

and you would have a line thirty-seven miles long! For over twelve years I have been writing to Canada and the States beseeching that some one come to join me in my labor, but no response yet. Shall I have the consolation of seeing some one at least before my death partaking of my work and in order to continue it after I am gone? God grant it for the sake of the poor Chinese whom I love more than my very soul. Thanks, a thousand thanks to His Grace Archbishop McNeil for his letter and to all who have donated to my mission.

Yours faithfully in Christ,
J. M. FRASER.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

AUSTRO GERMAN VICTORY

The whole Russian campaign against Austria Hungary appears to have collapsed. At untold cost the Russians after having conquered Galicia almost wrested from the Austro Hungarians the passes of the Carpathians through which they might soon have poured into the fertile plains of Hungary and menaced the capitals of the Dual Monarchy. From this deadly won point of vantage they were hurled back, making a stand at the famous fortress of Przemyśl, whence they have now been driven.

It is hardly possible for them to hold Lemberg and with the fall of the Capital, Galicia with its railway system, its wealth of oil, coal and minerals will be in possession of the Teutonic Allies. Whether as a consequence the Russians may have to fall back in Poland leaving Warsaw in the hands of the Germans remains to be seen.

Russia has rendered incalculable service since the beginning of the War. She has kept mighty forces of the enemy engaged with fluctuating results, but kept them busy and thus divided the great Teutonic forces and relieved the pressure on the western front. It is to be feared that a much smaller force will be able to hold Russia for some considerable time thus releasing enemy troops and guns for service elsewhere. Italy may keep some of them busy, but there is little doubt that the German lines in France and Belgium will be greatly strengthened.

THE SUBMARINE

A Canadian Press Despatch of June 4 gives a record of greatly increased activity or luck to the enemy underwater craft, seven vessels, three neutral, being sunk in one day.

IN FRANCE

In a report from Berlin the Germans claim to have retaken the sugar refinery at Souchez, which has been the scene of a violent conflict between them and the French for the better part of a week. The French in last night's report, on the other hand, claim that they are pressing on northward from the refinery. The struggle in this bit of territory to the north of Arras has become almost as intense and as costly in life and treasure as that around Ypres. It is also noted that the Germans with one big gun have fired a few ineffective shells at Verdun. The French replied on the other side of Lorraine by bombarding the southern front of the entrenched camp of Metz.—Globe June 5.

THE ITALIAN FRONT

There is very little news from the Italian front. The Austrians claim that the Italian troops are making little progress, while despatches from the north of Italy point with pride to the fact that the army of General Cadorna is over the Isonzo. The point at which the river was crossed, however, is almost fifty miles north of the Gulf of Trieste, in a mountainous country, through which an army en route for Trieste would never think of passing. The objective of the Italian troops in the northern district around Tolmino is to secure the crests of the mountains as a barrier against an Austrian invasion of the Italian plain. The real passage of the Isonzo by the army gathering for the invasion of Istria will take place near the sea coast in the vicinity of Monfalcone, and will unquestionably be facilitated by the operations of the Italian fleet. The first task of Italy in the Trentino, in the north, along the Carnic Alps, and on the Julian range, was to secure the peaks and the passes. They have had remarkable success in this. The next phase will be attacks on Trent and Trieste, with the object of occupying these cities.—Globe, June 5.

NOT KILLED, SAYS O'LEARY

London, June 1.—"I have seen in to-day's papers that I have been killed in action. No, I am still in the firing line, doing my bit for my King and my country."

"I trust that God is not going to call on me soon, until I have done a bit more for my country."

"I came out of my last battle with only a few scratches, thank God!"

So writes Sergeant O'Leary, V. C., in a letter dated May 29 and received by his parents last night. His parents had been overwhelmed with inquiries about him.—New York Times.

FATHER CANNING'S FUNERAL

ELOQUENT TRIBUTE BY BISHOP FALLON

GREAT RESPECT FOR LATE RECTOR SHOWN BY LARGE CONGREGATION (Toronto World, May 25)

Seldom has a more impressive funeral been witnessed than that of Rev. Hugh Canning, rector of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, which took place yesterday morning from the church in which, during a period of eight years, he had ministered, and from the parish in which to day there is general and sincere sorrow at the loss of so devoted a pastor.

