

visited the Colony and established the Franciscans there. These Fathers were probably the first resident missionaries. The history of Newfoundland from 1690 until the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, at which time the French abandoned it for good, is little more than a series of skirmishes between the two nations—England and France. Opposed as they were in national ideals and in religion, it is not wonderful that the progress of the island should have been retarded, and that no facilities were afforded for the prosecution of missions among the aborigines. The island was torn and harassed by petty warfare and depredations, being sometimes in possession of one power, sometimes of the other. The signing of the Treaty of Utrecht gave the death blow to French prestige and from that hour the hope of the Faith was to centre in another people—the children of the Emerald Isle.

HAVING NO great faith in the treaty under which their religion was guaranteed free exercise, the French population gradually disappeared from Newfoundland, and under the new regime the Faith there seemed forever extinguished, but with the coming of the Irish it once more revived, and, in spite of persecution, continued thenceforward to keep pace with the growth of population and the material development of the country. In 1751 the floating population was 4,588; in 1761 it was 11,457; and in 1768, 13,112, of whom 4,795, or about one-third, were Catholics. The fixed population, however, was about 7,500, so that the Catholics were in reality over one-half. These had to contend with repression and persecution which for ingenious ferocity was paralleled only by the Penal Laws in Great Britain and Ireland. Under them the mystery is how the Faith survived at all, but the ways of God are inscrutable, and survive it did, to His greater glory and for the material no less than the spiritual well-being of the country.

THE FIRST IRISH priest of whom anything is known arrived at Placentia in 1770: in 1784 came Dr. O'Donel, the first Bishop, and from that time, wrote Mr. Howley, "the Newfoundland Church was organized and took its place among the provinces of Christianity." The life of Bishop O'Donel is full of inspiration. The difficulties he had to contend with, the hardships to endure, were as nothing compared with his energy and zeal in God's service. The same may be said of his successors, Bishops Lambert, Scallan and Fleming. Of the last named especially it may be said that nothing seemed to daunt him. He gave to the Church in Newfoundland position and influence; he erected churches, convents and schools; he endured hardships of every description in his efforts to minister to the distant ones of his flock, and his name should, and no doubt will be held in everlasting veneration by his countrymen. He died on the 28th of May, 1850, supported by all the consolation of our holy religion, and was laid to rest beneath the cathedral which he was instrumental in building. All these events Dr. Howley relates with great feeling and perspicacity. With the death of Bishop Fleming his narrative closes, with an intimation, however, that another volume, treating of the history, might be forthcoming. It would be interesting to know whether he left the same in manuscript.

To his other accomplishments Archbishop Howley added that of the poetic gift, though he seems to have exercised it only upon occasion. A sonnet inscribed by him to Pope Leo XIII., "Indefatigable Restorer of Christian Philosophy and Theology," will bear reproduction:

Hail thou! on Peter's chair enthroned
Pope,
Thou noble scion of the Poesi stem!
Worthy to grace the Triple Diadem—
Thou whose ancestral star, with ray
of hope,
Gleamed bright within its azure horoscope:
Sparkling with splendor of pellucid gem,
Tints the tall Cedar with a golden hem,
Emblem of Him with whom dark sin must cope.

Thou art the very "light from heaven" of yore,
By Erin's sainted Malachy foretold,
For o'er thy haloed brow with wings unfurled
The "Angel of the Schools" is seen to soar
Tipping thy pen with ray of molten gold,
Once more Aquinas' voice intralls the world!

AS AN example of the ease and facility with which Mr. Howley could give expression to his thoughts in poetry we may mention the following incident. A certain writer had been reviewing a volume of verse and in singling out several numbers for special commendation referred to them as "sonnets." Dr. Howley demurred, and pointed out that the verses referred to, however excellent in themselves, were not, according to accepted metrical laws, cast in the sonnet form and that the very essence of the sonnet is its form. Some journalistic correspondence ensued and then, to illustrate the point of his contention which was really self-evident, the Bishop sent to the periodical in which the discussion had taken place a beautiful example of the art in a sonnet on "Smokey Point," a well-known Newfoundland headland. We regret that though carefully preserved this sonnet is not at the moment available, but when it turns up we shall give CATHOLIC RECORD readers the benefit of it. It is a felicitous description in verse of one of the striking natural features of the island.

