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Correspondence Invited Il King St. West, Toronto

A NEW CANADIAN POET

BY DR. WM. J. FISHER

Lovers of poetry will welcome at this season of the year, when gift-giving seems to be one of the supreme joys of the hour, the appearance of Rev. D. A. Casey's exquisite book of lyrics, entitled "At the Gate of the Temple" (William Briggs: Toronto.) This volume, daintily bound in red and gold, is, we daintily bound in red and gold, is, we believe, the first offering from the inspired pen of "Columba" who graces weekly the pages of The CATHOLIC RECORD. His many friends —and they are legion—will be pleased that the gentle poet priest has gathered together the stray fledglings of his fancy and housed them per-manently between covers.

Poets generally carry in their hearts an abiding love for the noble mother who first taught the baby-lips to lisp in numbers—a strong, vital, all-absorbing love that outlives the years and is never cold. Father Casey is no exception, for on his title page appears this affectionate trib-nte:

To My Mother, whose good opin ion I value above aught else that earth can hold, this little volume is lovingly dedicated. It may be that the critic will find much to censure, and very little to commend, but the pleas-ure it will bring you is sufficient instification for its publication."

After reading the book the critic in a vast sea of verse, even though encompassed by strong metrical tides. The author has wisely sifted out the wheat from the chaff and included in his book only those of his poems which show his talent at full maturhe has produced a profound, physchological volume of verse he has, at least, given us a chaste, wholesome one, heralding rich, gray beams of promise. Father Casey has dipped his poetic pen deeply into his own heart's blood and writes with sincere and deep feeling. His uplifting heart-songs carry many cheer; winged messages to the earth-worn weary children of men. His "My Prayer For You" makes a swift and sure appeal. The poem is exquisitely wrought and has strong bones in its We gladly quote the opening

"What shall I ask for you, Dear priestly hands and the Blood the chalice dyes? For the gifts of earth—the Dead Sea

fruit that ever is void and Shall this be my prayer for you, Dear

Heart, as I kneel at the altar

Earth's honors and wealth and beauty rare - ah, what do they all

For the purple trappings of pomp and power but aching hearts entail!
O Friend, shall I sak a part for you in the things that are defiled?
Would you build your throne in the hearts of men or the Heart of

And over the waste of days, Dear Heart, there comes to my listening ear— the Voice that I loved in the

Golden Past-in accents loud and clear,
The empty gifts of the changing hour are but for the worldly

wise.
Do but ask for me through the age the Light of a Baby's

For the shadow love of the human heart - forever craves for change, infant reaches its tiny hands

for toys that are new and strange; The idle laughter of yesterday gives place to the saddening tear; The floral gifts of the birth hour gay look withered and old on the bier.

Love's summer days at best are brief. The shadows grow

space. For each brief moment a bleeding heart and the Memory of a Face The fairest works of our human hands shall fade with the fleet-

ing day, Eternal Faith and Eternal Love are the things that will last for

The Muses seem to have showere the lines in "Passing By "—an Irish legend of All Soul's Eve — with whitest star-dust. The poet's powers here strike twelve:

'The raindrops patter against the pane, The wind moans by the door:

Herself, she sees that the fire bright. And then sweeps up the floor;

Himself, he tells the beads, the while The others answer low,
"God pity the souls that are out to-

night, And rest the dead we know !"

So wise are we in our own conceit, So versed in learned lore, We smile to think that the holy sould Should wait there by the door, In that old-time land where the

things of Faith Are part of the woof of day, Where, though there's always bread to win,

Yet so there's time to pray. For us, who measure the things of

By scientific brief, A superstition, a fairy-tale, We hold such vain belief. We sift, we measure, we weigh, w

We hold the balance straight. We war on the idols of yesterday, Our creed is up to date,

And yet, sometimes, to our smug con ceit,
There comes a jarring thought,
That this, our boasted liberty,

Has been too dearly bought, For better than all philosophy And analytic art
Is the gift denied to the worldly-

wise A child-like faith and heart

The post loves to sing of the Ireland of his youth and paints glorious pictures of Rosary time when

a grey haired mother and her beads rebuke a creedless age."

