

America. Here is an expression of sentiment sublimely universal in tone and lofty human sentiment, which only makes our love of America greater because it founds itself on the natural love of every human heart for justice and truth, and eliminates sectional jealousy and discord. It is the expression of a noble heart and a truly illumined mind. It is sublimely Catholic and National at the same time—the broad love for our fellowman and the devotion to the country to which we have dedicated ourselves, while yearning for that eternal Fatherland toward which our faith and hope are leading us. God bless our calm, noble and high-minded President! Carrying out the Cardinal's suggestion, the State Secretary read aloud to the delegates the President's speech, which was heartily applauded.—Sacred Heart Review.

## FATHER CANNING DEAD

Toronto Star, May 20

The death occurred shortly after 5 o'clock this morning of Rev. Hugh J. Canning, of Our Lady of Lourdes Catholic Church, Scarborough, and Earl Street. Father Canning was in his 50th year, and succumbed to a complication of diseases which had been undermining his health for the past six months. Father Canning was probably one of the best known of the Catholic clergy. Always interested in educational matters and the welfare of school children, he did much to endear himself to those interested in the progress of the children along educational lines.

Rev. Father Canning was born in Scarborough, July 1865. He taught school at Smith's Falls and a point near Ottawa for a number of years. Later he attended Ottawa University, from which institution he graduated with a degree of B. A. He spent some time as an instructor at the university before entering the Grand Seminary at Montreal, where he completed his studies for the priesthood. He was ordained at St. Basil's Church, Toronto, in 1896, by the Rev. Denis O'Connor, Bishop of London, and was appointed to St. Paul's church. Later he was at Upper-grove and St. Catherine's, and then came his appointment as Inspector of Separate Schools, which position he filled for two years. St. Joseph's Church, on Leslie street, was his next parish, and from there he was moved to Our Lady of Lourdes. After his appointment to Our Lady of Lourdes, he built an addition to the church, and was active in the erection of the presbytery on Earl Street.

He is survived by two brothers, William, of Scarborough, and Joseph, of Seaford, and four sisters, Mrs. G. O'Brien, Mrs. P. Doherty, and Mrs. W. Ebbott, of Duluth, and Miss Tilly Canning, Toronto.

Interment will take place Monday morning after a Solemn Requiem High Mass in Our Lady of Lourdes Church.

Monsignor Whalen, St. Michael's Cathedral: "The death of Father Canning will be a great loss to the diocese and to his own parish in particular. A zealous worker, Father Canning spent himself in the up-building of the different parishes with which he had been connected. He was a man with a strong sense of public responsibility as a citizen and it is unnecessary to say that he had the love and esteem of all who knew him. His parishioners will feel his loss as will his brother priests, to whom he was a brother indeed. Many things could be said of him, but I think it suffices to say that he was a man who feared God and loved his neighbors."

Monsieur McCann paid this tribute: "I am deeply pained to hear of the death of my good friend Father Canning. He has been seriously ill for many months, but still the news of his death comes as a great shock. Father Canning was a splendid type of Canadian priest. He was scholarly, conscientious, and devoted, and exercised a great influence over his parishioners, especially the men. The Diocese of Toronto, and the city have lost a good priest and a splendid citizen in his demise. I sympathize most sincerely with his friends and parishioners."

## ON THE BATTLE LINE

### THE DARDANELLES

Although the terrific bombardment of the Turkish forts continues it does not appear that much progress is being made. As we go to press this week Italy is on the point of declaring war against the enemies of the Allies. Should it be possible for her to do so it would seem that the most effective aid she could render would be to throw a half million Italian troops into the Gallipoli peninsula. This, however, might weaken her too much for attack or defence on the Austrian border.

