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All trimmings are of silk, and they are the best shoes to wear on this earth. All the words in the English language could not tell the facts plainer than that.

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The New Method Treatment cures these diseases safely and surely. No pain—no suffering—no detention from business. Don't risk operation and ruin your sexual organs. The stricture tissue is absorbed and can never return. Drs. K. & K. guarantee Cures.

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Don't neglect your kidneys. Your aching back tells the tale. Don't let Doctors experiment on you. Drs. K. & K. can cure you if you are not beyond human aid. They guarantee to Cure or No Pay.

CURES GUARANTEED. NO CURE NO PAY. Consultation Free. Books sent Free, (sealed). Write for Question Blank for Home Treatment. Everything Confidential.

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FOR THE REAL MERITS OF WAR.

BOER TYRANNY AND INTOLERANCE, SHE SAYS, RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THE BLOODSHED.

The following letter from South Africa, written by Sister Mary Regina Murphy, O. S. D., to the New York Times is very interesting:

At this time, when the eyes of all nations are turned on South Africa and the minds of all thinking men even outside the political arena are occupied with this war, a letter from the fair "garden colony" of Natal may not be unwelcome to your readers.

Of the course of war I need not speak, nor of the heroism and indomitable courage of our soldiers who fight at a tremendous disadvantage because of the all but impregnable positions of the enemy. Of these things I need not speak, as the cable has given and will daily give you the information. Yet there are many facts not generally known, innumerable pathetic incidents, and those heroic sacrifices, loyalty and endurance which never come under the notice of the "war correspondent," much that cannot be realized except by a dweller in the land crimsoned with the blood of war's victims. And many, too, are the instances of God's wonderful mercy to souls dying on the battlefield—souls long forgotten of God, though faithful to man, and to whose wounded hearts faith spoke in a voice louder and stronger than the cannon's roar, and so saved from all eternity.

Of the war itself it is inexplicable that so many strange and unjust opinions should be entertained, even by the enlightened and liberal minded. It is a patent fact to all close observers and easily ascertained by any one who impartially investigates the matter, that this war is the natural, inevitable outcome of

BOER DESPOTISM, intolerance, and injustice, and that England's cause is just and her action a purely defensive one. Perhaps never before has England had so much justice and clemency on her side, and in the cause of justice the truth should be made known. A glance at South African history of the last decade of the century will reveal the respective attitudes of the Imperial and Transvaal Governments—the one dominant, yet patient under unredressed grievances, the other an oligarchy, fostered by capitalists, foreign adventurers, harshly intolerant to British subjects, plainly antagonistic to the Boers, and steadily preparing for this war, which it contemplated, and at last forced by invasion. Outside this land the Boers are regarded as a peaceful, God-fearing people, hard working, industrious and careless of power, while they are in reality indolent, fanatical, and persistently intolerant of all creeds outside their own, especially the Catholic religion, which they abhor, and their desire to rule is but too clearly evidenced by the deadly preparations they have long been secretly making to acquire by force of arms supreme dominion over the whole of South Africa. Had England been suspicious and on the alert she could have nipped those projects in the bud, but she even let so judiciously flung down by the Transvaal oligarchy she could have saved not alone herself, but the guilty plotting. But the Boers, from much misery and bloodshed, but England was too late, temporized too long in vain hope of a peaceful settlement, and so gave the wily enemy the chance of securing the best positions, which, united to their guerrilla-like warfare, gave them incredible advantages over our soldiers. Hence the long struggle, the thousands of lives lost, the streams of blood that crimsoned our sands, our hills, and plains, the bereaved and broken hearts that here and across the oceans weep over loved ones slain. But the heads of the Boers lie the terriblest of all this slaughter, this misery and untold woe. The empire but too evidently shrank from war. Her simple demand was, "Equal rights to all whites south of the Zambesi," but rather than grant this justice the Boer oligarchy, in its insatiable thirst for conquest and despotic power, and regardless of bloodshed and the interest of humanity.