He seems happiest when he threads at shall I ask for you, Dear is in the air and the hawthorn heart, at the altar of Sacrifice, the White Host rests in the loves these winding reads and little wonder when he tells us they

" Lead up to the throne of God."

As an exile his heart is filled with rapturous longing and he tells us, though ours is a land of plenty, there are many things that gold can not buy.

"The lilt of the birds in Ireland, The grey of an Irish sky,

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The smile on the cheerful faces, The hearts that are quick to pray. God keep you and guard you, Ire-land!

My heart is with you to day." One of the sweetest poems in the colume is the deserving tribute to the Sisters of St. Joseph, that loving, self-sacrificing army of courageous women—the sunshine of our Catholic life—

Who are passing through the portals to the day's appointed task, (Sombre black the outer garment

Not to tread the path of Pleasure, Not to garner Dead Sea treasure, But to war for souls with Satan and the luring call of sin.

in the watches of the night, Soothing some poor tortured body in the healing homes of pain, By the bedside vigil keeping,

Guardian angels of the sleeping, While from hushed lips up to heaven steals the Ave's sweet refrain. Tenderly in crowded hospice grey

haired derelicts they tend, To the world's flos and jetsam they have thrown their portals wide. For these vestal virgins holy, To do good to all their life's work,

same as writ of Him who died.' The present regrettable war seems to have inspired many poems. Noyes, Kipling, Hardy, Newbolt and Mass-field, who wrote the deathless "August 1914" which appeared in the English Review, have been spilling streams of rich poetry down the glorious hills of England. The spirit and the times have also stirred our own Father Dollard and Dr. O'Hagan into the singing of delight ful measures. We have not seen a truer canvas of poor, mutilated, bleeding Belgium and her noble,

Father Casey's brush—the lines fairly glow with life and pathos: 'Pity the martyr dead? Nay, rather praise, (They need not pity who so nobly dies.)

If coward choice assured them length of days
Then Shame might weep; now

Nay, shed no tears, though mothers hearts do break, Though Belga's plains hold heta combs of dead; Oh, let no sounds of grief their

slumbers wake, But place the laurel wreath above Crown them as victors in the fearful strife

(A hero's death can never spell defeat.) One only gift had they, and e'en their life, Ne'er questioning, they laid at Free

dom's feet. They knew but little of the art o war, But much of Honor, so they made

their choice—
The treacherous bait of Empire to abhor-They made it freely, and they paid

In roofless firesides and in rifled shrines,

In bloody corpses that a burial seek, In outraged victims of the fell designs Of monsters wreaking vengeance on the weak.

Aye, it were pitiful did we but know That Right shall victor be though stars do fall ; In blood and tears a fruitful crop they

Their deeds shall live until the Judgment Call."

The religious throughout the book sing themselves sweetly into one's ears. The tributes to the Virgin recall the lovely songs of Father Faber and Father Blunt.

The poet is equally successful when he tunes his harp and sings for us a genuine Irish lyric as in his "Bereft." It is worthy of Yeats and Moira O'Neill. One cannot help feeling for the kindly, old Irish mothers whose prayers are ever calling the children nome from the four corners of the earth.

It's me that's sad and lonesome since the white ship sailed away; I miss the red veins o' me heart, my

youngest, Willie bawn; Myself here by the fireside all the long hours o' the day,

Me thoughts in foreign places, or beyant wid him that's gone. When first the ocean called to thim

although I missed thim sore Yet whilst himself was left to me wasn't all alone, But since the day whin, cold and

stark, he passed beyant the door. There's none but God an' Mary left to spake to now, asthore.

praised be God, He's sleepin there beside the abbey wall;

'Tis lonesome by the winther's fire,
but why should I complain?

For lyin' there so nigh to me I think I hear Him call, But ne'er a whisper comes to me across the cruel main.

'Tis sad to see, above the grave, a weepin' mother kneel; To know her heart is breakin' at the

rattle o' the clay;
But ah, my grief, though death be
hard, 'tis more than that I feel, A hundred times the lonesome night, a thousand times the day.

