

fonder of friendly than unfriendly words to even a political opponent. Once he and Mr. Redmond went together to the Speaker's House at Westminster to see if there was a possibility of a deal just after the outbreak of the war. Carson was fierce against any deal—used violent language—even struck the table vehemently before the calm Englishman who presides over the House of Commons, with always imperturbable temper. And then it was all over; he went away with Mr. Redmond and spoke to him with almost affectionate terms, and with deep and almost uncontrollable emotion.

Strong in purpose, Carson is and always has been weak in health. He has been cursed all his life by dyspepsia, with the consequent horrors of sleeplessness and profound depression; and often if seen early in the morning looks like a man who is unable to face the work of the day. But when he gets to his work, he forgets his despair and his pain and fights like a tiger for his client, either legal or political.

Colonel Craig, who is undoubtedly one of the most powerful figures on the Unionist side seemed even more unpromising material for friendly negotiation than Sir Edward Carson. Tall, broad-shouldered, robust, with a fierce bellicose expression and hot in speech and temper, he seemed to embody all the violence of Orangism. He was for a long time considered simply as a man of violent temper and dull and impenetrable mind. But his friends used to say to incredulous Nationalists that knowing him well, they regarded him as the coolest brain in the Orange ranks; that it was his clear business-like mind that lay behind all the Orange moves, and if peace were to be made, he, next to Carson, was the man most to be counted with. And then suddenly the loyal Craig began to reveal himself to Lloyd George, and he was sound, good-natured, clear-headed, with however, the shrewd temper at a bargain of the genuine Belfast man.

Joseph Devlin in some respects resembles James Craig more than any of his colleagues among the Nationalist representatives. Fierce is his Nationalism—fierce perhaps than many Southern Nationalists—he is as much a Belfast man as James Craig. He is intensely proud of the great city in which he was born and in which he has passed most of his life. His fellow Nationalists there while sharing the convictions, have few of the characteristic weaknesses of the Southern Nationalists. They have not the same charm, the same softness of voice, and of temper—their temperament has something of the same harshness as their accent; and they have never for an hour allowed disunion or weakness of purpose to enter their ranks; and every proposition they weigh with a characteristic Belfast spirit of business. Joseph Devlin is the embodiment of these qualities. Subject now and then to fierce bursts of passion where he sees wrong or the spirit of ascendancy or any of the other grievances of the minority to which he belongs. Devlin has yet one of the most frigid and scientific minds that I have seen in public life when a political situation has to be met or political proposal to be weighed or appraised. This fiery little man with the resonant voice, with the hot temper, with the savage indignation of Swift against the injustice of the world, becomes in council a soft-spoken tactician, who soothes instead of rousing resentment, and addresses just the right word to the question or to the person when things become critical.

Redmond and Dillon are too well known to require elaborate description. The two men are about as opposite in temperament, in physique, and in manner as two strong Irish Nationalists could be. Redmond is a characteristic product of the County of Wexford—a county which for a good while was in possession of the Danes and has a considerable admixture of Norman blood. The Wexford men are distinguished from the men of other counties by a certain downiness, both of speech and temper. They are slow to be roused, but they are fierce when roused. The strong aquiline nose, the prominent eyes, the strong chin, the rather impassive expression, the absence at all times of any expansiveness, make Redmond appear less Irish than any other Irish leader, except Parnell, who I have always thought was more American than either British or Irish. Redmond has superb self-command. He is orderly as a clerk, commits nearly all his speeches to writing, keeps and preserves a memorandum of every important conversation or transaction in which he takes part, has his papers in as orderly arrangement as if he were a statistician.

