

least regard "the Greek authorities." Here outlined in the rough sketch the plan for turning against the Allies. First, martial law and the seizure of all civil power by his pro-German officers. Second, a complaint that the Allies are plotting against the King and planning his overthrow. Third, active military operations to recover Saloniki and prevent it from becoming "English territory."

The attitude of Roumania also becomes more doubtful. Take Joneacu, the leader of the Roumanian Liberals, takes the platform to-morrow to tell the people why they should greatly fear an Austria victorious, and in which the Magyars would be all powerful. Meanwhile the King—Hohenzollern—and his Ministers are calling other Liberal leaders into consultation and communicating confidential information which it is suspected will lead them to stand by Austria and seek territorial compensation in Bessarabia instead of Transylvania. The Russians and Austrians are concentrating armies on the Roumanian frontier. Joneacu points to his country's difficulties following the big mistake of the treaty of amity with Austria thirty years ago. Many Roumanian officers, thanks to it, have studied in Germany and Austria without benefit to Roumania's army, and Roumania has no artillery, infantry, mountain artillery, or fortifications in the Carpathians, and no gun and mortar factories. In their last admission there is confession that it will be almost impossible for Roumania under present conditions to fight the German powers.—Toronto Globe, Nov. 20.

## HOW LONDON IRISH SAVED ARMY CORPS

NEW REGIMENT'S GLORIOUS RUSH AND STAND AT BATTLE OF LOOS

The Weekly Dispatch (London, Eng.)

One of the most stirring stories of British grit and courage in the present war is undoubtedly that of the charge of the London Irish Rifles in the attack upon Loos.

Some of them actually played football right up to the German trenches; but this was only one of a thousand acts of cool dare-devilry that marked a day which, according to Brigadier-General Thwaites, witnessed "one of the finest actions of the war."

The following narrative by one of the wounded, now lying in a London hospital, which gives for the first time the story of the regiment's great charge and equally great stand against herds after that, is of peculiar interest at a moment when a special appeal is being made for 500 more recruits for the regiment now stationed at the Duke of York's Headquarters, King's road, Chelsea, S. W.

As soon as we heard the great bombardment start we knew the big advance was going to begin; and for nineteen solid days the guns banged away, till, as one wit in the regiment put it: "it was a wonder the shells didn't bally well jam together in the air," so thick did they come over our heads. When we were ordered one night to the back reserve trenches and "fed up well" we knew the time was near. "Fattening the calf for slaughter," said we to ourselves.

I can't tell you the pride we felt when we heard that we were actually to have the honour of leading the division. Our first objective was to be the Valley Cross Roads, which commanded the way to Loos and Hill 70, after taking which we were, if possible, to break through as far as Lens, the key to Douai. After three days' good food and rest we were marched into the first trenches late at night, laden with ammunition, kit, and trench tools, and, in fact, everything we could carry.

### THE GENERAL'S "SEND OFF"

Our first job was to get over the parapet and start digging about three hundred yards nearer to the enemy, and by dawn we had managed to make a sort of ditch about 8 foot deep all along our front. It was not dangerous work the first night, for the Germans had not spotted us, and we left off at dawn; but when they did spot the new earthworks and realised what we were up to, the first thing they did in the morning was to start a terrific bombardment. We had to lie low all day till it was safe enough to go out again under cover of darkness and complete the job—for we were told we should have to stay in them the next day.

I shall never forget that night. As we "marched into battle," to use the old expression, the general—God bless him—took the officers one after the other by the hand, with a genial, "Put it there, lad," and "Good luck," and then said a few words to the men which stirred us to our inmost souls.

The Empire expects great things of the London Irish to-day—remember that—for you have been chosen to lead the whole division. But, heavens, you've got to be a soldier and to have been under fire and facing death for weeks to be able to understand what such words mean. No man can hear them and remain a coward, for you just feel that all the old people at home would scorn to receive you back unless you had done your utmost.

A few minutes later we were crawling out into the open to finish the trench which was to be the springing-off place for the great dash that we hoped would break the German lines. No sooner had we reached this place than the stillness was broken by the roar of the enemy's guns,

and bullets and shells poured on us, the explosions silhouetting us momentarily every few instants, and revealing us hard at work.

One set of our men—footballers by profession—made a strange resolution: it was to take a football along with them. The officer discovered this, and ordered the football to be taken back to the base—which, of course, was carried out. But the old members of the London Irish Football Club were not to be done out of the greatest game of their lives—the last to some of them, poor fellows—and just before Major Beresford gave the signal the leather turned up again mysteriously.