FROM THE FIELD of literature, therefore, as well as from the field of the spiritual harvest, Archbishop Howley will be missed, but his gracious personality will remain always as a treasured memory to those who knew him. Our own acquaintance with him was mainly by correspondence but we treasure a large bundle of letters dealing with historical subjects which have a value in themselves. Now that he has gone we recall with gratitude his unvarying graciousness and kindness, and in that spirit fervently ejaculate: *Requiescat in pace!*

ON THE BATTLE LINE

The chief interest at present centres on the terrific struggle for the possession and control of the seaports on the French and Belgian coasts of the English Channel.

London, Oct. 23.—1.50 p.m.—The only rock-bottomed fact which London is able to point to-day as a basis for the belief that the climax has been reached in the sea, land and air battle across the channel is that armies, however numerous, cannot indefinitely face the decimation of their ranks, which has marked this, the last phase of the great campaign. For nearly a week now this tripartite combat has raged with unabated fury between forces up to the present time so equal in strength that the fronts have swayed back and forth without either being able to register a decisive victory.

MANY REPORTS
That the slaughter in these fierce efforts and counter-efforts to break through the opposing lines transcends anything heretofore seen in this campaign is admitted on both sides. English news dispatches make sweeping claims of annihilating successes. German advices assert continued progress and Russian telegrams report great victories, but well-defined evidence to support these various contentions is lacking and the real facts appear to be that in neither the eastern nor the western arenas of war has the tide yet turned decisively. The very effective assistance rendered to the allies by the British monitor ships and the fact that in the matter of reinforcements of fresh troops it is reasonably certain that the allies have the advantage makes the outcome seem hopeful if not certain.

IN THE EAST

That the Austrians are to a considerable extent retrieving lost ground in Galicia seems to be true, though Petrograd and Vienna accounts are often contradictory. At this time of the year it would appear from accurate information as to conditions of roads and weather serious operations are impossible in Russian Poland. Early in November the ground freezes and the real battle will begin. It may be, however, that the Russians have forced the fighting on a large scale under conditions most unfavorable to the enemy.

THE MURDER OF THE ABBE DELEBEQUE

The following authentic story has been sent to Mr. Malvy, Minister for the Interior who is collecting documents upon the German occupation of the North of France, by "Junius," of the Echo de Paris. The translation is taken from the Daily Telegraph:
L'Abbe Delebecque was a professor of the College of Notre Dame, at one time vicar of St. Martin d'Esquermes at Lille, curé at Poirier, and then at Maing. He was held in the highest esteem, and was much beloved in the province of Valenciennes. Last Thursday evening he was returning from the funeral of his father, which had taken place at Dunkirk. He was riding a bicycle, the only means of transport which would enable him to regain his parish, when he was

stopped by a German patrol. He was searched, and upon him were found letters from certain soldiers quartered at Dunkirk, who had taken the opportunity of writing to their relatives and had asked him to deliver them.

The offence surely was not a grave one, and anybody would have done the same thing as the abbé. He was, however, judged at midnight by a court-martial composed of officers, and was sentenced to death on the charge of espionage. Thus letters written by soldiers to their mothers and sisters, to tell them that they are in good health, are considered acts of espionage by the Germans. The Abbé Delebecque was assisted by the German military chaplain, and was as composed and calm as though he was saying Mass. He spent the night in prayer in the Church of St. Nicholas at Valenciennes, then, having made his confession and received Communion, he went on foot to the monument of Dampierre. Whilst walking there he recited the prayers for the dying. It was half-past five in the morning. At the place appointed he knelt down and handed the German officer in command a letter for his mother. He said to his executioner, "I offer my life for France without one regret." A few seconds later he fell riddled by a dozen bullets. A grave was dug into which his body was thrown, and a part of his cassock could still be seen emerging from the ground. One of the inhabitants placed some stones in the form of a cross upon his resting place, and the women came and strewn flowers there. I may add that the Abbé Delebecque is the seventh priest of the diocese of Cambrai cruelly shot by the Germans.

