

so on, but there is a large number of them who, I am convinced, if they were given this official recognition and given this initial military training, would be willing to volunteer and go to the front and swell the number of our recruits (cheers). The whole of the Irish race, for the first time in our history, are in complete sympathy in this war with this country. Ninety five per cent, in my opinion, of the Irish in America are upon our side in this war. The men in America who are not, are, for the most part, men who were always opposed to the constitutional movement in Ireland, and who are noisy in inverse proportion to their number (Nationalist cheers). So far as Australia, Canada and New Zealand are concerned, all the people of Irish birth or Irish blood are upon our side, and in Ireland itself the situation was, I think, rightly described, three or four days ago, in an article in the Birmingham Daily Post, which declared that what had happened in Ireland was a miracle. Ireland, for the first time in her history, realizes and values her position in the Empire, and is willing, and, indeed, eager, to do her duty, but in the minds of all of us, in the mind of every Irishman, I believe in Ireland there is always one condition. There must be no talk of premature peace.

Any peace which does not mean condign punishment for those who have been guilty of outrages far greater than the outrages which, generations ago, won for the late Sultan of Turkey the title of the Grand Assassin, any peace which does not mean the restoration of the independence of Belgium, the expulsion of German troops from French soil, and, I would say also, the free restoration to Alsace Lorraine of what they regard as freedom (cheers); any peace which does not mean the assured independence of the smaller nations in Europe, and especially of Serbia; any peace which does not mean some reasonable guarantee for the future peace of the world—any such peace as that will be regarded by public opinion in Ireland as a gross and criminal betrayal of the living and the dead (loud cheers). So long as that is the object we have in view to bring the war to a victorious end upon those lines, then, no matter how long the war may last, and no matter what sacrifices it may entail, you can count upon Ireland to the end (loud and prolonged cheers).

SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR

A LAST LETTER

Lieutenant Pierre Grandjean, who, after the life of a saint, died a hero on the field of honor on April 5, wrote as follows to his mother three days before his death:

I try to make the sacrifice with a good heart. It is a small thing. Is not to-day the anniversary of the death of Our Lord? My conscience is at rest, and so what should I fear? So be resigned yourself, you and my grandmother and brothers. You see it would be unjust if you did not pay this debt to the country, like other families. That, dear mother, as you well know, is my view. I have no great sins to reproach myself with during life, and if I am fortunate enough to go to heaven without too long a wait, I shall watch well over you. . . . I kiss you all for the last time before our great and everlasting reunion.

A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE

The son's confidence in his mother was not misplaced. Not long ago, she asked the colonel of his regiment to receive her second son, Serge, of the class of 1916, then engaged in his military studies. She wrote:

It is but right that Serge should take his brother's place in the regiment. I have a presentiment that he, too, is lost to me. He is too brave not to fall. Pierre is in heaven; and I feel sure that Serge will follow him there. But we shall meet again one day. It is not too much to sacrifice two sons, if such is God's will, for the safety of France.

THE HOOGE AFFAIR

The following extracts are taken from a letter sent home by a non-commissioned officer, and published in the Manchester Guardian:

The general made a stirring speech, calling upon the men to keep up the splendid reputation of the division and voicing his confidence that every battalion would do everything that was asked of them. The cheers that went up echoed and re-echoed for miles around, while hats were placed on rifle muzzles and waved frantically in the air. Each man was prepared to do his bit and to do it well. That night the roads were lined with streaming columns of khaki-clad figures as light-hearted as school-boys on their way to a treat, joking, laughing, and singing. I should have liked the people at home to witness the scene. Well might they boast of their Tommies' indifference to danger. Hundreds of those brave boys have since met their Maker, having given their lives for their country. They marched to their doom in the highest of spirits. At dawn our artillery opened, and seemed to be shelling the Huns all over the place. The Huns answered from every direction, and the crashing and roaring of thousands of guns was deafening and nerve-racking. Shrapnel was flying and smoke covered miles of ground. About an hour later our artillery concentrated all their guns on the Hooze position, and poured in a terrific fire. Sandbags, trench boards, earth, bricks, and everything movable were flung in a shower in the