### "ON THE BALL, LONDON IRISH"

Suddenly the officer in command gave the signal, "Over you go, lads." With that the whole line sprang up as one man, some with a prayer, not a few making the sign of the Cross. But the footballers, they chucked the ball over and went after it just as cool as if on the field, passing it from one to the other, though the bullets were flying thick as hail, crying, "On the ball, London Irish, just as they might have done at Forest Hill. I believe that they actually kicked it right into the enemy's trench with the cry, 'Goal!' though not before some of them had been picked off on the way.

There wasn't 400 yards between the trenches and we had to get across the open—a manoeuvre we started just as on parade. All lined up with rifles at the slope. Once our fellows got going it was hard to get them to stop, with the result that some rushed clean into one of our own gas waves and dropped in it just before it had time to get over the enemy's trench.

The barbed wire had been broken into smithereens by our shells so that we could get right through—but we could see it had been terrible stuff, and wall felt we should not have had a ghost of a chance of getting through had it not been for an unlimited supply of shells expended on it.

When we reached the German trench, which we did under a cloud of smoke, we found nothing but a jiffy of wire over their parapet and the real work began; a kind of madness comes over you as you stab with your bayonet and hear the shriek of the poor devil suddenly cease as the steel goes through him and you know he's "Gone West." The beggars did not show much fight, most having retired into their second line of trenches when we began to occupy their first to make it our new line of attack. That meant clearing out the very smallest nook or corner that was large enough to hold a man.

### THE HAND TO HAND FIGHT

This fell to the bombers. Every bomber is a hero, I think, for he has to rush on fully exposed, laden with enough stuff to send him to "kingdom come" if a chance shot or a stumble sets him off.

Some of the sights were awful in the hand-to-hand struggle—for, of course, that is the worst part. Our own second in command, Major Beresford, was badly wounded. One officer named Hamilton, though shot through the knee just after leaving our trench, was discovered still limping on at the second German trench and had to be placed under arrest to prevent his going on till he bled to death.

They got the worst of it though, when it came to cold steel, which they can't stand, and they ran like bares. So having left a number of our men in the first trench we went on to the second and then the third, after which other regiments came up to our relief and together we took Loos. It wasn't really our job at all to take Loos, but we were swept on by the enthusiasm, I suppose, and all day long we were at it, clearing houses after houses, or rather what was left of the houses—stabbing and shooting and bombing till one felt ready to drop dead one's self. We wiped the 23rd Silesian Regiment right out, but it was horrible to work on with the cries of the wounded going up all round.

You have no idea how the place was fortified: sandbagged up to the roof of the houses were with wonderfully concealed machine guns that could shoot so that you would not even see the flash from the muzzle. As to their snipers, they are wonderfully plucky chaps, I must say; for some of them are a couple of hundred yards out ahead of their trenches buried up to the neck in a hole and with nothing but a fixed rifle with telescopic sight and an unlimited supply of food and ammunition, firing away till picked off themselves.

There seems to be some mystery about Hill 70 as to whether it was taken or not. As a matter of fact, Hill 70 is some five or six miles across; it is not a sort of Spion Kop. It is quite possible for the Germans and the English to be occupying it simultaneously without even realizing they were on a hill at all, so flat it is.

Now what really happened was this: our men went clean over it in the first rush that carried them beyond Loos in the direction of Lens, which we had hoped to capture. Unfortunately the Germans suddenly brought up tremendous reinforcements as soon as they realised that the loss of Lens would probably mean the loss of Douai, and concentrated their whole counter-attack upon some fresh troops who had only been out at the front a fortnight.

### THE GRIM STRUGGLE

Luckily during the advance a large quantity of supplies had been moved up from our old trenches to our new trenches, which were nothing more than the Germans' third line of

trenches turned round back to front, the sandbag parapets having been moved back by sack on to the other side and consolidated, as well as time would allow.

The battle now became terrific. It seemed as if the whole of Krupp's was being chucked at us wholesale, while our own artillery was peppering away just as hard from behind our backs. It seemed as if they'd pop our heads off at times between them. "Stick to it, lads," said one of our officers; "everything depends upon your holding your position. If they once break the line—" He didn't have to finish: that was quite sufficient, and the words of the general came back: "Remember you're Irish and the Empire expects great things of you."

