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Christian Science and The Book of Mrs. Eddy.

Mark Train in The Cosmopolitan

"It is the first time since the dawn of Creation that a Voice has gone crashing through space with such placid and complacent confidence and command."

"This last summer, when I was on my way back to Vienna from the Appetite Cure mountains, I fell over a cliff in the twilight and broke some arms and legs and one thing or another, and by good luck was found by some peasants who had lost an ass and they carried me to the nearest habitation, which was one of those large, low, thatched-roofed farm houses, with apartments for the farmer for the family, and a cunning little porch under the deep gable decorated with boxes of bright-colored flowers and cats, on the ground floor a large and light sitting room, separated from the main eating apartment by a partition and in the front yard rose stately and fine the wealth and peace of the house, the manure pile. That sentence is Germanic, and shows that I am acquiring that sort of mastery of the art and spirit of the language which enables me to do anything all day in one sentence without changing cars."

"There was a village a mile away, and a horse doctor lived there, but there was no surgeon. It seemed a bad outlook, mine was distinctly a surgical case. I was remembered that a lady from Boston was summering in this village, and she was a Christian science doctor and could cure anything so she was sent for. It was night by this time, and she could not conveniently come, but sent word that it was no matter, there was no hurry, she would give me the 'absent treatment' now and come in the morning, meantime she begged me to make myself tranquil and comfortable and remember that there was nothing the matter with me. I thought there must be some mistake."

"Did you tell her I walked off a cliff seventy-five feet high?" "Yes."

"And struck a boulder at the bottom and bounced?" "Yes."

"And struck another one and bounced again?" "Yes."

"And struck another one and bounced yet again?" "Yes."

"And broke the boulders?" "Yes."

"That accounts for it; she is thinking of the boulders. Why didn't you tell her I got hurt too?" "I did. I told her that you told me to tell her; but you were now but an incoherent series of compound fractures extending from your scalp to your heels, and that the comminuted projectile was caused you to look like a hat-rack."

"And it was after this that she wished me to remember that there was nothing the matter with me?" "Those were her words."

"I do not understand it. I believe she has not diagnosed the case with sufficient care. Did she look like a person who was theorizing, or did she look like one who had fallen off precipices herself and brings to the aid of abstract science the confirmations of personal experience?" "Blithe."

"It was too large a contract for the Stubbenmarchon's vocabulary; she could not call the hand. I allowed the subject to rest there, and asked for something to eat and smoke, and something hot to drink, and a basket to fill my legs in, and another capable person to come, and help me curio the time away; but I could not have any of those things."

"Why?" "She said you would need nothing at all."

therefore, to speak of a non-existent thing as existing is a contradiction. Matter has no existence, nothing exists but mind; the mind cannot exist, it can only imagine it."

"But if it hurts, just the same..." "It doesn't. A thing which is untrue cannot exercise the functions of reality. Pain is untrue, hence pain cannot hurt."

"In making a sweeping gesture to indicate the act of showing the illusion of pain out of the mind, she raked her hand on a pin in her dress, said 'Ouch!' and went tranquilly on with her talk. You should never allow yourself to speak of how you feel, nor permit others to ask you how you are feeling, you should never concede that you are ill, nor permit others to talk about disease or pain or death or similar non-mind opinions in your presence. Such talk only encourages the mind to continue the empty imaginings." Just at that point the stubbenmarchon trot on the cat's tail, and the cat let fly a frenzy of cat profanity. I asked, with caution:

"Is a cat's opinion about pain vain also?" "A cat has no opinion, opinions proceed from the mind only, the lower animals, being eternally perishable, have not been granted mind without mind opinion in your presence. Such talk only encourages the mind to continue the empty imaginings." Just at that point the stubbenmarchon trot on the cat's tail, and the cat let fly a frenzy of cat profanity. I asked, with caution:

"She cannot imagine a pain, for imagination is an effect of mind, without mind, there is no imagination. A cat has no imagination."

"Then she had a real pain?" "I have already told you there is no such thing as real pain."

"It is strange and interesting. I wonder what was the matter with the cat. Because, there being no such thing as a real pain, and she not being able to imagine an imaginary one, it would seem that God in His pity has compensated the cat with some kind of a mysterious emotion usable when her tail is trodden on, which for a moment joins her and Christ in one common brotherhood of..."

"She broke in with an irritated—'Peace! The cat feels nothing, the Christian feels nothing. Your empty and foolish imaginings are profanation and blasphemy and can do you no injury. It is wiser and better and holier to recognize and confess that there is no such thing as disease or pain or death.'"

"I am full of imaginary tortures." "I said, but I do not think I could be any more uncomfortable if they were real ones. What must I do to get rid of them?"

"There is no occasion to get rid of them, since they do not exist. They are illusions propagated by matter, and matter has no existence; there is no such thing as matter."

"It sounds right and clear, but yet it seems in a degree elusive; it seems to slip through just when you think you are getting a grip on it."

"Well, for instance: if there is no such thing as matter, how can matter propagate things?" "In her compassion she almost smiled. She would have smiled if there were any such thing as a smile."

"It is quite simple," she said, "the fundamental principles of Christian Science explain it, and they are summarized in the four following self-evident propositions: 1. God is All in All. 2. God is Good. Good is Mind. 3. God, Spirit being all, negates all matter. 4. Life, God, omnipotent, Good, deny death, ill, sin, disease. There—now you see."

"It seemed nebulous; it did not seem to say anything about the difficulty in hand—how non-existent matter can propagate illusions. I said, with some hesitancy:

"Does—does it explain?" "Doesn't it? Even if I read backward it will do it."

"With a budding hope, I asked her to do it backward. "Very well, disease, sin, evil death, deny Good omnipotent God life matter. Is nothing all being Spirit God Mind is Good God is God all in all is God. There—do you understand now?"

"It is—well, it is plainer than it was before." "Well?" "Could you try it some more ways?" "As many as you like; it always means the same. Interchanged in any way you please it cannot be made to mean anything different from what it means when put in any other way. Because it is perfect. You can jumble it all up, and it makes no difference; it always comes out the way it was before. It was a marvelous mind that produced it. As a mental tour de force it is without a mate, it defies all the simplest, the concrete and the occult."

"It seems to be a corker." "I blushed for the word, but it was out before I could stop it."

tion, compassion, hope, faith, meekness, temperance. Is it clear?" "Crystal."

Third Degree—spiritual salvation. 1. spiritual—Faith, wisdom, power, purity, understanding, health, love. You see how searching, and co-ordinately interdependent and anthropomorphic it all is. In the Third Degree, as we know by the revelations of Christian Science, moral mind disappears."