air. Smoke of every color you could think of bogged the whole place. Rifle fire, bombs, grenades, trench mortars, and machine-guns all added to the awful din. After a time, the guns lifted from the Huns' first line. A British cheer almost drowned by the terrible crashing and screaming of shrapnel, burst forth, and away over the top went the infantry. The Germans had lost fearfully, and those alive were in a dazed and cowed condition. We took a few prisoners. Our artillery had been marvellous.

The next night they made a counter-attack, and our boys left their trenches and met them half-way. Hand to hand fighting ensued, and we not only drove them back with much slaughter but took two more lines of trenches. We have since retired from one, which was untenable, being in open ground and getting enfladed shell fire; but this has not made any difference to our position, which is now a magnificent one. We have worked hard consolidating the position, which does not sound much, but to be on the work is another matter. You have read of the crater which we have captured. It is a wonderful place, almost impossible to describe, of enormous depth and width. The bottom is choked full of dead Germans, whom we have been burying. They were caught in there like rats in a trap, and never came out again. Our artillery saw to that.

A DYING PRAYER ON THE BATTLE-FIELD

The Bishop of Nevers, preaching at a Requiem for those fallen on the field, in his cathedral, told the following moving story:

Two young soldiers who had been school-fellows found themselves side by side on the battle field. One had kept his faith, the other had lost it. Both lay mortally wounded and bleeding to death. Suddenly, one of them said: "You have not forgotten your prayers; say one now, and I will say it after you." The other started the "Our Father," and his companion repeated it after him, petition by petition. Slowly they came to the words: "And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive—" They got no further, for the one who had been repeating the prayer after his companion gasped his last in these words that are an act of contrition.

THE BRABANCONNE IN CHURCH

The following is an extract from a letter received from Brussels, describing the way in which Independence Day (July 21) was observed there:

On July 21 I was advised to attend High Mass at St. Gudule's. There was a crowded congregation. The Papal Nuncio, whom, by the way, most of the people mistook for the Cardinal, officiated; and at the close of the Mass, which was followed by the playing of the first two lines of the Brabanconne by the organ, the congregation suddenly gave vent to a delirium of enthusiasm. Women wept, men swung their hats round high over their heads, and there was a loud and prolonged shout of "Vive le Roi! Vive la Belgique!" The same scene was witnessed at the end of each stanza, and at the close the people were all singing.

AUSTRALIAN CADETS VISIT THE DE LA SALLE

Tuesday was the day set apart by the civic reception committee to show Toronto's institutions of secondary education to the 32 Australian cadets now touring the Dominion. Three schools were chosen as types: De La Salle Collegiate, the Central Technical School, Harbord Collegiate. Mr. W. W. Hodgson, Chairman of the Board of Education, and Col. Rev. Brother Rogation, Separate School Inspector, were appointed to conduct the visitors through these institutions.

On arriving at De La Salle the party was met by the staff, a delegation of the students, several members of the city clergy, the Separate School Board and a number of the friends of the Collegiate. The principal, Rev. Brother Ansbert, spoke a few words of welcome and invited the cadets to visit the classrooms which had been tastefully decorated for the occasion with Australian mottoes, flags, designs, etc. A walk through the class rooms brought the cadets to the assembly hall where they were entertained with a short programme of music, speech and song. Wilfred Nelson spoke a spicy word of welcome to which Fred Curran of the Australian cadets, a former student of the Christian Brothers in Perth, Australia, responded on behalf of the visitors.

Lieutenant J. H. Simons, who is in charge of the cadets then delivered one of these eloquent addresses which have won for him the admiration of the Toronto public and with which his name will be long and creditably associated. He said in part: "We have visited upwards of one thousand schools in our tour and I can say with all sincerity that we have never before received such a hearty welcome as that which we are now enjoying at De La Salle." With much warmth he referred to the noble work which the Christian Brothers were doing in Australia and stated that six of the cadets now touring the world with him had received their training at the hands of the Brothers.