PROTESTANT SERVICES IN A CATHOLIC CHAPEL

The special correspondent of the Evening News in France says: "Our Red Cross is splendidly established everywhere: in a bishop's palace at Angers, in a midwifery school at Rouen, in a wooden convent at Le Mans, and so on. At Angers the nuns allow Protestant services to be held in the Catholic chapel attached to the home, 75 per cent. of our wounded belonging to the Church of England. In all the towns I have mentioned little British graveyards are growing day by day. And the French people, who cannot do too much for our men in life, come to their flower—our dead—in the death. Some day, I suppose, these graves of 'les braves qui helped to save France' will attract pilgrimages from home."

TURKEY AND GERMANY

Milan, Oct. 23.—The special correspondent of the Secolo in Constantinople telegraphs that to all intents and purposes Turkey has become a German colony, adding: "The grand vizier blindly follows orders from Berlin, and has not the slightest notion what the morrow may bring forth for Turkey." "Up to the present Turkey has nominally remained neutral, but she is actively preparing, under German direction, to break her neutrality whenever word may come from Berlin." "Some 600 German officers have arrived in Turkey since the commencement of the war, and brought siege guns, field guns and ammunition with them." "A German colonel, Weber Pasha, has taken over the command of the Dardanelles forts and big German guns are being mounted in them." "All the fortifications of the Bosphorus have been overhauled and a large number of mines have been laid." "The coasts of Asia Minor, especially in and around Smyrna, have been fortified, and to the north of Smyrna intrenchments have been constructed to repel any possible attack by land." "It is computed that Turkey has from 500,000 to 700,000 men ready to take the field. The German officers put the number at 900,000."

ARMIES ALONG THE COAST SEEM ABOUT EVEN AS TO STRENGTH

London, Oct. 22.—The hardest kind of fighting continues in West Flanders and Northern France between the German troops, which have been reinforced by virtually all the German forces in the occupied portions of Belgium, and the French, British and Belgian warships, which are aided by British warships. Along the coast the Yser River still divides the contending forces. Neither side, apparently, has been able to make any advance, but in interior, according to a German report issued to-night, the allies are retiring from several important positions.

This statement of the Germans, however, is contradicted by the French communication issued in Paris this afternoon, which says the allies have not been moved, despite the very violent attacks of the invaders.

STATEMENTS DIFFER

It is the same all along the long front extending from the North Sea to the Swiss border. Each side claims to have repulsed the attacks of the other, or to have made slight progress at various points. Apparently the great battle is still a long way from the conclusion, the contending armies seemingly being on an equal in strength that neither can force the other back, pierce the front or get around the

wings. To the military observers here the question seems to be which commander can secure the greater number of reinforcements and bring them up to a critical point at the right moment.

As though the Belgians had not already suffered sufficiently during the war the little villages along the coast north of Ostend are suffering severely from shell fire. Lying as they do, between the German lines and the British warships off the beach, some of them are reported to have been completely destroyed, and others badly damaged.

NEWFOUNDLAND MOURNS

The Mail and Advocate, St. John's, Nfld., Oct. 16
The tolling, at the Roman Catholic Cathedral yesterday, of the great bell, which, for nigh half a century, had summoned him to his hours of duty, in that sacred edifice, announced to the people of St. John's that the Most Reverend Michael Francis Howley, D. D., first Archbishop and seventh Bishop of the Roman Catholic diocese of St. John's, had passed to his eternal reward.

As the poet quoted above, whom he loved so well, points out the Angel of Death in his rounds makes no distinction as to those upon whom he calls, and whether it be in the humble cottage of the peasant or the palace of the King, all some day must attend his summons. He knocks equally at the palace door and the humble cottage.

And so it was yesterday at 2 o'clock the flat went forth and the head of the Roman Catholic Church in Newfoundland was summoned to the Great White Throne to give an account of his stewardship.

It is just forty-four years since the late Archbishop, then a young priest, arrived in St. John's, with the Right Rev. Dr. Power, the newly appointed Bishop of St. John's. All of his clerical brethren who welcomed him on that occasion have passed away and paid the debt of Nature. He was the last leaf of that tree.