Ten o'clock was the hour appointed for the beginning of the final ceremonies, but for an hour previous the crowds began to gather and soon every available niche was occupied, until it is estimated 2,000 were collected within the sacred edifice, while still another 1,000 waited without to catch glimpses or sound of the things passing within.

The church was heavily draped with long black scarfs that circled the arches and festooned the pillars and pulpit, and from the sides of the high altar hung great black panels marked with outstanding crosses in white, speaking of human sorrow and the faith that is immortal. Wax tapers burned dimly on the altar and about the bier, placed just outside the rails of the sanctuary, where it had rested since the remains were brought in the afternoon previously, and which in the interim had been visited by thousands from many parts of Toronto and from outside. On Sunday afternoon, while the body of the late priest lay in state, the children of the schools had come in crowds to take a last look at one who had been so much to them in life, and in the evening vespers for the dead were chanted in the chancel.

MASS OF REQUIEM

The funeral Mass of Requiem was sung by His Grace Archbishop McNeil, with Mr. Kidd as assistant priest. The deacons of honor were Rev. Dean Morris and Rev. M. Clines, deacon, Rev. James C. Carberry, sub-deacon, Rev. K. Morrow, master of ceremonies, Rev. S. McGrath, Right Rev. Mgr. Fallon, D. D., Bishop of London; Right Rev. Mgr. O'Brien, Bishop of Peterboro, and Right Rev. Mgr. McCann, V. G.; Right Rev. Mgr. Whelan, Rev. Dean Hand, Dean Brady of Brantford, and others, about 70 ecclesiastics in all taking part. The music of the Mass was beautifully and touchingly rendered by the alternate choir of the church and the boys of the brothers' school, representatives of the community of St. Joseph, Lorato Abbey, Sisters of the Good Shepherd, Brothers of the Christian Schools, Holy Name Society, Knights of Columbus, Sodality and the De La Salle Institute assisted.

BISHOP FALLON PREACHED

The sermon was preached by His Lordship Bishop Fallon of London, a personal friend of the late priest, and never was grander tribute paid to friendship than that which emanated from the lips of the eloquent speaker on this occasion. The text upon which the discourse was built was, "You have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, that you should go and bear fruit, and that your fruit should remain." "I have spoken generally on the dignity of the priesthood mainly to steady myself," said Bishop Fallon, after outlining briefly the meaning and mission of the vocation, "because the duty I have now to perform is the saddest I have been called upon to do in my life. When Hugh Canning presented himself for the priesthood he brought with him a noble character and a great many virtues. I know whereof I speak because between him and me there existed a friendship of twenty-five years, which later developed into something much more."

"I never had any other home in the city than his house. Father Canning was one who hated sham, trickery or subterfuge. He had a keen intellect and accurate judgment, the simplicity of a child, yet with vast reserve that prevented him showing himself as he really was to any except perhaps his closest friend. His humility made him obedient to authority but it never descended into servility, his courage never gave place to irreverence."

"You never will listen to such a man again," said Bishop Fallon, "to one who will give you the faith with such absolute conviction. He took it as a personal cause for joy or sorrow when his people professed their religion or neglected it. He was always ready to stand or wait in the performance of his duty, and like the pastor of Grand Pre, the children stopped in the street to kiss the hand which he extended to bless them. He was an ideal priest to whom might be applied Sacerdos alter Christus, for like another Christ he went about doing good."

ELOQUENT TRIBUTE

A most touching conclusion was given the heartfelt address when Bishop Fallon, turning to his dead friend, exclaimed "Take him out and lay him down gently under the earth for the grave has rarely closed upon as noble a heart as that which beat within the breast of Hugh Canning."

At the close of the sermon the Archbishop and ecclesiastics gathered about the bier while "The Libera" was sung and the last absolution given, after which, preceded by the

processional cross, censer-bearer, acolytes, priests, monsignori and members of the hierarchy, the casket was borne out from among a sorrowing congregation among which there were few dry eyes, for old and young, strong men and little children gave him the tribute of their tears.