For Death is kinder than the ships that bear thim o'er the foam; The grave is nearer than the land that lies beyant the West ;

And though they're gone yet, praised be God, there're sleepin' near to home, And 'tis no sthranger's hand, asthore, that lays thim down to rest.

If only Willie bawn were here to lay

me in the clay,

To place me poor old bones to rest
along side him that's gone,
His hand in mine—I'd welcome thin
the breakin' o' the day,
An' I'd not fear the long boreen that
leads beyant the dawn."

This is real poetry. It touches the human heart and sinks in deeply. The posms. "My Prayer," "His The poems, "My Prayer," "His Mother's Rosary" and "An October Thought" all possess elements of

There are also Christmas po plenty among the poet's wreath— clustering blooms that shine out re-splendent—but we have space only for "An Irish Christmas Legend."

" Pile high the turf upon the fire And make the cabin bright And put no bolt upon the door This blessed Christmas night;
For if so be they pass this way,
And she in trouble sore,
They'll know an Irish welcome waits Beyond the open door.

Now place the Christmas candles

Put one for every pane— That they may see the blessed light Ashining through the rain; The curlew calls across the sky, The winds are keening low, Who knows but here they'll rest a

while, As on the way they go?

On Christmas Eve long, long ago, The doors were bolted fast, And in the dawn's grey light they found

Their footsteps as they passed; For this the Christmas lights are set, The doors are open wide, That in her travail she may know

The inns were full, but there

room, This blessed Christmas night, For Mary and her Holy Child Where shines the Christmas light? Then set a candle in each pane, That, passing, they may know A welcome waits the Holy Child Where Christmas lights bright glow.

RELIGIOUS RECEPTION AND PROFESSION AT "THE PINES"

Quite in harmony with the joyful festivities of Xmas tide was the double ceremony of religious recep-tion and profession at "The Pines,"

Chatham, Ont., on the morning of Monday, Dec. 28, at 9.80 a. m.

At the hour appointed, the convent chapel of the Holy Family was filled with interested relatives and friends of those taking part in the ceremony Soon the solemn procession of clergy, religious, novices and postulants, gowned in beautiful bridal costumes and attended by daintily attired little flower-girls, entered the chapel where Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Doyle, C. SS. R., of London.

His Lordship Right Rev. M. F. Fallon, D. D., officiating.

After the four novices begged admission to holy profession, and the five postulants asked to be received into the Ursuline Order, His Lordship Library and Agents. ship delivered a deeply impressive sermon, taking as text the Yule tide canticle of the Angel, "Behold, I bring you tidings of great joy." And in his own graceful style, he applied the day, impressing with heartfelt emphasis the minds of his listeners with the wonderful mercy and goodness of God towards those to whom He extends the loving invitation to follow Him. "No work," he continued, "however laborious no trial however heroically received, no talents or mental culture, however splendidly applied, can ever begin to repay the grace of a call to serve God in the safer precincts of the cloister. . Let those of you," he said, "who are being received as novices to day, and those of you who are assuming the responsibility of the religious vows, be thoroughly imbued with the feeling that you are giving absolutely nothing in comparison to that which you will receive. True, you are making the grandest sacrifice a human being can make; you are voluntarily giving up family and friends, but the Ursuline Order is proffering you a blessed privilege denied to thousands just as worthy. Be proud and grateful, therefore, that you are to belong to the Order of the Ursulines, to that grand old Order of the Church of God, the saintly found ers of which have long since gone to join the band of Virgins about the

ship's sermon was one not soon to be forgotten, one which all present felt to be the sentiments of a noble heart keenly jealous of and sensitive to the interests of Christ and His Church. The religious admitted to Holy Profession were Sister M. Angela, Sister M. Rose, Sister M. Isabel, and Sister M. Miriam. Those taking the white veil and habit were Miss Mary Beatrice Major, Leamington, Ont., formerly of London, England, in re-

throne of Him Whom you must try to serve as they have done." His Lord-

Trudell, Tilbury, Ont., Sister M. St.