FORCED THIS WAR, which has shrouded in gloom the close of the last century and the dawn of the new. That there are hundreds of Boers who desired not war and had no part in the making of it is certainly the case, and for this minority I have sympathy true and tender as for our own people, nor can my heart refuse sympathy to any suffering one in the enemy's ranks, even though they have caused our sorrows as well as their own; and widespread, manifold, and all-embracing are these sorrows. Yet we hope that much good will come out of this great evil and that progress, moral and mental, will enlighten and elevate the Boer masses, the lower classes of which are, in

A NUN'S TRUE STORY

Of the Real Merits of War.

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their domestic life, mere animals. In the British colonies here perfect freedom and equal rights are granted to all creeds, who live in harmony together; but in the Transvaal the Catholic religion is especially hated. Catholics are ranked as Jews, shut out from all official positions, and but for the interference of the Imperial Government would be rendered liable to be sent out of the country at a day's notice and without even the grace of a trial. Of the injustice to Catholics we have had personal experience.

As you know, we are Dominican nuns, refugees from the evacuated border towns of Newcastle and Dundee, now in possession of the Boers. When our Prior, the Rev. Mother Rose, who was Superior of a convent in the Transvaal, went to President Kruger, on his withdrawal of the school grant, when she learned of the teacher, a highly educated Hollander, was a Catholic, and begged of him to reconsider his decision, he flatly refused, saying "that such was the law of his country and he would abide by it." I may add Dr. Leyds was present at the interview. Contrast these facts with the erroneous opinions generally entertained of the Boers and their government. And if further confirmation is needed in testimony of the Boers' hatred of all things Catholic, it is forthcoming in their shameless desecration of our chapel in Newcastle, an act so horribly profane that it stands a shaming to Christianity and mankind. Yet let us hope for the sake of both that they did not know what they did. What our fate would be under Boer rule, it is not pleasant to speculate.

Do you wonder we honor the brave men from all parts of the empire who bravely fight in our defense and fall in repelling the vandal hordes of the invader. And it is cheering to see the heroism with which our wounded soldiers bear their sufferings and strive to laugh them away, and here conspicuously shines forth the joyous spirit of the

THE SONS OF ERIN. I have the privilege of visiting the camp hospital, and it is touching to see the eager gladness with which the soldiers—English, Irish, Scotch and Colonial—greet the presence of a nun, and the confidence with which they speak to her of themselves, their homes, and friends. What would not hundreds of mothers give to take my place for one short hour, to sit by the bedside of their wounded sons? Well, I appreciate my privilege, and do my best to make up in some measure for the absence of far-off loved ones. And the eagerness of the Catholic soldiers to receive a priest, especially a nun, is a medal of the Blessed Virgin. It is indeed consoling to see the faith of our soldiers, who, thank God, with very few exceptions, prepare for battle by approaching the sacraments. And their faith is equalled by their faith in the "Sisters," as all nuns are called here, and the confidence they show in our sympathy. One day a soldier asked me the way to the hospital; he then explained that he had several wounds in his arms, not received in honorable warfare, but at the hands of a Kaffir in a quarrel the previous night, happily adding "where he had tried to drink tea."

And so, of course, he could not discover his wound in military quarters. And they come to me (I pass by on streets, for a scolding, a medal, or an Agnus Dei sometimes even those of my creed want something to remind them of God, glad even of a leaflet verse that may help to elevate the heart. But as for our hurried flight we brought the priest to the camp, and he gave us everything, except the necessary rosary, in order to give them to the soldiers, one little girl bringing as her contribution a comic picture. They took to the camp in order to make the poor wounded fellows laugh, and one—no mean artist himself—kept it to send to his little sister in the Emerald Isle.

A visit to the camp hospital reveals even to a casual observer, much that is true and tender in human nature—many of the finest qualities in the human breast, as well as much of the horror of war. But soon—very soon, I hope—this dread evil shall disappear from the land. Already thousands of brave men are slaughtered and loving hearts broken and happy homes darkened. And who can number the thousands of homeless refugees, that at short notice had to fly from the Transvaal, and the north of Natal, leaving their all behind? In this city alone there are 8,000. We, in this five-roomed cottage, number fifty-nine—twenty-nine Sisters and thirty children—and in our flight we brought but a few necessary articles for each, having left all behind in convents, schools and chapels, and now nothing remains to us—goods looted, all that was sacred and could not be utilized destroyed and chapel desecrated. Our buildings in Newcastle are used for a magazine, so there is small hope of their being left intact. We have indeed had our share of the "fortunes of war," which have robbed us of all, destroyed every source of income, and made us homeless wanderers, dependent on the government for our daily bread. Yet we must not complain, as suffering and sorrow, privation and hardship are the lot of all in this war-torn land. And far away, too, the war has caused woe and before its termination, not a little, I fear, to Columbia's soil, as doubtless not a few of Canada's brave sons will fall in the defence of right and empire. Their names will live on glory's page, but shall I such will be but a poor share for the wounded hearts of bereaved loved ones.