Dillon is from Connought—the most typically Irish part of Ireland. Yet he might well pass for an Italian—especially when he was a young man. The raven black hair, now white, the raven black eyes, the long delicate face with a delicate nose and an olive complexion together with the expression suggesting melancholy—as a matter of fact he is not in the least melancholy—might make him pass for one of the comrades of Mazzini. He has ordinarily a very calm temper, but no man has such volcanic depths of hatred for oppression, and though he is not an enemy of Englishmen—he has innumerable English friends and admirers—he often gives the suggestion of remembering the wrongs of Ireland as fiercely as the peasant untutored in the frigid spirit of the old politician. No man is more dreaded by the enemies of Ireland, no

man is regarded as so extreme—as a matter of fact he has a cold, keen political judgment, and insists on his country getting everything she can win in these strange times.

K. OF K.

INTERESTING SIDELIGHT ON THE GREAT WAR LORD'S CHARACTER

New York Times

In a little room on the fourth floor of an old-fashioned New York residence in the lower west side section of New York an English woman, the daughter of a British General, and the widow of one of Kitchener's trusted lieutenants, talked yesterday of "K. of K." Outside of his own immediate family no other woman knew Kitchener quite so well, perhaps, as did this British army woman, who had known him in Egypt, in India, in South Africa, and in England. She was the first woman to greet Kitchener when he entered Mafeking, following the relief of that beleaguered city in the Boer war, and it was Kitchener who, as Secretary of State for War, made possible the rescue from Belgium of her little daughter, a pupil in a Catholic school for girls near Brussels, when the present war began.

In England, as in other nations involved in the present war, the pensions of those who are cared for because of their own or their providers' services in previous wars have ceased for the period of the war.

That is the reason of the presence in New York of this woman. She has a little business here, and is working hard to make both ends meet while Britain and the allies fight their battles. Up to the present time she has been fairly successful.

Her husband, a Major, was killed in India ten years ago, while taking part in a punitive expedition in the northern part of that empire.

THE KITCHENER SHE KNEW

On the window sill of the little room which this plucky woman now calls home is a flower pot and in the pot there is a fast-growing sprig of ivy from the home of Kitchener in Broome, England. Likewise there is an autographed portrait of the late King Edward, the godfather of her little daughter, and besides—but never for publication—there are letters from Kitchener to his friend, her husband, and to herself.

This woman, who has seen so much of the tragic and the picturesque of British Army service, draws a picture of Kitchener which shows him as anything but the man of ice and steel, such as the public has imagined him. Her picture of him is that of a sympathetic friend, a lover of little children and animals, and as one who waged war relentlessly, not because he liked it but because he wanted to end it.

"Had Lord Kitchener seen permitted to select his own vocation in life I am certain that he would not have been a soldier," she said, "for, on so many occasions that now come back to me, I remember little sayings which showed his love of war and his preference for the more peaceful callings. For instance, when I was a young woman, shortly after my marriage, I remember that, on one occasion, he made a remark that puzzled us all for a long time.

"I have often wondered what I would have been had I not been born in the army," Kitchener remarked, whereupon one of those present asked this question:

"Well, what would you rather be than a soldier?"

"There are lots of things that I might have done better. For instance, I might have been civil, for now I am royal, was his reply. "Kitchener was then an officer of the Royal Engineers, which of course, explains what he meant when he said 'civil instead of royal.'

WAR NOT "FUN" TO HIM

"On another occasion, in India, we had a report of some trouble in one of the provinces and I remember that the younger officers of the garrison were enthusiastic over the possibility of active service in the punitive expedition that was being planned. One of them remarked: 'Now, perhaps we will have some fun,' Kitchener overheard and turning sharply said:

"Please be more discreet in your speech. I don't like to hear any one speak of war as fun. War may often be, and is, a duty, but it never has been and never will be fun."

