THE CASE OF ANARCHIST FERRER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE

whatever made to the ideas which Ferrer propagated during many long years.

The accused was found by his judges to be the organizer of an armed rebellion and responsible for the incendiarism, pillage, assassination, profanations of dead bodies committed at his instigation.

As for the influence of clericalism which it has been said, desired to sacrifice Ferrer, it suffices to remark that *all the witnesses* (we have given their names) whose testimony has proved the culpability of the accused, were men heaving the same ideas as himself, republicans, radicals, revolutionists, and anarchists; nota single priest, not a single nun. After that who will dare to contend that Ferrer was judged and condemned for his ideas and not for his crimes against humanity committed at Barcelona? Where is the country in which crimes as horrible do not deserve death?

TO BE CONTINUED

For the CATHOLIC RECORD

NEW IRELAND

[These words were written the other day, before anything of a Tory volte-face. But the men who hesitated, or came forward, are either forward still, or speak privately of the inevitable Home Rule or Federation. And when the Liberals win they will see every reason for joining those determined to die in any ditch.—W. F. P. S.]

Home Rule is in the air; and not only in Ireland. The Times is coquetting; and the Morning Post. And the London Tories may dish the Whigs. Wherefore the old drum is beating in North East Ulster. By the way, why not repeat and repeat that Ulster is Nationalist and Catholic by fully one half?

That identification of politics and religion makes one think, nowadays. For one hears, in October, at the 'Belfast Church Congress' of the Disestablished Irish Church, a county Cork rector maintaining that Catholics are beginning to care less for Home Rule, and Protestants more. This open-minded cleric from the South scoffed, of course, at the notion that Catholics had a bad time in that most tolerant of countries, Munster. Further, he said that 'we' don't fear Home Rule a bit. We have had experience of the Catholic majority around us; and we have no reason to distrust their sense of justice. This Mr. Flewett—rector of Mallow, he is—had no difficulty in pointing to this and to that public body electing Protestants as chairmen. Everyone can point to Parliamentary constituencies where Nationalist voters—shall we say 99 per cent of them Catholics?—elect Protestant members; even such as the much-respected Captain Doneian in county Cork.

That is what makes Mr. William O'Brien's well-sounding campaign irritating. For it *is* well-sounding, to appeal to All Ireland to bury all hatchets and to smoke in peace. But then out sounds his war-whoop, that the present Parliamentary party are wildly intolerant. Let us receive friendly Protestants, Mr. O'Brien cries. But meanwhile these intolerant 'Molly Maguires,' as he hideously calls the followers of Mr. Redmond, have elected Protestants, and support such Protestant members, and will elect them again. What more does Mr. O'Brien want? They say that when his steam has been let off there has often succeeded an exhausted calm.

And so things are. Mr. Redmond has good cards—ay, there's the rub—and we can trust him to play them, writes Mr. Talbot Crosbie of Ardfert Abbey in Kerry, a Protestant, but a man of the new age, ready to be a devolutionist, willing to be a Home Ruler, accepting things as they are, seeing how they must be.

I have heard a quiet reasonable Protestant clergyman of the south, still young, say lately, that if they had a guarantee that Mr. O'Brien's ideas would be followed, (and no after Home Rule tyrannizing, he meant), then he and his would—what?—well, would be with Mr. O'Brien, this Home Ruler. Even that is a sign of the times; for it means coming to a parleying. It is not unfair to ask such men two things: (1) as we all can see—are not Protestants today elected, here, there and everywhere, if they agree politically or socially with the electors? When rejected, it is not as Protestants, but as Tories, as anti-land reformers, as anti-democratic. (2) must not the majority-rule, as elsewhere, be trusted as elsewhere, or wheedled as elsewhere? Ireland, for good or for bad, is becoming a normal country.

"You're a regular rebel"—said half in jest, now—were recent words at a Protestant clerical meeting, again in the south addressed to another Protestant Home Rule brother. "If it wasn't for the priests, we'd be Home Rulers too." And he notes how impossible such jesting would have been, when he was a young man, a quarter of a century since. And that clergyman's own uncle, a kindly landlord, was shot, at his own gate, in those bad times. Closely connected with a Northern Orange district, which he often visits, he declares his belief that in Gladstone's day Home Rule would have meant some sort of armed resistance. But not now.

And then these priests? This same clergyman I met at table with a priest, a religious: "Well, Mr ——why do your brethren hang back and not throw in their Irish lot with us?" "Father, would you like me to tell you the truth?" "Of course, say on." "They're afraid of the priests."