"Not earlier?" "No, not until the teaching and preparation for the Third Degree are completed."

"It is not until then that one is enabled to take hold of Christian Science effectively and with the right sense of sympathy and kinship, as I understand you. That is to say, it could not succeed during the processes of the second Degree, because there would still be remains of mind left, and therefore—but I interrupted you. You were about to further explain the good results proceeding from the erosions and disintegrations effected by the Third Degree. It is very interesting, go on please."

"Yes, as I was saying, in the Third Degree mortal mind disappears. Science so reverses the evidence before the corporeal human senses as to make this scriptural testimony true in our minds, that the last shall be first and the first shall be last, that God and His idea may be to us—what divinity really is and must of necessity be—all-inclusive."

"It is beautiful. And with what exactness your choice and arrangement of words confirms and establishes what you have claimed for the powers and functions of the Third Degree. The Second could probably produce only temporary 'absence of mind' if it were at all tried to make it permanent. A sentence framed under the auspices of the Second could have a kind of meaning—a sort of despicable semblance of it—whereas it is only under the magic of the Third that that defect would disappear. Also, without doubt, it is the Third Degree that contributes another remarkable specialty to Christian Science: viz., ease and flow and lucidness of words, and rhythm and swing and smoothness. There must be a special reason for this."

"Yes—God will, all-God, good God, non-matter, matteration, spirit, bones, Truth."

"That explains it." "There is nothing in Christian Science that is not explained by God in one. This is one, individual; is one, and may be one of a series, one of many, as an individual man, individual horse; whereas God is one, not one of a series, but one alone and without an equal."

"These are noble thoughts. They make one burn to know more. How does Christian Science explain the spiritual relation of systematic duality to incidental deflection?"

"Christian Science reverses the seeming relation of soul and body—as astronomy reverses the human perception of the movement of the solar system—and makes body tributary to the Mind. As it is the earth which is in motion, so it is the soul which is in motion. In viewing the sun rise one finds it impossible to believe the sun not to be really rising, so the body is but the humble servant of the restful mind, though it seems otherwise to finite sense. But what else may be understood? It is not until one understands the body, or mind in matter, and that mind is included in non-intelligence. Soul is God, unchangeable and eternal; and man co-existent with all reflects Soul, for the All-in-all is the All-ether, and that is not explicable by the All-one. Soul-Mind, Mind-Soul, Love, Spirit, Bones, Liver, one of a series, alone and without an equal."

"It is very curious the effect which Christian Science has upon the verbal language. Particularly the Third Degree; it makes one think of a dictionary with the cholera. But I only thought this; I did not say it."

"What is the origin of Christian Science? Is it a gift of God, or did it just happen?" "In a sense, it is a gift of God. That is to say, its powers are from Him, but the credit of the discovery of the powers and what they are for, is due to an American lady."

"Indeed? How did this occur?" "In 1820, that is the luminous date when pain and disease and death disappeared from the earth to return no more forever. That is, the faculties for which those terms stand, disappeared. The things themselves had never existed; therefore no soon as it was perceived that there were no such things, they were easily banished. This history and nature of the great discovery are set down in the book here, and—"

"Did the lady write the book?" "Yes, she wrote it all, herself. The title is, 'Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures'—for she explains the scriptures; they were not understood before. Not even by the twelve Disciples. She begins thus—I will read it to you."

"But she had forgotten to bring her glasses."

"Well, it is no matter," she said, "I remember the words—indeed, all Christian Scientists know the book by heart; it is necessary in our practice. We should otherwise make mistakes and do harm. She begins thus: 'In the year 1800 I discovered the Science of Metaphysical Healing, and named it Christian Science.' And she says quite beautifully, 'I then called it 'Through Christian Science, religion and medicine are inspired with a diviner nature and essence, fresh plumes are given to faith and understanding, and thoughts acquaint themselves intelligently with God.' Her next words:

"Concluded in next issue."

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criticizing our London contemporary in any way whatever.

The Windsor school arrangement is but a later and more important adoption of a working plan started in Sandwich before our Ontario Separate School system had come into operation. At the beginning Windsor was only a ferrying point. In Sandwich the people were then nearly all Catholics, at J. of course, they desired to have Catholic education for their children. Protestant parents sent their children for a while, but when there were enough of the latter to start a second school it was the Catholics who suggested a Protestant section of the Board for the management and control of the school which the Protestant children would attend. So that if the plan is to be considered in our day as remarkable for a spirit of liberality, it is the Catholics who are to be given credit. We believe we are quite accurate in saying that all the original property owners of Windsor were Catholics. But the place had a future before it, and when the Protestant settlers grew in number they were facilitated, exactly as in the Sandwich case, in the erection of a school to suit their religious opinions. If anyone should think that there was a spirit of religious liberality displayed in the arrangement, he is, of course, entitled to hold such a view. But certainly the liberality was Catholic, not Protestant. The state of affairs presented at the present moment is that the Protestant residents outnumber the Catholics by three to one, and the school trustees, who are eighteen in all, count, we think, thirteen Protestants and five Catholics. Taking this comparison into account, and remembering what happened to the Catholics of Manitoba as soon as they were out-numbered, we should perhaps concede to the Protestant people of Windsor a tolerant and liberal spirit. This we are quite sure they possess. But it is one thing for their Catholic neighbors to have confidence in their friendship and liberality, and another matter altogether to herald and exalt the peculiar conditions under which two of the schools in Windsor are conducted as Catholic schools. A brief examination of the facts will establish conclusively that the Catholics of Windsor are in no sense to be envied for the ground they stand on.

