

British Conscriptionist that at an early stage of the struggle they indicated to the Irish that they were quite willing to exclude Ireland; but this was a compromise at which the Irish refused to look first, because they regarded it as a betrayal of the British Democrats, to whose loyal assistance next to Irish effort and tenacity they attribute the victory of Home Rule. Secondly, because the Irish Party realize that such an exclusion of Ireland, especially if done with the approval of the Irish Party, would be used as a weapon against Ireland when the time comes to put Home Rule into operation.

But how far the uncompromising attitude of the Irish Party will be backed up by the Liberals is a question of still disputed fact. Two things are possible though not probable, and without these two facts Conscription would be met by the opposition of the bulk of the Liberal Party. The first of these conditions is that a Conscription Bill would be proposed by Mr. Asquith. The second is that the House of Commons— and especially over the Liberal Party is still astonishingly strong. I say astonishingly, considering the many disappointments of the War, and considering the hurricane of attack to which he has been subjected by Lord Northcliffe in his various organs. But it is still doubtful if Mr. Asquith will ever consent to propose a Conscription Bill. All his prepossessions are against it, and he has laid down a condition which binds him, namely—that the Bill should be received with practically universal assent.

Which brings me to the second condition which is necessary for Conscription to have any chance; and that is that Mr. Asquith should propose it with a united Cabinet behind him. There can be no united Cabinet on the subject—barring one thing which may upset all calculations, namely, a series of bad disasters in the East. If that should come, nobody could tell what would happen. But even if that out of account, Mr. Asquith could not hope for a united Cabinet for Conscription. Three ministers would certainly resign, Mr. Runciman, Mr. Harcourt and Mr. Birrell. Mr. Runciman a comparatively young man is the son of a great shipowner; he spent several years of his life as a shipowner himself and has shown, as President of the Board of Trade, very remarkable gifts of organization. Like his father, Mr. Runciman is a life testator; has the pallid but healthy complexion that belongs as a rule to the life testator, and also the power of incessant work which is possible to the man whose energies are not in any way sapped by alcohol. He would be a loss to the Ministry. Mr. Harcourt is a man of consummate ability; can make one of the most powerful and cutting speeches of any man in the House—being a genuine wit; was an excellent Colonial Secretary, and altogether a notable man. His fortunes are easy, for he is married into the great American banking house of which Pierpont Morgan was the head; lives in a house in the fashionable quarter of Berkeley Square; has a historic mansion at Nuneham near Oxford, and is allied with all the great aristocratic families of England. But he is delicate in health; has never tried to be a great popular figure; and is more powerful accordingly in the House of Commons than in the country. Mr. Birrell's hostility to Conscription is largely because as Chief Secretary he has such a profound knowledge of the Irish people and such a profound affection for them. "I'm not going to drag Irishmen with policemen away from their homes after they have sent the bravest troops in such large numbers to win our battles already," he said once to a friend.

But the loss of even these three ministers would not necessarily mean the downfall of Mr. Asquith's Ministry and the end of Conscription. The man on whom to a large extent the fate of both the one and the other depends is Mr. Reginald McKenna, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. After years of disparagement, Mr. McKenna has come to his own. He was constantly assailed by the Tories before the war as a man with the mind of a clerk and the bearing of a prig, and during the militant suffrage campaign he was assailed by the Pankhursts and their followers as the man who tortured, starved and even murdered women, and both he and his wife and children had to be protected from assassination and violence by constant guards of police.

As Chancellor of the Exchequer he has come to his own. In his veins there is the blood of two generations of stiff North of Ireland bankers, and when he came to deal with figures he showed an immediate mastery of them that has taken everybody by surprise. His gifts are solid rather than brilliant, but they were the gifts that were required in an hour of such gigantic financial stress. He has carried a big budget with consummate patience, good temper and promptitude of argument; and in short he is regarded as the man of the hour. Add that he has great courage, a will of iron, rigidity of opinion, and you will see that he is a formidable man.

