

was preceded by a number of heralds. There was first a band of motor cyclists who announced the coming of the hero. Then they were followed by several motors carrying a women's delegation; then came other motors with another body of heralds. And finally the hero himself appeared, and of course had before him a crowd and an enthusiastic audience. The motor cyclists meantime had left for the next village; and thus the whirlwind campaign reached every nook and corner of the scattered constituency, and everybody had an opportunity of seeing and hearing the dashing young candidate.

Where will Pemberton Billing end? It is impossible to say. He kept himself well under control the first time he addressed the House; was moderate in statement; courteous and modest, and everybody was agreeably surprised. But the second time he spoke, he threw all this self-restraint to the winds; and brought things to a crisis when he accused the Government of having "murdered" aviators by sending them up on defective machines. There is in the House of Commons a universally respected member called Sir Charles Nicholson and his son—a delightful boy, handsome, frank, simple, courageous, husband of a beautiful young wife, the sister of Lord Murray of Elibank—had a few days before been killed on an aeroplane; and the Angel of Death thus brought home to the House, hovered over the House as this terrible young new memberspoke of such an accident as a "murder." The Government was disturbed and infuriated; and the House felt that there must be some exaggeration. But a few days afterwards Pemberton Billing, who was supposed to have killed his reputation, was addressing an excited and enthusiastic meeting in the City, and made no apology for his terrific onslaught. Where will he end? I ask again; and again I have to answer, I don't know. Wild youngsters have got to great places before in our Parliamentary history.

WHY HE BECAME A CATHOLIC

In youth I was taught to conceive of the Almighty God as Creator of heaven and earth, Who, as the Author of our being, has made man in His Own Image. I was taught to believe in the fall of man from the high estate in which he had been created, in consequence of his sin of disobedience and I was given a clear impression of the subsequent plan of redemption provided by God, through the life, the sufferings, and the death of His Only Son, Jesus Christ Our Lord.

My father died when I was sixteen and my lessons stopped. What I have learned since has been through my own effort and experience. Instructed in the manner I have described, I well recognized the duties of love and service owed by a creature to such a Creator, and by a child to such a Father. Having received all my religious lessons from a Protestant source and having always thought of them from a Protestant point of view, there was no question, of course, of what my church affiliations would be once I had decided to become a church member.

The time came when I determined that it was my duty to follow in the way of God's commandments; then it was I joined the Baptist Church. For a few years I tried to live by its rigid doctrines. But I was young; when I felt the need of sustaining power, my Church could not supply it. I required to be taught the benefit of discipline, and my Church could not teach it. So I fell away from its pleasures and happiness in other fields—in society, in politics, in gaieties of the world—only to find in the end disappointment and the punishment of remorse.

I was forty-two when I resolved to return to the church and again try to lay hold of that something which my soul was hungry for. Once more I was accepted as a practising Baptist. For nine years I earnestly strove to get some assurance that my hope would be realized—a hope of a heaven of refuge, a life of happiness, a something satisfying to a soul in fear of hell and in need of a Saviour. But I experienced only constant dissatisfaction. My soul was sick and I found no Physician in this religious environment. I was alone and needed help of a Brother's love; I found only polite solicitation, the sham of a society with which I had been surfeited. With the mockery of it all I became disgusted, and it grew so that I would not talk about religion with any one. This unhappy state lasted until I started reading and studying the history of Christianity. Then a new vista opened before me. I saw that the Catholic Church was the original Church founded by Christ Himself when on earth, and that she was the Mother Church and that all modern churches were nothing but creations of men, teaching man-made and therefore fallible doctrines, and indeed laying no claim to any divine inspiration.

It was when in possession of at least this much that I had the help of an office-mate who took me to the classes where others were being taught, where I was given a Catholic catechism and told to study and compare it with Divine Scriptures. And finally by this means I was led to ask for and to my great joy receive the ordinances of the Holy Catholic Church.

What matters to me if some members of the Catholic Church have



FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE NUNS AND SOME OF THEIR PUPILS

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE NUNS

LET US ENDOW THEM

Taichowfu, China, March 8, 1916. Dear Mr. Editor—I got a shock the other day in receiving a letter from the bishop saying that he could not afford any longer to support the four sisters attached to my mission. What ever will I do! To let them go would mean that all the work being done to save the women and girls of this district would fall flat. I must keep them in their convent by all means. But where is their support to come from if not from my dear friends of the CATHOLIC RECORD? I have been a great drain on them and they have felt it all the more because of the many calls of the war. I am ashamed to tell them of this, my latest distress, but their hearts are as wide and free and generous as our native Canada and I feel my appeal for my sisters will not be in vain. What I would like to do would be

done wrong, or if at times have turned to evil ways? I remember the writing-book, "copy" set for me when I was a little boy—"Man is prone to do evil as the sparks to fly upward." But this does not in the slightest lessen the teachings of Christ, the way pointed out by Him—that these have been kept pure by the Church all down the ages, through the infallible guidance of the Holy Spirit.