When Bishop McEvay made his pastoral visitation to Windsor he was not ignorant of the existing arrangement with regard to the schools, or the history thereof. Therefore, when the address with which he was presented undertook to sing the praises of the present school "system," the Bishop expressed his surprise. It is not known, of course, whether or not His Lordship would have made any reference to the schools if the address committee had left to him the alternative of silence. But, for some reason best known to themselves, they obliged him to speak his mind, and as a Bishop and a man having intimate knowledge of the law and the facts, he replied to them. What nonsense, therefore, for one of the local Catholics to allude in a newspaper interview to His Lordship's address as "a bomb thrown in our midst." If there was any "bomb-throwing" it was done by the address committee; but their bomb was a mere fire-cracker that might please children with its noise, but certainly not Bishop McEvay, or any one of his experience and knowledge. Bishop McEvay was quick to inform the committee, and all in whose behalf they undertook to speak, that "the school 'system' is at the mercy of anyone who may see fit to assail it." Its existence is a contradiction of the school law of the province, and when the Bishop put his finger upon its weakness the reasonableness of his words could not be questioned, either in point of fact or law. The London Record pushes the Bishop's reference further than he himself carried it. This is what it says: "If there were any certainty or security that the present state of things would be continued permanently, we feel certain that His Lordship would have made no objection to its continuance; for it secures what the Catholics of Ontario have so earnestly contended for—the Catholic education of the rising generation. But this is precisely the point in the Windsor school system which makes it fall short of what is to be desired. Notwithstanding that it has been in existence, and has worked very satisfactorily so far, it is not the element of permanency, and it is well known by all that it may be overturned at a moment's notice by any ratepayer who may at any time be actuated by the feeling of hostility to Catholics to disturb the existing conditions. The majority of the people of Windsor may still be tolerant and friendly, and disposed to continue the amicable and just management of the schools as they are now conducted; but there is no community in which maliciously disposed people do not crop up from time to time; and this is the danger which is constantly impending, like the sword of Damocles, over the Catholics of Windsor. It is not requisite that there should be any large number of the citizens desirous to upset the present arrangement, for a few may do it, or even one ratepayer who may undertake the matter resolutely, because the existing arrangement is not in accordance with the law of the Province. Surely, as our reverend Bishop remarked, the interests of one thousand school children should not be left in so precarious and unsettled a position."

Many Catholics will be inclined to think that the very fact of the Windsor "system" being held up to Bishop McEvay's admiration, and to the rest of the province as a thing for all Catholics to model themselves upon, would be a reminder not to put off providing for the future. But however this may be the Bishop is not the man to trust the future however pleasant; nor will he be asking the Protestant people of Windsor to do more than the Catholics in the past were ready to do, and did do, if he hopes for a friendly settlement that will put the equity of the Catholic school supporters upon a legal and permanent basis. The Protestant people of Windsor have all along been acting with justice; and it would be a pity if their past conduct to help now in perfecting the self-same measure of justice which their Catholic fellow-citizens have enjoyed without legal objection since they became the minority of the local rate-payers. But, since the question has arisen and must be settled once for all, and since it is admittedly open to some crank to step in and obstruct the apparent willingness of the Protestant rate-payers to do in turn as justly as themselves have been done by, Bishop McEvay is prepared to start a new Catholic Separate school according to the provisions of the school law. Bishop McEvay's predecessor in the diocese started in the district more than one separate school in agreement with the statute, so that there will be nothing at all resembling aggression in introducing into Windsor the regular and proper order of things prevailing all around. And let the Globe be calm in its knightly soul. There will be no need to call upon the State artillery to save Catholics from "clerical oppression." Whoever trespasses upon the civil rights of any Catholic citizen of Canada will, we are quite sure, hear of an appeal to the law of the land as quickly as if the injured person were the most pious-spirited Protestant taking his love of personal right from The Globe's editorial page. As to the possibility of a violation of the spiritual rights of any member of the Catholic Church occurring in Windsor or elsewhere, The Globe may never have heard of it, but there is law within the Church; and it guards the rights of her humblest children as securely and as those of her highest; nor is there an intelligent Catholic from the Detroit river to the Ottawa whose confidence is not perfectly reposed in the impartial treatment he is sure of receiving from her tribunals, if appeal thereto were needed.

We will not again suggest to The Globe that it is more conversant with political than with spiritual affairs, and that there are dragons abroad in the political pasture trampling under its very nose the most sacred rights of a free people.

Blake Reception Off.

We have learned with regret that the proposed reception in honor of Mr. Blake, on the 16th inst., in the Pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens, Toronto, has been cancelled, for reasons stated in an official announcement made through the press by the committee in charge.

in Dublin to November. James H. North and Co. of Grafton street, has been selected to conduct the sale.

Once again Pope Leo has declared the attitude of the church toward science. In his encyclical to the French clergy, the Pope says: "In our times the students of your junior and senior seminaries can hear their ever accorded to be strangers to the study of physical and natural science. Every once in a while Sir Wilfrid Laurier, or some of his lieutenants, bob up somewhere before a Protestant audience to say that the school question has been settled. As often as the statement is made a contradiction must follow. The latest assertion and denial are dealt with in the article which we reproduce from the Northwest Review. Evidently Sir Wilfrid thinks that even the most persistent of his critics will in the long run grow tired of the monotony of his boast.

How long can the United States stand Dewey worship? So far, press, preachers, people—all the vocal organs of the nation—have maintained complete harmony. The old Romans managed things in a different way. They knew the dangers of hero-worship. Upon all their celebrations of the triumph of arms, as also in their funeral orations over emperors and generals, the eulogist was not permitted to have everything his own way but was followed by the satirist. The American who would question the quality of Dewey's heroism would probably be lynched. The free people will not be interfered with in their right to bestow the object of their admiration. Outside criticism of their state of mind may well be saved. The surfeit of this sort of thing is its own best remedy.

Mr. Castell Hopkins has lectured upon the Boers. They could hardly have expected to escape him. Their troubles are multiplying. Their reputation is spreading. They are asked to be ignorant in the grossest sense of the word. They do not know the color of the British flag. The distinguished author of the lives of Confucius and Queen Victoria gave an instance in support of his queer statement. Mr. Hopkins told his audience a story about a conversation between a British subject and an old Boer who had been through the affairs at Bronker's Spruit, Ingogo and Majuba Hill. This old fellow said he thought the British flag was white. "At all events," he said, "that was its color on the three occasions I saw it." Mr. Hopkins was so serious about the war scare that he failed to see the point of this bit of Dutch humor, although, in any event to a man of his sensitive imperial acout, the joke should have smelted as badly as Limburger cheese.

A Rev. Mr. Inglis is engaged writing letters to a Toronto contemporary against the Boers. He intends to show why the Dutch in South Africa deserve extermination without pity. They were slave owners in the past and denied to their slaves the blessing of Christianity, regarding them more as dogs than human beings. This is probably true enough. But it certainly does not prove the pure humanity and charity of the Anglo-Saxon race. It does not do away with the historical fact that over filled with these same natives were blown up by the British. They were dynamited in the most horrible manner. Mr. Inglis will tell us perhaps that they had been converted first, and that Bibles as well as dynamite bombs were cast into the ovens. When it comes to rechristianization between the Boers and the British in South Africa, the latter may be able to prove that they did not withhold the Bible from the barbarian, but the Boers never brought to their aid for the extermination of the blacks the resources of civilization that distinguish the character of British warfare. I doubt, if Mr. Inglis would wish his readers to believe that the British love the Dutch less on account of the natives, he will not find himself in a sound position in view of the part which dynamite has played as an empire extender in South Africa.