### THE ITALIAN FORCES

The Italian Army is well "found" with modern material and a plentiful supply of machine guns and field artillery. The peace strength was 14,121 officers, 250,000 of other ranks, and 55,726 horses. The war strength is over a million, and it is believed that the army has been maintained at this figure for some time. If the Italians lay their plans to conquer Isonzo and occupy it, instead of invading Austria proper and striking toward Vienna, they are certain to make use of their excellent fleet as an aid to the army. Austria has submarines at Pola, which

will prove an ever-present danger to Italian warships stationed in the Adriatic and to transports conveying troops to points of landing in Isonzo, but if the Italians make up their minds to secure the Isonzo Peninsula before joining in any large plans of the Allies for a march on Vienna the campaign will involve the closest possible co-operation between the fleet and the army. Austria has a fairly strong army along the Isonzo, the river which flows into the Gulf of Trieste near the boundary, but she has not nearly enough men in the regions of Trieste, Pola or Fiume to make a successful defence against an Italian expedition landing in force under protection of the guns of the fleet.—Globe, May 21.

### THE WESTERN FRONT

In France and Belgium the Allies gain steadily but at great cost. The morale of the allied troops is, however, splendid; and there are persistent reports of the reverse being the case with the Germans. It is said that more than once the German machine guns have been turned on their own troops who wished to surrender.

### ON THE RUSSIAN FRONT

The railway from Przemyśl to Lemberg is still open, but news that it has been cut may come through at any time. Approaching the railway from the southwest, the German troops yesterday stormed a village only six miles from Mosivka, a town on the railway fifteen miles east of Przemyśl. This thrust to the north of Sarnobor is the most dangerous advance of the enemy. On the western side of the fortress the Russians seem to be holding their own along the banks of the San but the advance from the mountains by way of Sarnobor may render all the hard fighting done to stem the advance upon Przemyśl from the west useless. The Grand Duke Nicholas is throwing all the troops into battle that he can hurry forward, but he has not been able to stop the German advance, and there is no good defensive ground between the San River and Lemberg. It seems not improbable that the Russians will evacuate Przemyśl rather than throw an army into it to stand a siege entirely unexpected, and for which no adequate preparations have been made. The German armies have lost very heavily in their advance, and the wearing down of his opponents is the cardinal principle of the Grand Duke's strategy rather than the retention of any particular city or territory.

A rumor is in circulation in Sweden that there has been an important naval battle in the Baltic, and that the Germans have captured Riga by a combined land and sea attack. It sounds fishy. Riga lies to the northeast of Mitau, and it is more than a week since the report was made officially that the Germans had retired from Mitau. Shavil, near which the recent fighting has taken place, is almost a hundred miles southwest of Riga. If the Germans have taken Riga it must have been with a force landed in the immediate vicinity from transports. The capture of Riga, following upon that of Libau, would greatly cripple Russian shipping on the Baltic. Riga is located at the southern end of the gulf of the same name, and is 150 miles as the crow flies from the East Prussian border.—Globe, May 21.

## ADDRESS

TO THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1915 OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S COLLEGE, ANTIGONISH, N. S.

DELIVERED BY RT. REV. ALEXANDER MACDONALD, BISHOP OF VICTORIA

I have been asked to say a few words to you young men, members of the graduating class. You have to-day reached the goal you have so long and so eagerly looked forward to. You have mounted the last step of your academic and university course, in token of which you have received a document that bears upon it the seal of the University of St. Francis Xavier's College and the signatures of its Professors. But let you and others like you should be tempted to think that your education is now finished, it has become the custom to speak of the proceedings of this closing day as Commencement Exercises. For I take it that the idea implied in the word "Commencement" is not only that your Alma Mater is already beginning to prepare for the work of another year, but that you who are quitting her halls to-day are but entering upon the last stage of an educational career which shall close only with life itself. You are leaving the school of the arts and sciences to enter the school of life.

Education involves two things: the unfolding of the powers of the mind through systematic study, and the formation of character. These processes, my dear young men, begun in school and college, should go on as long as the mind is capable of exercising itself, and as long as virtue admits of becoming more perfect. Cicero tells us in his *De Senectute* that Cato the Elder, even in extreme old age, added daily to his store of knowledge—"in dies aliquid addicebat." He was completing in the school of daily self-culture the mental education begun in the schools of his native land. Now if it is true of the education of the intellect, much more is it true of the formation of character, that it

must go on after the youth has passed out of the college and university into what the poet calls "the world's broad field of battle" and "the bivouac of life." Indeed, it is really then, in the heat of life's battle, that character is finally moulded into shape, even as the iron takes its final form in the white heat of the forge under repeated blows of the hammer.