It is on these sacred truths, taught by the Holy Catholic Church and revealed by God Himself that I have founded my faith. Relying on the Infinite goodness and promises of my God I hope to obtain pardon for my sins, the assistance of His grace and the everlasting life, through the merits of Jesus Christ, my Lord and my Redeemer. In this hope I place all my happiness, and have no other desire than to live and die a devoted servant of Him Who gave His life for me. I have found an all-pervading satisfaction, a deep and certain comfort which was wholly lacking in the Protestant Church. In the Catholic Church I have found nothing wanting, I have had no disappointments, no disillusionments. Its sacraments, its rites and ceremonies, are all means of grace by which the human soul is fed and cleansed and fed and satisfied in its longings to return to its Creator.

I have written this in the hope that it may be of use to someone, perhaps may help to lead somebody to the door of God's Church as I was led.—Thomas W. Steinmann, in the Catholic Convert.

HIMSELF ALONE

What a splendid subject upon which genius might luxuriate is that afforded by the few words of the Evangelist's narrative: "He fled into the mountain, Himself alone." Was there ever such a sublime picture? Here is Christ standing on the Mount (whose foundations He, as the God of eternity laid) palanquined by the skies whose glories He spread in generous measure; and He is alone—alone looking at the world—alone with His mighty thoughts—alone with His unique majesty—alone without councillor, for He is Wisdom—alone without friend, for He is love—alone in His constancy—though hedged around with the shifting purposes of men—alone, as was He before creation's dawn shone on creatures that added nothing to His glory.

Were we ever alone?—Did we for one five minutes of our hurried days ever stand on the mountain of greed called self and touch the heavens with the finger tips of meditation? How little we know of ourselves! We go through life's troublous times learning something about everything but remaining absolute strangers to self. Self is ever our closest mystery; it has its barred door through which we never enter to see how things are with us. Let us go alone for once, and we will marvel at the sights that our unknown selves make manifest. This is our heart—a beautiful ruin, picturesque and sad as the ivy-mantled wall that tells of an ancient abbey. Here is our mind—a hurly-burly of ill-fitting simples making an atrocious compound in the temple where the truths of faith should be clear and strong for their gigantic purposes. Here is our soul. Would we know it? Look again! it is ours, and no mistake. The graces that we thought were fresh and flushed with

to put their support on a solid and permanent footing. Two hundred and fifty dollars would form a perpetual bursar for each nun. They need them to be no longer anxious for their own upkeep. You understand that my nuns are native Chinese ones and though in every respect equal to their foreign sisters they cannot make an appeal for themselves, knowing no other language than Chinese. I enclose a picture of my nuns when I brought them to Taichowfu some years ago. Their work has greatly developed since. They now have fifty school girls under instruction and during certain seasons of the year they prepare hundreds of women for baptism. You may imagine how anxious I am to retain them in spite of the bishop being no longer able to send me their support.

Thanking you and your readers for all your past favors and asking God to bless you, I remain, Your gratefully in Jesus and Mary, J. M. FRASER

color have gone from it, as have vanished the splendid lines of the Last Supper from the walls of the Convent of St. Mary of Grace in Milan, where Da Vinci sat one time in ecstasy.

And why this surprise? Because we have not periodically retreated with self, and hid from the pernicious influences of the world; because we have made our infidel neighbors a standard of excellence; because we have lightly thought on the mighty principles of our faith and never profoundly entertained them; because we have followed the world's desolating thoughtlessness and have not been steepled and sobered by the awful obligations that bear on our immortal destiny; because we are never alone. Even in our hurried duties of religion, that oft-time take our patience to bear, but not, alas! our piety to perform, we have every second line of a prayer for urgent needs venerated with a thought that has on it the mind of earth and not the light of the skies.

