

need to nibble them when they nibble themselves.

That philosophy does not apply to the capture of some British trenches near the Hohenlorenz redoubt north of Loos, reported by Berlin. With the trenches were taken 127 prisoners and several machine guns. Every foot of ground in this region is important, and doubly important if the Allies have designs on Lille. The British official report dealing with this attack says that 500 yards of first line trenches were taken by the Germans northeast of Vermelles by infantry attack on Thursday evening, following a heavy preliminary bombardment. The report adds: "We regained a portion of the ground lost by a counter-attack during the night." There was no infantry action yesterday, but a good deal of artillery activity has developed in the neighborhood.

A review of the Russian operations on the Turkish-Persian border indicates that the Turks are likely to resist their armies in Mesopotamia to meet the Russian army advancing on Baghdad from the mountains to Luristan. That army has now traversed the wild hill country on the frontier, and is approaching the strongly-fortified Turkish base at Khanikin.

There has been heavy fighting on the Dvina in the region of Jacobstadt. The Germans have concentrated many heavy guns there, and are trying to force a way toward the river by blasting operations. The Russians are holding their positions steadily in the face of a very violent bombardment. The subsidence of the spring floods in Courland enables the enemy to make effective use of his superior strength in heavy guns. There is talk also of a combined land and sea attack on Riga. This might well be accompanied by aggressive German action further up the river. —Globe, May 13.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

HOW THE POOR REPUBLICAN ENTHUSIASTS WERE DUPED

THE CONSTITUTIONAL MOVEMENT FINALLY AND DEFINITELY VINDICATED

Special Cable to the CATHOLIC RECORD (Copyright 1916, Central News)

London, May 13.—The whole ghastly story has gradually been revealed of the devices whereby unhappy young men were lured into the senseless rising in Dublin. Many of these dying boys of eighteen told the priests who attended them at the end that they thought they had been brought to Dublin for an ordinary review. Nearly all were certain they were going to succeed for they were told by German agents that 50,000 German troops had landed in Kerry, that a German submarine had sunk a British gunboat in the Liffey, that France had made peace, that England had been defeated and that the Irish Republic would be asked to appear at the European peace congress. Anybody in America will trace the similarity of those utterances to those in America and trace the origin to certain German agencies.

The fuse was finally set to the magazine by a forged circular attributed to Dublin Castle, setting forth an elaborate attempt to exorcize the city, to seize the Catholic archbishop and other palpable inventions. This forgery is also to be traced either to a New York agent or therefrom.

In Dublin the feeling that the unfortunate dupes were innocent or were won by skilful and heartless intrigues is growing stronger and the cry is getting universal among the Liberal journals and politicians of England for a close of the executions under the direction of the military government. The feeling is even stronger in Ireland, and is producing a reaction in favor of the Sinn Feiners, otherwise universally repudiated as the most dangerous enemies of Ireland's hopes.

John Dillon arrived in London Tuesday night. He had been all through the disturbances with his six children within the firing zone. His letters and telegrams had not reached him for a week. The heroic courage and friendship of his tradesmen who supplied his house in the face of falling bullets, saved the family from starvation. He refused to leave Ireland even when wanted in London, spending his time in interviewing the military, who received him politely while he pleaded for mercy for the unfortunate victims of craft, well-paid conspirators.

John Redmond was simultaneously seeing Mr. Asquith daily, making the same appeal. That appeal is now backed by all humane men. It is expected that thousands of young men will probably be interned for a short time, then returned to their homes: some indeed already have reached their parents' houses. Arrests continue on a large scale, but even these will soon cease, and civil government will be reestablished.

It is impossible yet to say what the final outcome of this tragic interval will be. At present there has been no deadly injury to the cause of Home Rule as at first was feared. Two facts have been evolved from the whole incident. The first is that there is still an Irish problem waiting an early and a drastic solution. Second, there is an overwhelming majority of Irish who show the same ardor for the allied cause as the heroic soldiers fighting over in Europe. These facts were brought to light by an astonishingly wide movement to solve the Irish problem by mutual concession. Mr.

Asquith hinted it; Sir Edward Carson did not reject it; Mr. Redmond welcomed it, and Winston Churchill, now definitely returned to political life, went further by an elaborate appeal to Mr. Redmond and Sir Edward Carson to use their enormous power over their parties to find a common ground.