If he left the Ministry on Conscription it would give a shake to the Ministry and to Conscription which it would not recover. For his objections are founded on solid financial grounds. The truth is that even already the amount of recruiting has produced some grave financial and industrial results. Take the export of cotton goods; they form the great-

est of England's products, so much so that cotton exports make up one-fifth of the entire export trade of England. But already that industry is reduced by 25 per cent. of its output by the number of men who have gone to the front. It cannot bear any further reduction without seriously embarrassing the financial resources of the country. One hears the same tale of diminished output for the same cause in agriculture, and the importance of a maximum food production in a War like this need not be insisted upon. I find that many big business men, altogether irrespective of party, are very anxious about this industrial side of the War, and if their forces be rallied—and they could be rallied by such a leader as Mr. McKenna—then Conscription could not pass.

Altogether, then, though I thought otherwise a short time ago, I do not think that Conscription will be ever proposed, or that if it is proposed, it can be carried—unless again as I have said—there is a series of big disasters which might produce a feeling when all things are possible. But panic seems to be the last thing to be expected from the British people in their present mood. They can be charged much more with the happy-go-lucky feeling, which is the strength and the weakness of the race. They are not yet economising as they should; they spend too much money on drink—though the closing of the saloons by the new licensing authorities is diminishing that. Few rich people drink champagne, unless when they are entertaining a young officer home for a brief holiday from the trenches. But life goes on too much as if we were in peace time. The next great departure if the war continues will possibly take the form of some stringent and compulsory legislation to produce greater thrift. It is the British purse which will be the ultimate factor in deciding the War—that purse has been terribly drained by Britain and by her Allies; she is at last beginning to realize that it is not holiness, and she doesn't mean to get to the bottom until she has beaten Germany.

#### LETTER FROM FATHER FRASER

Catholic Mission  
Taichowfu, China, Oct. 31, 1915.

Dear Friend,—Last night I had a very trying experience which might have proved fatal. I was shipwrecked in the middle of a big river whilst descending from Sienku and for several hours did not know whether I was doomed to death or not. For the past week I have been superintending the building of the first Catholic Church in that city and region. I am glad to say the work is progressing, the facade being already 20 feet high. I intended to return by sedan chair but all the chair bearers were engaged to carry "flower chairs" (the pretty portable carriages in which the bride is borne to the nuptial feast) it being a favorable day for marriage according to the Chinese calendar, and I was obliged to return by boat. Early in the morning I boarded a small boat rowed from the stern and manned by two sailors. We were three passengers, myself, my acolyte and the boss mason on the Sienku Church, and had forty miles to make. Everything went well till the evening, though the boatmen had to work hard all day against a head wind and in the pouring rain. We got over many rapids and around many corners successfully. Just as dusk was coming on there was a thud, the boat stopped, and the planks on the bottom cracked and broke open. A submerged tree had ripped a big hole in the boat. Happily the tide was running out and the hole in the boat was some higher than the surface of the water, but the hole got bigger and bigger as the boat posed more heavily on the stump, which now protruded half a foot through the bottom and rendered the boat immovable. The two boatmen seemed to cry like children. I asked what would happen. "There was no hope," they said, "when the tide comes in again the boat will fill up and sink and we will be drowned." "But will no boat pass this way and pick us up?"

"No, we were the last to leave Sienku and no boats will come up from Taichowfu till next morning." What a dismal outlook! Night came on. The place was very lonely. There were mountains and gloomy woods all around but not a sign of life with the exception perhaps of the far distant sound of drums and music of a marriage feast. They were merry making and we were in anguish. I thought of St. Paul's words: "thrice I suffered shipwreck; a night and a day I was in the depth of the sea, in journeying often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers," and felt consoled. We sat there in the dark, for our lights had been burned out, discussing means of escape.

