

are most widely opposed in religion and politics.

The Colonels of the different regiments had been chosen with great judgment, and were all well trained, able and sympathetic men. Soldiers soon learn to spot the right kind of leader, with the result that these officers soon got on terms of warm affection with their men. The men, on the other hand, with their willingness, their good conduct and their Irish geniality, became an object of equal affection to the officers. The officers could not say enough in their favour. Indeed one of the officers who is an Englishman as well as a Protestant, became soon more Irish than the Irish themselves. Once when he was asked whether he had any trouble in bringing his men from Ireland to their camp in England, scornfully replied that he had as little trouble as if he had been bringing his children to the seaside.

Meantime, a number of Catholic and Nationalist officers had been introduced in the later stage when the War Office had begun to realize the situation and to liberate itself from the century-old traditions of the past. Further popularity was given to the corps when Mr. William Redmond, brother of John B. Redmond, and Mr. Stephen Gwynne—both men fifty years of age—threw off their civilian employment, left the House of Commons put on the khaki and devoted themselves to learning the business of soldiering as vehemently and actively as if they were young privates. The force when it got to England, exercised the same power of fascination over the English population around them as they had already done in their civilian life and became popular Irish idols. This was largely due to the fact that, true to the training and instincts of the race, they showed themselves especially respectful to women, and friendly to everybody.

A Review was arranged before their final departure. The censor for some reason or other, perhaps because of military operations rather than in mystery, did not announce the Review, nor even after it had taken place. But Mr. Dillon and myself got a private message, and went down to see this last scene before the men went to the front.

It was both a curious and a moving spectacle. Thousands of men marched past the little platform on which the Queen with her attendants stood; and it was almost incredible that men who had only been a few months in training should march with the machine-like regularity of troops trained for years. Not a single man stepped out of time. They all seemed the pink of young manhood, with rosy cheeks, erect bearing and fine stature. Three wolf hounds which had been presented to Mr. Redmond by an Irishman resident in England—who is now one of the few breeders in the world of this rare species, and presented by Mr. Redmond in turn to the regiments as their mascots, were led in front of the regiments.

There was green everywhere. Whether with or without the consent of the War Office, many of the men had small green badges on the sleeves of their coats. When you entered the army region, although it was in the centre of rural England you might well have imagined yourself in Ireland. You heard around you the various Irish accents, from the rather harsh tones of Belfast to the softer sounds of Connaught, Leinster and Munster. Irish papers and Irish files and drums were everywhere to be seen and heard; and there was the frequent and good laughter of the Irish temperament. It was also a very curious sign of the changed times that the battles played alternately "God Save the King" and a well-known Irish rebel song, "The Wearing of the Green," with now and again "St. Patrick's Day" alternating with "The British Grenadiers." I remember the days not so very long ago when Irish soldiers were imprisoned for wearing the shamrock on St. Patrick's Day, but everybody from the Queen downwards took this playing of Irish tunes good naturedly and indeed admiringly, as a symbol of the reconciliation of the two races. One was reminded of the battlefield by the noise of several aeroplanes which flew over the parade ground incessantly; with their loud noises and their dashing flight and the general suggestion of being a protecting guardian angel over the troops, they almost made you see the peril, the tumult and the dangers of the battlefield.

Sir Lawrence Parsons, a fine old Irish soldier, was the General commanding the forces. He belongs to the famous scientific family of which Lord Ross is the head. It was a Lord Ross who first created the big telescope, and for long years made the town of Birr famous as the site of this first new instrument for reading the skies. Another Parsons—also Lawrence—was one of the patriot speakers in the old Irish Parliament and joined Henry Grattan in resisting the Union. Another Parsons today is the inventor of the turbine, and Sir Lawrence himself has been in his time one of the scientific leaders and inventors in the British Army. Very much to his chagrin and regret he was considered too old to command the troops in the field, and this Review was his last official connection with the Army which he has seen develop from infancy to its present stalwart maturity. His place will be taken by a gallant Irish soldier, who is both a Catholic and a Nationalist, but many will always remember the splendid old soldier who presided

over the early and difficult steps of the movement.

