that joy, too, for while their united souls felt they could scarcely live without the spiritual vision of those days, they had to tear themselves away from the functions of the great temple in order once more to attend to the humbler duties in the village home.

With the Galilean caravan Mary and Joseph started, bending their way north till sundown warned them it was the hour to pitch their tents and booths for the night. It was only then, when a halt was called, that the Mother of Jesus made the alarming discovery that her dear Child was neither with them nor with other parties in the caravan. When it became clear that He was not en route at all, the Blessed Mother broke down in complete anguish. It was her first experience in real sorrow, and she found fulfilled the words spoken by Simeon. Her soul was pierced through and through with the cold steel of the sword. The dark night on the mountain side was spent in tears and prayers.

Early next morning, before the sun struggled above Olivet, Joseph and Mary were making their way back to the city. What a dismal contrast to the pilgrimage over the same road not a week before. As they swept with hurrying feet over the way, asking themselves what could be the meaning of it, how unlike Him it is, what can have led Him to do so to us, what can be the hidden lesson it is meant to teach, they were met by loiterers on the road, who, no doubt, were ready enough to ask the search party: "And is that the way you take care of your lovely Boy? If you have said few prayers, you would have taken better care of Him. It serves you quite right for not being like other folks. We don't lose our children, we don't. But then we don't spend all our time in prayers; we do our duties, we do."

##### SHE UNDERSTOOD HIM NOT

The third day dawned. When the foster father and mother passed into the temple to have a look round the ante-chambers and outer halls, opening into the spacious central area, soon they caught the music of the well-known voice and saw the outstretched arms of the beautiful Boy, as He emphasized with action His teaching to a group of venerable priests and doctors of the law. There He stood on the tessellated pavement in their midst.

Overwhelmed by this sudden turn of events, the Mother seems almost paralyzed by emotion. Then, pressing forward and flinging herself into the arms of her Son, who holds her fast in His embrace, she pleads with Him piteously, asking: "Why hast Thou done so to us? Jesus, still locked in her embrace, replies: 'How is it you sought Me? Did you not know I must be about My Father's business?' As though He would say: 'How could you for a moment imagine I should be away from you, if it were not to be with My Father, teaching in His temple?'

And we are told by the evangelist they understood not the words that He spoke unto them. Note this: The Mother asks her Child for some explanation of His conduct, and when He gives it, she understands it not. Later on, when she stood under the tree of the Cross, and was told she was to be a Mother to the redeemed children of God, Mary began to understand.

Who is there that has not been plunged into a sorrow mysterious and altogether un-intelligible? We pray for light, we beg to know, we implore a key to life's riddles, and when it is put into our hands, it will not turn in the wards of the lock. We do not understand God's ways with us. A young wife, struck down and her life ebbing

away, cries out: "Why hast Thou done so to us?" The only breadwinner in a poor family is smitten with some malignant disease, or the only child of great possessions is plucked like a flower in all its radiant beauty, to fade and die. An only daughter, the dream and delight of her father, leaves the world to become a nun. An elder son the pride of his parents, makes his renunciation and becomes a Catholic—and all these events are of constant occurrence, and we are still smothering from some of these inflicted blows, all reeling under the wrong done to us, and we cry out in the agony of our souls: "Oh, God, why hast Thou done so to us?"

When God does answer our prayers, when He does deign to offer an explanation of what has happened, we seem nearly as badly off as before. We do not understand the answer. We know there is no suffering without its lesson, no trial without its mission. We know that every trouble serves a holy purpose, that every tear fulfills a noble end, and that He, the Almighty and All loving, is present in the midst of our trials, with His hand upon our pulse and with spiritual tonic for our support. But, when He has done all He can, He turns to His Blessed Mother and says to her what she said to Him, but they understand not the word.

Let this be our comfort, that, if our dear and Blessed Lord did not find His solution to difficulties intelligible even to His Blessed Mother, He will not be angry with us if we fail to interpret the mysteries which go to make up the burden of life, crushing us well nigh to the ground. But I exhort you to keep, like the mother, His words, pondering them over in your hearts, for later on their meaning will surely arise like a day star in your hearts.