At last we decided that one of the boatmen must risk his life and get over to the bank somehow or other, by wading and swimming. He tied his clothes on his head and started off. How earnestly we prayed that he might not be carried away by the swiftly running water. He arrived safe and then journeyed to the nearest place where boats could be had, two miles away. He ought to have returned in an hour, but two hours passed and three and no sign of him. Every now and then his mate would stand up and call out his name in a plaintive tone at the top of his voice

but the only answer was a faint echo from the distant hills, and then he would settle down to bailing out the water. The situation was getting serious. In a few hours the tide would be in and we would be lost. I promised a Mass for the speedy beatification of the Little Flower if we were saved. "Have you said the rosary to day?" I asked my acolyte. "No, I forgot." "Then say it to ask God's protection." He did so and I joined him. It is wonderful what a fervor a little faith puts into prayer. I can now understand the spiritual general taking place in Europe. But why has not the man returned. All sorts of dark and gloomy thoughts passed through our minds. Perhaps he has deserted us. Perhaps he cannot secure a boat for love or money. Perhaps the villagers will not believe him and think he is leading them into robbers' hands. Perhaps he will be held responsible for the loss of the boat, for he was rowing it when the accident occurred. I learned from his mate that he was very poor and had neither wife nor children. "But he will come back," he said, and with that called out again in a still more plaintive voice. The long desired answer came at last: "I am coming." "And have you a boat?" "Yes," came the joyful news. How eagerly we clambered in and left the old wreck! When I was paying the unfortunate boatmen my mason remarked that a pagan would not have paid them a cent but "claimed them to death." We arrived at Taichowfu after midnight but found the city gates closed and no means of getting in, so we decided to pass the rest of the night in the row boat. How thankful we were to God and the Little Flower for our rescue! I fulfilled my promise by saying Mass for her beatification this morning (Sunday) and told the people to join in our thanksgiving.

Yours very sincerely in the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary  
J. M. FRASER

#### CHRIST ALONE ADORED

The claims of Christianity to the belief of the world would rest on the divinity of its Founder. In studying the life of Christ there is no difficulty, at least, in proving the supernatural, the superhuman character of His life. It is historically demonstrable that His life was superior to the age in which He lived. His demands on all His followers were those of God. He was not satisfied with steadfast faith and immortal love, but He furthermore exacted adoration, which is the annihilation of oneself before a Supreme Being. Let us not disguise the fact that all men more or less desire to be adored.

This innate thirst for adoration is the mother of all tyranny and despotism. Persons sometimes wonder that kings and princes should weave together numberless intrigues in order to emancipate themselves from human and divine laws, that they should add violence to cunning, shed torrents of blood and march onward to the extermination of the human race. Naturally, we ask ourselves why they act thus. It is for the very object of being adored, of seeing every thought subject to theirs, every will, in conformity with theirs, every right and every duty emanating from themselves. But mankind, in the meantime, concentrating its secret indignation within itself, awaits the inevitable day of the tyrant's weakness and turns upon and tramples under its feet the proud, weak creature that dared to claim adoration. Thus, whoever has been adored will sooner or later be hurled by the hand of the people from the lofty summit of divine majesty usurped to the execration of eternal abhorrence. Such is the verdict of history.

But in spite of history, however, Christ is adored. A man mortal and dead He has obtained adoration which still endures, and of which the world offers no other example. What emperor has had His temples, His statues? What has become of all the gods created by adulation? Their dust even no longer exists, and the surviving remembrance of them serves but to excite our wonder at the extravagance of man and the mercy of God. Christ alone, through and after twenty centuries, remains standing upon His altars, not in a remote corner of the world, but over the whole earth, and among the noblest and most cultivated of our race. The greatest monuments of art, the most magnificent ceremonies as noble under the influence of His name, poetry, music, painting and sculpture exhaust their resources to proclaim His glory and to offer Him incense worthy of the adoration which twenty centuries have consecrated to Him.