The cortege proceeded to Mount Hope Cemetery where interment was made. Father Canning is survived by two brothers, Wm. Canning of Scarborough and Joseph Canning of Seaforth, and four sisters, Mrs. G. O'Brien, Miss Tilly Canning of Toronto, Mrs. P. Doherty and Mrs. W. Ebbon of Duluth.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR

PERE DESLANDE, A JESUIT ADJUTANT

A correspondent sends us the following tribute to the Rev. Pere Deslande, a French Jesuit priest, adjutant in the 124th Regiment of Infantry:

Father Deslande was at the convent of Canterbury in England when war was declared. Immediately he left for France to answer to the call of mobilization. He was wounded in the Battle of the Marne, and before his leave of convalescence was over he returned to the firing line. On February 19, in a brilliant charge of his regiment, Father Deslande, who was immediately behind his colonel, fell mortally wounded, a shell shattering both his legs. A comrade near him gallantly dragged him to a place of safety, but the Rev. Father died a few minutes later. His name figured among many others, shortly afterwards, in the "Citations à l'Ordre de l'Armée."

The Rev. Pere Deslande, Adjutant, always showed a splendid example of bravery and sacrifice. First gravely wounded in the Battle of the Marne. On February 19, a shell shattering his legs, he still continued to encourage his comrades with words and signs. Feeling death stealing over him, he strained with all his dying strength to lift his right arm and shout with his last breath, "Vive la France." Strange to relate, the Rev. Father had to be buried in his last attitude, as it was found impossible to bend his right arm, which he had uplifted in his last gesture. It was fixed—still pointing to heaven, in the rigidity of death.

This is the twenty-fifth Jesuit who has already fallen on the field of honour. Does not this story of the death of this noble priest—who a few years ago was exiled from France because he wished to continue his religious vocation, and who, at the first call of need from his country, was among the first to return and fight for her, and die a heroic death for her cause—does not all this signify the "Union Sacree" which unites all Frenchmen to day, and which we hope will continue, long after the day of final victory arrives.

GERMANS AND ENGLISH WOUNDED

The following extract from the diary of a German officer, dated December 19, 1914, descriptive of the conduct of his own men on a former occasion, is (says the "Eye-witness" at the British Headquarters) of more than ordinary interest:

"The sight of the trenches and the fury—not to say the bestiality—of our men in beating to death the wounded English affected me so much that for the rest of the day I was fit for nothing." The writer of this was in the 13th Regiment, 19th Division, of the VIII German Corps. His testimony as to the brutality of our enemy is borne out by the evidence of our own men on numerous occasions, notably at Neuve Chapelle, where several of our wounded temporarily left behind were subsequently found bayoneted or with their brains blown out. Another extract from a letter referring to this same fight on December 19 mentions that some of the English, being surrounded, surrendered after a most gallant resistance. The writer adds: "But they got no mercy! The rifle butts were turned round and we went for them and made the sparks fly. Prisoners were not taken."

A CHAPLAIN IN THE LEGION OF HONOUR

The Abbé Henri Orgeval, who is a diocesan missionary belonging to Paris, and is at present acting as a military chaplain, has been made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. The reason is thus officially set forth:

He remained three days in a bombarded village in order to give the assistance of his ministry to the wounded. Ever at the most exposed points he helped to maintain at the highest level the moral of the troop with which he is and has inspired them with the greatest admiration of him.

A SOLDIER AND RELIGION

Here is a letter from a French soldier at the front which shows the movement to religion which is going on among the troops:

I am not sufficiently instructed in the details of Catholic doctrine to be able to say sincerely that I believe. But this I can say, that when I think this condition fulfilled, I shall say so loyally, and if it is not, my opinion on the necessity of religion will still remain unshakable, and I shall only marry a girl who is pious, for that I regard in general as a necessary condition for the happiness and good conduct of the home.