Chairman Hodgson also spoke in congratulation of what he had seen and heard and then the party repaired to the cafeteria in the basement of the collegiate where re-

freshments were served and the visitors entertained by the Brothers and their men.

ENGLISH BISHOPS DEFEND HOLY FATHER

London, Nov. 3, 1915.—Two British Bishops have these past few days taken up the defense of the Pope against his traducers. Bishop Chisholm of Aberdeen speaks of the paternal sentiments of the Holy Father which have found vent in so many ways, notably during the past few days in a fresh concession to prisoners of war who now have a Sunday rest in these countries where it is customary to force them to work. He says that if both sides were to ask the Holy Father to adjudicate between them, and would bring before him full and complete evidence, then would it not only just and impartial judge in Christendom speak and form a judgment, but the time for such action has not yet come. Bishop Keatinge, of Northampton, preaching in a Liverpool church on Sunday last, said that because the Holy Father had not denounced "atrocities" everything else he had done went for naught. Had the Pope taken sides his words would have gone for nothing, the neutral powers could not be depended on to rally to him, the unity of the Church would be threatened, and the consequences would be deplorable. It was because he was above all suspicion of bias that the Pope's few powerful words for good, and that the day might yet come when his would be the voice which should pronounce that "vox vociscom" for which the whole world longed.

THE POPE AND THE WAR PRISONERS IN ITALY

Two members of the Swiss Catholic Mission for Prisoners of War, M. Pierre Aty, professor of law at the University of Fribourg, and Canon Beaupin, have gone to Rome to consult with the bureau established by the Vatican on extending the services for the Italian prisoners in Austria and the Austrians in Italy. Cardinal Gasparri, who takes the greatest interest in the Catholic mission, arranged two private audiences with His Holiness for the delegates. The Pope showed himself well informed on the details of the work, and told the two representatives how much he appreciated the enlightened support he received from the Swiss in all his initiatives of "acts of mercy." He then questioned them on the work of the Fribourg university and the religious results obtained. He blessed the efforts of the Abbé Devaux and Father Courten in their ministry of charity, and inquired as to the financial position of the Catholic missions. Before dismissing the two Swiss, His Holiness presented them with 3,000 lire to be expended for the prisoners, without distinction of nationality nor exclusion of non-Catholics. Lastly, he assured the Swiss mission of his aid in seeking the French and English who are missing in battles at the Dardanelles, the search in Turkey being very difficult.—New World.

ARCHBISHOP PRENDERGAST'S JUBILEE

"Magnificent," says the Sacred Heart Review, is the only word to describe the celebration in Philadelphia, on November 17, of the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination to the priesthood of the Most Rev. Edward F. Prendergast, D. D., Archbishop of that diocese. His Excellency, the Most Rev. John Bonzano, D. D., Archbishop of Milwaukee, and Appellate Delegate to the United States, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, His Eminence Cardinal Farley of New York, the Most Rev. James J. Keane, D. D., Archbishop of Dubuque, Ia., and twenty-three other Archbishops and Bishops attended the celebration. Members of the Monsignori and priests in large numbers, not only from Philadelphia but from many other dioceses, were participants in the ceremonies of the celebration, and the great parade of the laity, which was one of the chief features of the jubilation, is estimated to have contained more than 70,000 men, the majority of them members of the Holy Name Societies.

EPISCOPALIAN BISHOP PRAISES K. OF C.

The Rev. Sidney C. Partridge, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the western district of Missouri, speaking to the Knights of Columbus and their guests at a recent Discovery Day banquet, said in part:

"Knights of Columbus, you are worthy of the name that is yours if you are knights in the true sense of the word. In this day when, alas, so much of the ancient chivalry of the days of our forefathers has been forgotten or at least disregarded, I beg you to be worthy of that name wherever you are.