Well, even to that comes the answer of Mr. Robinson, rector of Avoca in County Wicklow. Read his shilling Home Rule out-and-out brochure, "Facts from Ireland." Think of it, he says, I was working for some poor people, and I asked and got a little from Protestant great laymen. I turned and got £100 from the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin. Think of it, he repeats, a Protestant clergyman gets help, guidance, encouragement, from the Catholic Archbishop. What 'we' should do is to be Irish heart and soul, and to trust our fellow-countrymen, as we have good right to do. What people are more responsive? I do, he says, what I can, to keep the old age pensions for these sensitive Irish folk, often harried by these young officials, who, if they do the people out of pensions, are promoted. And so for the country, overtaxed, according to the declaration of an English commission. And so for Home Rule. What we need, cries this Wicklow parson, is a full measure, a generous one, something which will save us from a new agitation, and let us settle down as modern Irishmen. There is no people less likely in a normal state to support agitation than Ireland, is Mr. T. P. O'Connor's twentieth century Canadian declaration. There is no people so amorous of just dealing, declared an English Justice in Ireland, in the days of James I. That three hundred years period, with all its wild dreams, and bad, has passed. The old aristocracy fled, or flew away indignant. From Dunkirk to Belgrade you may seek them. The place of their forbears will know them no more. A new people has arisen; a nation new is formed around us. Sarsfields' Cork relatives have not his religion, nor his tradition in patriotism. They could not, if they would, now come in among a feudal people. But a Protestant rector, of an old Irish name, gives, this last year, to a Protestant Young Men's Association, such a panegyric on the Wild Geese, and such a harsh view of their ousters, as might make the generous Sarsfield say a word for his foes. After all, fortunes of war were always hard to bear by the conquered. It is true that the Limerick broken Treaty meant something more than usual—two things more: A persecution of a majority, and one prolonged beyond compare.

Catholics caring less for Home Rule, and Protestants more—a suggestion, at least, of a truth; a word to guide those who are watching the coming Ireland.

The present writer is old enough to remember where a young High Church Radical relative sought office under a Munster Protestant bishop. And the answer—still in his possession—"I frankly tell you that as a High Churchman you won't have much chance of preferment; but if you declare yourself a Home Ruler, no one will go to church." A Protestant landlord in those days used to aid the minister with the service, and when he became a Parnellite M. P., the congregation declared their refusal to go, if such scandalous aid were accepted. It was as a Bourbon sin against Louis XIV; with less of an idea, less of a cause. And how like Irish Protestant Tories were, to the Tories among French Catholics. But the Revolution has come.

To be sure, an old man among us, a Protestant bishop, says he has no Home Rule clerics under him. I have spoken with several such. And there is no hidden expression of opinion. Others might not desire the new order; yet even they would accept it. Their descendants could soon be as the descendants of American Tories; as the descendants of those in Canada who fought for the white flag of France. It is the French Canadians who have more than once kept Canada connected with England. If now Canada ever separates it will not be to England's loss, as then. There are Englishmen who will not yet see Ireland, they will not let bygones be bygones. They look at things from an English point of view—less blame to them—and they fear. Nor do Irish politicians always leave them without some cause to fear. Still, fearing, or shrinking, or scowling, those Englishmen have no word to say, if Irishmen really unite. It was Englishmen the other day, with an unheard of earl at their head, who walked out of a White Star saloon, when the Protestant rector aforenamed gave a lecture on Ireland with his 'Facts.' "They vanished, tongue-tied in their guiltiness."

No one will deny that in facts from Ireland, such as have been here glanced at, we have much that would be weighed. The Protestant tolerance of Home Rule to any extent, when the Irish Parliamentary Party is holding the balance of power, makes the Times coquettish. English talk of Home Rule all round makes all men in Ireland see that, as Moliere says, '*nos ancetres monsieur sont nos ancetres et nous sommes les gens de maintenant.*'

W. F. P. STOCKLEY,
University College, Cork.

BE MORE THAN "PARADE" CATHOLICS

It is proper and praise-worthy for Catholics to manifest occasionally the strength of their faith as Christians by great parades and processions. Such gatherings are good in the effect produced upon Catholics themselves and in the object-lesson given to those outside the fold.

But the real strength of a nation lies not in her standing army, but in the welfare of the masses of her people and the moral force behind the men on the firing line. No matter how numerous the army, if it be made up of inefficient units, or if it be not supported by willing workers at home, its strength is merely to the eye. So also we must not allow ourselves to get too proud of our big parades, or to feel that when we have turned out in our thousands we have done everything necessary.