Let us work again peace meetings were broken up by howling mobs in various parts of England. The Englishman is said to love free speech first and last all the time. A London correspondent describing the disorder at the recent peace meeting in London, shows how the jingo gets the upper hand of the friend of free speech.

The peace demonstration in Trafalgar Square was a tremendous affair, he says, the spaces all sides of the Nelson Monument being closely packed with people. Some of the jingo papers appealed to the supporters of the war policy to break up the meeting, and a considerable portion of these present were evidently hostile to its object. The result was that none of the speakers could obtain a hearing beyond a short distance of the plinth of the Nelson Column on which they stood, as the demonstrators sang patriotic songs with great fervor. They did more than this, and the police, who were present in large

numbers, made no attempt to stop the throwing of the eggs, pieces of wood, and even stones which were hurled at the speakers and struck people for whom they were not intended. Not until the organizers of the meeting endeavored to defend themselves did the police make their presence felt, with the result that the only persons who were hustled were the organizers of the meeting, while the disturbers got free play for all the rowdiness they desired. After the meeting the disturbers, who were evidently well organized and worked hard for the money expended on them, formed into a body and went to Downing Street, where they cheered the Government.

Even in the best regulated families there will be differences and ill-regulated households complications can hardly be avoided. The Boers and Orangemen claim consideration as a badly mixed-up breed. The former are the legitimate off-spring of Orange Protestantism; the latter are not. Mr. Sam. Hughes and his friends before they go to wipe out the Boers should first wipe the effigy of Dutch Billy from their banners. Otherwise they will be fighting against their putative father.

Criticism may perhaps fairly be bestowed upon us on account of the article from the Cosmopolitan, republished in this issue. Mark Twain is seldom free from irreverence. But the casual reader of the present satire must remember that the so-called Christian Scientists are in the field making capital out of the profanity of Mrs. Eddy's remarkable book and that Mark Twain does not exaggerate their very profitable inability. Very recently here in Toronto the newspapers published in full a "Christian Science" sermon that should have made Christians who reverence the Bible blush for the public burlesque of the scriptures. And, strange to say, no protests were lodged. And it is not only casually that the people allow themselves to be deceived. Very many are fatally imposed upon. Therefore, there may be something in the view that when serious opposition to this latest development of Protestant liberty fails of effect, the evil may to some extent be brought into well-deserved contempt through such ridicule as Mark Twain brings into play.

Commenting upon Bishop Potter's reflections with regard to the divorce evil in the United States and the necessity for treating it as a menace to the foundations of society, The Antagonist Carlet says: "While ever glad to note the enlistment of any new force in the warfare against the detestable divorce evil, we cannot help remarking that the Bishop's system of morality appears to be a somewhat experimental one. Divorce is discovered to be an evil by its results. Is the same a posteriori reasoning to be applied to theft and murder? Shall we assume an attitude of broad and tolerant neutrality toward those hitherto supposed sins, until we have had ample time to observe the effect upon society of the free and untrammelled indulgence in them, and thus to discover whether they are really noxious? This is not the attitude of the Catholic Church. She does not need experimentation to convince her of the necessity of obeying the commandments of God. He has said, 'Thou shalt not commit adultery,' and 'What God hath put together let no man put asunder;' and therefore she does not need any experience of 'the tendencies painfully evident amongst us' to convince her that 'the only safe canon' is that which follows the plain command of the Most High. Nor is it her policy to permit the theft of the steed and then to make a great ado about looking the stealer dead. It is useless for a church that had its origin in divorce to attempt to combat that evil

The interview with the Rev. Mr. Peyton, Secretary of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew in the United States, which will be found reprinted in this issue of The Register, is a curiosity worthy of the nation that brought liberty to the Filipinos by purchasing from Spain her rights of slaughter. Mr. Peyton admits that Manila is now "a hell-hole." He admits that the Tagalogs are "the most moral and religious people he ever saw or heard of." And these are the very people whom he thinks it necessary to prevent from their religion that has made them what they are. He admits that the Americans on the ground are in the main drunkards, rakes and gamblers. Why not try the power of the Protestant Episcopal church where there is so much room for reformation? Bishop Potter who is now going out to Manila should consider whether this task is a practical one. Or will he leave it for the much-abused friars of the Philippines to accomplish? At all events they, with their infinite faith in the mercy of God, are willing to try. They are taking the first step in the right direction by studying the English language. Commenting on this fact, the San Francisco Argonaut says: "We cannot think to the attention of those enthusiastic Protestant missionaries who are going to convert the Filipinos. They will find the Jesuits ahead

of them. They already speak Spanish and the native dialects. Now they are studying English, in order to deal diplomatically with the Americans. We fear those zealous editors of religious journals who believe that Protestantism will have an equal footing in the Philippine with Roman Catholics are doomed to be disappointed.

Miss Edythe Hyman, of London, Ont., was one of the Scotoman's passengers. We copy from The Advertiser a portion of an interview with this young lady on some of the much discussed incidents of the wreck. Her observations certainly recommend themselves to our common sense. They must also widen the scope of the enquiry that is to be made. Miss Hyman has unfortunately come into collision with Mrs. Boomer, a well known philanthropist who was returning on the Montford from the great English convention of female philanthropists. In Miss Hyman's interview it will be observed that she takes a strong and very natural objection to the experience of herself and companions on board the Montford. This is where she steps upon Mrs. Boomer's corns. Over her own name in a letter to The Advertiser, Miss Hyman returns to this particular point and with direct allusion to Mrs. Boomer. She says: "Mrs. Boomer is no judge of the comparative comforts of the Montford and Belle Isle. Personally, I prefer the latter—we were free from the humiliation of the inspection of the ladies of the Montford, who walked among the crowded heaps of miserable people, trying to snatch a few minutes sleep. Shivering with the cold on the iron floor, with a blanket between three of us, we were awakened by this inspection. Mrs. Boomer was with them, and no doubt slept peacefully in her comfortable lower berth that night. While a poor old steerage passenger, a brave old woman, with a sprained ankle and a smile on her livid and wrinkled face, lightly clad and wet with spray, was helped painfully down two steep ladders to the dirty and cold ostle pen we occupied below, I saw Mrs. Boomer sitting comfortably in her cabin sipping a cup of afternoon tea, for which I for one, would have given my few belongings.

While we watched the boats carrying the shivering men and women from the island to the ship—watched in fear and trembling for there were people endeared to us by days of companionship, of suffering and deprivation, Mrs. Boomer remarked that the men at home would make fun of her if she arrived too late for the board meeting."