"In the courtesies that you show in your daily life, in your home, in association with your fellow men, in meeting every one above you or below you, wherever it may be, be worthy of the name of being a knight as they were in the good old days of old.

"Be worthy of the name with which this great society has been

honored. That is something to be most highly prized in this day and in this generation. And so I bid you Godspeed in all that you stand for. Be faithful, be loyal to your organization and to all the great principles for which it stands. Be never ashamed of it at any time or on any occasion. Be personally loyal to those who are its leaders and to the heads of the Church over you, and love, honor and respect them for what they represent. Be faithful, be true, be loyal and those round about you, looking at you, will respect you and honor you. Aye, it always does that, and you will feel that it is an honor. It is something that you can feel true and always proud of that you are a knight and a knight that bears the name of one of the most dauntless and the grandest and the most faithful and the most hopeful man that the world has ever seen, who bore the cross in one hand and the faithful sword in the other."—New York News.

CHURCH GAINING

DESPITE WAR, TURMOILS AND DISTRACTIONS CATHOLICISM GROWS IN BRITON'S LAND

London, Nov. 3, 1915.—Despite the war, its turmoils, the general disturbance it has entailed in every current of life's activities in this country, and the distraction of men's minds from all the subjects that naturally occupy them, it is interesting to note that the work of the Church in England goes steadily along, and progress is the word that most amply describes conditions of Catholicism everywhere prevailing in Great Britain.

One of the most significant features of this is the work that is being steadily carried ahead in the great cities and centers of population in the field of Catholic education. In the diocese of Liverpool the greatest gain in this regard ever made in any one year was made last year. There are now in Liverpool 85,000 Catholic children of school age and of these only 900 are now attending non-Catholic schools. In the archdiocese of Westminster there are 44,102 children now attending the Catholic schools. One of the most interesting events of the year in the field of church building occurred last week when His Eminence Cardinal Bourne presided at the opening of the new church of St. Edward the Confessor at Golder's Green. It was a very impressive ceremony and was attended by a large number of the clergy and laity, included amongst the latter being the mayor of Hampstead. The church is a fine example of the perpendicular Gothic with a tower conspicuous far over the landscape. It is unusual in design and interior planning, the idea being to reproduce the characteristics of the English parish church of the pre-Reformation period. The site is on land given as a grant to the Benedictine monks of Westminster by Edward the Confessor. Strangely enough, the church is one of the finest sculptural memorials of the great war. On the northern wall there is a mural carving of a submarine, a big gun and an aeroplane, these being to serve as reminders that the church was opened in the second year of the great war. On the southern wall is a monogram of King George V.

CATHOLICS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND THE WAR

While men like Sir Edward Carson, and Tory organs of various degrees of bigotry revel in stories of Catholics escaping from service, of their being mobbed in British ports on their way to foreign countries, etc., the fact remains that in the matter of enlistment the Catholics of Great Britain have more than done their duty. Over 115,513 Catholics in Great Britain most of them, of course Irishmen or of Irish ancestry, have joined the forces and gone to the front. In broad detail, this figure was made up from the various organizing districts as follows: Lancashire and North Wales, 40,786; Scotland, 25,760; Yorkshire, 19,730; North of England, 18,400; South Wales, 5,477; Midlands, 5,900; London, 5,450. Total 115,513. Since these figures were compiled Irish recruiting has gone on vigorously, and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the above total has been swelled to upwards of 150,000.