At the present moment attention is concentrated on Dublin. Feeling runs so strong on the executions that it is impossible to enter into any negotiations. As the tragic incidents fade the impulse toward a harmonious settlement will be renewed. It may lead to remarkable results. The presence in London of many colonial representatives may help. They all plead earnestly for the immediate tackling of the question of imperial federation and admission of the colonies to the Imperial Parliament. This favors federation with local Parliaments created for the British Isles.

Thus, except for the bitter, sorrowful feeling produced by the executions, the feeling in regard to the future of Home Rule is more sanguine than last week. The Irish Party is determined meanwhile, to put the issue squarely before the people of Ireland whether they want the Constitutional movement of the Irish Party and whether they will stamp out the whole campaign of calumny carried on against them by so many agencies. There is no doubt of the answer Ireland will give. Never before in Irish opinion, as reported by members from all parts of Ireland, did the people receive stronger proof than in the Constitutional movement alone has Ireland hope of a full victory.

England's financial situation following the war, is the subject of much thought and discussion among her statesmen. She is bearing the burdens not only of her own enormous armaments but is sharing those of her poorer sisters of the coalition against Teutonic oppression. Monetary indemnity is not among the gains that can be counted upon in this war of exhaustion. Germany and her consorts will be scarcely able, though conquered tomorrow, to undertake the payment of any large indemnity in money. Turkey might be expected to yield territory, but it is territory long impoverished by the rapacity of her own tax gatherers, from whom her subjects flee as from the plague. It would be long before such territory would become self-sustaining, leaving out the question of repayment for the one who takes over the responsibility of its management.

To deal in any large way with the billions involved in the principal of the great debt that is accumulating with every shot fired, every ship loaded or sunk, is out of consideration at this time, and may be for a generation to come, but the interest is to be met in the same spirit of determination with which the nation is meeting its even more grave and vast moral responsibilities. At the best we can expect an addition equal to \$10,000,000,000 in American money to our enormous liabilities. In addition there are large sums in the way of annuities or pensions to crippled heroes to be paid for a period of years after the end of the conflict. A further loan has been suggested to cover this particular debt of the nation to the men who are sacrificed for it.

It has been questioned whether the pocket book of the country will withstand the strain of further compulsory conscription of cash in the form of the income tax which has reached a point which may declare to be its limit. Many reasons are advanced against any extremely heavy taxation until the nation has had time to recover from the first crippling effects of the war. The class that will be most affected by a further advance in the heavy income tax are those least able to compensate for it—those in receipt of a fixed income which they depend for protection against poverty in old age. In business, however, it has been urged there will be a certain tendency to aid the income tax to the cost of manufacture or of distribution. So that an advance in prices may be expected if the income tax is made burdensome. In addition if capital is rendered unprofitable in England, we may expect to see it finding an outlet in distant lands where the raw material is grown and where the cheap labor of the east is available.

Opponents of higher customs duties as a source of revenue urge that they would seriously burden the poorest in this country who have already suffered through the fluctuations of the open market and that this indirect taxation as surely means a rise in prices as an income tax.

Other and even more radical suggestions that are receiving consideration is one that would introduce conscription of corporations and their property in the service of the state. The successful ownership and operation of railways and mines by many European governments is receiving more attention among public men at this time than ever before in the history of England. It is urged by the pleaders for state ownership and operation that it would involve nothing revolutionary. The brains employed in the management of the railways, mines and canals, it is argued, would still be required. Sir Joseph Compton-Rickett, M. P., one of the foremost advocates of this measure, suggests that the financing of it would be a simple matter. The shareholders, he says, would receive government bonds at a fixed rate of interest at a price corresponding to their relative claims. The balance of profit, largely increased by concentration, would follow the profits

of the post-office into the income of the country. He would apply this government monopoly not only to the transportation systems but to the great coal production of South Wales, where the fuel output has advantages possessed by no other by its great concentration of power into small space. It is needed by English industry and English warships, but the surplus could be disposed of to great profit by the government it is urged.

The armament works are another field that could be profitably worked by the government, in the opinion of Sir Joseph and others. They would have the government buy its own guns and manufacture all its own ammunition, as well as the supplies for its army and navy. They go still further in the suggestion that follow the example of Russia and one of the American states there should be a government monopoly of the liquor traffic. It is doubtful if any step will be taken toward the realization of these aims while the all absorbing effort of the war is upon us, but its close must see great changes in our system of government.

CORPORAL CORRIGAN AT YPRES

(By a Canadian C. F.)