"I was in Mafeking during the siege of that city by the Boers. I had been caught before I could get away, and was attached to one of the hospitals. The night the siege was lifted I was passing through one of the wards when I heard the sound of approaching horsemen. I thought the Boers had finally got into the city and I darkened the lantern that I was carrying. I looked out of the window and I saw that the horsemen were Englishmen, and so I went out. A tall soldier looked at me for a moment, a familiar grin smile was visible for a second, and leaning down he said:

"Well, well, I certainly supposed such volcanic depths of hatred for oppression, and though he is not an enemy of Englishmen—he has innumerable English friends and admirers—he often gives the suggestion of remembering the wrongs of Ireland as fiercely as the peasant untutored in the frigid spirit of the old politician. No man is more dreaded by the enemies of Ireland, no

man is regarded as so extreme—as a matter of fact he has a cold, keen political judgment, and insists on his country getting everything she can win in these strange times.

deep-seated was his affection for Roberts.

"Certainly," he replied; "I'd black Roberts' boots if it was necessary."

"An hour later he was packing up to go."

"In India Kitchener had a little dog, which he called, if my memory does not fail me, Waif. One afternoon he saw two little boys tormenting a small mongrel dog. They were trying something to his tail. Kitchener, passed, stopped, and before the youngsters knew it he had them both, one with each hand. It was one of the few times in his career when anybody ever saw Kitchener give way to his emotions.

"Be ashamed of yourselves," he said; "and if I gave you your deserts I'd skin you both."

"And with that he let them go. Then he untied the string that held the can to the dog's tail, and took the little dog home with him. That was Waif."

"In the fourteen years' campaign which ended in the battle of Omdurman and the capture of Khartum, one of Kitchener's Chaplains was the famous Father Brindle, now Bishop of Nottingham, and one of the few clericals in English history to win the D. S. O. Kitchener once referred to Father Brindle as the 'best soldier in the Egyptian Army.' When he decided to recommend him for the Distinguished Service Order, friends of another Chaplain, a Protestant, asked that that Chaplain also be mentioned, arguing, among other things, that it would look better to mention both rather than one. Kitchener was a Protestant, but the argument did not appeal to him.

"I recommend a man," he replied, "because of his accomplishments, not because of his religion."

ALL HIS MEN HEROES TO HIM

"You know, Kitchener seldom recommended the V. C. (Victoria Cross). He preferred to recommend the D. S. O. He always said that the Victoria Cross seemed superfluous to him. So far as he was concerned, all his men were heroes."

"My husband told me a little story which shows Kitchener at his best as an officer. On one occasion when he was with Kitchener a report was received telling of a wonderfully plucky act of one of Kitchener's young staff officers. The officer did not lose his life, something that nobody was ever able to understand. This young officer was pointed straight for the V. C. in the opinion of his brother officers."

"The next day Kitchener sent for him."

"Captain, Kitchener said to him, 'I have sent for you to correct an erroneous impression you have evidently formed. This affair is not one of the crusades. It is instead very grim business. His Majesty's Government is not paying you to get killed in any spectacular manner, just when, after an expensive staff training, you may be useful. It is your duty to live as long as possible. There is of course never any question as to a British officer's personal courage. At the present time your head and service are of use to the army. As a corps you would be quite useless. Don't forget. Good day, Sir.' And that ended it."

"Just one more little story of my friend. In 1898, just at the end of the Omdurman campaign, I was in Cairo waiting for the return of my husband, who was with Kitchener at Khartum. Our first baby was then a few weeks old. Finally Kitchener returned and with him came my husband. He came to see me, and I, of course, showed him the baby boy. Kitchener looked at the baby, but he said nothing about him being the finest, the smartest or the healthiest baby or any of that sort of stuff. He stood there for several minutes without saying a word. Then he spoke."

TWO "EMPIRE BUILDERS"

"Yonnie," he said, and it was the first time since I was a little girl that he called me by that name. 'I suppose you have been reading in the papers that I am intended to be an empire builder and all that?'

"I replied that I had been reading a lot of stories to that effect."

"Well, if I am," he replied, 'I had to destroy and cause suffering to thousands in order to build. As a matter of fact, it is such as you that are the empire builders, and your way is the noblest way.' And he pointed his finger at the baby. We named the boy Horatio after the chief and he lived to be a handsome, strapping lad and then was taken away from us."