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he had pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

And now he also has passed to that shadowy unknown Land where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

His Grace the Most Rev. Michael Francis Howley, D. D., Roman Catholic Archbishop of St. John's, Newfoundland, since 1904, was born Sept. 25th, 1843, just three years before the great fire that devastated St. John's, and ten years after the granting to the Colony of Representative Government, and would have been seventy-two years of age had he lived until the 25th of next September.

He was one of the many sons of the late Richard Howley. After being educated at St. Bonaventure's College, fifty-one years ago, he left St. John's for Rome, where he pursued in the great seminary of the Propaganda, his philosophical and theological studies.

After working on the Scotch Mission in Glasgow for three years as Secretary to the late Archbishop Eyre he returned to Newfoundland, as we have said, in 1870 with the late Bishop Power, having been present with him in Rome at the great Ecumenical Council held there that year, which the definition of the infallibility of the Pope was promulgated.

With the exception of some short visits paid to the West Coast during the life of the late Rev. Monsignor Sears, and a short period of missionary work in Fortune Bay His Grace was attached as curate to the Cathedral in St. John's from 1870 to 1885, when he was appointed Perfect Apostolic of the diocese of St. George's in succession to the late Rev. Monsignor Sears.

From 1885 until 1892, when the diocese of St. George's was elevated to a Vicariate, and he was made the first Bishop of the same, he labored on that coast as the Roman Catholic head of the diocese, and in all that concerned the people, by a plenitude of zeal and work in the cause of the Master, gave promise to that full missionary vigor which was to characterize his labors in later years.

In 1894, on the death of the late Bishop Power, the late Archbishop was transferred from the diocese of St. George's to that of St. John's. Ten years afterwards he was created Archbishop of St. John's when the diocese was elevated to the dignity of an Archdiocese, and became its first Archbishop.

During all these years, in every department of our social, religious, literary, educational and public life, he took an earnest and active interest. He was a most versatile man, and there was hardly any subject that his industry and sphere of action did not embrace. He had travelled extensively and was a graceful and easy writer.

He not alone compiled and published an interesting ecclesiastical history of the Roman Catholic Church, from its birth in Newfoundland to 1869, a period marked by the death of Bishop Mullock, but he was also a constant contributor to newspapers and periodicals on all matters in which the public were interested. He also published a book of poems, and in a series of articles contributed to newspapers and periodicals from time to time, rescued from obscurity the nomenclature and folk-lore of the Colony, a work which, to the future historian, will be of untold value.

In some respects he may not have filled as large or as lasting a place in the public eye as one of his predecessors.

The intelligence of the country, without distinction of creed, had conferred on the memory of Bishop Mullock a halo for intellectual light, as a great original earnest thinker and worker in the country's welfare. Even to day old men will tell you that no man's heart was ever more filled than Bishop Mullock's with the thought of Newfoundland's interest, and that none ever labored with greater devotion to advance its progress. And if the spirit which animated him in that direction had a fault, it was that he was too impatient of the pace of advancement, and longed to accomplish in a bound what others lagged in performance.

In the case of the illustrious Bishop Power, who for twenty-five years presided over the diocese of St. John's, those of his parishioners who had the advantage of sitting under him, listened to a ripe and courtly scholar, a man who was not alone profound in philosophy and theology, but who had carried off all the honors as Master of Arts of the great University of London, and as an orator has never been equalled in Newfoundland. To sit under him and to listen to his discourses was in itself a liberal education.

It was, then, no easy task for the late Archbishop to take up and complete the unfinished work of predecessors of this type. But in all the capacities that His Grace occupied amongst us, even those who widely differed from him will frankly admit that what he might have lacked in finish, thoroughness and brilliancy he made up in earnestness and industry.

It may be that his patriotic love of country and the intensity of his feelings in this respect may sometimes have led him to question the motives and sincerity of others. It was, nevertheless, always considered that in this respect the genuine patriotism which actuated him was a sufficient set-off. No one ever questioned his love of country and his patriotism. In his own beautiful words in the song "The dear old South Side Hill":

"He loved each nook
Each trickling brook,
Each corpse of russet brown,
Each gully, pond and laughing brook,
That tumbles rattling down;
He loved it bathed in summer sun,
With opal light aglow,
Or robed in wintry garments, spun
From wool of silken snows."