Such considerations and painful facts minimize our misfortunes and cause us to forget personal trials. Our wants are few and simple, and easily supplied, and we trust to the providence of God, and the charity of our countrymen across the seas to help us in our extremity and to enable us to begin again and establish on a fitting basis the important work of education.

Hoping that the blessings of peace will soon brighten and gladden our woe-shrouded land, and begging for

DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION

The Surest, Safest, Best



REMEDY FOR Women and Girls.

It cures the Aches, Pains, Drains, Displacements and Irregularities that beset the pathway of the girl, the wife, the mother, and the grandmother.

A strictly temperance medicine; there is no alcohol, morphine or other narcotic in it.

This letter is a corner in your valuable paper, believe me, dear Sir, very truly yours in Jesus Christ, SISTER MARY REGINALD MURPHY, O. S. D., Late of Cork, Ireland, 123 Pieter Maritz St., Maritzburg, Natal, South Africa, Jan. 19, 1900.

THE CITY OF TELL

A Co-operative Town in Indiana That Has Succeeded.

Don't say that co-operation or a co-operative town always fails.

Out in Indiana is a city of 3,000 inhabitants that is called the most successful social colony in America. It is called Tell City because its people are Swiss, and it has weathered the storms for forty-four years. It has a larger percentage of home-owners than any other town in the State.

The colony was organized by Swiss residents of Cincinnati. They sent out workmen by groups of ten or more, who elected their own overseers by ballot and at first divided their earnings, but afterward fixed their wages annually by vote and established reserve funds.

Almost all the Swiss colonists were carvers and woodworkers. The old factory, which they built in 1856 with the money advanced by the colonization society, is still standing, but it has been increased by additions until it is the biggest chair factory in the State.

The second co-operative plant was a furniture factory. Others followed from time to time, until there are now twenty-six of various ages and sizes, employing 541 workmen. Last year they combined wages and dividends were \$663,000. Besides paying themselves wages ten and twenty per cent, they are part owners of their own respective plants, and as such receive dividends. They still elect their foremen. The men work steadily and avoid waste; they profit by so doing.

When a young man wishes to marry he can borrow from his group money to build a home and pay from his wages in easy instalments. The homes are all owned by their occupants. Travelers say that Tell City is one of the prettiest towns in the country, every house having a beautiful garden, and the people of the place are all well and neatly dressed. The town has electric lights, fine schools and three social clubs.

Ask little, get more. God cares more for obedience than for talents.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

SICK HEADACHE Positively cured by these Little Pills.

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Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution the fraud of the day. See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.

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W. H. L. Lodge No. 1, G. R. C. A. F. & A. M. meets on the first Monday of every month in Masonic Hall, Fifth street, at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren heartily welcomed. J. S. TURNER, W. M. ALEX. GREGORY, Sec.

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Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Marshall, having been appointed organist and choir master of St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, will receive pupils in singing, voice development, piano and organ. Classes in sight singing and church psalmody, on and after Sept. 4th. Residence, Park street, directly opposite Dr. Battisby's residence.

T. DUMONT—Piano Tuner and Repairer. References given by owners of the best pianos in the city. All enquiries will be promptly answered. Address, 464 P. O. St. Thomas, P. O. 521, Chatham. 18-19

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KRAUSE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC Winter Term

BRAN FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10TH

HARMONY CLASSES. Meet in Studio No. 2, on Monday at 8 p.m. SENIOR THEORY CLASSES. On Thursday at 8:30 p.m. JUNIOR THEORY CLASSES. On Thursday at 5 p.m. FREE to Conservatory Students

R. VICTOR CARTER. Musical Director

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