Steps are already being taken to see that this splendid Irish force will not want the little luxuries which are necessary at the front, and there will not be wanting cigarettes or chocolates or warm clothing or any of the other little accessories to life on the battlefield. Everybody feels confident that they will add a new chapter to the already brilliant volume of Irish valour in the present war.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH

AND CATHOLIC CLAIMS

Samuel F. Darwin Fox, in the December Catholic World.

In the present conflict of opinion and policy which recently came to a head in the meeting of the Board of Missions of the Episcopal Church, the lines were clearly drawn between the "Catholic" and Protestant parties of that Church. It is, therefore, of timely importance to ask on what solid ground can those members of the Episcopal Church stand who claim to be "Catholic," that is, who claim to be members of the one, holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church of Jesus Christ? It is entirely beside the question to discuss the origin of the American Episcopal Church, or, as it officially calls itself, the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, because this Church owes its existence to the Anglican or Episcopal Church of England. It is true that it has an independent organization and episcopate, but whatever orders it claims, it may claim only by virtue of its descent from the Anglican Church, and it has formally adopted as its creed the Thirty-Nine Articles of the mother Church of England. Its birth and history are, therefore, one with the birth and history of the Anglican Church.

The Anglican Establishment today is a local and peculiar national communion within national limits, which naturally and logically implies a national supremacy (exercised either by sovereign, sovereign's court, or sovereign's delegate), guided and illuminated by public opinion and kept subservient to popular sentiment by the public press.

The "comprehensiveness" of the Establishment may be gauged accurately enough by considering that the manifold historical forms and phases of Anglicanism—Lutheranism, Calvinism, Arminianism, the eclectic ceremonialism of Laud and Cosin, Latitudinarianism, Evangelical Piety, and Guelphic Hanoverianism—co-exist together, in constant controversy, within its borders. The Episcopal Supremacy which presided at the birth of the Established Church of England is so changed that its identity is lost; although its bishops, on their knees before the King, kiss his royal hand and profess to maintain "that the spiritualities are held only by His Majesty." That the parent Church of England—or its offspring, the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States—is no part of the one, holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church of Christ is a sure and evident verdict of history if we believe in history at all.

A PROTESTANT AT THE CRIB

The Rev. C. D. McEniry, C. S. S. R., in his book "Father Tim's Talks," introduces his readers to "Father Tim" in the latter's study, just as he is striving to convince a Protestant that venerating images of our Lord, the crucifix, and statues and pictures of the Blessed Virgin, is not "medieval mummerly." Mr. Blaberfield wanted to marry a Catholic, and was under instruction—that is as far as he would consent to be instructed. He had very fixed opinions. Father Tim in sheer despair looked out of the window. He might have lost patience only for that momentary relief from his companion's stubborn attitude. What he saw was "Jerry" Flynn retreating down the alley under a rapid fire of snowballs. Father Casey brightened, threw down the catechism, and said: "Mr. Blaberfield, yesterday was Christmas. What are your earliest recollections of the feast?"

The recollections were pleasant enough from material standpoint—gifts, a Christmas tree, Santa Claus, the plum pudding. "And what are your recollections of the Church?" asked Father Tim. "The Church seemed more empty and gloomy Christmas than at other times" was the reply. He had only hazy memories of the story of Christmas. "It was many years later before I understood, precisely what Christmas meant," he confessed. "What a pity," remarked the priest; and the visitor asserted that children could not understand the Christmas story. "You can't teach it to children."

Father Tim threw up the window. "Gerard, come in here," he shouted. And Jerry threw down a snowball, touched his cap, shouted back: "All right, Fader," and in a second burst into the room.

"Gerard, what's Christmas?" asked Father Tim; and Gerard told the story, rapidly, vividly, and in his own words. "Well done, Gerard," said Father Casey. "You heard all that in my Christmas sermon yesterday, did you?"