AN INTERRUPTED MASS

A French priest engaged in hospital work who was quartered in a convent school for girls, gives a harrowing

description of the scene he witnessed one morning in the village church, which was close by, after a short bombardment by the Germans:

It was a sight I shall never forget. At the foot of the altar lay the priest in his Mass vestments, holding a handkerchief to his head. He was covered with blood, and his head lay in a pool of it. By him were the cure in a cot and four or five priest infirmiers. All were terror-stricken, and so I asked the soldiers present for their dressings, with which I bound up the wound, and we carried him just as he was on a stretcher to the ambulance. I found from the clothes underneath his vestments that he was a stretcher-bearer, and learned from him later that he had just got to the consecration of the Chalice when he was struck down by a piece of shell. Another priest went up to the altar and finished the Mass.

SOLEMN REQUIEM FOR SOLDIERS WHO FELL NEAR YPRES

Mitchell, Ont., May 31.—Mr. A. J. Blowers, manager of the Bell Telephone Company here, has received a most interesting letter from J. W. Ord, a former employee, a nephew of Mr. Ord, electrician of this town, who was subsequently on the telephone staff in London, but is now at the battle front with the Canadian troops in the signal corps.

Writing in May, subsequent to the battle around Ypres, he says: "This morning I attended a religious service which I shall never forget. The good hearted cure of this village, where we are resting four miles from the trenches, held a Solemn High Requiem Mass for the brave Canadians who have fallen in the recent operations around Ypres. Except for one small portion packed with women and children, mostly in mourning, the church was crowded with soldiers. Some of the infantry who came in from the neighboring towns with their canvas bandoliers and rifles had still some of the dust and mud of the trenches on them."

The service was solemn and the sermon, which was an heroic attempt in English by the much beloved cure, was highly appreciated by the boys. The flag of Canada, with the French tricolor on the right and the Belgian colors on the left, were hanging in front of a black canopy covered with embroidered fleurs de lis, which was suspended over a small prayer bench from which the priest prayed at the close of the service.

"After God Save the King" had been sung all passed out into the sunshine, and my last impressions as I crossed to the signal station were of the people standing in the sunlit square with the soldiers lining up and a piper striking up as a party of Highlanders marched jauntily away to their quarters."

I met an English chauffeur here recently who used to work in Mitchell for Mr. W. Colquhoun. Queer thing to meet an old Mitchellite behind a brick wall where a bunch of us were in shelter from shrapnel near the signal station.

I get along well, thanks to a better knowledge of French than I gave myself credit for. Strange isn't it that I cannot understand the French-Canadians but I am at home here? J. W. ORD.

A UNITED CHURCH: A DIVIDED WORLD

The world is divided, broken, undone. Unless there is a power greater than man's power, to-morrow will be worse than to-day. Science has played its part: commerce has sailed its argosies on all the seas: education has dropped its plumb-line into the depths of the human spirit and strained its wings to scale the heights. And all to what avail? Our civilization has been corroded by selfishness: our commerce has been spurred by competition and motivated by lust for gain: our education has been perverted by the will to power. The world was first divided by the rupture made by sin in the world mind; then, in the fullness of time, when science armed man against man beyond the beasts of prey, and when commerce brought nation into shoulder touch with nation, and when education joined the knowledge of a god to the malice of a demon, the inevitable came to pass—a world divided, broken, undone.

And for a divided world there is no second chance except through a united Church. A just distribution of wealth will not suffice, even though every man should eat bread by the sweat of his own brow: life is more than meat. A sounder form of government will not do, even though the government be of the people, by the people, and for the people. No culture will bind up the broken-hearted world or drive the spirit of evil from the world's hateful mind: by its culture Germany felt: how then can the world hope to rise by it alone? Nothing will meet the world's insistent need but the specific of the Christian Church.

And the Church to be effective must be one. A creed divided, Church has failed through a thousand years to unite the sin-divided world. A world at war cannot be redeemed by a Church divided against itself. Peace and unity alone can hold the day against antagonism and strife.

A week ago a letter-writer in The Globe argued against Church Union

in Canada during the time of war. He was answered by another country writer, who urged the very fact of the world's war as a challenge to the Church to line up, with all ranks closed, all breaches repaired, all waste of resources and of effort stopped, all cross-purposes organized, and in Christianity's life-and-death struggle to put first things first. If for the Empire's salvation the divided political parties of Britain have pushed aside their differences and now present one solid front to their common foe, with the Pauline motto, "This one thing I do," surely it is high time the Churches of Canada, that have already found a common standing ground and a common gospel message, should hear the great world's call and heed the marching orders from Olivet.