The real strength of the Church is in the moral worth of the individual Catholic, and one good Catholic, whose faith is intense, whose love for God and his neighbor is real, whose performance of his duties as a Christian and a citizen is marked by justice, exactness, zeal and devotion, is worth more to the Church than a whole platoon of men who, after the glow and glory of a parade is over, settle down to a half-hearted, indifferent, nominal Christian life.

The non-Catholic who works beside you in workshop or factory or office will be interested to know that you marched in a Catholic parade, but he will be impressed as well as interested if he finds your Catholic faith making you a better man in your everyday life—a clean-spoken, high-minded man; an upright man in your business dealing; a kindly man to those under you; a man considerate of the poor and the helpless; a man who is honest in politics, and who does conscientiously what his citizenship requires of him. Results such as this on the life and conduct of the individual Catholic are just what non-Catholic Americans are looking for. Every Catholic who works or moves among Protestants is being weighed in the balance by them. He is to them the Church. By his life they are judging the Church. Big parades pass away and are forgotten, but the everyday life of the individual Catholic, his standard of morality, his doings and sayings, have a much more abiding quality, and a much more lasting effect.

Hence it is well for us all to remember that we are not on duty as Catholics merely while parading. Soldiers whose effectiveness consisted only in parading would not last long even in a skirmish. The Catholic man is always on duty. He should take pride enough in his Catholicity to parade when occasion requires, but he should realize that this is a very small part indeed of the service he owes the Catholic Church.—Sacred Heart Review.

C. O. F.

We are pleased to notice that the Catholic Order of Foresters continues to hold a place in the front rank amongst the other Catholic Societies of the Dominion. We do not wonder at this because the organization has always been conducted on strictly business principles and is ever to be found in close touch with the authorities of the Church. Without this a Catholic society must necessarily have a sickly career. The marked progress made by the Catholic Order of Foresters is an evidence of its excellent management. New members are coming in by the score and in every respect there is a bright future ahead. As an evidence of this we may state that at a recent meeting of St. Leo Court, No. 581, thirty-one new members were initiated. This is the largest class ever admitted in a Toronto court. The hall was crowded on the occasion, many of those present being visiting members. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Father Doyle, C. SS. R. and Rev. Father Shonehart, C. SS. R. A choice entertainment of vocal music and other functions brought the very interesting occasion to a close.

Non-Subscribing Catholic

"The apathy of Catholics with reference to the Catholic press is deplorable."

Behold him taste each morsel of the news,—
His poor mind joyous o'er its Barmecide
Confused feast of murder, suicide,—
Tidbits that reek with flavor of the slews,—
Hot-savoured scandal, gossip that will lose
Its sparkle if not speedily imbibed;—
War-rummers sent from markets o'er the tide;—
All phantom-foods digestions cannot use
Are marrow of his meal; he will not call
For bread from harvests of his Fatherland,
Nor taste the vigorous vintages of Truth;—
His palate must be gratified, forsooth;—
While his lean spirit doth regretful stand
The skeleton at his empty festival.

—M. MALLOY, in San Francisco Monitor.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN—THE SUFFRAGETTE

The unseemly exhibitions of vulgarity on the part of five thousand women, calling themselves Suffragettes, witnessed in the neighborhood of the House of Commons, London, recently warn the sex that the degradation of woman always begins and ends with herself. It took centuries for the Catholic Church to raise woman from the frightful abyss into which paganism had plunged her and, after she was rescued, many other centuries were called upon to rehabilitate her and place her on the high level pointed out by the finger of our Lord Jesus Christ, six months before His crucifixion.

If this Suffragette movement expands, if divorces continue to increase, and woman continues to commonize and vulgarize herself, then, so sure as night follows day, she will again become the plaything and the slave of the stronger animal, man. There is, in all history, no nobler type of the pure and refined woman, no finer mould for woman to model herself upon, no grander ideal of true womanhood than that of the Blessed Virgin.

The world, writes Mr. Lecky, in his "History of Rationalism in Europe," is governed by its ideals, and seldom or never has there been one which has exercised a more profound, and, on the whole, a more salutary influence than the mediaeval conception of the Blessed Virgin.

For the first time woman was elevated to her rightful position, and the sanctity of weakness was recognized as well as the sanctity of sorrow.

No longer the slave or the toy of man, no longer associated only with ideas of degradation and of sensuality, woman rose in the person of the Virgin Mother into a new sphere, and became the object of a reverential homage of which antiquity had no conception.