"Fader, I was asleep while you were preaching," said honest Jerry. "Then who taught you all these things you have been telling us?"

"Fader, nobody, allus knowed them."

"There you are," said Father Casey, as he dismissed the boy. "You say that the truths of faith can not be taught to a child. Jerry is only nine years old, and he is more at home in these truths than many a man at forty-five." "How do you Catholics do it?" queried Mr. Blaberfield, profoundly impressed by Jerry's knowledge. "I will show you," answered Father Tim, and he led the questioner into the church.

It was late afternoon and there was no service, but many worshippers had gathered in all moving forward to the "Crib." Little girls from the parish school were praying devoutly before the image of the Holy Child; three boys of Jerry's age were on their knees, quite unconscious of the fact that a snowball had lodged between the shoulder blades of one boy and was melting and trickling down his back. They knelt so close to the Crib that their hands touched the good St. Joseph's feet. One look at their faces convinced the Protestant that the scene was as real and familiar to them as if they had taken part in it. Presently the boys whispered about the figures, pointed to them, then said another prayer, made the Sign of the Cross, genuflected before the Blessed Sacrament, and clattered out again to the street and the snowball fight. A mother with her arm about a tiny boy was explaining to him the story of the Crib, and his shining eyes and eager questions showed how the words sank into his heart.

As the priest and his companion went towards the door, a car stopped, and girls and men alighted and hurried into the church to make a visit to the Crib on their way from work. The stranger noticed that there were men of his own age kneeling humbly down before the Divine Babe, and he envied them as he thought of the memories they must have from earliest childhood of such holy scenes.

"Perhaps now, sir, religious ceremony, statues, pictures, and symbols, which the Catholic Church uses to speak to her children, do not appear so useless?" said Father Casey.

"I must admit, Father Casey, that they do not," said the man, whose childhood had not known the true beauty of the holy Christmaside.—Sacred Heart Review.

WANDERING

Rev. R. J. Campbell, whose short time ago created a mild sensation by returning to the Anglican Church from the Congregational, is being quoted now in favor of certain Catholic dogmas. Speaking of All Souls' Day he writes: "What a yawning gulf ordinary Protestantism makes between the living and the dead, to be sure, or rather between those still in the flesh and those who have done with it. Not so the devout Catholic, simple-minded, earnest, and sincere." And again he writes of the Real Presence: "Since the war began, I have realized in French churches as I never did before, the devotional value, the practical helpfulness of the reservation of the sacrament of the altar. It makes all the difference between a dead building and a place that is a sanctuary indeed, wherein worshippers feel that they are in immediate contact with the supernatural and divine." Such words from the former Congregational minister give the hope he is not done yet with his religious journey.—Boston Pilot.

IS SPEAKING THE TRUTH "HERESY"?

"It is a cardinal heresy against our Americanism to say that our Public schools are godless." So spoke the Rev. C. H. Little, Pastor of the Brooklyn, Nonsense, Mr. Little! It is never heresy to speak the truth. And the truth is that the Public schools are godless, not perhaps in some fanciful meaning of the term, but in its literal acceptance. Everything may be taught in the Public schools except God. God alone is excluded. A cheerless home is home from which cheer has been banished, a hopeless soul is one in which hope has no place. A godless school is one that has no room in its curriculum for instruction about God. If words have any meaning this is the meaning of godless; and if facts are admitted the word godless, literally understood, characterizes accurately the condition of the Public schools. Why not be honest?

Nor is it "against our Americanism to say that our Public schools are godless." Rather the contrary is true. The best type of Americanism, the perfection of freedom and loyalty which we associate with our country, the ideal of Americanism contemplated by the framers of our Constitution, is an Americanism built upon the sure foundation of firm belief in the existence of God, and upon the conscientious performance of the duties demanded by the Divine law. Catholics are of the opinion that such a foundation and such a performance are best guaranteed by religious instruction in the school; but they may freely admit that such instruction cannot well be given in the Public schools as at present constituted.