The solemn, silent tribute of all classes that poured into the cathedral at 8 o'clock last night, when his remains were carried to the catafalque, testified to the esteem in which he was held, there to await the funeral obsequies. All must have thought, as they looked around the Church, and noticed the decorations of loft and altar, the polished floors and the stained glass windows, the pealing organ and all the adornments, the work of which had become part of his life, that in this respect at least he had accomplished a great task.

He was essentially a man of the people, ever ready to take great risks in what he conceived to be the people's interests. Fearless and independent, he went forth and battled in defence of what he regarded as the welfare of Newfoundland, and even in his last moments his request to be buried in Belvedere, and not under the High Altar in the great cathedral, was a protest against the usual method of the man and his methods.

Yet will he have chosen no unlovely or unattractive spot for his last resting place. There, in the cemetery of Belvedere, whose name best describes its charms, if the illustrious dead could come back to earth, their weary eyes would feast, they would be able to look out over the old South Side Hill, over the beautiful waters of Quidi Vidi, the Kenmount Hills, which at this season of the year are clad in their carpet of crimson and green and russet gold, all would speak and appeal to the dead prelate whose part now alas, to use the words of the great American poet:

"In all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,
Is that his grave is green."

Editorially the Mail and Advocate says: By the inexorable law of nature, which claims alike the high and the low, the gentle and the simple, the man of genius and the clown, our country has been levied upon, and at this time, death has claimed one of the greatest characters that ever graced our soil.

Who, that has ever known the late Archbishop Howley, but has marked the beauty and sublimity of character with which nature had endowed this gifted son of our soil?

In him were blended all the graces with which nature impresses her hall mark of nobility on the soul and mind. A most striking characteristic of the dead prelate was the blending in his mind of a bland and childlike simplicity, with a majesty of power, rare indeed among the sons of men, but that has ever known him, but must have been struck with those graces which seemed to hang about the person of "Bishop Howley" as he continued to be called by thousands who loved him dearly?

His was a mind rich with the stores of knowledge, of which he was

ever prodigal. By voice and pen he laid open to us the treasures of his great mind. And in harmony with the simplicity of his character, his words were plain and unaffected, but often flashed with gems of rare humor, or the fire of determination.

Of his contributions to literature the most learned have spoken with high praise, and they are too well remembered and hung upon to need any praise from us. Of his many writings perhaps his greatest contribution to literature was his Ecclesiastical History of Newfoundland. His series of writings on "Name Lore" will form a very valuable addition to local literature.

But we prefer to leave all reference to his literary work to the biographer. We wish to speak of the traits which made the lamented Archbishop in very truth a father and a friend to all who knew him.

He was first and above all a true Soggarth Aroon, and as such his memory will ever be enshrined in the hearts of the many who mourn him as a dear friend and will continue to do so long after he will have been forgotten, for his scholastic ability.

In the hearts of the humble and lowly, Archbishop Howley is for ever enshrined. Such a monument is more lasting than fame or granite.

The little children will miss him, for he had ever a smile and sweet words for them. To them all the sweetness of his heart went out and the little ones loved him as a father is loved.

OUR DEAD

Nothing is our own: we hold our pleasures
Just a little while, ere they are fled:
One by one life robs us of our treasures:
Nothing is our own except our Dead.

They are ours, and hold in faithful keeping,
Safe forever, all they took away.
Cruel life can never steal that sleep-
ing.
Cruel time can never seize that prey.

Justice pales; truth fades; stars fall
from heaven;
Human are the great whom we re-
vere:

No true crown of honor can be given,
Till we place it on a funeral bier.

How the Children leave us: and no traces
Linger of that smiling angel band;
Gone, forever gone; and in their places
Weary men and anxious women stand.