That was enough. If every Jack man of us had under we were determined to do so, but we wouldn't give in. "Von Hindenburg is coming with half a million men," shouted one German, as he advanced. "Bogorra, then, so much the worse for you, Hindenburg and his half million," we shouted: and the fight went on.

There were, a long way from our own lines; in fact, nearly in the enemy's, isolated from every help and hardly knowing what was happening around us or that we were really fighting in the great struggle. The strain on the nerves was something terrific; every moment you felt as if you were ready to drop from sheer exhaustion, but still you kept up, you couldn't tell yourself how. Every now and again your next pal would drop beside you with a scream, pipped in the head by a bullet, or in the body by a piece of shrapnel, and you dared not leave your post or lower your rifle a second for fear the great human wave that had to be shattered before it reached you would break over your parapet. Some of them would lie quite silent, but you could see their lips moving in prayer as they lay there. The night came on, but you knew you could not expect relief for hours—and you saw the dawn and wondered what fate it heralded for you.

There is nothing in earth more stupendous than dawn on a battlefield: the cold breeze, the streak of light, the rolling clouds, and the haze of night gradually lifting, but pierced here and there with the flash of rifle and Maxim gun, and the whole atmosphere shedding a kind of greenish colour on all the faces around.

All Monday passed and still no relief came; indeed, it was a question whether any minute we should not be blown to atoms and the line swamped with a rush of the enemy. We could hardly stand from fatigue, having been in action steadily since Saturday morning, but still we fought on almost blindly.

"Fight on, lads," said an officer who was afterwards killed poor chap. "Remember the division looks to you. This is bound to end sooner or later. Let it be in a way that will never be forgotten when they hear of it at home in London and in Ireland." So we fought on, and never a single German got nearer than a dozen yards from our line.

"Soon we got the word that we should be relieved early Tuesday morning under cover of the darkness. The announcement sent a terrible thrill of joy through us, for then we knew we had won.

### VICTORY!

The last few hours, however, were terrific. Our own shells had cleared the way for our rescue, and now new troops came to relieve us, together with the stretcher-bearers for our wounded. As soon as we got to the back trenches in safety a huge cheer went up from all the others. "The London Irish—Hurroo!" and they shook us by the hands and took our rifles from our grasp and the kits from our backs in their eagerness to show their gratitude.

The first few moments after battle are very wonderful, for it is then that the roll-call takes place and you see for the first time the terrible cost of victory. You hear pals calling out the names of pals and no answer coming back, and then the poor fellow who survives going round to get the last news. It's terrible. You see chaps who have stood the strain of battle like so many giants crying like children all alone.

Then you see others around full of the enthusiasm of the great hour, taking out their pencils and scraps of paper and cardboard or anything in order to let the people get the first news of their escape as quickly as possible and saying that everyone was telling how the 18th Battalion, London Regiment had saved the situation.

I put that down myself to the ordinary pride of regiment till we got it from the general himself, who assembled us together. "Not only am I proud to have had the honour of being in command of such a regiment as yours, lads, but," he said, "the whole Empire will be proud whenever in after years the battle of Loos comes to be written; for I can tell you that it was the London Irish who helped to save a whole British army corps. You've done one of the greatest actions of the war."

### "IF AT FIRST—"

Good resolutions may be, and doubtless are, fragile and brittle; but breaking them is not an irreparable mischief. They may be taken again, and yet again; and experience proves that the offender they are renewed the better the chance of their being eventually kept.—Ave Maria.

## TRAFALGAR DAY

From the Ottawa Journal

In a signed article in Le Devoir, Mr. Henri Bourassa has attacked the recent Red Cross collection, taking place in part on Trafalgar Day, as an insult to French Canadians. He writes:

"And that immense collection for the Red Cross, a most worthy and generous thought in itself—what day was chosen for it in the four corners of the British Empire? The anniversary of Trafalgar, of the day that sealed the defeat of the French fleet and the isolation of France as a power in the extra-European politics. Kamilies and Malplaquet are simply defeats of the French armies; Waterloo is the end of a man whose career was ended, the end of a dynasty with out any roots, the destruction of a monstrous regime, of which France as much as any other nation in Europe had suffered."

"But Trafalgar. It is the 'defeat' of France, the loss forever of its colonial power, it is the tragic ruin to the great benefit of England, of the dreams of Richelieu, Colbert, Duplex and Montcalm. And it is that day, nefarious amongst all dates for France in the history of its struggle against England, that they chose to ask the people of all parts of the Empire, to famished India, to Australia, to South Africa, to Canada—yes, to Canada, a quarter of which is French, to throw gold into the coffers to assist the richest country in the world to help the army allied with France."