The clergy present were, Very Rev. Father James, O. F. M., Chatham; Rev. Father Hanlon, St. Michael's, London; Rev. Father Robert, Windsor; Rev. Father Parent, Tilbury; Rev. Father Ford, Maidstone; Rev. Father O'Reilly, C. SS. R., London Rev. Father Solanus, O. F. M., Cin cinnati; Rev. Father Pitre, Stoney Point; Rev. Father Hermengild O. F. M., Chatham; Rev. Father Cote, C. S. R., Sandwich; Rev. Father Laurendeau, St. Martin's, London Rev. Father Prosper, O. F. M., Chat ham; Rev. Father Neville, Windsor Rev. Father McCarthy, Ridgetown Rev. Father Corcoran, St. Mary's, London; Rev. Father Brisson, Leamington; Rev. Father Powell,

IMPORTANCE OF BIBLE STUDY

The importance of Bible study among the laity has always been re-cognized and recommended by the Church, and especially so where religious discussion or conflict has brought any important dogma into controversy. As a repository of Christian truth it has always been given the highest place in the Church, which is itself "the Pillar and Ground of the Truth" (1 Tim. iii, 15). Distorted and misunder stood, it will lead souls astray, but when interpreted by the living Church to which it was committed by the Almighty, and used for edi fication and spiritual culture, its value to the Christian is very great. As to the grounds special to Catho lies in favor of its inspiration, we know of nothing better than what is said by Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S., D. D., in his "General Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures," Page 539:

are common to Protestants and Cath olics, there is the distinctly Catholic argument, which rests the belief in the inspiration of the Bible directly on the divine authority of a living Church. It is plain that whatever difficulties may be raised against the doctrine of Biblical Inspiration, in the name of History, of Higher Criticism, of Geology, etc., Catholics will ever find a solid ground for their faith on this point, in simple consideration that the inspired character of the Bible is certain beyond all doubt, since the Church, speaking with divine, and consequently infallible authority, teaches it as a truth revealed by God. This is the ground which Catholic theologians and ecclesiastical writers naturally appeal to after they have established the right of a living Church to teach Revelation with divine authority and it is the proof upon which St. Augustine -and no doubt countless minds after him—felt necessary to fall back upon, when he said: "I would not believe the Gospel, unless the authority of the Church moved me thereto." Finally, according to many polemical writers among Catholics, it is the only adequate proof that can be given of the inspiration of Sacred Scripture, because, viewing it as a divine operation, not neces-

sarily known even to the mind that is acted upon, they hold that the testimony of God Himself is required to make men perfectly sure of it, and that this divine testimony comes to our knowledge only by the voice of the Church which He has commanded us to hear.

When Our Blessed Lord, after His

Resurrection, walked with the two disciples to Emmaus, and talked with them concerning the kingdom of God with subdued and solemn tones they asked each other: "Was no He spoke in the way, and opened to us the Scriptures?" (Luke xxiv, 32.) This would seem to show the need of a living teacher or authority to unfold the meaning of the profound truths of Holy Writ. This teacher s needed, too for inspiration. Even the best of books will often be a dead letter till some earnest and farseeing soul opens it up to the heart. It is not so much the "leaves of life" as laborers that are needed in the he vineyard-men who shall be "burning and shining lights" in our day as John the Baptist was in his day. The Bible must be opened up to us by an authoritative teacher in order that its deeper thoughts and truths may be apprehended. The kingdom of grace, like the kingdom of nature, has not its richest treasures lying on the surface. As our fathers pas over the plains and mountains of our States, never dreaming of the mines of light and heat buried beneath their breast, so men may glide across the sacred page without find-ing their heavenly fires. Eternal stores of truth are hidden in the Word to meet the needs of all the ages. The Berean searcher who, with docile mind and teachable spirit, looks into the sacred volume, shall never walk in darkness, but shall have "the light of life."