And yet upon what throne do the nations adore Him? They adore Him upon an ignominious cross, and under the mean appearance of bread and wine. Here thought becomes confounded. It would seem that Christ has taken delight in rejecting all human means, in abusing His strange power and in insulting mankind by prostrating them in wonder before empty shadows. Having by His crucifixion descended lower than death, He made even of ignominy the throne of His divinity, and not satisfied with this triumph He willed and commanded that mankind should acknowledge His supreme essence and eternal life by the adoration which is a startling contradiction to our senses. Who, but God, could have confounded the wisdom of the

wise, and have achieved such a magnificent success through such weak and silly means?

It is true many have endeavored during His long reign to overturn His altars, but their impotency has only served to promote and confirm His glory. At each outrage He has seemed to grow greater and more divine. Genius has protected Him against genius, science against science, empire against empire. Whatever arms that have been lifted against Him He has made His own, and when apparently vanquished, the world still beheld Him calm and serene, loved and adored. It is thus Christ has founded His Kingdom of souls by faith which costs us the sacrifice of our own judgments, by a love which is imperishable and costs us the sacrifice of our hearts, and by an adoration which costs the sacrifice of our whole being; a triple mystery of force which reveals to us His divinity as clearly as the convulsions of nature revealed it to those who stood in the foot of the cross and as He Himself revealed it to the doubting Thomas, who felt the wounds in the hands and feet of His Risen Body and exclaimed: "My Lord and my God."—Intermountain Catholic.

#### PROGRESS IN RELIGION

During the last four centuries religion outside the Catholic Church has progressed from three independent branches to six hundred; it has progressed from the rejection of all authority in religion to such dilated private judgment as asserts the right to select, teach and govern the teachers. Progress has reduced the Redeemer to a man, a creature, and, therefore, to no Redeemer at all; progress in religion has wiped hell off the chart of revelation, and asserted that on judgment day—if there be one—the sinner must fare as well as the saint; progress has altered creeds or thrown them overboard, and hence, virtually repudiates the difference between truth and falsehood. Progress has reduced religion to observance of the Golden Rule, and hence has enthroned man in the place of God; it has obliterated the supernatural in religion; it has reduced the Bible to a book of history and literature; it has occasioned all the indifference in the world to-day and made Christianity a babel of confusion to the unconverted onlooker.

Which of the six hundred sects, now speaking so discordantly in the pure (?) evangelical church of four hundred years ago? Which of them now can prove itself to have the "pure and unadulterated Word?" Which is now taught in the theological colleges in religion; is Germany as Lutheran, Switzerland as Calvinistic, England as Episcopalian as they were a few centuries back? Has a single non-Protestant nation been converted since the birth of the new religions? Are the six hundred sects making noticeable conquests in this land, where they have the best chance on earth? Observation exhibits only one kind of progress—a progress in casting off, in denying, in losing.—Our Sunday Visitor.

#### RECONSTRUCTION IN AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

The great work of reconstruction is rapidly progressing in the sections of Hungary which have suffered enormous material losses as result of the war. Aristocrats like Szochonyi are said to be rebuilding entire villages. Corporations, cities, and societies are taking part in the patriotic labor. The reconstructed parishes are not only supplied with churches, schools and popular libraries, but the latest hygienic methods are employed. Deep wells are being bored, channels dug for drainage, and houses are being erected on the most sanitary lines. Count Kuenen-Hedervary is at the head of the movement, and the President of the Ministry, Count Tizsa, has provided a commission and a commissary officer to direct the work of reconstructing the villages and to apportion the available funds. The renovation of the parishes is carried on by means of the State Aid Fund. The buildings thus erected or restored cannot be sold, rented, leased or mortgaged for ten years. After that date the Aid Fund has first claim for reimbursement. At the sale of the property the sum thus expended will be repaid into the hands of an official appointed for that purpose. In eastern Galicia and Bukovina the work of reconstruction was immediately begun by the troops themselves as soon as the land was cleared of the foe. Often the cultural work of the soldiers was carried on almost directly behind the battle lines, so that they were accomplishing a twofold task, a labor of war and of peace. Thousands of soldiers, army wagons and horses were employed in the fields, assuring the country a rich harvest. The engineer corps, too, was engaged in the building of streets, bridges and railways. The pure water question which had formerly caused such perplexity was solved by the cleaning and building of wells and old sources of epidemic were removed by general hygienic and sanitary labors which have brought great benefits to the inhabitants. Many industrial enterprises to supply the various needs of the army were, moreover, developed on a large scale under military supervision.—America.