A BRAVE CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN

The following story more than ordinarily stirring and impressive at a time when stories of extraordinary deeds of devotion to duty on the part of Catholic chaplains are daily coming from the front is just at hand. It comes from the Central News correspondent at the British front. It is the tale of a bonding party belonging to a well known regiment who went out one night and never returned. Says the correspondent: "It had been a terrible night, black as ink with the cold of the north and the rain of the tropics. As a morning wore on the regiment pictured their comrades lying wounded and dying in the mud and slush and the decaying corn. It was broad daylight; the German sharpshooters were in position; even to put one's head over the parapet meant certain death. A Catholic chaplain attached to the regiment came up to the firing line and volunteered to go out to the front and take any risks in finding the bodies. After some hesitation his request was granted. Donning his surplice and with a crucifix in his hand the priest proceeded down the saps and climbed out into the open. With their eyes glued to the

pariscopes the British line watched him anxiously as he proceeded slowly toward the German line. Not a shot was fired by the enemy. After a while the chaplain was seen to stoop and bend down near the German wire entanglements. He knelt in prayer. Then with the same calm step he returned to his own lines. He had four khaki caps on his hand and reported that the Germans had held up four khaki caps on their rifles, indicating that the other four were prisoners in their hands.

This is not only typical of the glorious work that our chaplains are doing at the front, but it is a heart touching story of how chivalry and bravery will sometimes appeal in like sentiment to both sides of a battlefield.—New World.

MR. TAFT ON RELIGION AND GOOD CITIZENSHIP

Speaking at the Massachusetts Agricultural College, on a recent Sunday evening, ex-President Taft dwelt on the close relationship between religion and morality. "I agree," he said, "that there are good citizens without religious faith but they are exceptions. Religion and morality are essential to each other and the spirit of religion energizes moral development, as well as it promotes the obligations of universal brotherhood above the selfish desires of the individual. We hear much about our rights, but, young men, if you do your duty your rights will follow. We cannot demand the right unless the element of duty precedes. The moving cause of our governmental success was implanted by the Puritans who were endowed with the strict sense of duty obtained from God. Religion is that living out of yourself and looking up to something greater. The spread of religion in a government like ours is imperative."—Sacred Heart Review.

CAPUCHIN HEROES

OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLE

(J. L. Seward) in New York Sun, Nov. 14, 1915.

Note: Before J. L. Seward, a grandson of Secretary of State Seward started from this city on an expedition to the jungles of South America, he was asked by a friend to write from the heart of the jungle the most interesting thing he saw. The following article is the result. It is dated "In Camp, Upper Amazon Basin, Caqueta River, via Mocoa, Colombia, South America, September 18, 1915."

I am writing this by candle light on a boat leg in the heart of the jungle. The Indian runner is leaving in his canoe for Mocoa at dawn tomorrow.

I want to write a few words in celebration of the Capuchin missionary Fathers in this district. Their last outpost is many hundreds of miles up the Caqueta River. They are in a very real sense the pioneers of civilization in this part of the world.

The Fathers are the only ones who can get anything out of the Indians. They are not for their kindness and would be completely lost in this vast wilderness of equatorial jungle. The Indians themselves are afraid of the "Great River"; only the force of persuasion exerted by the good priests can get them to leave their villages to help us.

The Capuchin Fathers, nevertheless, simple in their faith, fearless of heart, utterly regardless of the thousand hardships incidental to the arduous life in this wilderness, are devoting their entire lives to the advancement of humanity.

It is not the ordinary mortal cannot aspire to do what these Christian heroes do. Think of it! They bury themselves here forever, during all the remaining years of their lives, without hope of ever returning to their native land or to the scenes of their childhood! Thus they give their lives to fiftly or so savages dwelling in a clearing of the danger infested jungle.

Had the priests not pioneered ahead of us it would have been impossible for us to reach these practically unknown waterheds. With pick and shovel in their own hands they have carved a trail in the sides of tremendous precipices across the Andes. The trail is not a marvel of engineering skill, but it is a feat of sheer, prodigious religion which makes one stand in awe and adoration. If ever railways and electric lights and telephones make these desolate wastes flower with civilization you may be sure it will all rest upon the religious foundation which these devout pioneers are now laying.