It is the part of loyal patriotism to recognize our Public schools for what they are; to admit their essential lack as far as the religious education of the child is concerned, while not being blind to their real advantages; and to endeavor to supply the

deficiency either in the school or elsewhere. It is folly and falsehood to say that the Public schools are perfectly satisfactory and that they are giving the child everything that is required for perfect citizenship. No man is or can be an ideal citizen who is not God fearing; and it is precisely in its failure to develop the fear of God that the weakness of the Public school consists. They are godless in the sense that instruction about God has no place in them. It is not "heresy against our Americanism" to face a fact: rather it is heresy to ignore it. Only a blinded parent thinks his child perfect. We do not wish our children to grow up pagans or atheists. The Public schools are not designed to prevent this. Perhaps they cannot do so under existing conditions. And in this sense certainly they are godless. A true patriot will recognize this. Conscientious parents recognize it. Mr. Little refuses to recognize it. Well, so much the worse for Mr. Little.—America.

AN AMERICAN KIKUYU

Kikuyu is still active in the Anglican Church. Our readers will recall that when in order to put on a front before the pagans and make them think that all Protestants are one Anglican bishop admitted dissenters to communion. The matter has not been settled yet; indeed, it never will be. The authorities in England were nonplussed. How should they decide the matter? It was finally agreed not to decide it at all, but simply to forget it. But by that failure to decide, a most solemn decision was given. It was in effect that there is no final authority in the Anglican Church, and that, as happened recently in England, one bishop may be called a heretic and there is no one to presume to say which is right, the accuser or the accused. It is not surprising to learn that many conversions to the Catholic Church have resulted from the unsettled Kikuyu dispute.

And now American Episcopalians have a little Kikuyu. It is all in the interests of Church Unity. It is to the credit of Episcopalians that to a great extent it has protested against being dragged into the Evangelical Church movement which aims to convert the benighted Catholics of Latin America. Indeed, as far as we have been able to learn most Episcopalians feel infinitely removed from and infinitely superior to the "Protestant Churches."

Still there are many Episcopalians who object to the attempt to deprive their Protestant character. They object to being called "Catholic," for they know that they have no right to the name and that the use of it would be misleading. Some of these latter feel that in reality, though not in name, they belong to the Evangelical churches. A proof of this was given the other day when in New Haven in connection with the National Council of Congregational churches the rectors of five Protestant Episcopal churches invited congregational clergymen to preach from their pulpits.

There are many Episcopalians who will consider this a defection. How many of them will see in it a new proof that the effort to attain unity by getting down to a least common denominator is a confession of uncertainty in faith?—Boston Pilot.

WHEN CHRISTIANITY DECLINES

NATIONS SURE TO DETERIORATE (By Orestes A. Brownson, formerly a Protestant Minister.)

If Christianity were a natural development, the nation once professing it, on ceasing to do so, would necessarily appear in advance of the nations adhering to it, and in advance also of that which it itself bore; for it could reject Christianity only by outgrowing it and attaining to something superior to it. How happens it, then that this is not the fact? How happens it, that the reverse is what you always see, and that the nation which throws off Christianity invariably falls below the nations which remain faithful, and below what it was itself when Christian? The fact is undeniable. A great part of Asia was once Christian; but what is that part of Asia now in comparison with what it was then? Compare the Alexandria of Cleopatra, Origen, St. Athanasius, and St. Cyril, with the Alexandria of today; or the Northern Africa of the present with the Northern Africa of Tertullian, St. Cyprian, and St. Augustine. The Eastern or Greek Empire, long after the introduction of Christianity, surpassed the Western in wealth, refinement, learning, talent, and genius. What is it now? Do you say that barbarians overran and conquered it? So did barbarians overrun and conquer the Western; but the Church was there; it arrested them, converted them, and has made them the leading nations of the globe. The Eastern broke the unity of faith, separated itself from the centre of Christian life, fell beneath the power of the barbarians, was unable to civilize them, and has ceased to exist. It has passed away, and its conquerors, unconquered, remain barbarians, as they were at the epoch of conquest. The Protestant nations have visibly declined since Luther and Calvin, in all save mere material lack as far as the religious education of the child is concerned, while not being blind to their real advantages; and to endeavor to supply the