A More Probable Story.

Miss Edythe Hyman, of London, Ont., was a first-class passenger on the "Scotoman," wrecked at Belle Isle. While the papers are filled with gush about the passengers and derision of the crew, Miss Hyman tells a story that has the look of probability on its face.

"If you want to try a man's real character," said Miss Hyman, sagely, "have him cast ashore on a barren rock with a lot of helpless women and children, and not enough provisions to go round. I suffered a great deal during that awful week. But I learned some very useful lessons. I learned that all the gentleness and gentleness of the passengers were not gentlemen. The usefulness, considerate kindness and readiness to help others shown by the ship's officers, and even by members of the crew, put many of the so-called gentlemen to shame. Some of the latter were so ridiculous. Mr. Westerton of the 'Sign of the Cross' Company, gravely suggested the second night we were on the rock that we all be carefully divided into first second and third class passengers and gentlemen separated. The same gentleman carried Boo-Boo, a lap-dog belonging to one of the lady members of the theatrical company, from the rock to the light-house, when half-fainting women were struggling along with babies in their arms. I have a grudge against Boo-Boo," said Miss Hyman, indignantly. "When the rest of us could only have a small piece of hard-bread, Boo-Boo must have a whole biscuit; while we shivered in our scanty clothing, Boo-Boo was comfortably wrapped in a blanket. Speaking of the conduct of some of the crew, of which so much complaint has been made, Miss Hyman said the man among the steerage passengers outnumbered them ten to one, and could have made them believe if they had cared to. The steerage was the crew were awaked was not true. They were boisterous the first night, because they had been drinking. Nobody could blame them very much for that either. There was plenty of liquor, little or nothing at all, and it was very cold. The next day these same men were found the boozers bringing up provisions from the wreck.

"The lot of the Scotoman's passengers aboard the Montford were not much better than we were," said Miss Hyman. "In fact the ship's company, where we slept, with one blanket to every three people, was colder than it was on the rock. One night the captain brought down a number of the passengers, and let them walk around among the crew as we lay there. I think one of the nights of the ship, I think what happened to me was to hear the dinner bell and to know that the passengers were eating comfortably, while we were half-famished. The first morning they gave up their fish breakfast for an and helped in any way they could.

An Appeal for Ireland.

The warm support which the Irish National Press has extended to the United Irish League from its inception encourages us in the belief that its generous readers also can be counted among the friends of this movement.

To, therefore, appeal with confidence to them for their assistance. The objects of the League are well known to friend and foe of the Irish cause by this time. These objects comprise:

1. The reunion of all earnest Nationalists in an organization similar in purpose to the old National Land League, in which movement the efforts and activities that have been wasted in barren controversies and sectional issues during the past two years will be directed into a renewed militant organization against the common enemy of the liberties and homes of Ireland.

This reunion to be brought about by a cessation of internecine strife between the Nationalists, and not by any reader of one side or the other in this unhappy controversy, which the United Irish League has been organized to bury in oblivion.

2. The National Independence of Ireland in the rule of Ireland by Irishmen.

3. The abolition of Irish landlordism and the restoration of the land of Ireland to its people.

4. The better housing of our working classes in country and town, and the moral and social betterment of their condition.

5. The prevention of famines and of periodical distress in the poorer parts of the country by means of the breaking up of grazing ranches and the providing of more land and better land for small cultivators.

6. To arrest as far as possible the continual emigration of the youth of Ireland by the foregoing and other feasible remedies for what constitutes a growing deadly danger to Ireland's hopes of National Self Government, and to the country's social and material well-being.

7. To encourage the revival of the Gaelic tongue among the Irish race and to assist in cultivating among them a wider knowledge of the language, literature, laws and institutions of ancient Ireland.

The United Irish League has already given substantial proof of the good work which it is capable of accomplishing. It has raised up a large number of men in harmonious co-operation for Ireland who were previously separated in popular effort for the country's cause.

Its organization and influence have succeeded in obtaining large and valued concessions for the people residing in the so-called "congested" areas of the West of Ireland.

But the last credentials earned by the United Irish League as a movement of hopeful promise for Ireland are found in the labours and witness by our English rulers and in the violent attacks that have been made upon it by certain of England's Irish judges, and by papers like the London Times.

As the objects for which the League has been organized to accomplish are such as the majority of our race approve of as essential to the uplifting of Ireland to her rightful status as a Nation, we, therefore, invite your readers and our kith and kin in America, Canada, the Antilles, and elsewhere to extend a helping hand in the working out of the great task which the United Irish League has undertaken.

Our people at home are aiding the movement out of slender resources and will continue to do so in large measure if support are wanted for a more wide and vigorous spreading of the organization, and we therefore, venture to ask this help for all that are wishful to see the objects of the League achieved in our time.

In behalf of the Directory of the United Irish League,
WILLIAM O'BRIEN,
MICHAEL DAVITT,
JAMES O'KEEFE.

Dublin, September 27th, 1899.

Words From the Heart

A NOVA SCOTIAN FARMER TELLS HOW HE REGAINED HEALTH.

He Suffered for Years from Kidney Trouble, Sick Headache and Rheumatism—Although Advanced in Life He Has Found a Cure.

From the Enterprise, Bridgewater, N.S.

Solomon Meldrum, Esq. of Upper Branch, Lunenburg Co., N.S., is a gentleman of Scotch descent, and well known throughout the county. He is an agriculturalist of repute and is prominent in the local affairs of the Baptist denomination. Referring to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, he says:—"I consider them a most wonderful and beneficial relation in the realm of medicine. I am using these pills some two years ago, I had suffered for years from dney trouble and rheumatism. Many times had I been so bad that I could do nothing but endure the pain and pray for physical deliverance. My advanced age, being nearly 70 years old, made a cure look almost impossible, humsly considered, in a case of such standing. But thanks to the Lord and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I am here to-day in excellent health, and may say that the result, though six boxes first, used them strictly as directed, and with the Lord's blessing they did me much good. But my ailments were chronic, deep seated, and I am an old man. The cure was not complete, and I got twelve boxes more with all like in result. I only had to use six boxes of the second lot when I found myself quite free from kidney troubles, rheumatism and all other bodily ailments, except the disability incidental to persons of my advanced age, and even there was in measure relieved. I may add that for a

long time before I used the pills and when I began their use, I was the victim of the most distressing attacks of sick headache, the sensation of sea-sickness in extreme violence being not seldom in excess of what I have known on once or twice a week. After taking the pills, the attacks became less frequent and less troublesome and finally ceased almost entirely. My son who lived at a distance took the remaining six boxes and stated to me that they did him much good. This I do know, that he looked much fresher and appeared in better spirits after their use. Believing as I do that an over-ruling power suggests to mortals all the wise and beneficial thoughts and inventions with which to improve our race, and to allay and cure our suffering, I am again that I thank the Lord and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for my prolonged life and personal good health.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They row and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Keep them in a cool place, and keep them they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Boer National Song.