"Another thing about Kitchener which always impressed me was his great affection for France and the French people. No Frenchman could speak their language better than he and no Frenchman understood the French better than he did. His was the remarkable faculty of seeing the viewpoint of other people. He might not always agree with their point of view, but he was always able to see it, and the same was true in Egypt and in India. He understood those people, and that was the secret of his great power in those lands."

"When this war broke I had not seen Kitchener for years. The Germans were at the Belgian frontier and my little daughter was at school near Brussels. I went to the War Office and sent in my card and Kitchener received me immediately. He gave me the papers I wanted and I went to Belgium and got my little girl. He told me as I left his office that he hoped 'they don't sink you.'"

"Later, on my return, I saw him at his home in Broome and was admiring the wonderful flowers and the beautiful ivy, for Kitchener was passionately fond of flowers. As I

was leaving he broke off a piece of the ivy and handed it to me."

"Take a shoot of this," he said, 'it may grow.' And it did, and there it is on the window now."

And then this army woman told some more little stories of "K. of K." not so much of Kitchener the soldier and the disciplinarian, as of Kitchener the friend of her husband and of herself. Then she went forth to the work that is hers while Kitchener's army fights on.

CAUSTIC CRITICISM

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS VS. THE SOCIAL SERVICE SERMON

London Free Press

Editor Free Press:—The Anglican Synod is about to meet in London and I suppose there will be the usual discussions and resolutions on what is misnamed the "temperance question." If a moderate drinker like Mr. — ventures to express his views he will be sat upon. I think the synod should pass a resolution "That the decalogue was intended for and given to the Jews only, and that it is not in force in a Christian community, and that the only commandments in force and to be observed are:

1.—Thou shalt not drink anything stronger than water.

2.—Thou shalt not use tobacco in any shape or form.

These are the subjects on which the clergy or ministers devote nearly all their time now.

Whether the synod passes the resolution I speak of or not the Ten Commandments as delivered by God to Moses are practically a dead letter at the present time. The first of them is ignored and the rest of them are persistently and generally disobeyed. We don't make golden calves or other things to worship, but gold is the object of worship of the people generally, and they devote all their time and energies to get it and what it can procure to gratify their individual tastes. Blasphemy is a most common thing and so is the desecration of the Sabbath. Children have little respect for their parents and none at all for their elders. Murder, race suicide they call it now, is the most common practice in the world, and as to adultery, no one knows where it begins or ends. Stealing in large and small sums, overreaching your friends and neighbors is an everyday occurrence and so is the practice of lying and slandering, and as to covetousness, you can see it everywhere. Now the clergy and ministers rarely talk on any of these subjects perhaps for fear of treading on the corns of some of their flock. Get money, honestly if you can, but get it anyway is the rule today. And if a man does succeed in getting away with some of the wealth in a shady way he can save his conscience by heading a church subscription list for a pretty good sum and all will be well."

When I was a boy (one of a family of ten), large families were the usual thing. Nowadays one or two at the outside is the limit. How do you account for it? Is the young woman of the present day incapable of bearing children? I don't know, I don't think so. There may be some Sarahs in the world still, but they are not all Sarahs. Holy matrimony was ordained of God, so our prayer book says, among other things for the procreation of children. But apparently that is an old fad, and the clergy and ministers when they perform a marriage service don't think it necessary to remind the man and woman to be married of the fact. There is an alarming decrease in the birth rate. No wonder. You do not notice it among the Roman Catholics nor among the French. What will be the result in the course of, say, twenty-five years. Something like this, I think, there will be seven Roman Catholics to every Protestant, and the French will form the majority, and will impose their language and anything else they want on the Province of Ontario. I am thankful that I shall not live to see it.

Yours truly,
T. H.