Of the two elements of education, mental and moral, the latter, I need hardly tell you, is incomparably more important. It is character especially that counts in the battle of life. Character may be defined as the sum of the moral qualities that make a man. These qualities when they are good we call virtues—good habits acquired by repeated acts. When we are born into this world, we bear within us the seeds of good and evil. We have our good dispositions and our evil dispositions. The good dispositions we make to grow into virtues by the doing of virtuous acts, just as the evil dispositions are turned into vices by the doing of vicious acts.

The great work that lies before you in life is the acquiring of virtue, the building up of a good and noble character.

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act, that each tomorrow  
Find us further than to-day."

Farther on what way? Surely on the way to true happiness, which virtue alone can give. The arts and crafts have to be learned by long apprenticeship—by doing the same thing over and over again until the habit of doing it well has been wrought into the very fibre of our being. Not otherwise is the supreme art acquired—the art of living a virtuous life. And as it is true in general that "Art is long," so much more is it true that the art of arts is long—as long, indeed, as life itself.

The very cornerstones of character is honesty, in word and work. Honesty is, to use the favorite expression of a prominent person in the republic to the south of us, the virtue of "the square deal." Honesty in word is truth; honesty in work is straight dealing with your fellowmen, giving every man his due, doing that which is right even though the heavens fall. Let it be your highest aim through life to be scrupulously honest, not because honesty is the best policy, the best means of ensuring success, which indeed it is, but supremely because honesty is true nobility and the brightest ornament of man. I am speaking of honesty in the lofty ethical sense, in which it is a self-regarding as well as an other-regarding virtue.

"To thine own self be true,  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

But as the character of the man is founded on honesty, so is the character of the Christian founded on faith. Faith is, as the Apostle teaches, the evidence of things not seen. Faith gives us the needful clue to our true destiny, sets before us the true goal of human endeavor. It tells us that we have not here a lasting city, but seek one which is to come. It bids us labor not for the meat that perisheth, but for that which endureth unto life everlasting. It assures us on the authority of God's own unerring word that there is for us a brighter and better world than the one we know, God's own Kingdom of endless ages, whereon sits the untrodden light and the peace that passeth all understanding. My dear young friends, let the faith which you received in childhood, the faith which has grown strong within you under the fostering influence of your Alma Mater in these halls—let this faith, I say, be the guiding star of your lives to lead you upward and onward to the lasting city in the better land. Thus shall you truly, as the poet has it, make your lives sublime. Thus, when you have gone hence, shall you leave behind you "Footprints on the sands of time."

"Footprints that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing shall take heart again."

### THE SACRED HEART

Written on the occasion of the Blessing of the new Cathedral of the Sacred Heart, Prince Albert, Sask., by Archbishop Langevin, May 2nd, 1915.

Where spacious silence through long ages reigned,  
Save for that Spirit Voice which greatly spake  
And kept the souls of Red Men just awake,  
Until their Happy Hunting Grounds they gained,  
Now is fulfillment of that love attained  
Which would a fitting shrine devoutly make  
In which the Word of God that  
Flesh may take  
That frees from bondage souls by sins enchain'd.

In shack, cathedral, in the wilds, the town,  
The Saviour in the Holy Mass comes down  
His Presence with His people to attest;  
That in all lands and time men may be free  
To heed His loving summons, "Come to Me,  
And I will change your restlessness to rest."

—GEORGE BENSON HAWKTON

## SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR

### IRISH SOLDIERS REFUSE PREFERENTIAL TREATMENT

After stating that "the British soldiers are used solely for all menial duties and dirty work connected with the camp, such as cleaning out latrines and such-like; also every other unpleasant fatigue duty," Major Vandeleur adds:

I also wish to state that —, who arrived at Crefeld about December, told me that all the Irishmen at his camp (I think, but am not sure, that it was —), were collected together shortly before he left, and were harangued by the commandant, who stated that the Emperor was aware of the down-trodden state of Ireland and now wished that the Irishmen should be placed in a separate camp, where they would be better fed and treated differently than the Englishmen. He further stated that subsequently they went in a body to the commandant, and said they did not wish to have any different treatment from their compatriots.

In a note which accompanies the report, Major Vandeleur says: "Evidence collected at Crefeld by the officers there shows that officers and men have been killed after capture."