The atrocities in the Patomayo rubber district, atrocities which surpassed in horror the crimes of the Congo, are still fresh in the memory of civilized man. The Capuchin missionaries were the only moral force which stood between the scattered remnants of the Inca tribes and the brutality of the "cancheros," or rubber pirates. Little by little the Fathers are healing the bleeding wounds caused by those commercial exploiters and are endeavoring to efface from the memories of the natives the memory of the deeds of their "own white brothers."

Foremost among these martyr priests is Father Fidel de Montelos. He has grown old in the service of these children of the jungle. Other priests who deserve a place high on the list of the world's religious martyrs are Fathers Florentino Cerubin, Anselmo de Olot, Andres of

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Sibundry, and greatest of all, Father Stanislaw of Port Assis. Father Stanislaw has been severely injured in his work, but still remains, thousands of miles from medical aid, faithful and cheerful unto death.

FAITH

I know not what next year may bring
To me of pain and suffering,
Nor even what to-morrow
May hold of bitter or of sweet,
It may be victory or defeat,
A splendid joy or sorrow,
In faith I close my eyes at night
Content to wait the morning light.

I know not what lies over there
Beyond these worldly vales of care,
Of tolling or repose,
Nor what of joy may be in store
Upon that distant heavenly shore
To which the spirit goes;
In faith I'll close my eyes and go
When comes the time for me to know.

MASONIC TESTIMONY

Reynold E. Blight, writing in the Bulletin of Los Angeles Consistory (Masonic) says: "In certain circles it is popular to denounce bitterly the Roman Catholic Church, and in the condemnation forget her splendid achievements and the consecrated service she has rendered to humanity. The long roll of patriots, statesmen, philanthropists, thinkers, heroes, and saintly souls who have drawn their spiritual inspiration from her communion is sufficient proof of the real greatness of her religious teaching. Among the priests are those whose names have become synonymous with purity of life and unselfish effort for the betterment of humanity: Father Damien, Father Mathew, Father Junipero Serra, St. Francis of Assisi, Savonarola. Her countless institutions of learning, her or her spiritual appeal, must awaken the admiration of all men. It must not be forgotten that at her altars the common people received their first training in democracy. Prince and pauper, peasant and merchant, knelt together, equal before God. During the long night of the Dark Ages the lamp of knowledge was kept burning in the monasteries. Tolerance knows that there are two sides to every question, and that a picture that shows only shadows is essentially false."

PROTESTANT PASTOR UPELHD PURGATORY

Professor Dr. Rehbert of Paderborn, Germany relates the following reminiscence:

The devout Protestant Pastor Volkhardt one time was one of a gathering in Bochum consisting of the Catholic priest Ekel and several Protestant divines. Conversation turned about religious subjects and finally vehemently assailed his doctrine, while the Catholic priest defended it. After a period of spirited discussion, Pastor Volkhardt, a venerable old man, interposed and spoke about as follows:

"Gentlemen, I agree with our Catholic brother here. I find the doctrine concerning the purging of departed souls so reasonable that because of this I must agree with him. You have known my wife, colleagues. She was a model of piety and virtue; I might say—she was an angel. That she, at her death, was awarded a merciful judgment and that she was not doomed, I confidently take for granted in view of her faith and conduct. But that she on her departure was so absolutely pure as to be immediately favored with the beatific vision—that, gentlemen, I dare not maintain in the face of God's holiness. This circumstance of itself leads me to accept the satisfaction of a third place, a place of purification, as taught by the Catholic, in which souls not perfectly pure are purged until they are qualified to enter into heaven."—Buffalo Echo.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowtu, March 22, 1915.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD:

Yesterday (Passion Sunday) I laid the corner-stone of the church in Taichowtu. The former church was too small for the crowds who are being converted in the city and neighboring towns. Even with the new addition of forty-eight feet and a gallery it will be too small on the big Feasts. May God be praised Who deigns 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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By work one accustoms one's self to a severe and active life, and the character gains as much by it as the mind.—Ozanam.

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