#### "MY MOTHER"

Children, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that hand! Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all good gifts, a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that touch and look, however slight your pain. In after-life you may have friends, but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in the struggle with the hard, uncaring world for the sweet, deep security I felt when of an evening, nestling in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale suitable to my age, read in her untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard; yet still her voice whispers from mother's grave, and her eyes watch over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.—Macaulay.

#### FROM A CONVERT

TO THOSE WHO SEEK TO ENTER CHRIST'S FOLD

(By Margaret Mary Alexander in the Lamp)

I am going to ask the Editor if he will allow me in this number to say a few loving, heartfelt words of encouragement to the souls who, like myself, have been given grace to see the light—to know the right way—yet who are held back perhaps by considerations that make the great step seem an impossibility to them. To them, yes, indeed, it may be, but not to God! He, and He only, can; but He will give strength for that supreme test He sends to a human soul.

I have a most earnest word to say to any of you who are hesitating—Don't turn back! Do not on any account—whatever it may be—give up the battle, fought with God's help. You cannot imagine those of you who are outside the Fold—who you will lose if you do not come in. You cannot imagine the blessing you will gain if you do. It might, indeed, be the Lord's will to withhold a sense of blessing for a time, but never mind—if that were so, even if it were always withheld—it would still be yours because you had been true, because you had followed where God called. But, on the other hand, when it is His holy will to grant the full sense of blessing and peace; oh, if I could only tell you what it is; what is waiting for you when your battle is won! I want to say a few words out of my own experience. I am thinking of you who are mothers, who have to make that highest and most supreme sacrifice, estrangement from your children in Church ties. In one sense, you do have to do that, but not in another, not in a deeper sense. You strengthen the tie, the spiritual one, and the human one also. If you stand true to the call of conscience it will help them, perhaps, some day to stand true in some battle of the soul; remember that it is an awful responsibility to let them see you turn aside from God's call for the sake of any human tie, however dear and sacred it may be. And I believe, too, that the human tie is strengthened, the mother love grows deeper and the children recognize and respect the courage and self-sacrifice that lie in the terrible step. For it is terrible; one might just as well lock that in the face. So terrible that God Himself goes every step of the way with the soul that takes it. It never could be done without Divine Grace. And another thing where your children are concerned, you can share the blessings with them. It may not be that they will follow you, but it will surely be that having such a blessing in your own life, it must shine out upon those so dear. But I can truly say this: I would bear it from first to last all over again, and a thousand times more, rather than give up the blessing I have found in Christ's Fold.

Cardinal Gibbons' "The Faith of Our Fathers" first opened my eyes to the Catholic Faith as it really is, and when I want to seek help from its author his own saintly spirit told me very plainly how beautiful and pure and Christ-like was the faith that lay in such a life as his. And in his cathedral I saw and felt what the Catholic Faith can give to a human soul. I needed no priest, no book to tell me. And it is all waiting for you, to find for yourselves. But not only in the cathedral did I find it. It is just the same in the little country church, where I cannot go often enough. Where the Blessed Sacrament is, there is Peace.

"TO-DAY, IF YE WILL HEAR HIS VOICE"

Come, friends, those of you who are hesitating, and don't wait too long. I say these words with deepest intention and meaning, though none of you who are still fighting the battle can fully realize their importance. But it is this: For such a need as that step, God gives a supreme gift of grace to enable the soul to take it. And remember God's grace is so sacred a thing that He does not allow it to be trifled with, and sometimes when it is neglected He withdraws it. Ah, do not wait too long! The blessing is so precious. The Blessed Lord seems to long to reward the soul that has fought such a battle.