### IRISH PRISONERS ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY

Father Crotty, O. P., who some months ago left Rome, to minister to the Irish prisoners of war in Germany, and is now at Lemberg, in a letter to the Rev. T. Dunne, of Cashel, pays testimony to the religious enthusiasm of the Irish soldier prisoners.

St. Patrick's Day will ever be remembered by the people here, who witnessed the High Mass in the open air. Almost every man of the 2,000 and more Irishmen received Holy Communion that day, and their voices proclaimed their love for St. Patrick in the fervent way they sang his praises. At the end of the service, I imparted the Papal Benediction to them, and after that all sang from their inmost souls, "Faith of Our Fathers," and the air was caught on here, for those who were present brought away with them the melody which since then I have heard hummed and played in the city. We are all praying for peace. May the good God grant it soon. The hospitals and prisons tell a tale of woe and misery which shocks me.

### A PRAYER FOR PEACE CONFISCATED

A curious story is told by the *XXIXe Siecle*, the Belgian semi-official paper published at Havre, of the regime in Belgium under German rule:

Mgr. Van den Bergh, Vicar General of Bruges, had an old prayer for peace, contained in old liturgical works, reprinted in leaflet form by Messrs. Desoë de Brouwer & Cie. As in that prayer reference is made to enemies of the mother country, certain expressions were found displeasing by the German authorities. Mgr. Van den Bergh, who signed the "imprimatur," given in the name of the Bishop, was, therefore, summoned to account for the difficulty of publication. He had no difficulty in showing that the phrases to which objection was taken had no reference to the present situation in Belgium, as they had been transcribed textually from an ancient liturgical book. Nevertheless the German authorities refused to accept the explanation as satisfactory, and fined the printers £25 and confiscated the leaflet.

### A YOUNG PRIEST-SOLDIER

A letter in the Echo de Notre-Dame de la Garde from the Abbé Blaise, a professor in the school of the Sacred Heart at Marseilles, now with the Alpine Ambulance, gives an account of the brave death of a young Marseilles priest, Lieutenant Jean Marcorrelles. The letter was written from the trenches on March 17:

Lieutenant Marcorrelles, of the chasseurs, last night fell on the field of honour mortally wounded by a bullet in the stomach. He was stricken at the head of his section just as he was about to be the first to occupy the trench captured from the enemy. He has died like a gallant man and a hero. He is the war's first victim among the Marseilles clergy; and God could not have given him a more noble or more beautiful end. . . . Many a time in the district we had heard speak of his courage, his goodness to his men, and his remarkable qualities of mind and heart. . . . He lies in the land of Alsace for which he fought so valiantly.

### THE BOMBARDMENT OF NEUVE CHAPELLE

In a vivid account of the Battle of Neuve Chapelle sent by a correspondent to the London News Agency is the following description of the preliminary preparation by British shells fire:

Then hell broke loose. With a mighty, hideous screeching burst of noise hundreds of guns spoke. The men in the front trenches were deafened by the sharp reports of the field guns spitting out their shells at close range to cut through the Germans' barbed wire entanglements. In some cases the trajectory of these vicious missiles was so flat that they passed only a few feet above the British trenches. The din was continuous. An officer who had the curious idea of putting his ear to the ground said it was as though the earth were being smitten great blows with a Titan's hammer. After the first few shells had plunged screaming amid clouds of earth and dust into the German trenches, a dense pall of smoke hung over the German

lines. The sickening fumes of lyddite blew back into the British trenches. In some places the troops were smothered in earth and dust or even spattered with blood from the hideous fragments of human bodies that went hurtling through the air. At one point the upper half of a German officer, his cap crumpled on his head, was blown into one of our trenches. Words will never convey any adequate idea of the horror of those five-and-thirty minutes.