What little study we do! True study supposes the mind left alone with its problems. We never clear up even a question where we were muddled, when an answer was sought by an earnest and respectful Protestant. We go out of the argument cowardly and compromisingly as possible, and then think no more of it—never consult an authority, so that at least the next time we would not be caught napping. We are always in the crowd, hence foolish like it and away from ourselves and from God; seldom if ever alone with ourselves, seeking the knowledge of the dread of self, which is part and parcel of "the beginning of wisdom, the fear of the Lord."

If we are alone in deed and truth, we are humbled and not made ridiculous with a fantastic pride; memory comes to us, black and blue and ugly; the will shows weak; and the while our intellect shows poor understanding of primal truths. In silence, away from the "maddening crowd," our strength returns, as we are not dependent then upon the wild enthusiasm of society, but can hear the voice of God and feel the pulsations of love divine. Go apart then and keep your own company for an hour, and yet you will return to the process after the manner of Christ on the mountain. You will weary of chasing baubles; you will sicken of knowledge that lacks nutrition, and you will, strengthened by solitude, walk down the mountain slope of life with your Christ, even as did Adam with his God in the shades of Eden.—Catholic Columbian.

REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM

Some among the promoters of reunion thrust aside as intolerable idea of communion with the Catholic Church, writes Cardinal Vaughan. A glance at the map of the Christian world will suffice to show them that any proposal for the reunion of Christendom which does not include the Apostolic See and the 240,000,000 of Christians in communion with it (1894), would be self-rejected and meaningless. There could be no reunion of Christendom with more than half of the Christian world left out. A mutilated scheme of this kind would clearly be not the reunion of Christendom, but probably at most a reunion of Protestantism. For this reason all who truly and sincerely desire the reunion of Christendom, putting

aside passion and blind prejudice, must calmly and honestly take into account and examine the mind and attitude of the Catholic Church of this momentous question.—Intermountain Catholic.

FORMATIVE INFLUENCE OF CONFSSIONAL

What is Catholic Ireland's chief boast, her brightest jewel in her coronet of glory? Her beautiful hills and valleys? No. Her lakes that have inspired poets and painters in all lands? No. Her antiquity of art and letters? No. Her early renown as the lamp of civilization in the deep darkness of European barbarity? No. Her unquenchable devotion to freedom or her long fight for nationality? No. Her prowess in the wars of the world? No. Her devotion to the faith of Saint Patrick that centuries of persecution and bloodshed could not shake? Ah, yes, that is Ireland's glory; but greater than that and already springing from it, as light comes from a lamp, is the spotless purity of her daughters. Throughout the world Irish matrons and Irish maids hold pre-eminence for their untarnished innocence. Other attributes her enemies may deny, but this they all admit. Ask of Thackeray, the English cynic, who had no love for the Irish, why this is so, and he will tell you it is due to the blessed influence of the Confessional. Yes, the Catholic Church with her Confessional has been God's protectress of Ireland's chastity.

And, as in Ireland, so everywhere the Confessional has been for Catholics the great influence for the uplifting and ennobling of fallen and human nature; their strength in temptation; their solace in affliction; the divine power that has moulded to God much of the world's finest character; that has curbed the licentiousness of the lawless and the tyrant; and has reclaimed the wicked to penance and expiation. Look at the long roll of saints, and see what parts their confessors have played in the perfecting of their lives. See the haughty kings and barons of the middle ages, arrested in their persecution of the weak and defenceless through the power of the Confessional, and going—some of them afoot as pilgrims—to do penance at Peter's shrine and reform their evil lives; others with the Banner of the Cross to rescue the Sepulchre of Christ from the hands of the infidels.

A famous writer has briefly summarized the benefits and blessings of the Confessional thus: "Confession affords relief to the despondent, encourages the timid and guides the unwary. It wipes away the tears of bitterness that might end in despair; it dissolves enmity; it heals rankling wounds; it covers shame, that exposed might lead to self-destruction. It saves from unperceived precipices, it breaks chains forged by long habits of vice; it snatches from the plundered his prey, and gives it back to the despoiled ones; it disarms the conspirator and throws a shield round the unprotected; it frees the sinner from death to life. Those who know human weakness and all the mental anguish that, in some form or other, distresses almost every individual of the human family, may conceive something of the advantages of an institution which inspires confidence and secures advice and consolation in the most afflicting circumstances. The confessor does not mock the sorrow of his penitent, or reproach him with his misfortunes. He bids him hope when all around have abandoned him; and, as soon as he discovers that his compunctious is deep and effectual, he says to him, in the spirit of Him who does not break the bruised reed: "Son be of good heart, thy sins are forgiven thee." It may be impossible to restore the unhappy offender to his place in society, even to the affection of a fond parent whose feelings have been outraged; from the arm of the law which is outstretched to inflict the severest penalty; but in the name of Him who came into this world to save sinners, the priest of God assures him of pardon and salvation.