This world war is changing all things for the Church. Old things are passing away. Old institutions are crumbling. Old shibboleths are being spoiled. Old shibboleths are being emptied of their meaning. The party cries of the old day will not rally the world of the new time. If the Church does not understand the meaning of this cataclysm of the nations it will be a blind leader of the blind. If it does not speak with the old prophetic fire it is because it has lost the old prophetic vision. If it does not go forward to meet the new need it is because, as in crises of the past, the Church has apostatized from its Christ.

And most of all in Canada will the war usher in a new day. As never before the aliens and strangers, from all the lands and of every language and race and creed, will crowd into Canada's vacant spaces, a million in one year. What matters our varying accents of creed and our divisive aims of form? These new comers, if shibboleths, be they to us never so stirring. They care nothing for the mint and anise and cummin of our outgrown dogma, be they to us never so sacred. The fires of this hell of war have consumed all local duties and tribal altars. The universal Gospel alone counts. "God and the soul stand sure." And only a love-united Church can reconcile and serve a war divided world.—The Toronto Globe.

FIELD MASS IN NEW YORK

FATHER MULRY OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS DELIVERS AN ELOQUENT ADDRESS

New York, May 24. Nearly five thousand people knelt in prayer on the campus of Fordham university Sunday morning during the celebration of the field Mass of the Knights of Columbus. It was the closing feature of the celebration in honor of the twentieth anniversary of the New York Council of the Knights of Columbus, which was to have been held Sunday, May 16, but was postponed on account of rain.

This was the first field Mass ever celebrated in the United States outside of government reservations. The crowd stood within the shadow of St. John's hall and the altar was placed at the base of the statue of the late Archbishop Hughes. The music was furnished by the Catholic Oratorio society, under the direction of Mm. Kronold. Dr. Silver's Solemn High Mass was sung.

Under command of Lieutenant William A. Patten, the military color guard of the Knights of Columbus of New York acted as an escort for the celebrant and the altar and afterwards formed a guard of honor, standing before the sanctuary.

The ceremony was under the direction of John Cabot Ward, park commissioner and grand knight of New York Council, Knights of Columbus. He was assisted by James J. Beane, chairman of the committee on arrangements. The Rev. Francis Roche, chaplain of the order and pastor of the Church of the Holy Spirit, was the celebrant of the Mass. The Rev. Joseph A. Mulry, S. J., president of Fordham university, preached on "Ideals of Catholic Education." He denounced the trend of materialistic evolution that has found its logical conclusion in the European conflict.

The speaker gave a brief review of education on this continent, saying that long before the first American university and eighty-five years before Harvard had been established twenty universities flourished in South America under the direction of Catholics. He urged all Catholics to enter public life, to exercise their right of suffrage and to elect men who see in their offices the authority not of force, not of mob made right, but an authority resting finally in God, but vested in them. Because Catholics held this view, he said, the Constitution will always be safe in their hands, and President Wilson in his policy to-day has no more loyal and more devoted followers.

Should the time ever come when this country must take up arms, he said, Americans must bear in mind that while all Catholics accept their religion from Rome, the policy of twenty millions of Catholics in this country is loyalty to President Wilson and the State whose principle is liberty, and that the Knights of Columbus, numbering more than three hundred and fifty thousand, will be the first to lead the way to strike a mighty blow in support of President Wilson's doctrine.

The preacher's closing remarks were on the test of education on the battlefield, and concluding the president of Fordham said: "If the call to arms should ever come from

Washington the Catholic ideal of every soldier will be to look forward to a death clasping his crucifix in his right hand, looking through the cross to the Stars and Stripes and through both to close his eyes in the hope of his final reward."—Catholic Sun.