The moral charm and beauty of female excellence was for the first time felt. A new type of character was called into being, a new kind of admiration was fostered. Into a harsh, and ignorant, and benighted age, this ideal type infused a conception of gentleness and of purity unknown to the proudest generations of the past. In the pages of living tenderness which many a priestly writer has left in honor of his celestial patron; in the millions who in many lands and in many ages have sought, with no barren desire, to mould their character into her image; in those holy maidens who for the love of Mary have separated themselves from all the glories and pleasures of the world, to seek in fastings and vigils and humble charity, render themselves worthy of her benediction; in the new sense of honor, in the chivalrous respect, in the softening of manners, in the refinement of taste displayed in all the walks of society, in these and in many other ways we detect the influence of devotion to the Virgin Mother. All that was best in Europe clustered around her and she is the origin of many of the purest elements of our civilization."

When woman stands shoulder to shoulder with crowds of rough men and at the hustings and elbows her way to the ballot box, she is destroying her femininity and is beginning to unsex herself. The corruption of the best is ever the worst. Low as the man may fall, the woman falls lower, and all nature exposes nothing to the pity and melancholy wonder of man more supremely sad and heartrending than a mannish woman who has with determined will unsexed herself.—Intermountain Catholic.

Address by Bishop Fallon

On Friday evening, January 6th, at 8.30 in St. Peter's Parish Hall, His Lordship Bishop Fallon will address the Catholic laymen of the city under the auspices of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association. A cordial invitation is extended to all the men of the Cathedral and St. Mary's Parishes.

A GREAT MEMORY.—Father Wyndham, in the preface to "Archbishop Manning on Purgatory," tells the interesting cause of its publication. "There chanced to be on a visit to London a lady, not a Catholic, who was attracted by the notice of a sermon preached by the Archbishop of Westminster at Lincoln's Inn Fields on November 13th 1870. With no little difficulty she found her way to St. Cecilia's, to listen to a voice which even then, on this first occasion, had for her an irresistable charm. Her acquaintance with the published sermons of Archbishop Manning had prepared her for receiving a deep impression, and she took notes of the sermon in the course of its delivery. On reaching home she wrote it out in full; and twelve years later when she became a Catholic, she ventured to place her manuscript in the hands of his Eminence. It was, he replied, a faithful and correct report of what he had said." Hence she published it.

A UNITARIAN'S TRIBUTE

Here is something out of the ordinary—a magnificent appreciation of our historic church—pronounced by the eloquent Unitarian preacher, James A. Martineau, who died in London, England, twelve years ago. In sublimity of language in felicity of expression, and in the exalted terms of Martineau's admiration of the glorious Church of God, this passage ought to live in history. This tribute is equal to Macaulay's famous paragraph in his brilliant essay on "Von Ranke." When ignorance and bigotry assail the Catholic Church, it is consoling to be able to meet their attacks with ammunition sent to us from the camps of our Protestant aggressors. Here is Martineau's panegyric:

"Long and far was this church the sole vehicle of Christianity, that bore it on over the storms of ages, and sheltered it amid the clash of nations. It evangelized the philosophy of the east, and gave some sobriety to its wild and voluptuous dreams. It received into its bosom the savage conquerors of the north, and nursed them successively out of utter barabrism. It stood by the desert fountain, from which all modern history flows, and drops into the sweetening branch of Christian truth and peace. It presided at the birth of art, and liberally gave its traditions into the young hands of color and design. Traces of its labors and of its versatile power over the human mind are scattered throughout the globe. It has consecrated the memory of the lost cities of Africa, and given to Carthage a Christian, as well as a classic, renown. The mountains of Switzerland have heard its Vespers mingling with the cry of liberty, and its Requiem sung over patriot graves. The convulsions of Asiatic history have failed to overthrow it; on the heights of Lebanon, on the plains of Armenia, in the provinces of China, either in the seclusion of the convent or the stir of population the names of Jesus and Mary still ascend. It is not difficult to understand the enthusiasm which this ancient and picturesque religion kindles in its disciples. To the poor peasant who knows no other dignity it must be a proud thing to feel himself a member of a vast community that spreads from Andes to the Indus; that has bid defiance to the vicissitudes of fifteen centuries and adorned itself with the genius and virtues of them all; that beheld the transition from ancient to modern civilization, and itself forms the connecting link between the Old World in Europe and the new; the missionary of the nations, the associate of history, the patron of art, the vanquisher of the sword."—Intermountain Catholic.