Yet we have some little ones, still ours;
They have kept the baby smile we know,
Which we kissed one day, and hid with flowers

On their dead, white faces long ago.
When our Joy is lost—and life will take it—
Then no memory of the past re-
mains;

Save with some strange, cruel sting,
to make it
Bitterness beyond all present pains.

Death, more tender-hearted, leaves to sorrow
Still the radiant shadow, fond regret:
We shall find, in some far, bright to-
morrow,

Joy that he has taken, living yet.

Is Love ours, and do we dream we know it,
Bound with all our heart strings, all our own?
Any cold and cruel dawn may show it,
Shattered, desecrated, overthrow.

Only the dead Hearts forsake us never;
Death's last kiss has been the mystic sign
Consecrating Love our own forever,
Crowning it eternal and divine.

So when Fate would fain besiege our city,
Dim our gold, or make our flowers fall,
Death, the angel, comes in love and pity
And, to save our treasures, claims them all.

—BY ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

PIUS X. CANONIZED MANY

During his pontificate Pius X. canonized on December 11, St. Alexander Sauli, Barnabite Bishop of Pavia, and St. Gerard Maiella, Redemptorist; on May 20, 1909, St. Joseph Oriol of Barcelona and St. Clement Marie Hofbauer, Redemptorist.

He beatified on December 18, 1904, Blessed Gaspar del Bufalo; on De-

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ember 27, 1904, Blessed Stephen Bellesini; on January 1, 1905, Blessed Agathangos, of Vendome, and Blessed Cassien, of Nantes; on January 15, 1905, Blessed Jean Marie Vaunney, Cure d'Arte; on January 15, 1905, Blessed Marc Krisin, Blessed Stephen Fongraczy, and Blessed Melchior Grodecky; on May 18, 1906, Blessed Julie Billart; on May 20, 1906, eight Dominican martyrs of Toukin; on May 27, 1906, the sixteen Carmelites of Compiègne; on June 10, 1906, Blessed Bonaventure Gran; on May 17, 1908, Blessed Julie Postel; on May 24, 1908, Blessed Madeleine Sophie Baras; on May 31, 1908, Blessed Gabriel dell Adorata; on April 18, 1909, Blessed Joan of Arc; on April 25, 1909, Blessed John Eudes; on May 2, 1909, thirty-four martyred missionaries in the extreme East—altogether four saints and sixty-three blessed.—Catholic Sun.

THE MUNSTER FUSILIERS

They went out from Tipperary—'twas a long, long, way to go,
And they stepped so light and airy
'twas a joy to see their stride,
For they whistled "Garryowen"
Just to keep their spirits goin'
Till the colleens felt so proud of them
That all their tears were dried!

It was "Good-bye, Tipperary, fare you well
old Slieve-na-mon,
Happy days, old Ballinadeary, sweet
Clonmell and Galtymore;
Fare you well, dear Slieve River
In the sunshine all auquiver,
While we march without a shiver
to a field of death and gore."

Well, they fought for Tipperary's name
at Mons and Charleroi,
They fought as fought their sires
of old who knew not how to fly;
And the foe man all his years
Will remember the wild cheers
Of the Munster Fusiliers who went
so gloriously to die!

—SILVIA NA MON

BRITISH DEBT TO IRELAND

An "Englishman," writing to the Catholic Times, thus recognizes England's debt to Ireland and the Irish leader:

"In struggling for self-government for Ireland Mr. Redmond was achieving self-government for England. He aimed at the first; his intention was there. But when the House of Lords, acting as the permanent Committee of the Tory party, refused to pass the Home Rule Bill, their own destruction followed. While they had power to block bills, Home Rule could not be carried. So their power was taken from them and they were left, the shadow of a great name. The peers for all coming time are shadows, and their place is with the shades. Their noble House has gone down as a touch from an Irish patriot. It is John Redmond who has freed the democracy of Great Britain from the dead weight of the House of Lords."

Without the Irish and their National movement, the English democracy would probably not have been able to get rid of the House of Lords—at least, not so soon.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

If honest you will never betray a friend, if noble you will never persecute an enemy.

God knows that you can stand that trial; he would not give it to you if you could not. It is his trust in you that explains the trials in life, however bitter they may be.

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