POPE'S ADVICE TO WORKING GIRLS

The Holy Father recently received in audience the Organization for Retreats for Working Girls; and in the course of his address to them he said: "It may be said that in our day the demon levels his shafts especially at the working class, nor indeed is it to be wondered at that his emissaries labor to instill into the heart of working girls the poison of false teachings and the most nefarious incitements to vice. He would not be mistaken who would say that for this purpose is designed the increased circulation, even among the working class, of bad books and journals of the worst description, the wantonness of the fashions in dress which to-day has penetrated even amongst women of the lower classes, and the multiplied bad example which from above and below is set before the poor people. Now, the outcome of these diabolical devices depends on the state of spiritual languor in which are unfortunately found the working girls for whom these snares are set."

"Nothing is therefore so necessary as to prevent languor of the soul, but who can prevent it better than by making the spiritual exercises fairly often? These revive the teachings of faith, these recall for every Chris-

tian his own obligations, these set before the eyes the danger to which spiritual slumber exposes distracted youth, these in fine terrify by the threat of the divine chastisement. Oh, who is there who does not see that the spiritual exercises are the best means of preventing the demon from casting cockle into our hearts? To succeed in casting it the more effectively he watches the moment of our spiritual slumber. Let us ever keep ourselves awake; he will not succeed in his wicked intent."

"There is a great deal of bad reading circulated amongst every section of the public nowadays. This literature is sometimes cheap as well as vicious and therefore comes within the reach of small funds. Our working girls are extravagant, also, we are sorry to say—that is to say, a great many of them are. Long before the month's or week's pay is due, its spending is planned, and too often planned with a view to imitating the apparel or ornaments of those who have money to spare. But this is very human, this imitativeness; and a hard thing to correct. Perhaps as good a way as any to check it is to think, once in a while, on the ridiculous side of it. If the girls could only see themselves as others see them in their mimic finery, they might be content to buy within their means and buy things that will not make them look ridiculous. It is never a shame to one to live within his or her means; but nothing makes one look more absurd than to keep on constantly pretending to be better off than we are."

ORDINATION AT ST. PETER'S SEMINARY

On Saturday last, at St. Peter's Cathedral, His Lordship, Right Rev. M. F. Fallon, D. D., ordained the following students from St. Peter's Seminary, London.

Tonsure.—M. Baillargeon, L. Marchand, H. Pocock, A. McHugh, T. Moran, V. O'Sullivan, G. Blandé, H. Fallon.

Minor Orders.—M. Brisson, I. Ducharme, J. Girard, F. McCardle.

Deacon.—L. Forrestal.

Priesthood.—John Young, Godrich; Wm. Moran, Kingsbridge; Herbert Richards, Liverpool, England.

Thirty priests were present in the sanctuary, and a large number of friends of the young men assisted at the ceremony.

The Rev. Mr. Richards is a convert to the Faith. Some years ago he studied for the Anglican ministry, and later was engaged in journalism. During his Seminary course at St. Peter's he has contributed to the columns of the CATHOLIC RECORD, and last summer took over entire editorial charge during vacation.

"HE DIED A PAPIST"

The Ave Maria says: "The celebration of Shakespeare's tercentenary is sure to revive the dispute about his religion. However difficult it may be to prove conclusively that he was a Catholic, it is still more so to prove that he was not. His familiarity with the teaching of the Church on certain points and his reverence for what Protestants of his time were wont to deride is an argument in itself. And the Davies MSS., preserved at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, relating to Shakespeare, concluded thus:

"From an actor of plays he became a composer. He died April 12, 1616."

A few years since it was generally considered that at most flies and mosquitoes were a harmless nuisance. Now we know that, excepting contaminated food and drink, they are probably our most dangerous propagators of disease. Flies are particularly hurtful to children and to those suffering from wounds, but undoubtedly they are the carriers of a good many of the lighter infections from which even robust adults suffer during the summer. As has been well said, if the fly could only be taught good manners it would not be so harmful. Unfortunately, however, it has been impossible, thus far at least, to have the flies wipe their feet before they make their way into dwellings.