The present World War consists of an almost infinite number of minor incidents. Its history will be a more or less correct synthesis and analysis of the more important and characteristic of these incidents. The present is no time for attempting to write such a history. It is, however, preeminently the time for the careful chronicling of minor incidents, which, if not noted at once, become vague and unreliable, when they are not entirely lost.

A War Hospital is an ideal place for the collection of this historical material. One cannot merely get the soldier's own account while it is yet fresh in his mind, but one can at the same time correct and supplement his story by those of his companions of his own and of other units. While I have not been sent overseas by the Canadian Government as an historian, I could not resist the temptation the other day to take down an interesting story—that of Corporal Corrigan, which I put together just as he told me, as he sat with his one remaining leg hanging down on the side of the bed, at the Duchess of Connaught, Canadian Red Cross Hospital, Cliveden, Taplow, Bucks, England, Holy Week, 1916.

Corporal James William Corrigan was born in Metcalfe, Ont., and when he enlisted in August, 1914, was living at 1005 Chateaubriand Ave., Montreal. He joined the Royal Montreal Regiment, or as it is more generally known, the 14th Battalion. He belonged to Company No. 3. As the Battalion belonged to the First Canadian Division, it took part in the one event of epic importance in which Canada participated during the first year of the war—the St. Julien Battle. The full story of this famous battle can be written only when a hundred accounts, such as the following one of Corporal Corrigan have been pieced together into a complete narrative.

On the morning of the 22nd of April, 1915, the day of the first German gas attack, our Battalion, the 14th (it is Corporal Corrigan who speaks) had been relieved, and hence was in reserve about two miles north of Ypres when the gas attack occurred at 5 o'clock. We were then advanced to our Brigade Headquarters.

On the morning of the 23rd, the 2nd and 3rd companies (I belonged to the 3rd) took up a rather important position between St. Julien and the Wood, and that same night it went into the all-important first line trenches behind Poelcapelle.

The following morning the Germans sent gas across the apex of the Canadian salient. It caught some of the 48th Highlanders (the 15th Battalion) and crossed into the Germans' own lines on the south side of the salient. The Germans attacking the Canadian lines in greatly superior numbers, gradually forced us back to a point 300 yards in front of St. Julien, and later in the day into the village of St. Julien, where there was hand to hand fighting.

Here for the first time I used my bayonet. I had succeeded in killing two Germans with my bayonet, an officer and a private, when suddenly I saw, just in front of me a German officer with his revolver ready to shoot me. I made ready to run my bayonet through him, when a bullet struck him in the temple, and he fell almost on top of me. While pushing the body aside, I chanced to tear off his shoulder strap. It bore the number 168. I treasured this souvenir but it disappeared in a hospital in Rouen.

During this same retreat on the 24th a curious incident happened to me. A shell struck a private of the 5th Royal Highlanders (38th Battalion) who was 20 feet away, practically tearing off his leg. The force of the blow knocked me flying to the edge of a shell hole. I crawled in, to find three or four there already, two of whom died soon afterwards. We were there but a minute, when the Scot came, dragging after him his leg which was attached only by a piece of flesh. He said that his leg was only a hindrance to him now, so I put it across the butt of my rifle, and with my razor amputated the leg. I tied the pull-through of his rifle round the trunk of his leg, tightening the knot with the handle of his en-

trenching tool. A short time later he was carried away by the stretcher bearers alive. I think he has survived.

The evening of that same day I had another adventure. I was sent with 8 men of the 5th Royal Highlanders back to Brigade Headquarters to get some ammunition. While we were there, we were given some rolls of barbed wire to carry to the 2nd Field Company of the Canadian Engineers who were in the wood 100 yards north of St. Jean. While 200 yards from headquarters, we were passing through an open field in front of one of our concealed batteries. Suddenly the Germans got our range and dropped 10 or 11 shrapnel shells amongst us. I was knocked down, and upon getting up found a piece of shrapnel, the size of a match box, embedded in the roll which I was carrying. The wire saved my life. We delivered the wire and returned to Brigade Headquarters. After we got our ammunition, Brig General Turner was reading some orders for us to carry forward to our Commanding Officers, when a shell struck the Brigade Headquarters building, knocking General's cap but he, knocking it off with a shake of the head, continued reading as if nothing had happened. I have always thought that that was a remarkable exhibition of coolness.