There is a beautiful and very interesting story told of the late Captain John Drum, of the Ninth United States Infantry. The writer of this had it from his friends, Captain Drum was one of the most famous soldiers in the army. He had grown gray in the service of his country; had fought throughout the Civil War and in many western campaigns, where, because of his stentorian commands when in action, he had earned from the Indians the name of Thunder-Voice. When the Spanish War broke out John Drum was stationed as commandant of cadets at Saint Francis Xavier's College, New York. Ordered to join his regiment, he made a general confession of his whole life, and then sailed for Cuba. When the troops were ordered to assault the Spanish lines at El Cane, Captain Drum's company led; but at the Captain's side, shoulder to shoulder, marched a Catholic priest who thus while actually going into action heard the gallant officer's confession, at his urgent request. It was Captain Drum's last confession, for in a moment while cheering on his men to the charge, he fell dead, and was one of the first as he was of the noblest victims of the Spanish bullet. "I will die happy" were his last words to the chaplain, and let us hope that his gallant spirit found in Heaven the reward of a long and noble life, whose chief delight, solace and inspiration was the Confessional of the Catholic Church.—Serpaphic Home Journal.

PROTESTANT WORSHIP

WRITER GIVES REASON WHY MEN DO NOT GO TO CHURCH

Frederick Lynch writing in The Christian Work (Protestant) in discussing the reasons why non-Catholic men do not go to church, reviews some conversations he has held and some letters he has received on the subject. He says in part: "The one note oftenest struck in the discussion so far might be summed up as the lack of message in modern preaching. Again and again the writers refer to their disappointment when they have gone to church in not hearing a real, direct and inspiring message. One man writes: 'The preachers I have heard had no gospel.' This particular man was not interested in whether the gospel was orthodox or liberal, he said, but there was no gospel at all. The preachers discussed various themes, sometimes in interesting manner, but generally not so interestingly as many books and essays discussed them. But preaching is not discussion. It is a message, a message of good news, a message that God is here, a message of escape from sin and circumstance by supernatural aid, a message of man's eternal and divine nature when linked to Christ, of his sinfulness and baseness when not."

"Most of the preachers stand with the crowd on all current questions. They do not stand with Jesus, and they do not lead. If the country howls war, they howl it. If the various sons and daughters of our ancient ancestors begin to talk cheap patriotism, they echo it. If the army and navy officers and the bankers and politicians suddenly screech 'preparedness,' they screech it louder. I really believe that if the Church would lead the age instead of echoing the reactionary and conservative element—always the minority—the churches would soon fill up."

"Two or three of our letters turn in an entirely opposite direction. They say that the reason the average Protestant church is not well attended is because of the barrenness of its worship. Let me quote an interesting letter: 'We have a fairly large church here in the town of —, with considerable money and a pretty decent young chap in the pulpit. But the service is about the most unattractive thing man ever invented. There is not a particle of beauty, reverence or warmth in it. There isn't a thrill in the whole procedure. Now the moving picture show around the corner has really good music—violin and piano. Our rather raucous choir sings the cheapest and most irritating stuff which invents these awful anthems by which the Protestant church is so afflicted?' The service has no liturgical beauty, and even the hymns are not sung heartily. That would compensate to some degree for the lack of liturgical beauty—the hymns sung with spirit. I go into many churches in the course of the year, and where there is not a very interesting preacher, I ask myself, 'What is there in this service to attract people?' It should be remembered, too, that our young people in America are getting acquainted with good music and reading books with literary power. I question whether a rich, beautiful service, with some of that element of mystery in it, which the Roman Catholic Church, with its knowledge of psychology far surpassing that possessed by our Protestant Church, would not appeal to thousands of people who now find the Church service cold and unattractive."

"I offer no comment on this letter. But it surely is worth reading twice."