"Though a pious thought in the province of Quebec alone, the date was set back a week for the day of the Imperial collection so gloriously connected with the destruction of France. It would have been much more dignified if that petty excuse had been left aside and had it simply been explained that the only way to have the English navy to help the cause of the freedom of the world was to remind them of their past glories."

The Journal recently said that French Canadians celebrated the victory of Trafalgar in the Catholic cathedral of Quebec. To the French-Canadians of that day, the British war against Napoleon Bonaparte was a holy war, and every British victory a French Canadian triumph. But we were in error in using the word Trafalgar, at least we do not know of such a concept of the occasion. The celebration of which a record exists followed the Battle of the Nile, in 1798. It was the same thing. The British fleet under Nelson defeated Napoleon's fleet in Aboukir Bay, just as the same fleet under the same man in the same struggle defeated Napoleon's fleet at Trafalgar a little later. When the news of the Nile reached Canada, extraordinary action followed. The Bishop of Quebec addressed a mandement to all the clergy of his diocese calling them all to celebrate solemn Mass in their churches in thankfulness for the British victory, and to sing Te Deum.

The mandement in question is from "Pierre Denant, by the Grace of God and the Apostolic See, Bishop of Quebec," and is addressed to all the clergy. After alluding to the victory, of which his clergy had been informed, and to the evils caused by the action of those dominating France, the mandement touches on the mischievous results of the French Revolution, the revolutionaries, and with references to Nelson's victory, says "but the God of armies has declared the justice of our cause." It then orders that

"Thursday, the 10th of next January, be dedicated in a marked manner to the giving thanks to God for the victory gained over the French Fleet in the Mediterranean on the 1st and 2nd of August last by the naval forces of His Majesty under the orders of Vice Admiral Horatio Nelson, Knight of the Bath; that a solemn Mass be celebrated in all the churches of the diocese, and that as a thanks-giving the Te Deum be sung with the Domine Salvum Fac; that the altars be decorated as for the most solemn celebrations, and the festival be fully observed by the ringing of all the bells."

The clergy are ordered not to fail to take advantage of the occasion to impress upon their parishioners the obligations they owe to heaven for having placed them under the Empire and protection of His Britannic Majesty and to exhort them all anew to maintain it with fidelity and gratitude.

The mandement is signed by "P. Eveque de Quebec" and countersigned by "Chanoiller, Pire et Sec." The day was further specially signified in the Quebec cathedral itself by a sermon preached by Messrs J. O. Plessis, curé of Quebec, confessor-elect and vicar-general of the diocese, from the text: "Vobis maxime Deus Seigneur a frappe l'ennemi." Exodus 15. It is an eloquent denunciation of the existing state of affairs in France, and eulogizes Nelson as the Moses by whose instrumentality in the hands of God the French Pharaoh was overwhelmed in the great battle of Aboukir. It promises that the victory had elevated the glory of Great Britain and had placed a new diadem of generosity upon her brow; that it had assured the happiness of the province of Quebec.

So one can understand what reason Mr. Bourassa has to-day to attribute to English bigotry and desire to hurt French-Canadian feelings the selection for a Red Cross collection of the anniversary of the defeat of a Napoleonic fleet.

And the real character of Mr. Bourassa's assumed concern for French and French feelings, like that of

Lieut. Col. Laverne, is illustrated by his readiness to let his mother country die under German boots rather than that French Canadians should stir a hand.

## ST. BOTOLPH'S TOWN—BOSTON

### THEN AND NOW

The late Charles Warren Stoddard is credited with saying that reading the time table of a certain California railroad was like repeating the Litany of the Saints. Now New England, as everybody knows, has no such wealth of Catholic nomenclature; yet it is always pleasant for Catholics, whether native or merely resident here, to remember that New England's chief city perpetuates, although in a very contracted and hard-to-be-recognized form, the name of a Saxon saint.

The Puritans who gave the name of Boston, St. Botolph's Town, to the settlement which later developed into the metropolis of New England had no intention, need it be said, of honoring a Catholic saint, Saxon or otherwise. For them there was no Litany of the Saints. They had broken with England's Catholic past, and the first syllable of the name of the new settlement, chosen because of their memories of Boston in Lincolnshire, had in their minds no Catholic significance whatever.