On the morning of the 25th we were holding a line of trenches behind St. Julien, when we were reinforced by the 50th British Division, which contained the 8th Durham Light Infantry, the Buffs, and the Yorks and Lancs. That evening our two companies, the 2nd and the 3rd, were relieved (the 1st and 4th companies had been temporarily attached to another unit), and we went across the Yser Canal, a little north-west of Ypres to go into rest billets. Of my company (No. 3) only 14 answered the roll call, of the 240 who had gone forward on the 22nd.

We arrived at our rest billets at 3 in the morning of the 26th. We had barely time to get breakfast and have our feet washed when Brig. General Turner ordered our whole Third Brigade to a line 200 yards north of St. Jean. We dug in and remained there from 9 a. m. till 3 p. m. when we took a line from St. Jean south, again digging ourselves in. We had much digging in to do that our hands were bleeding from the constant use of the entrenching tools.

On the morning of the 27th while digging out run rations to a body of men at the right of St. Jean, a poisonous German shell landed in the midst of us, wounding seven, two of whom were killed outright. I was wounded, a piece of shrapnel, the size of half an inch of lead pencil, having entered the calf of my right leg. I did not realize I was wounded till my attention was called to it by Sergeant-Major (now Lieutenant Handcock). I dressed Pte. Denman's wounds, which were serious and put him on a stretcher. Lance Corporal (now Lieut. Brewer) then put a field dressing on my leg. We were without iodine or antiseptic of any kind. With Pte. McGilton, I carried Denman into a small village, on the way to Ypres. Just as we got into the village, the dressing station was blown up. A few minutes later Denman died of his wounds. I sent Pte. McGilton back to our lines. Pte. Tim O'Brien, who had also been wounded by the same shell, and who had accompanied us thus far, being unable to proceed further, remained here to be picked up by the transport wagon. However, before the transport came, he had already died of the effects of his wounds. Of the seven hit by that poisonous shell, four, to my knowledge, have died.

Meanwhile, as my leg was getting worse, I proceeded to Ypres to get medical treatment. I got as far as the Square in front of the beautiful Cloth Hall, when I heard a seventeen inch shell coming. I threw myself flat on the Square beside a dead horse. The shell hit a corner of the cathedral tower, and stones and bricks were flying and falling on all sides.

As soon as the worst effects of the shell were over, I looked up and saw a tall, kindly, distinguished looking Belgian priest, rather advanced in years, at the opposite corner of the Square. He came over to me, and as I was by this time lame, he helped me into a building in one of the streets just off the Square. I learned later that this was the Convent of the Soeurs de Marie de Lamotte d'Ypres. There was only one sound room left in the convent after the frequent bombardments. The priest, who was Father Charles Delaere, parish priest of St. Peter's Church, Ypres, gave me some coffee which the sisters had prepared, and some cognac. He told me that during the night of the 22nd, a seventeen inch shell had entered the cellar, where four sisters, who with him, risked their lives daily in tending the sick, wounded and dying, used to sleep at night. A large number of soldiers, who had been carried by Father Delaere into the very room in which I was then, had died there, and their bodies had been carried through the window by the priest, into the courtyard of the convent, where they were yet to be seen. There had been, as yet, no time to bury them. They were afterwards, I learned, buried in the convent garden. Since I came to England, the added as he told me the story. I have met some of the very sisters, who were with Father Delaere that day, namely Sister Marguerite. She is now teaching at a Belgian school at Maidenhead. She spent twenty-seven weeks in the cellar with three other sisters

of the convent. They spent their days with Father Delaere, searching in Ypres and the neighborhood, at the imminent risk of their lives, for typhoid sufferers, and for French, Turco, British, Canadian and German wounded and dying. They left Ypres only when there was not a soul remaining in the town. Father Delaere has been created by King Albert, Chevalier of the Order of Leopold for the heroic devotion he displayed during those months.

But to return to my story. After Father Delaere had given me the coffee and cognac, he advised me to get out of Ypres, as it was dangerous to remain and as I needed medical attendance. I was not now able to walk alone, so with one hand on a cane, and with one hand around Father Delaere's neck I hobbled along. As we were leaving the convent, or what was left of it, a sister was sweeping aside the bricks and mortar which a shell had piled up in the doorway. I learned that no fewer than forty-four shells hit the convent while the priest and the sisters were there. With the assistance of Father Delaere, I hobbled along a couple of miles till I reached the large red brick Female Lunatic Asylum on the outskirts of Ypres.