"CATHOLIC LIKE THE IRISH"

Commenting on some traits of the Catholic Gael, a writer in the Catholic Bulletin, Dublin, relates the following story, to show that the loyalty of Irish Catholics to the Holy See is proverbial. A poor man was dying in a New York hospital. He could speak only broken English, and the doctors and nurses were not sure of his religion or nationality. They knew he was either a Russian, Lithuanian, or a Pole, and guessed, therefore, that he must belong either to the Russian "Orthodox" Church or to the Catholic Church. "Would you like to see a priest?" they asked him. He nodded. A Catholic priest (an Irishman) was going round the wards visiting some of his flock. The nurse called him, saying she was not sure if this patient belonged to his Church or not; would he please ascertain. The Irish priest began to question him, but the language barrier led to difficulties, and the sogarth was puzzled. Finally he decided the man was a member of the Russian Orthodox Church, and he said, "I will send you a priest of your own faith." As he was about to turn away the dying man murmured the word "Pope." "What about the Pope?" asked the priest. "I follow Pope," he believed like Pope," was the reply. Still the priest was unconvinced of his Catholicism. "Yes, I know," he returned soothingly, "you call your priests Popes. I will send one of them to you." Then the dying man made a supreme effort. Struggling to raise, himself in the bed, he clutched at the priest's coat with an appealing cry. "I believe like the Irish," he gasped. "I am Catholic like the Irish." Then the sogarth was convinced. He stayed

with the lonely wanderer to the end, and sped the soul on its last journey, strengthened by the sublime rites with which our Holy Mother fortifies us at the end of Time and threshold of Eternity.

What a tribute to Irish Catholicism was paid by this poor wanderer from Eastern Europe, dying in the western world! "I believe like the Irish, I am Catholic like the Irish," he cried and the listener knew at once what he meant.

WAS COLUMBUS A SPANISH JEW?

Hearst's \$50,000 editor, Arthur Brisbane, claims that the great discoverer, Columbus, was a Spanish Jew. This might be expected from an editor whose ideal historian is Buckle. Brisbane says: "As you know Columbus, bear in mind the fact that in all probability three-quarters, if not all, of his blood was Jewish."

A great many readers to whom Brisbane is the Law and the Prophets will swallow this brand of history as gospel truth. Honor to whom honor is due. If Columbus were a Jew we should take off our hats to him; but if he was not a Jew, why belittle the Catholicity of the great Genoese navigator?

How Brisbane fell into this historical error is easily explained. About fifteen years ago a Spanish writer named Don Garcia de la Riega published a brochure attempting to prove from very flimsy evidence that Columbus was born in Pontevedra, in Galicia, Spain, and that his mother was Susanna Fonterosa, a Jewess. A few of Senor de la Riega's friends have moved heaven and earth to make the world believe this by publishing and spreading broadcast pamphlets by the thousand to that effect. Serious historians have laughed the attempt out of court and now comes the learned Brisbane at the eleventh hour to resuscitate a silly hypothesis that never had a leg to stand on.

All leading modern historians are agreed that Columbus was born about 1451 at Genoa, Italy, as he himself wrote on several occasions. His father was Domenico Colombo, a wool-stapler at Genoa, and his mother, Susanna Fontenarossa, a good Catholic from the market town of Fontenarossa, near Genoa. Columbus himself was an ardent Catholic and a member of the Third Order of St. Francis. A Catholic queen sent him on the voyage towards the New World, whose existence he had divined; his crew was Catholic and when the land was found, Columbus took possession of it in the name of a Catholic sovereign, planted the cross beside the royal standard and named the land Holy Saviour—San Salvador. What bosh to attempt to make out a Hebrew origin for our Columbus.—Truth.

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THERE'S A REASON FOR IT

In a recent address Archbishop Mundelein said: "Sometimes I wonder whether God has not kept Ireland from being a nation in order that she might contribute the larger share to the growth, to the greatness, to the glory of the newer lands and newer peoples, who to-day form the foremost countries in the world."—Catholic Transcript.

The prominent man is not always great, nor is the great man always prominent.

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 sum diminished 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 catechumens of men, women and children during their preparation for baptism and building a church every year.

Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary, J. M. FRASER.

Table listing donors and amounts for Father Fraser's Chinese Mission. Includes names like Edward Tuffy, John Cameron, etc., and amounts ranging from 1.00 to 5.00.

THOMAS SIMPSON, applying to the British Parliament in 1760 for a charter for the Equitable Society, based his petition on the following grounds:

"The great numbers of His Majesty's subjects whose subsistence principally depends on the salaries, stipends and other incomes payable to them during their natural lives or on the profits arising from their several trades, occupations, labor and industry, are very desirous of entering into a society for assuring the lives of each other in order to extend, after their decease, the benefit of their present incomes to their families and relations, who may otherwise be reduced to extreme poverty and distress by the premature death of their several husbands, fathers and friends."

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