nations themselves, when for a moment they seek to subject the spiritual to the temporal, or lose sight of their faith, decline with fearful rapidity, as Austria, France, Spain, Portugal, and Spanish America conclusively prove. Paris, under the reign of the Terrorists, the people of your philosophers, recalled all too vividly the abominations of pagan Athens and Rome. In every country, as the Church retires, you may behold the seeds of the old national superstitions sprouting anew. Germany tends undeniably to revive her old Nature-worship; and Scandinavia threatens to rehabilitate Woden and Thor.

NEW YEAR

Each year cometh with all his days, Some are shadowed and some are bright; He beckons us on until he stays, Kneeling with us 'neath Christmas night.

Knelling under the stars that gem The holy sky, o'er the humble place, When the world's sweet Child of Bethlehem Rested on Mary, full of grace. Not only the Bethlehem in the East, But altar Bethlehem everywhere, When the Gloria of the first great feast Rings forth its gladness on the air.

Each year seemeth loath to go, And leave the joys of Christmas day; In lands of sun and in lands of snow, The year still longs awhile to stay.

A little while, 'tis hard to part From this Christ blessed here below, Old year! and in thy aged heart I hear thee sing so sweet and low.

A song like this, but sweeter far, And yet as if with a human tone, Under the blessed Christmas star, And thou descendest from thy throne.

"A few more days and I am gone, The hours move swift and sure along; Yet still I fain would linger on In hearing of the Christmas song."

"I bow to Him Who rules all years; Thrice blessed in His high behest; Nor will He blame me if, with tears, I pass to my eternal rest."

"Ah, me! to atone every day I brought the sun and the holy Mass; The people came by my light to pray, While countless priests did onward pass."

"The words of the Holy Threedy night To one another from east to west; And the holy Host on the altar white Would take its little half-hour's rest."

"And every minute of every hour The Mass bell rang with its sound so sweet, While from shrine to shrine, with tireless power, And heaven's love, walked the nailed feet."

"I brought the hours for Angelus bells, And from a thousand temple towers They wailed their sweet and blessed spell Around the hearts of all the hours."

"Every day has a day of grace For those who fain would make them so; I saw o'er the world in every place The wings of guardian angels glow."

"Men! could you hear the song I sing— But no, alas! it cannot be so! My heir that comes would only bring Blessings to bless you here below."

Seven days passed; the gray, old year Calls to his throne the coming heir; Falls from his eyes the last, sad tear, And lo! there is gladness everywhere.

Singing, I hear the whole world sing, Afar, anear, aloud, allow: "What, to us will the New Year bring!" Ah! would that each of us might know!

Is it not truth? as old as true? List ye, singers, the while ye sing! Each year bringeth to each of you What each of you will have him bring.

The year that cometh is a king, With better gifts than the old year gave; If you place on his fingers the holy ring Of prayer, the king becomes your slave.

—ABRAHAM J. RYAN

CARRANZA

Hon. Henry Lane Wilson, former minister to Mexico, a Protestant and a Mason, speaking publicly at Terre Haute, Ind., recently, said of Carranza's recognition:

"Against this recognition the memory of every murdered American, of every murdered priest at the altar, and the violation of every woman consecrated to the service of God, should rise up in protest. Against it the voices of 14,000,000 Mexicans, terrorized and robbed by 200,000 bandits, will eventually be heard in severe protest and judgment."—Buffalo Union and Times.

Your Savings

The War has already brought great changes. National leaders in all countries are urging the practice of Thrift. The Prime Minister of Great Britain said recently: "There remains only one course . . . to diminish our expenditure and increase our savings."