The Boer National Song is translated and published with its musical setting by Mr. Farley Newman in the number of "Success" for September 30th. The English translation of the first verse runs:

Right nobly have Voortrekkers brave
Their blood, their lives, their all,
For Freedom's right, and Freedom's despote,
They fought at Duto's call.
Ho burgers! High our banner wove,
The standard of the free,
No foreign yoke our land enslaveth,
Honor reigneth liberty!

The Hero's command, here we should stand
And say defend the Volk and land

SIR WILFRID AND THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

From the Northwest Review.

The following letter is one out of many similar complaints we have received:

Sir,—According to a Free Press dispatch from Montreal, dated September 27, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, attending a meeting at Drummondville, Que., made the following statements re the Manitoba School Question: "You know in 1896 there was an irritating question, which disturbed the whole country. It was a question, the solution of which was the subject of the greatest quietude of suspense. The late government pretended to have settled that question by introducing a measure which they called the Remedial Bill, but which had nothing of a remedial character about it. It was, on the other hand, calculated to irritate the people of a sister province. The measure failed to pass, and we were returned to power. We had promised to settle the question in six months. You are interested to know the promise was literally fulfilled. The school question no longer exists, though our friends, the Blues, try to revive it."

Should the report be a true one, and it tallies so well with the Honorable Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Canada said on the 20th of September at last session, that we have every reason to accept it as such. It must have come as another most painful revelation to the Catholic minority of Manitoba. I am a Catholic myself, sir, but one of no particular political color; therefore I had looked to Sir Wilfrid Laurier's promise of an equitable settlement of the vexed question within six months of his advent to the Premiership of Canada with eager anxiety to see him reap the glory that accrues for a true statesman. I was, I confess, quite hopeful until the so-called settlement of 1896 came to light, but what a gloomy cloud of doubt then overcame my mind, it is hard to express in words, yet I will endeavor to do so in passing judgment. I, a dwarf, compared to the great man whom we now call Sir Wilfrid. Yes, he is called Sir Wilfrid, but in my estimation he is much lower than ever before he became Premier of Canada.

The Remedial Bill which the late government had attempted, but, owing to Mr. Laurier and followers' obstruction had failed to pass, the Remedial Bill, according to Sir Wilfrid's opinion, had nothing of a remedial character about it. But what then of Laurier's own statements? "We had promised," he is reported to have said, "we had promised to settle the question in six months. You are witnesses that the promise was literally fulfilled." The question settled, in what manner, and where, pray, is it settled? In Winnipeg, perhaps? I am a taxpayer, sir, and I know very well that not an iota since Sir Wilfrid Laurier's advent has been removed from the school law with a view to amending the position of the persecuted Catholics of the city. Our schools have struggled and are still struggling for life. This, Mr. Laurier knows we are as much as ever under the heel of an unjust and cruel oppressor: he knows it and yet he dares to tell an uninformed audience that the school question is settled.

No, sir, the school difficulty is not over: it is still a live question here! In Winnipeg, and although there is a seeming settlement in operation in our country schools, I know enough of the inner workings of this so-called settlement to affirm that it is entirely sham. It is a most humiliating thing, so far as the Catholic minority of the province. "That which the Catholics," demand and which they have, as nobody doubts, the right to demand, is far greater than the settlement now in operation. You, sir, who stand in an independent position, and know well, too, our sufferings, will kindly correct me if I am making any false statement, but, if, on the contrary, I am only speaking the plain truth, do not refuse to open your columns to my paper in order to make the public at large under-

stand howceptive are the words of the Hon. Premier of Canada, if correct, by reported.

YOUR TRAIL.

A CATHOLIC OUTLOOKER.

Note.—Although our correspondent might have been a little less vigorous in his language, although, for instance, perfectly true as it is, it may not be wise to say out loud that we are under the heel of an unjust and cruel oppressor, still, after nature's weighing all that a Catholic Outlooker writes we are bound regretfully to admit that none of his statements are incorrect. The Catholics of Winnipeg are now paying about six thousand dollars a year for public schools to which they cannot in conscience send their children, and they receive no sort of return for this heavy burden of unjustifiable and unconstitutional taxation. The public conscience in England has been made by their to feel what their conscience allows, but hitherto not the slightest acceptable concession has been offered by the powers that be. It would seem as if the really expected us to be the first to mention it. The fact of the matter is that in 1897, who was obliged to kill his cow to save her life." Queer kind of settlement this.

You need not cough all night and disturb your friends: there is an occasion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption, while you can get Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid Phlegm.

Religion in the Secular Press.

(Written for The Register).

In the days of the famous "Spectator," of Addison and Steele, the former was accustomed to devote the Saturday number of that paper to a religious essay. These Saturday essays are amongst the brightest gems of the immortal Spectator. Copying no doubt this excellent example, the Toronto Globe, garnishes its Saturday issue with a "religious" article. Here however, the resemblance ends. There could be no greater contrast to the Spectator's beautiful plots of a Saturday afternoon than the mass of crude and often downright irreligious moralizing which usually adorns the Globe's editorial page on Saturday morning. Some time ago a good judge such as Mr. Professor Giddens Smith, pointed out that one of these "religious" articles contained rank materialism. And if the same critic examined an article which appeared in the issue of Saturday, September 9th he would find that the Spectator's "religious" article was entitled, "The Decline of Authority." The writer here, with an appreciative reference to Cardinal Newman and his reasons for joining the Church of Rome, and the writer who to give him his due is conspicuously far as his light's permit. Newman himself would not object to the manner in which he is treated in the present article.

After his thoroughly fair and appreciative statement of Newman's views on the conflict between authority and the tendencies of the present day. In politics, in science, in religion, in the home everywhere amongst democratic peoples authority has been steadily and rapidly declining. Even the Bible, which since the Reformation has formed the inflexible last authority of the Protestant world is subjected to the scalpel of rational and historical criticism and its many solemn words are now being treated according to different degrees of credibility. When the writer speaks of "rational" criticism he evidently means "rationalistic," between which and "rational" criticism there is all the difference that can be made. Any one acquainted with the works of Catholic commentators on the Bible and their disquisitions on its authenticity and inspiration together with their comments on its text, would know that rationalistic criticism began to weave their cobwebs, and will survive after the latter have been brushed away. Just to show how "rational" rationalistic criticism is, Hettlinger, in the "Globe" of the 10th inst. (Page 11) states what the rationalistic school of Germany and elsewhere have started 747 different theories regarding the Old and New Testament, of which 601 are now defunct, since the year 1850, and the other 146 are still in vogue.