They builded, however, better than they knew; they chose more appropriately and prophetically than they suspected. To-day if St. Botolph should return to earth and visit the great city in the New World which bears his name, he would find the greater part of the population of the same Faith as his; and he would further discover the greater part of this greater part to be composed of people who had either come from, or whose forebears had come from, that island whose missionaries helped to Christianize his own Saxon ancestors in the long-ago centuries. In other words, the religious complexion of this erstwhile Puritan stronghold has become strongly Catholic; and although we have in Boston a vast and increasing number of Catholics of nearly every race, the Catholic of Irish blood still predominates in number and influence. So much is this so, that in Boston, more notably perhaps than in other places, "Irish" and "Catholic" are interchangeable terms among the less precisely spoken members of the community; a fact illustrated by the story of the old-fashioned Boston woman who, seeing a colored man entering the Portuguese church, exclaimed that she had never before seen a Portuguese negro; and him Irish, too!

And if St. Botolph should time his visit so as to arrive in this city on his own feast-day, he would find the citizens "celebrating" with great fervor, for, by a curious circumstance, St. Botolph's Day coincides with the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, a day peculiarly Boston's own, and one which she observes without any regard for latter day neutrality. Boston Catholics, however, seem as generally oblivious of this as their Protestant fellow citizens, although none of them has to be told that when Boston celebrates on Evacuation Day, March 17, the departure of the British from her shores in 1776, she is also observing the feast of Ireland's patron saint.

The first settlers of Massachusetts were pious—in their way. But who needs to be reminded that their way was not the Catholic way? They had no love for Catholics, and they made no attempt to conceal their feelings on the matter. It is true that the presence of French priests in Boston may be traced to 1643 and 1644. But the visits were brief and the priests came under the protection of their government and were therefore courteously treated by the Puritan governor. Had they come as presumably permanent residents the case would undoubtedly have been different. Father DuRoielle came to Boston as an envoy of the French Government in 1650 and possibly said Mass here privately then. However, in 1689 it could be asserted that there was not "a single Papist" in all New England. Yet the Papists came; for there is extant a warrant issued by Governor Belcher in 1781, the exact date, March 17, giving it a public interest, which directs the sheriff to search for Papists who, joined with their priest, "speedily" designed to celebrate Mass; and if need be to break open any dwelling house, etc. A year later, March 20, 1782, the Weekly Rehearsal contained this item: "We hear that Mass has been performed in town this winter by an Irish priest among some Catholics of his own nation, of whom it is not doubted we have a considerable number among us." There may have been many such Masses said in private houses. There is at least a belief that Mass was so celebrated in a house on Green Street; but it is not until after the Revolution that we come to the record of the first public celebration of Mass in Boston in a church.

To-day with a Catholic Governor on Beacon Hill, a Catholic Mayor in the City Hall, a Catholic Commissioner at Police Headquarters, a Catholic District Attorney in the Court House, a Catholic Sheriff at the Jail, a Catholic Registrar in the Registry of Deeds, and Catholics represented on the judiciary, at the bar, and in all other professions and callings, it is difficult to realize that Boston was ever unfriendly to us. But it should always be remembered

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that in the midst of the worst anti-Catholic storms in Boston, this city always had fearless and friendly Protestant sons who failed not to espouse the cause of their oppressed fellow citizens. Boston's first Catholic Church was built by the help of Protestant good will and Protestant money; and in every generation since there have been manifestations of this same spirit. And this is a tribute not only to the non-Catholics of Boston, but to the men providentially chosen to represent the Church here and interpret it to them. The memory and example of those men are our best landmarks."

DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

Associate Editor, Sacred Heart Review.

### "BUGS"

When the late Samuel Stephen Haldeman, a distinguished naturalist of the University of Pennsylvania and founder of the National Academy of Science became a Catholic, his friends asked him what brought him to the threshold of the Church. He answered: "Bugs." Then perceiving the amazement of his questioner, he explained that even the smallest insect (preserved in his cabinet) possessed the organism necessary for its proper activities. Head and members he always found working together as one body. His science

thus led him to expect that if a Church—as the embodiment of religion—was really part of the divine plan, and had its place in the world, that Church would be equipped by the common Creator with the organization and means of action proper to it, as carefully at least as is the beetle of a day equipped. What his hypothesis demanded Professor Haldeman found realized in Catholic Christianity.—Sacred Heart Review.

### FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Talchowfu, March 22, 1915.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: Yesterday (Passion Sunday) I laid the corner-stone of the church in Talchowfu. 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 deigns 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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