

ricane at Galveston, which has swept into eternity more than 5,000 souls.

Amongst, however, the most awe-inspiring calamities which have happened in Europe in recent times was, perhaps, the terrible landslip at Goldau, in Switzerland, which occurred in 1806. Those who remember seeing the scene of the calamity even sixty years after the event—it is now mostly concealed with vegetation—can form some faint idea of the terrible scene which the catastrophe must have presented.

The first indications of the approaching destruction were vast, deep fissures which suddenly cleft the grassy slope of the mountain. Immediately the adjacent country became strangely agitated; forest trees appeared as if all floating on the billows of a tempest-tossed ocean, while the cornfields surged like the waves of the sea. And then came the crash, as if the very foundations of the earth were rent asunder. Mighty masses of rock are hurled from the towering summits of the great mountain, as if shot out by Titans from some cyclopean engine. The entire mountain-side is now impelled towards the lake beneath, forests, meadows, villages, all precipitated downward in chaotic confusion and crashing over and over each other, in the midst of an uproar which must have been deafening and appalling; until almost the entire population is interred in one common grave, the fallen boulders being the sole monuments to their memory.

And a time will come, of alarmed dismay to some, who are vainly crying to the falling rocks to cover them. For they realize that the great Judgment Day, has come, and that they must now appear before the dread bar. But there are others who welcome the Day with ecstatic joy. For the Judge is their loved Friend, who had suffered and died for them, that they might now live for ever in realms of untold and inconceivable glory.

"THE LITTLE MANITOBA."

The prize story competition for the child's Christmas story book, "The Little Manitoba," was closed on Oct. 20. Out of a very large number of excellent stories sent in, 13 were given prizes, one receives honorable mention and a few others have been selected to add to the collection in the book. The judges were the Rev. Messrs. Gordon and Drummond and Mr. Daniel McIntyre. The prizes were awarded as follows:

\$9—1st prize, "Bruno," Margaret Helen Connell, Winnipeg; 1st prize, "How Santa Claus Came," Bonnie Simpson, Winnipeg; a tie.

\$5—2nd prize, "How Chief Prince Outwitted the Half-Breeds," Wm. E. Grant, Winnipeg; 2nd prize, "A Happy Christmas," Bina Johansson, Bru, Man. A tie.

\$3—3rd prize, "The Micmac's Revenge," Jean Bayne, Winnipeg; 3rd prize, "Little Tim," Kathleen Brownridge, Tamarisk, Man.; 3rd prize, "The Thief," John H. Grant, Souris, Man.; 3rd prize, "The River," Ethel Madeline Hicks, Souris; 3rd prize, "What Chrissy Heard the Lily Say," Mollie McGregor, Souris; 3rd prize, "Lilian's Christmas," Isabella Mackay, Dundee, Man.; 3rd prize, "Hard-Pressed," Fred McLellan, Will Brown, Winnipeg; 3rd prize, "The Mission of the Wheat Plant," Lizzie L. Shannon, Souris; 3rd prize, "Betty," Winnie Smith, Winnipeg.

Hon. Mention—"Lost and Found," Katie Oatway, Lilyfield, Man.

The book is for the benefit of the Children's Shelter, Winnipeg.—*Manitoba Free Press.*

THE REVOLT OF MARY HENNESSY.

(Continued from last week.)

Mrs. Bolton sighed as she laid down the book. "Good gracious!" she exclaimed to herself, as she went down the stairs, "I must have neither heart in me nor God before my eyes or I surely wouldn't have been so squelched this afternoon when I had to confess my ignorance of Sheldon and his books." Going into her own room wearily, she threw herself on a couch and read until Mary knocked at the door to ask if Mr. Bolton would be home for dinner.

"No, Mary," she answered, "I forgot to tell you. His brother is still ill, and he will remain in Philadelphia a day or two longer. And Mary," she called, as Mary was going away, "I'm charmed with this book. Don't you think it is most interesting?"

"Why, it's really amusing," answered Mary, turning back.

"Oh, you don't mean that," said Mrs. Bolton, surprised. "So far I have found it original and sad, very sad, but perhaps," she added, as Mary stood smiling in the doorway, "perhaps it ends differently; I'll read it, anyway, before I judge it further."

"Mary," she asked the next afternoon, as she stood buttoning her gloves and ready to go out, "how in the world can you call 'In His Steps' amusing? To me it seems like the first sound of a trumpet awakening the world from its long sleep of selfishness and indifference. You know, Mary," she went on, "I have never discussed religion with you nor ever objected to your obeying your creed in all things, but your calling this book amusing, with your intelligence, inclines me to the general belief that Catholics in following their worship of the saints and other superstitions really lose sight of the real Christ, the Saviour of the world."

"Indeed," Mary replied, quietly, "and is that the general belief, ma'am?"

"It is, Mary," said her mistress, gently. The intent look on Mary's face made her think that her words were making an impression, and she went on, pityingly, "and really, Mary, there is scarcely a meeting of cultured, representative women at which this question does not come up for discussion. 'You see,' she continued, not noticing the two bright spots on Mary's cheeks, "we have quite decided that nothing can be done toward reforming the world until this gigantic barrier of ignorance and superstition is removed." Mrs. Bolton was warming to her subject and enjoying her own eloquence, but marking the pained look in Mary's face she said kindly, "Oh, Mary, I hope I have not offended you! Really, I always forget that you are such a devout Catholic."