But leaving "rational" criticism, let a return be made to the "Globe" editorial on the "Decline of Authority." The writer tells us that this decline may be viewed in two very different lights. One may see in it nothing but the most gloomy outlook whilst another or halls it "as the bright forerunner of emancipation from superstition and wrong." The latter position is that which the writer evidently favors. Let us re-state his opinion, for it is enough to take one's breath away. "Decline of authority in politics, in religion, in the home, is the bright forerunner of emancipation from superstition and wrong! When the teacher will have no authority in the school, the parent in the home—when the Decalogue that symbol of hated authority—will be laughed at with its antiquated, 'Thou shalt not'—when civil authority and civil laws will be merely a mockery, then indeed will superstitious and wrong begin to melt away into nothing. This is the anarchy towards which the "religious" editor of the Globe looks forward with hopeful eyes. Instead of authority with God behind it, which is simply superstition and wrong, men will worship 'The Flag,' or 'Progress' of some grand Divinity of that description. The reasons given for a glorious mil-

lennum after authority is that are not too many as are told that though authority is declining the world still goes on. Yes, but with it? Then 'faith and honor and love have not died'—'America is not yet ripe'—'This is a very comforting evidence of progress' surely. Faith and honor and love are dead, but not with it. It is precisely here legitimate authority is strongest that 'faith and honor and love' have most vitality. There is an actual and growing manifestation, a power called public conscience, and all forms of authority and oppression tremble before its manifestation. What is the public conscience? What authority has it? Through what organs does it issue its mandate? The Public Conscience in England is found in the House of Commons. The Public Conscience in Holland is found in the States-General. What about the Philippine archipelago? The Philippine Public Conscience approves of the war. The Democratic Public Conscience disapproves it as immoral and unjustifiable. It is not the case in Holland, but in the public conscience as a guide will obtain a full of himself in a veritable babel of tongues that it is such an inordinate quantity it is hard to see how all forms of a false and oppression could be so long maintained. Who pronounces the verdict, for example? Is it the "religious" editor of the Globe? What malcontents has been pronouncing lately against hallo-stuffing? Are the culprits trembling in their boots to the prophetic curse? Unless the "religious" editor of the Globe be a "simple Simon" he would have written this naive paragraph with his tongue in his cheek.

His twaddle about "an actual and growing manifestation, a power called public conscience," as though public conscience were unknown before the present day, shows a very slender acquaintance with his story. Has he over read of the Ages of Faith, when Catholic Europe, in its most glorious days of thousands of warriors, to avenge the outrages committed on pilgrims to Palestine by the Turks? Has he asked himself how this grand display of public conscience compared with the action of Europe in the slaughter of Armenian Christians by the Turks? Even the Rationalist Locky, who tries to glorify modern progress as much as he can contrasts the people developed to millions of nations with the disorder of the same characteristic of the present time, and sorrowfully admits: "It is impossible to deny that we have lost something in our progress."

It is to be regretted that the "religious" editor of the Globe should be so little conversant with the past, when he can make the following ludicrous comments on the present. "According to him, Christianity teaches the democratic doctrine that man is as good as his neighbor, and this is responsible for declining authority. But Christianity teaches that there is no power but from God, that all authority ultimately comes from Him is a participation of His authority." Mr. Brady never found out what was the matter with him until the disease had run three years and eaten right into his kidneys. He was sunk hopelessly in the quicksand. There was only one thing to save him. Mr. Brady found out what was the matter with him by chance. He read a list of the symptoms of Bright's Disease in a paper and at once recognized his own case. Then came the cure. Again he was lucky. After trying several medicines in vain he struck the right one, the only one that is a particle of use in Bright's Disease—Dodd's Kidney Pills, which have never yet failed.

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There will Be a Great Army.

London, Oct. 10.—Now that 25,000 out of the 62,000 men of the reserves have been actually summoned to join the colors, it is beginning to be asked here why General Sir Roberts' force should have under his command twice as many British soldiers as the Duke of Wellington ever saw collected on the field of battle. Government officials argue that a lavish display of force is economical and humane, but it is understood, also, that this display is meant to impress Russia and Germany with Great Britain's military preponderance, which is regarded as a demonstration to the world similar to that made by the flying squadron three years ago.

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DID NOT KNOW. Plight of a London, Ont., Man. Had Bright's Disease and didn't know it—Had Existed for Three Years Before He Found What It Was and How to Cure It. LONDON, Oct. 9.—Mr. G. E. Brady, 239 Talbot street, this city, feels that he is a lucky man. For three years he has been slowly sinking into a quicksand, deeper and deeper all the time and he not aware of his danger. Mr. Brady had Bright's Disease, Bright's Disease is generally considered incurable—in fact there is only one known cure. It is a Kidney Disease, those organs decaying and neglecting to filter the blood. Mr. Brady never found out what was the matter with him until the disease had run three years and eaten right into his kidneys. He was sunk hopelessly in the quicksand. There was only one thing to save him. Mr. Brady found out what was the matter with him by chance. He read a list of the symptoms of Bright's Disease in a paper and at once recognized his own case. Then came the cure. Again he was lucky. After trying several medicines in vain he struck the right one, the only one that is a particle of use in Bright's Disease—Dodd's Kidney Pills, which have never yet failed.

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MEASURE CAST UP BY THE SEA.

In 1884 a British steamer named the Ironside ran into a terrible gale when within 200 miles of Halifax. Her cargo shifted, and she rolled so far over that her hull was under water and after every effort to right her she was abandoned by all hands. The boats were adrift seven days before being picked up. The loss of the steamer was duly reported, and the insurance money had been paid when she was heard of again. She was passed in mid-ocean by an American ship, and she was riding on an even keel. Her cargo had shifted back, and being a staunch iron vessel she was still afloat. She would have been boarded by the American skipper but for the heavy sea running. A steamer was sent out from Halifax to look for her, and another left the English Channel, but they knocked about for a month and were unsuccessful. The iron side, curious as it may seem, was sighted only that once, though she was afloat for five months, and drifted thousands of miles. One night she drifted into a little harbor on the south coast of the island of Pico. She had a general cargo valued at \$25,000, and it had come to no harm. The dorellot had no mutilated barnacles and grass and needed paint, but she had come through a long fight with the king of storms in better condition than she had when she left. Perhaps, then, if she had carried a crew with her. It was a salvage job of the biggest kind, and the beach-comber got enough out of it to warrant him a good deal of comfort for the remainder of the day.