### TWO CRUCIFIXES—THE ONLY THINGS INTACT

The writer then describes the result of this terrific fire and of the fighting that followed in the village: "The village was a sight that the men say they will never forget. It looked as if an earthquake had struck it. The published photographs do not give any idea of the indescribable mass of ruins to which our guns reduced it. The chaos is so utter that the very line of the streets is all but obliterated. Once upon a time Neuve Chapelle must have been a pretty little place, big as villages in these parts go, with a nice clean church (whence it probably got its name), some neat villas in the main street with gaudy shutters, half a dozen estaminets, a red-brick brewery, and, on the outskirts, a little old white chateau. Now hardly stone remains upon stone. It was indeed a scene of desolation into which the Rifle Brigade—the first regiment to enter the village, I believe—raced headlong. Of the church only the bare shell remained, the interior lost to view beneath a gigantic mound of debris. The little churchyard was devastated, the very dead plucked from their graves, broken coffins and ancient bones scattered about amid the fresher debris, the slain of that morning—grey-green forms asprawl athwart the tombs. Of all that once fair village but two things remained intact—two great crucifixes reared aloft, one in the churchyard, the other over against the chateau. From the Cross that is the emblem of our faith the figure of Christ, yet intact, though all pitted with bullet marks, looked down in mute agony on the slaying in the village."

### HATRED OF ENGLAND

The following is from a letter taken from a prisoner of war, and sent amongst a batch of extracts from such correspondence by the "Byewitnes" at the British Headquarters: "Netschrau, November 18.—War is a dreadful thing, but it must be carried through, and I do not doubt our eventual victory, with God's help. But in any case there will be no rest until the English have received their just punishment, for they alone are disturbers of peace. Every soldier will be filled with rage against these hated English swine dogs, and the latest Army Order of the Bavarian Crown Prince leaves no doubt that the English must be thoroughly whipped. Every soldier, be he Saxon or Prussian, Bavarian or Wurtemberg, must carry out this behest, and we here have read with much pleasure of the way you are setting about the English."

### THE "NEW RELIGION"

We have come to look for a great deal of nonsense in our bulky Sunday papers. Much space has to be filled, and good matter is scarce; so that where heretofore a comic supplement accompanied the newspaper, now the newspapers are lost in the comic supplement. Not all the articles are really humorous as intended to be so; on the contrary, some of them treat of most serious subjects: suffrage, for example, or religion. It is in the latter that we are naturally interested.

There are few Sunday editions of our metropolitan papers that do not contain a half-page interview with some eminent man about his religious views; (the other half page is taken up with his picture). One Sunday it is a well-known dramatist; another, a famous inventor; again, an expert of a university; but, be he dramatist, inventor or professor, he is willing to abandon his "last" long enough to tell us that the old idea of Religion is all wrong, and that the dawn of the "New Religion" is at hand. A strange feature of this "New Religion" is that its light is always about to break over the hills—but never quite breaks; it is always "dawning" and, like the dawn, it is hazy and misty.

Its exponents are not agreed as to just what this "New Religion" is to consist of. Mr. Bernard Shaw thought he had solved the problem. He was convinced that the "superman" had arrived, until he was suddenly superseded by the super dreadnought. Dr. Crane has something to say on the matter. He is a minister journalist who, in a recent newspaper article captioned "What is a Christian," proceeds to tell us what a Christian is not. He thinks the "earnest desire and effort to do right is all that is expected of human beings." Christ, of whom the doctor professes to be a follower, thought differently. Dr. Holmes, another minister of the gospel, is certain that "the old religion of faith is gone, and the new religion of plain morality is come." He calls this "the religion of tomorrow." But "to-morrow" never comes; and if "the old religion of faith is gone," there is still some hundreds of millions of people who appear strangely ignorant of the fact.

There is much difference of opinion, then, in the camp of the "New Religionists." Upon a few things, however, they are agreed; it is to be

a very convenient affair, never interfering in any way with business or pleasure; it is to be ideal rather than real; it is to break forever the chains of dogma forged by the Church of Rome to bind and fetter the intellects of men.

We are not seriously alarmed at the advent of this "New Religion." The Church that has seen the religious systems of monarchs and ex-priests go down before her will not be staggered by this new mixture concocted by Litterateurs, Electricians and Professors and labelled "The Religion of To-morrow." For if "to-morrow" be one of "all days," then He will still be with us.—Canadian Freeman.

### MARY AND AMERICA

The name of Mary is curiously and constantly associated with the men who developed America. That is the reason she has been chosen patroness of our country.