What are you going to do with YOUR SAVINGS? You cannot keep your cash in a stocking. You must either put it in a Bank; invest in a Bond or Stock; or purchase Life Insurance with it. Some men will do all three.

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CATHOLIC PRESS HOUR

THE READING OF CATHOLIC PAPERS IN OUR SCHOOLS BECOMING POPULAR

The Catholic Press Hour in the Parochial School, as originally agitated by Clement Deters in the Chicago New World, after the opening of the schools last September, is daily meeting with favor in the eyes of the teaching orders of Sisters engaged in the work of Catholic education. Every week adds new schools to the number active now in promulgating among children an interest in the Catholic press. In the majority of the parochial schools of Chicago, the Sisters now spend an hour each Friday afternoon in reading and discussing the news items, editorials, and features which appear in the Catholic papers. When the agitation was started, mention was made only of the introduction of the Catholic Press Hour into the parochial schools. In many Catholic High Schools, and academies, the custom of reading the Catholic papers, and referring to them for subjects of compositions and essays was already established.

So far, however, as far as we can gather, the movement seems to be confined to Chicago. If it has been adopted in other cities, we do not know of it. This is to be deplored, since the movement is essentially good, desirable and rich in spiritual fruits to the young.

Youth is the time of enduring impressions. Then the mind is plastic and is easily molded towards good impulses, good habits and good ideals. Surely, a habit of a taste for good reading—of reading the best of the best possible kind for the Catholic boy or girl—is desirable and by every means to be encouraged. That habit can best be fostered in our parochial schools, by making the young mind acquainted with our Catholic newspapers.

The schools themselves should see the advantage of this as a factor in that moral education which it is pre-eminently the work and glory of the parochial school to impart. Boys and girls will read anyway, despite the strictest surveillance of parent, guardian or teacher. Is it not better that they should early be led into the habit of reading what is only moral uplifting and ennobling, as found in the Catholic paper, than allow them to dabble in the sewage of the gutter press with its daily outpouring of filth that cannot but befoul the young mind, in the shape of news of divorces, of murders, of suicides, of free-love, of scandals of all kinds? This is a very serious subject, and should receive serious consideration from every Catholic parent and teacher in the land.

As Mr. Deters well puts it to the Catholic parents of the land: "What Are You Going to Do? Withhold all newspapers from children? Do you prohibit them books because there are some volumes that will be injurious to them if read? No, you do not. First of all, you are careful what books you place in their hands and then, through the years of their schooling, you strive to awaken in them a taste for good books, an appreciation of what is worth while and a detestation of what is obnoxious in the field of literature. Why

not be consistent? Slam shut the other gate. Be as cautious in the matter of selecting the newspapers you give your children to read as you are in the selection of their books. Use the same means to give them an appreciation of what is good and bad in newspapers that you use to develop their taste for literature. Give your Catholic children Catholic newspapers! And then teach them to read those Catholic papers! You cannot put an hour a week to better use than in creating a taste for Catholic publications among the pupils of your parochial school. Introduce the Catholic Press Hour into the curriculum of your parochial school!"—Catholic Columbian.

For prayer will in time make the human countenance its own divinity altar; years upon years of true thoughts, like countless music shut up within, will vibrate along the nerves of expression until the lines of the living instrument are drawn into correspondence, and the harmony of visible form matches the unheard harmonies of the mind.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichow, March 22, 1915. Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: Yesterday (Passion Sunday) I laid the corner-stone of the church in Taichow. The former church was too small for the crowds who are being converted: 4 in the city and neighboring towns. Even with the new addition of forty-eight feet and a gallery it will be too small on the big Feasts. May God be praised who designs to open mouths to His praises in the Far East to replace those stilled in death in Europe. And may He shower down His choicest blessings on my benefactors of the CATHOLIC RECORD, who are enabling me to hire catechists, open up new places to the Faith and to build and enlarge churches and schools. Rest assured, dear Readers, that every cent that comes my way will be immediately put into circulation for the Glory of God.

Your gratefully in Jesus and Mary, J. M. FRASER.

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