The Bible is the only book as wide as human nature. All volumes of Bible's teachings include all progress. No possible development of the race can leave its revelations in the distance. Like the great Church in whose bosom it has been sheltered since it was given to men, it always faces humanity at the angle where formerly of London, England, in religion Sister M. St. Michael; Miss Ont., Katherine Toohey, Lucan, Ont., Sister M. Mercedes; Miss Mary Restrict Connor, Washun, Wis. ligion Sister M. St. Michael; Miss Katherine Toohey, Lucan, Ont., Sister M. Mercedes; Miss Mary Beatrice Connor, Waapun, Sister M. St. Thomas Aquinas; Miss Mary Kilgallin, London, Ont., Sister M. Madeline Sophie; Miss Ida Mae

gave its brightest beams to bring wise men to bow before the Babe in Bethlehem, so when all the stars of science and discovery reach their meridian they will stand over Jesus. In Him natural and revealed religion will find their everletting here. will find their everlasting harmon-

If the lay laborer, in his efforts to

convince men of the proper relation of the Bible to the Church, cannot open the Holy Scriptures to the in-quirer's heart and explain its deep meaning, he can open the inquirer's heart to the Scriptures, and make it responsive to Bible teaching concerning Christian doctrine. mission many times is to open the heart to the book. We may lead earnest souls into the presence of the treasure, even if we be unable fully to explain the nature of the treasure. There are others who can do that. The soul, as well as the Scripture, must be earnestly studied by the worker. If all the approaches to the spirit were carefully sought, there would be fewer abandoned wrecks of humanity. We must wrecks of humanity. We must measure men from the sympathetic "burned" on the way to Emmaus opened to Our Blessed Lord's divine words, because as a friend and brother He talked to the two disciples "by the way." Simple, solemn, holy words, spoken here and there, may lead a soul into the treasure house where riches may be gathered that will made opulent soul that is perishing in the sterilty of the world's deserts.-The Mission

NOT IGNORANT SUPERSTITION

The late Stanley Matthews-a jurist of much power-Senator from Ohio and an Associate Justice of the States Supreme Court, in 1869, while one of the counsel for defendants in the case of John D. Minor against the Board of Educa-tion of Cincinnati, Ohio—case about the Bible in the public schools made use of these words in his ad. dress to the court.

"I will say that from the study which I have made, as time and opportunity have been given me, of the doctrinal basis of the Catholic aith. I am proud to say that it is not an ignorant superstition, but a scheme of well constructed logic, which he is a bold man who says he can easily answer. Give them one proposition, concede to them one single premise, and the whole of their faith follows most legitimately and logically, and that is the fundamental doctrine, the doc trine of what the Church is, what it was intended to be, by Whom it was founded, by Whom it has been perpetuated, being the casket which contains to day, shining brightly as before the ages, the ever living, actually present body of God teaching and training men for life here and life hereafter."

It is interesting to note that the Rev. Paul Matthews of Faribault who has been named Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New Jersey is a son of the Stanley Matthews referred to in the foregoing.-Church Pro-

DIED

O'BRIEN.—On Thursday, Dec. 10, 1914, at the Water Street Hospital, Ottawa, Mr. W. J. O'Brien, of Erinsville, Ont. May his soul rest in

peace ! BULGER. - At Cobourg, Ont., or Saturday, Dec. 5, 1914, Miss Agnes Jane Bulger, youngest daughter of Mr. James Bulger, Customs Inspector. May her soul rest in peace!

MORNING SALUTATION TO THE SACRED HEART

The following prayer is found among the writings of St. Gertrude: I adore, praise and salute Thee, O my most sweet Heart of Jesus Christ; fresh and gladdening as the breath of spring, from which, as from a fountain of graces, sweeter than the honeycomb, flows evermore all good and all delights. I thank Thee with all the powers of my heart for having preserved me throughout this night, and for having rendered to God the Father praises and thanksgiving on my behalf. And now, O my sweet Love, I offer Thee my wretched

STAINED GLASS

and worthless love as a morning sacrifice: I place it in Thy keeping, be-seeching Thee that Thou wouldet deign to pour into it Thy divine in-spirations, and to enkindle it in Thy

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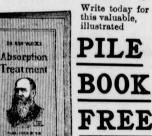
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