Columbus's own ship was called St. Mary, or the Conception. Every evening, on that epoch-making voyage, all on board sang the "Salve Regina." Although Columbus named the first island at which he touched for Christ, he called the second Conception, in honor of His Mother.

In 1653 the Jesuits placed their united American missions under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin. "If the Blessed Virgin . . . assist our project of finding the mouth of this grand river," wrote Marquette of his exploration of the course of the Mississippi, "we shall name it the Conception."

"Star of the Sea" was the designation of the vessel in which English Catholic settlers embarked. Their outpost was denominated St. Mary's, and to this day the country that surrounds it is called Maryland.

In 1846, the Sixth Provincial Council of Baltimore requested the Holy See to approve of the selection of Mary, conceived without sin, as the patroness of the United States.

We children love Mary, then, not only because we are Catholics but because we are Americans.—The New World.

## THE CHURCH IN HOLLAND

### STATISTICS OF THE CHURCH'S GROWTH AMONG THE DUTCH

Le Mission Catholique of Milan gives the following statistics of the Church's growth in Holland. In 1800 the Dutch Catholics numbered no more than 300,000. They had no Bishop, only a Vicar Apostolic, and the few priests attending them might say Mass only in secret. In 1853 Pope Pius IX. was able to establish a Catholic Hierarchy there and created 5 dioceses under an Archbishop and 4 Bishops. Then Holland had 1,230,000 Catholics and 1,400 priests. In 1907, according to the latest census, the Catholic population was 1,822,000 with 3,758 priests; today Dutch Catholics number 2,150,000. Pius X. in 1911, elevated to the Cardinalate His Eminence Cardinal Van Rossum, to the great joy of all Holland.

Converts from Protestantism are considerable. There are about 500 conversions each year in the Diocese of Haarlem alone, and 370 in the Diocese of Bois-le Duc, where Catholics are in the majority.

From 1823 to 1903 the statistics enumerate 416 new churches and 186 rebuilt. From 1830 to 1910 the cost of church buildings alone amounted to more than \$250,000,000.

The Religious orders had in 1853 about 1,500 members; in 1907 there were 19,825 of which 5,255 were men belonging to 85 congregations with 180 houses, and 13,570 women with 490 houses belonging to 65 different Sisterhoods. The enumeration does not include the German and French religious who came as refugees since the Kulturkampf of Germany and the more recent persecutions in France. Nursing Sisters have 430 hospitals in Holland while there are 44 others under the direction of

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Brothers. More than 150,000 children frequent the parochial schools.

Of the 8 Ministers of State, in 1904 3 were practical Catholics, while in the two Houses there are 25 Catholic deputies and 18 Catholic senators. Last year Queen Wilhelmina nominated as President of the House of Deputies Dr. Van Nieuwen Zavenne, the youngest of the Catholic deputies.

In 1885 "De Tijd" was the only Catholic paper; to-day there are 15 Catholic dailies, 29 bi-weeklies and 67 weeklies, besides 43 reviews. Evidently Catholicity in Holland is not on the wane.—Catholic Bulletin.

### THE "SALVE REGINA"

How many devout Catholics all over the world daily appeal to the Blessed Mother of God, using the beautiful prayer, the "Salve Regina," in so doing:

"Hail, Holy Queen, mother of mercy, our life, our sweetness, and our hope; to thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve; to thee do we send up our sighs, mourning and weeping in this valley of tears. Turn, then, most gracious advocate, thine eyes of mercy toward us, and after this our exile, show unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus. O clement, O loving, O sweet Virgin Mary."

And as we daily repeat this tender appeal to the Queen of Heaven, how many are there who know the author? He was Blessed Herman the Cripple, or Contritus, who was a son of Count Wolfram II. of Verigen and his worthy wife, Hiltrude. He was born in the year 1009, the son of a very pious mother. Early in life the boy was the victim of a severe illness, which stunted his growth and left him a hopeless cripple.

Later on Herman entered the Order of St. Benedict, and though crippled and deformed and subject to intense suffering of body, he labored cheerfully and assiduously in acquiring spiritual perfection, and also laying up stores of useful knowledge for the benefit of his fellow-men.—Buffalo Union and Times.

### 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 new 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 months 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.

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

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