#### POPE'S EFFORTS BENEFIT WOUNDED IN TURKEY

After efforts which lasted for a month Monsignor Dolci, the Delegate Apostolic, acting in the name of the Supreme Pontiff, has succeeded in obtaining from the Turkish authorities the permission to send two priests to minister to the spiritual needs of the Catholic prisoners in Turkey. Monsignor Dolci also visited sixty-nine wounded in the hospital at Constantinople. After thanking the authorities, Monsignor Dolci addressed words of consolation to the wounded, and expressed the happiness he felt in being able to give them this further proof of the interest which the Holy Father took in all of them.—London Catholic Times.

#### STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY

Strive; yet I do not promise. The prize you dream of to-day Will not fade when you think to grasp it.

And melt in your hand away; But another and holier treasure, You would now perchance disdain. Will come when your toil is over, And pay you for all your pain.

Wait; yet I do not tell you The hour you long for now Will not come with its radiance vanished, And a shadow upon its brow; Yet far through the misty future, With a crown of starry light, An hour of joy you know not Is winging her silent flight.

Pray; though the gift you ask for May never comfort your fears, May never repay your pleading, Yet pray, and with hopeful tears: An answer, not that you long for, But diviner, will come one day; Your eyes are too dim to see it, Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

—ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

#### SUPER-HEROES OF THE WAR

Out of the gigantic horrors of the conflagration in Europe and Asia there flashes an illumination of glory more inspiring than anything ever before beheld as the outcome of war. The soldiers of Christ have gone into the trenches to cheer and console the gallant men of all Christian nations who give their blood for their respective countries, and administer the saving solace of the last sacraments to their dying soldiers, to light them on their last journey. A wonderful transformation has been worked, especially among the soldiers of France—as all the world knows now—by the event of war. The atheism or indifference which formerly permeated the Gallic legions has given away to a feeling of reverence for the higher things of life and death, and a very powerful element for good has been introduced into the fighting forces by the operation of the very laws which were designed by the enemies of religion to stamp it out permanently and past recovery. Priests in large numbers—many thousands, in fact—have been fighting in the ranks since the new laws came into force in France. The example of this new element has had an extraordinary influence over the French soldiery, as we learn from many letters from the vast theatre of the struggle, sent either by men in the trenches or from keen-eyed correspondents who have been commissioned by the great newspapers to go to the front and chronicle faithfully what most interests the public to know. We may easily understand how deep must be the chagrin of the atheistical rulers of Catholic France at beholding so startling an outcome

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of their magnificent schemes for the elimination of God from all things—the home, the school, the Church. How futile their puny efforts, how foolish their philosophic cold-blooded wisdom! They behold the tremendous wizardry (reverently speaking) of God, which is able to convert the sword of persecution into an instrument for the reclamation of withered souls, and the baptism of blood on the battlefield may be changed into a baptism of spiritual grace, through the intercession of the priest who, stricken on the field of death, yet raises his wounded hand to give God's blessing to the comrades around him, and the absolution of the Church to those who offer the supreme sacrifice of manhood for their beloved fatherland.

It is gratifying to note that so wonderful a fact as this is not to be allowed to pass without due record and confirmation. The accomplished historian, Father Peter Guilday, D. D., has begun a series of articles on the subject in the pages of The Public Ledger. When completed the story will form one of the most thrilling chapters in all the long range of human history, we have no hesitation in opining. The Irish priest and the Irish soldier, as might be expected, figure very prominently in the grim but most glorious tale—for the sogaartha arcon and the soldier are in themselves symbols of Ireland's genius and her sad but splendid history.—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

#### 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, 8 churches in different cities with caretakers, 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.

#### RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

Mr. Balfour, First Lord of the British Admiralty, in his latest book, "Theism and Humanism," states clearly the reason that underlies the necessity of religious education, though such is not directly the application made by him. "A sense of humor," he says, "if nothing else, should prevent us wasting fine language on the splendor of the moral law and the reverential obedience owed to it by mankind," if we do not base morality itself upon religious principles. A world made up ultimately of mere material beings, directed to a certain extent by the law of selection, and beyond that left to chance, has no reason for concerning itself about moral laws. Reverence for morality would soon be set aside.

"That debt will not long be paid if morality comes to be generally regarded as the casual effect of petty causes comparable in its lowest manifestations with the appetites and passions which rule, for their good, the animal creation; in its highest phases no more than a personal accomplishment."

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