Upon our arrival there, a couple of sisters of Our Lady of the Civil Hospital of Ypres brought out a mattress and placed it on the side of the road, as it was safer there than in the hospital, owing to the bombardment. Moreover, I was sure of being picked up by a transport wagon. Father Delaere, having now done all he could for me, returned to his ruined convent at Ypres to perform the same services to other wounded soldiers.

An hour and a half later, the transport wagon picked me up and brought me to Vlamertinghe. It was now about 1 p. m. (April 27th, 1915). I was here brought to No. 2 Canadian Field Ambulance. As it was fearfully overcrowded, with men much more badly wounded than I was, my leg was merely painted with iodine and a bandage changed.

At 6 p. m. we were removed by motor lorries to a clearing hospital in a village beyond Poperinghe, (Abbele). This also was crowded. That night I was removed in a London bus to Hazebrouck. We entrained there the night of the same 27th of April, and arrived at Rouen at 10:30, the following night. I shall never forget that train journey. The compartments were fearfully crowded. I crawled under a seat, and remained there all the time. As it was not a corridor train, the doctors could come in to see the patients only when the train stopped at the various stations. They were able to attend only to bleeding wounds.

At Rouen we were brought to No. 3, British Stationary Hospital. Here the doctors did their best to save my leg, but it was 36 hours since I had been hit, and the poisonous shell had done its work. In spite of half a dozen operations, I had to have my leg amputated below the knee on May 2nd, when the shock nearly killed me, and again above the knee on the following day. On June 2nd I was sufficiently strong to stand the journey to England. So we got into a boat at Rouen and sailed down the river and across the Channel to Southampton. We then proceeded by train to the York Military Hospital, York. On July 24th I came to this hospital and I have now been at this Canadian Hospital at Cliveden nine months. My leg had to be amputated again here to make a cushion over the bone for an artificial leg. It is now a year, less a week, since I was wounded at St. Jean, Ypres, and I expect to leave this week for Ramsgate, and to get home to my wife in Montreal next month.

Such was the straightforward soldier's story which Corporal Corrigan (No. 26911 of the C. F. F.) told me as I sat beside his bed, pencil in hand, in G. I. Ward of the Duchess of Connaught Hospital. It is one page of the glorious chapter of history which Canada wrote at Ypres in April, 1915. It is a plain, straightforward account of how a Canadian soldier did a manly part in defending an outpost of freedom at St. Julien, and then, when put hors de combat by a poisonous German shell, met a good Samaritan in the person of one of Belgium's greatest heroes, Charles Delaere, parish priest of St. Peter's Ypres, and Chevalier of the Order of Leopold.

FRENCH UNION OF PRAYER

Cardinal Lucon's eloquent appeal for four days' national prayer for France has, as was to have been expected, been responded to unanimously by all the French Prelates. Throughout the whole country fervent supplications have been offered up to God in every town and village. The series of prayers commenced on Thursday, 23rd inst., and closes today, 26th March. The first day was set apart specially for the supplication of children; the second day, Friday, for penitence; the third day, Saturday, the Feast of the Annunciation, to ask the intercession of the Blessed Virgin; and Sunday the Sacred Heart of Christ is being invoked. In instituting these prayers Cardinal Lucon and all the Archbishops and Bishops of France expressed deep regret that the Republic government refuses to associate itself with the prayers of the vast majority of the people. Cardinal Lucon said in his appeal:

"Let us beseech the Lord to enlighten the minds of those who wield power in France in order that they

may understand and acknowledge that their authority is derived from God, and that they exercise it for Him. Let France at last, abandoning that public irreligion which has done her so much harm abroad, return to the road of her Christian traditions, where, with the celestial favor, of which she stands in need to-day, she will find order and peace at home, and abroad that consideration, sympathy, and influence she always enjoyed so long as she remained faithful to her providential vocation."

The venerable Cardinal also said: "The religious revival which took place at the beginning of the hostilities, especially in the army, was so remarkable as to be almost supernatural. It is necessary that the revival should extend and become durable. If at the end of the present cruel war, if after so much blood and so many tears shed, and so much suffering endured, we were to find ourselves such as we were formerly, the trial would not have attained its object, and France, even victorious, would not be saved."—The Monitor.

The best way to keep thoughts of the bitter past from stinging you is to turn on a current of thought strong enough to drown their memory.

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 sunken 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, 30 catechists, 7 chapels and free schools, 3 churches in different cities with caretakers supporting two big catechumenes

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