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#### WHAT PURGATORY IS FOR

"Do I realize what purgatory is for?" asks The Missionary. "It is to atone for what I am continually guilty of—venial sins; for that alone hinders my entire union with God: semiconscious self conceit; petty meannesses; all grades of selfishness except mortal greed; unguarded words; a stiff demeanor; a cold look; a slobbering favoritism; an inordinate attachment; joy in the blunders of a chagrined associate; sarcasm, lazy obedience, remissness of duty."

"The whole course of our conduct (though it seems devout) is tainted with petty acts of vain glory and with many forms of selfishness, or at our best with selfish wishes and longings and rejoicings. The entire system of our spiritual existence is thus tainted. The bulk of even pious people—excepting only a few heroic ones—are only thus far righteous: they are not so bad as to be rejected by God outright and unconditionally; they are not so good as to be accepted outright and unconditionally. Their badness is not so bad as to be even perceived by themselves, at least clearly, though now and then in fervent moments it is suspected. Not so bad as to be even seen by ourselves, for our power of seeing is itself tainted. But purgatory will strain out of our life this vast mass of food for its flames, satisfying the cravings of justice, as well God's sense of justice as our own."

"Sins against meekness and kindness, against patience and sympathy, against duty and piety—all little to be sure, but yet sins: why, these blemishes are as thick in our pious life as notes in a sunbeam. The sun of justice blazes relentlessly over purgatory. Here on earth we forget our sins oh so easily; there, sins forgotten are all too well remembered. Here we explain our sins and argue about them and play the part of the advocate in our own behalf; there sins explained away in our own favor are explained again by God against us; He is become His own advocate; and they shall be sadly and sharply and painfully owned by us. Here we blame our sins on others; there they are placed finally to the right account. There shall we know at last the difference; that many offenses we deemed forgiven were indeed forgiven, but have not been atoned for with right penitential atonement due to God's justice."

Similar sins are being atoned for now by other souls in Purgatory. By our charity, their atonement may be abbreviated. And do we not owe them our prayers since as The Missionary continues: "We know that we have too often been jointly to blame with them for some at least of their faults; that they had example, or stung them to anger, or perhaps even gave them bad advice—at least withheld good advice, palliated their defects, or, again, were over severe with them; perhaps made them repine by our neglect of their comfort. Now it is a necessary quality of a Christian that he behave kindly to everybody; much rather than be willing to share the burdens he has himself imposed. In this we see that not brotherly love alone but brotherly justice demands

our prayers for the Holy Souls, and that praying for the dead is but a higher department of fair dealing. And yet we may well forget justice when the glorious claim of brotherly love is set up, so strong and so sweet. They must have our help or have none at all. Their communication with God for relief is via our generous souls. Shall they not have the right of way, especially during this part of the year when the whole Church clears all roads of merit and petition in their favor? May not a storm-beaten brother claim shelter in your home, a brother buffeted by the tempest of divine justice? If his access to his father and yours is only to be had by your good offices, shall he cry for your interposition in vain? For these poor souls there is no fatherhood in God save via the brotherhood of man.

#### BEAR THIS IN MIND

Be solicitous about your own daily duties—be not solicitous about the judgment that awaits the actions of your neighbor. Perform well the actions of your daily lives; do them for God, and the doing of them will make you saints. To your neighbor be a neighbor in the widest sense of Christian charity, but never seek to be his judge.—Rev. Joseph Farrell.

#### FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, March 22, 1915.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: Yesterday (Passion Sunday) I laid the corner-stone of the church in Taichowfu. The former church was too small for the crowds who are being converted in the city and neighboring towns. Even with the addition of forty-eight feet and a gallery it will be too small on the big Feast. 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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