There may be many there in purgatory some who toiled for us, and who suffered privation, fatigue and pain for us; who loved us tenderly, and who, when dying, bequeathed to us of their substance. Perhaps they are now expiating their excessive love for us, their inordinate care for our temporal welfare. And what ingratitude it would be on our part, towards those who have the strongest natural claims on our love, to leave them to suffer, abandoned and forgotten, in purgatory?

Knights of Columbus

An event of very considerable interest to many readers of the RECORD is the announcement that a Council of the Knights of Columbus is being instituted at Pembroke, Ont. The date of institution has been officially announced as Sunday January 15th, and District Deputy J. J. Behan, has issued a general invitation welcoming all the Knights who can do so to be present on that date at the institution of this Council. Pembroke is the Episcopal See of Right Rev. N. Z. Lorrain, Bishop of the diocese of Pembroke, where there is a sturdy and active Catholic population, and a succes ful future is therefore predicted for the new K. of C. Council.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY

The claims of St. Joseph's Academy, on St. Alban street, Toronto, to be one of the leading Roman Catholic Residential and Day School for girls in Ontario, admits of no question. Not only is it the largest of such institutions in the province, but it has as fine a teaching staff as can be found on the continent. The Academy, which is just one block west of Yonge street, is situated in beautiful and spacious grounds and though so close to the centre of the city it has all the advantages of a suburban situation, pure air and fine gardens filled with magnificent trees. The accommodation of the Academy has been greatly increased this year by erection of a large four-storey brick addition to the old building. This contains the auditorium, a number of class rooms and other necessary adjuncts of a big school. This year the attendance is somewhat over three hundred, and with the additional concern it will, no doubt, be much larger next year. The Community of the Sisters of St. Joseph is one of the most noted educational orders of the Roman Catholic Church. It was founded in the year 1650 in Lyons, France, and grew rapidly in strength and influence until it was one of the chief factors in education in Catholic Europe. The order was first established in America in St. Louis, Mo., 1837, and subsequently a branch was located at Philadelphia, Penn. Then in 1851 several of the Sisters of the community came to Toronto, and began their labors in the cause of education and charity in this province, and in 1854 founded the Academy. The course of study comprises every accomplishment that can be desired for the highest culture. So well, indeed, is this recognized that a desirable percentage of the pupils are Protestants. The numbers of St. Joseph's students who have succeeded in obtaining university honors, senior and junior matriculation and senior and junior teachers' certificates in past years testify to the thoroughness and efficiency of the work done in the Academy.—Toronto World.

THE 25th ANNIVERSARY

Napanee Express, Dec. 23.

The 19th of December was an interesting epoch in the life of the Rev. Father O'Connor, the respected pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Napanee. It was the anniversary of his ordination and the completion of a quarter of a century in the priesthood.

The promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart could not let the occasion pass without in some way publicly recognizing it. On last Saturday evening the Reverend Pastor was invited to the rooms of Mrs. A. McNeil, the president of the league, and was presented with an address and a purse of gold.

The address conveyed congratulations and good wishes to the Reverend Father and that this mark of appreciation was alike shared by the whole congregation, was evidenced by the large number who were present at the High Mass of thanksgiving and who offered up Holy Communion and fervent prayers for the welfare of their much beloved pastor. It is now nigh five years since Father O'Connor assumed the duties of pastorship of St. Patrick's church and the reverend gentleman, by his careful and prudent management, by his solicitude for the proper care of everything connected with the church, by his abiding interest in the spiritual welfare of each of his flock, by his wise council and kind sympathy to all in time of need, in a word, by his unremitting attention to the uplifting of his fellow man, and his ardent desire for peace and good will to all, has earned the respect and esteem of all. There certainly will go out to his Reverence on this remarkable and solemn occasion for him, his twenty-fifth anniversary in the priesthood, the hearty felicitation of all and we trust that length of days will be given him for many years to do God's work among us.

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TEACHERS WANTED

CATHOLIC NORMAL TRAINED TEACHER wanted for senior room of S. S No. 6, Ellice and Logan, holding a second class professional certificate. Duties to commence January 3rd. 1911. Apply stating experience references and salary expected to Daniel Crowley, Sec.-Treas., Kinkora, Ont. 1678-tf.