"Mrs. Bolton," said Mary, sternly, "may I ask you if you have always felt like this?"

"Well, not exactly," she the reply. "Of course, I always pitied their foolishness and idolatry, but it is only since I have taken an active part in affairs that I have learned how they are opposed in every way to the progress of the world."

"And do all your reform women feel like that?"

"Oh, yes, Mary," replied Mrs. Bolton, quickly, "and most of them much more strongly than I." "And do they have Catholic servants?" asked Mary again.

"In most cases they do, because they are generally honest and pure in their morals and altogether dependable."

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"And so the reform women leave their Catholic servants in charge of their homes while they are wearing themselves out howling against the Church that has made these girls what they are?" remarked Mary, dryly.

Mrs. Bolton tried to explain, but Mary went on: "You were shocked yesterday when I said I thought Mr. Sheldon's book amusing. Good heavens! hasn't the Catholic Church taught its children to follow in Christ's steps from time immemorial? You say Catholic girls are pure and honest—was not Christ so? You know they are poor and lowly—was not Christ so? How many thousands of our noblest men and women have given up all that life held dear to go into banishment and poverty, to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, and yet you talk of Sheldon's book as if walking in the footsteps of Christ were an idea of his invention! Oh, ma'am," she went on, with quivering voice, "it's a pity that the hat-clad women who shout for reform and emancipation can't see that it is the cry of their conscience that makes them restless. Childless and heartless through their own selfish sins, they begrudge to others the baby prattle and tender lullabies their own ears have been deafened to!"

"Mary!" almost shouted Mrs. Bolton, "how dare you?"

"I dare, ma'am," answered Mary, quietly, "because you dare to speak slightly of my faith, and because until you take back the words you have said not another night will I spend under your roof, although," and there were tears in her voice, "I've spent some of the happiest days of my life."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Bolton, sharply, as she opened the door to go out. "Nonsense!" You will have regretted your foolish words when I return," and slamming the door behind her, she hurried off to attend a very important meeting relative to closing the Catholic Indian schools.

Mary finished her work, and hurrying to her room burst into tears. "Isn't it too bad," she sobbed, "to have to go with hard feelings after all these years? She has always been so kind, too, and maybe I said too much, but, good heavens! how could I stand it? Oh, the hypocrisy of them, smiling and saying pleasant things to us while we suit them and having the bitterness always in their hearts!" But as she thought of all the happy hours she had spent in her cozy room would obtrude itself with fresh force. "Never," she murmured, "has an unkind word passed her lips to me until to-day. These clubs are killing her, poor thing!" and Mary's tears broke out anew. "I hate to leave her, she needs care so badly—but after all, it will do her good to have to stay home for a while," and she drew her trunk out of the closet and hastily began her packing. "I must be gone before she gets back," she thought, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, "or I might say something I'd be sorry for. I know I would if she mentioned my faith again."

(To be Concluded.)

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Canadian Northern Railway
Time Table, October 14, 1900.

STATIONS AND DAYS.	Leave Going S	Leave Going W	Arrive
Winnipeg to Gladstone, Makinak, Dauphin, etc., Tues, Thur, and Sat.		7 30	17 45
Dauphin, Makinak, Gladstone, etc., to Winnipeg, Mon, Wed, and Fri.	11 40		22 30
Winnipeg to Winnipegosis, Tuesday, and Winnipegosis to Winnipeg Wednesday.		7 30	21 15
Winnipegosis to Winnipeg Wednesday.	7 15		22 30
Dauphin to Winnipegosis and return, Fridays.	17 00	14 00	
Dauphin to Swan River and Track End, Wed, and Sat.		8 20	19 40
Track End and Swan River to Dauphin, Mon. & Thur.	7 00		18 20
Dauphin to Gilbert Plains, Tuesday.		12 30	14 15
Friday.		7 00	8 45
Gilbert Plains to Dauphin Tuesday.	15 15		17 00
Friday.	9 30		14 15
Winnipeg to Warroad and Int. Stns., Mon. and Thur.		8 20	15 50
Warroad to Winnipeg and Int. Stns., Tues. and Fri.		9 K	16 40
Winnipeg to Bedford and Int. Stns., Mon., Wed, Thur and Sat.		8 20	12 06
Bedford to Winnipeg and Int. Stns., Tues., Wed., Fri. and Sat.		12 40	16 40

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C. M. B. A.

Grand Deputy for Manitoba.
Rev. A. A. Cherrier, Winnipeg, Man.
Agent of the C. M. B. A.
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Local Passenger rates in Manitoba, 3 cents per mile; 1,000 Mile Ticket Books at 2 1/2 cents per mile, on sale by all agents.
April 29th the new Transcontinental train "North Coast Limited" was inaugurated, making two daily trains east and west.
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TIME TABLE.

BETWEEN	WINNIPEG.
	DEPART ARRIVE
Morris, Emerson, Grand Forks, Fargo, St. Paul, Chicago and all points south, east and west daily.	1 45 pm 1 30 pm
Morris, Brandon, and intermediate points, Mon., Wed., Fri.	10 45 am
Morris, Brandon and intermediate points, Tues., Thurs., Sat.	4 30 pm
Portage la Prairie, Mon., Wed., Fri.	4 30 pm 11 50 pm
Portage la Prairie, Tues., Thurs., Sat.	10 35 am