LUSITANIA SAILORS

At the Jesuit Fathers' mission in the Immaculate Conception church, Waterbury, Conn., recently, the Rev. Patrick J. Casey, S. J., referred to the sailors of the ill-fated Lusitania as follows:

"I heard confessions from those poor stokers on the Lusitania whenever the boat arrived from one of its voyages to New York and a better class of Catholic men I have never met. Those poor fellows working down at the bottom of the liner, and it's mighty hard work, too, told me they never have the time to dispense God nor do they fall off the water wagon, because there is no liquor in their quarters even if they were tempted. They came to confession to me every time before sailing and often declared that inwardly they were happy because they were working towards a great end, preparing to meet their God."—Intermountain Catholic, Salt Lake City.

REAR-ADMIRAL BENSON, A CATHOLIC, APPOINTED TO A MOST IMPORTANT POST

There is no post of duty more important in the Navy Department, or in the United States Navy, than that of Chief of Operations, which corresponds to that of Chief of Staff of the Army.

To this duty Captain William Shepherd Benson has been assigned, and with it goes the rank, pay and allowance of a Rear Admiral. Captain Benson was selected from many aspirants for this important appointment, for it not only carries with it the high rank of Rear Admiral, but, after the Secretary of the Navy himself, is really the head of the active part of the Navy service.

Rear-Admiral Benson is a Catholic, and has a son also in the Navy. He was born in Georgia on September 25, 1855, and was appointed from that State to the Naval Academy on September 28, 1872, so he has had nearly thirty-three years of service.—St. Paul Bulletin.

NEGRO SHAMES THE GUARDIANS OF LIBERTY

A colored man of intelligence and education, told me the other day that some time ago an attempt was made to organize in this city among the negroes, a branch of the Guardians of Liberty. A meeting was called at the Lincoln Memorial Church on Eleventh street northwest. A friend of his asked him to attend a meeting to be held there one Sunday afternoon, saying it was to organize a branch of a new patriotic society. Without further inquiry, just to be with his friend and to pass the afternoon pleasantly, he went. There were not quite a hundred men in the church. A white man made the organization speech. He denounced the Catholics, said that their Church was a menace to American institutions, etc., etc., explained the objects and other methods of the Guardians, and urged all of those present to join it. At the conclusion of his address, he said he was prepared to answer any questions. No one of that congregation got up to ask any. The silence was oppressive. Then my acquaintance arose and said he would like to know why since the society was said to be patriotic and to defend American institutions, it had to work in the dark. Why did it need secrecy? An American citizen ought to be free to be patriotic in the open and free to protect American institutions in the daylight. Thereupon the white man got furious, called my colored acquaintance "a tool of Rome" and

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other opprobrious names, and declared that he had no business to be present at such a meeting. When the storm of denunciation had subsided, the colored man got up again and said:

"I admit that I am out of place here and I will get out at once. But I want to say that I was not sent here by anybody and came only because I was invited by one of those present here now. I want to say further that I am a Methodist and in good standing as a member of my own church. I want to say further that I have no enmity towards my Catholic neighbors and that I think colored men who have themselves suffered so much from oppression, should not conspire to injure and persecute their Catholic fellow citizens. Let those who think otherwise stay here and join the Guardians of Liberty, if they will. Let those who think as I do, do as I am going to do right now—get their hats and walk out." Some eighty-six men got up and left while only about half a dozen remained. There was no branch of the Guardians of Liberty organized in that negro church that day.—Intermountain Catholic, Salt Lake City.

A BRIEF HISTORY

The summary of a Jesuit priest's military career in the present war is thus given in the French Journal Officiel:

A priest in civil life. Joined the regiment as a reservist soldier. Soon became a devoted assistant of his commanders and a friend of his comrades, counselling, sustaining and comforting them. Always volunteered for any delicate or perilous undertaking. By his daring succeeded in bringing accurate accounts of the enemy. Named corporal September 8, 1914; decorated with the médaille militaire September 30; promoted sergeant October 16; second lieutenant November 26. He was mortally wounded, December 7, in a trench, while going to pray over the bodies of two soldiers of his company.—The Missionary.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowin, March 22, 1915.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: Yesterday (Passion Sunday) I laid the corner-stone of the church in Taichowin. The former church was too small for the crowds who are being converted 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 still 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.

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

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