WANTED A MALE SINGLE TEACHER FOR Qu'Appelle Industrial School, Sask. Good salary, permanent situation, splendid location. Address Rev. J. Hugonard, Principal, Qu'Appelle, Sask. 1679-4

WANTED CATHOLIC TEACHER FOR S. S. No. 6, Stoco. Second class. Apply stating salary to Chas. Rush, Sec., Stoco, Ont. 1680-3

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. Separate school, Section No. 6, Raleigh. Normal trained. First or second class. Salary $500 per annum. Duties to commence Jan. 3rd, 1911. Apply stating experience to Matthew Dillon, Box 54, Merlin, Ont 1680-2

TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE school, Whitby, Ont. Duties to begin Jan. 9. 1911. Apply to J. McIntyre, Sec., Whitby, Ont. 1681-1

A QUALIFIED TEACHER, MALE PREFERRED, for Separate school. Section No. 4, Hagarty. Apply to Adam Prince, Trustee, or to Albert Lechowicz, Sec., Wilno, Ont. 1681-2

TEACHER WANTED FOR UNION SCHOOL, Section No 1, Brougham, holding a second class certificate for the year 1911. Apply stating salary expected to John J. Carter, Sec. Treas., Mt. St. Patrick P. O., Ont. 1681-3

WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. No. 2 Osgoode, holding a second class professional certificate. Salary $400. Duties to commence Jan. 3rd 1911. Apply to James O'Leary, Brays Crossing. 1681-3

WANTED A TEACHER HOLDING PROfessional certificate, second class Normal, preferred. State salary and experience. Duties to commence Jan 3rd. 1911. Applications received to 1 Dec. the 20th. Apply to A. H. O'Neil, Sec. Treas. R. C. S. S. No. 9 Kearney, Ont. 1681-2

WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. NO. 1 STANLEY Normal trained teacher. Salary $500. Duties to commence Jan. 9th. 1911. Small attendance. Apply Jos. Gelinas, Sec.-Treas., Drysdale, Ont. 1681-tf

CATHOLIC TEACHER, NORMAL TRAINED wanted for Separate School No. 4 Carrick. Man preferred. Duties to begin Jan. 1911. Salary $475 Testimonials and references required. Address Rev. J. A. Lenhard Sec. R. C. S. S. No. 4 Carrick, Carlsruhe, Ont. 1681—2

WANTED A CATHOLIC FEMALE SCHOOL teacher immediately for the Holy Cross Separate school, Macleod, holding a second class professional certificate to teach in Atherton for 1911. Salary $720 per annum or $60 per month. Applications not later than 9th or 10th Jan., or sooner if possible. John Ryan Sec.-Treas., Macleod, Alta. 1681-2.

TRAINED NURSING

WANTED, YOUNG LADIES FOR ST. MARY'S Training School for Nurses, Pueblo, Colorado. For further particulars, apply to Sister Superior, 46 Park Place, Detroit, Mich. 1669-tf.

CHILDREN FOR ADOPTION

GOOD CATHOLIC HOMES WANTED FOR A number of little boys, ages seven to nine years. Give one of these boys a chance to show what a good companion he can be and also earn his living into the bargain. Apply, William O'Connor, Inspector Children's Branch, Parliament Buildings, Toronto. 1679-4

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Stories and Articles

Mountain Railways—An interesting account, statistical and appreciative of the progress made in the conveyance of passengers and freight up and across mountains where travel on foot would be perilous. Abundantly illustrated.

Neither in These Days—A story of life in a small Pennsylvania township. By Marion Ames Taggart.

In the Convent Parlor—A strong character story with an unexpected ending. By Grace Keon.

Tercentenary of the Visitation Order—Foundation and growth of this wonderful community. Sketches of St. Francis de Sales and St. Jane Frances de Chantal.

Nial Burke's Mistake—An absorbing tale of love upset through misunderstanding. By Magdalen Rock.

Petit-Jean's Christmas Letter—How a little child restored his parents to the Church through simple confidence. By Mary E. Mannix.

The Passion Play of Oberammergau—Copiously illustrated article, showing scenes and characters of the Passion Play as produced in 1910. By Mary F. Nixon-Roulet.

The Saving Clause—An inspiring story of the love of a father for his child. How Tim Regan saved his girl from an unwelcome suitor, who would rob her of faith and happiness. By Mary T. Waggaman.

The New Manager—An interesting sidelight on a bit of Mexican history. By T. Breidenbach.

The Panama Canal—Illustrated study of the world's great waterway. Facts and Figures. By Charles C. Johnson.

Isaias and Tom—A love misplaced but recovered in time. An unusual story. By Jerome Harte.

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