When the dining-rooms have been darkened and the food removed and there is no longer any company for her, Madam Fly, as might be expected perhaps from her sex, makes her way into the highways and byways seeking society and a morsel of food wherever she can obtain it. Uncovered garbage cans, the open mouths of sewers, heaps of refuse of various kinds, matted piles, organic rubbish of all sorts: all these are her favorite stopping-places. The fly disports herself there until toward evening she is pretty well tired and ready to find her way into the house again.

The smell of cooking food seems to be the dinner bell for her and she makes her way to the nearest house. Having walked over all sorts of filthy material during her afternoon rounds, she now proceeds to occupy herself with the food materials at hand. Lumps of sugar offer her an opportunity for mountain climbing and whatever dirt has been accumulated on her feet is gradually deposited on the loaves. She is apt to promenade on the bread however, and she seems to like to skate on the butter. Whether she has heard that a bath in milk is good for beauty or not remains an unsolved question, but she will often be found immersed in the milk. Unfortunately these organic substances, especially if they are fluid, furnish excellent culture material for any bacteria that she may have brought back on her feet, and, in the course of a comparatively short time, bacteria multiply rapidly enough to make the consumption of such material somewhat dangerous. Probably some of the sweet preserves act as the same sort of culture medium as milk; hence the ease with which they spoil in the summer-time and the frequency with which they become sources of various infections of the digestive tract, more or less serious according to circumstances.

Babies are particular favorites of the fly, and as babies' hands and

mouths and cheeks are usually sticky the insect finds on the child a particularly good hunting-ground. No wonder then that very young children often suffer from digestive disturbances even though all their food may have been thoroughly sterilized or obtained from the maternal fount whence no bacterial infections flow.

These are the dangers from the fly, and the curious thing is that spiders which represented one provision of nature for keeping down the numbers of the fly have become a source of serious suspicion and even of fear and hatred, though the spider, in our climate at least, has never proved dangerous to man unless it had previously been feeding on contaminated flies. We used to pity the poor innocent fly when it was seized and devoured by the awful ogre, the spider, and now we know that the fly deserved no pity, while the spider merits encouragement in its work and not condemnation.

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THOMAS SIMPSON, applying to the British Parliament in 1760 for a charter for the Equitable Society, based his petition on the following grounds:

"The great numbers of His Majesty's subjects whose subsistence principally depends on the salaries, stipends and other incomes payable to them during their natural lives or on the profits arising from their several trades, occupations, labor and industry, are very desirous of entering into a society for assuring the lives of each other in order to extend, after their decease, the benefit of their present incomes to their families and relations, who may otherwise be reduced to extreme poverty and distress by the premature death of their several husbands, fathers and friends."

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aged fifty-three years, probably at Stratford: for there he is buried and hath a monument, on which he lays a heavy curse upon any who shall remove his bones. He died a Papist."

REVERENCE

"Of all the religions," says Bayard Taylor, a famous world traveler, "the most reverent I have ever seen is the Roman Catholic."

"In reverence is the chief joy and power of life—reverence for what is true and tried in the age of others; for all that is gracious among the living, great among the dead, and marvelous in the powers that cannot die."

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Dec. 11, 1915.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD:

It may be a little surprise to you to learn that it takes \$100 a week to keep my mission going. I am glad when I see that amount contributed in the RECORD, but when it is less I am sad to see my little reserve sum diminished and the catastrophe arriving when I must close my chapels, discharge my catechists and reduce my expenses to the few dollars coming in weekly. I beseech you to make one more supreme effort during 1916 to keep this mission on its feet. You will be surprised to learn what a great deal I am doing with \$100 a week—keeping myself and curate, 80 catechists, 7 chapels, and free schools, 8 churches in different cities with caretakers, supporting two big catechumenates of men, women and children during their preparation for baptism and building a church every year.

Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary.

J. M. FRASER.

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