In the year 1812 a British frigate called the Foxfire was lost between the Azores and Madeira. She foundered in a gale, though not until most of the crew had been transferred to a wonderfully plucky yacht in the port. The frigate went down in water a thousand feet deep, but on the afternoon of July 20th, 1874, sixty-two years after her loss, the hulk crawled ashore on the Formigas Islands. A stiff gale which had been blowing for three days, aided by heavy seas and a high tide, landed her on the beach, and the role was acted by a beach-comber named Sanderson, an Englishman and a deserter from the army of war. The frigate no doubt went to the bottom at first, and it may be that she rested there for half a century. Then a heavy storm or a whirl of the current sent her drifting along. Rudder and keel and mast were gone, and many of the bulkheads were down, but the hull could have been made watertight. Sanderson engaged help and made a good haul from the hulk. Her guns were worthless, as may be supposed, but he got \$2,000. He had a few other articles, and many relics which brought high prices from tourists. In overhauling the hulk enough human bones were found to account for twenty-five men. The remains of the Foxfire settled a dispute of long standing among hydrographers. The best of them had contended that the currents did not make themselves felt below seven or eight fathoms. Here was indisputable proof that they even swept the bottom of the deep sea.

In the year 1861 a Spanish sailing ship fitted to carry one hundred passengers set sail for the West Indies, with every cabin taken, but she was derailed in the Gulf of Mexico, and finally abandoned in a sinking condition. There were not boats enough, and thirty of the passengers took to a raft. Only two of the boats were picked up. The raft came ashore on the island of St. Maria, after knocking about for days. On it were lashed three bodies, slunk and shriveled, and burned black by the sun, but there were rings on the shrunken fingers, gold in the pockets of the dead, two or three jewel boxes which had been made safe before the owners died. It was estimated that the finder got \$3,000 off the raft.—Glasgow Weekly Mail.

THE "LOS VON ROM" MOVEMENT.

A special correspondent of the Liverpool Catholic Times writes: The movement has rather died out—at least one does not hear of it any more—and its practical effect there were very different opinions. One of its originators, Mr. Schonerer, boasted that he would delay his "conversion" to Protestantism, as he wants to be the ten thousandth convert. Of course he thought at the beginning that the movement would spread like fire, and that his prediction that there would be ten thousand converts to Protestantism would be speedily realized. "This promise has proved a great failure. Only a few lately, as the 'Hilfshörer' writes, Mr. Schonerer had to state in his statistical table of the apostles that only three thousand had intimated to him their separation from the Catholic Church. The announcement was a really funny effect as just a few days before the Protestant minister, Pastor Zimmermann, in some 'anti-Papal' meeting declared that the number of the apostates from the Roman Church had far overstepped a thousand. The papers favorable to the movement began to cry out that the table of Mr. Schonerer were quite incorrect—that all the conversions had not been communicated to Mr. Schonerer. Unfortunately for the writers, the Evangelical High Consistory (Evangelischer Ober-Kirchenrath) in Vienna made the unpardonable blunder (in their eyes) of publishing a statement of the number of converts to Protestantism this year. It is a confirmation of Herr Schonerer's table. Only 3,275 persons have gone over from the Catholic Church to Protestantism according to this official statement of the High Consistory, and of this number there were 198 children below the age of seven. In reality, therefore, there were only 2,739 conversions as the result of the 'Los von Rom' movement. What a sad disappointment after all the noise and agitation! This failure of the enemies of the Roman Church is certainly very satisfactory for us Catholics. It will be remembered I said in a previous letter that the 'Los von Rom' movement had its origin principally in the fact that a part of the German Catholic Parliamentary party, instead of helping the cause of their own race—and they had the power in their hands, as their number made the majority—went over to the enemy, the

State, Czechs, etc., and through that step shockingly offended the Germans. Unfortunately, the collapse of the 'Los von Rom' movement increases rather than reduces the rage of the German Nationalists. The list of which formerly found vent in throwing over the Catholic faith is now turned against the Catholic clergy, and you have no idea of the intensity, especially in quarters of mixed nationality. The opponents of the Catholics are even worse than the bigoted Orangemen. Occurrences like those which happened lately in Flagenfurt (Austria), where priests and theological students met to further the movement for a Catholic University in Austria and were shamefully insulted by part of the populace, are simply a disgrace to any civilized country and must be condemned by all, whether friends or foes of the national German cause. But they were no surprise to the Catholics, who deeply regretted the deed taken by the conservative elements of D'Paul's party, who had provoked this hatred by their action against their own race. The anti-Catholic feeling is just what serious Catholics feared as a result of such a step. Recent experiences and the conservatism of the Czechs seem to have opened the eyes of some of our Catholic friends in the opposite camp. One hears voices in their leading papers saying, "Things cannot go on like this much longer, and a wish is expressed that some means may be found to unite the conservative elements of all parties. May this be so! It is high time as only God knows where we are going to in poor Austria."

FIRST ORDINATION IN CORNWALL.

Cornwall, Sept. 21.—At the conclusion of the mass on the occasion of Father Albert E. McRae's elevation to the priesthood, the Rev. W. A. Campbell, of Dick-Kinson's Landing, delivered the sermon, taking for his subject "Faith and Revelation," and spoke in substance as follows: The prevailing tendency of our day is surely not a too eager readiness to believe, but rather must it be said that it is man's self-sufficiency. Reason is hardly allowed to reach the early stages of its development before it is set up as a tribunal of last recourse, nothing escapes its judgment and whatever fails to get a favorable hearing before it is cast aside as unpractical. The church has not acted in this manner, she has ever maintained the proper office of reason not over estimating its powers on the one hand or degrading it on the other, she has made it rather the means by which the mind is set to the consideration of religious truths than a mere barrier to its progress. Over and beyond the greater gift comes into play, namely Divine Faith in the revealed word of God to man. Faith is a virtue that inclines the will and to assent to the truth of a doctrine which cannot be proved but which is true nevertheless because God says it is true. The uttering word of God is the guarantee and the support of faith. It is therefore the most solid of all possible positions, no one can disturb or dislodge it. But when reason is made the guide and the measure of truth it is quite different and as experience too often proves, there is shortly nothing left of revelation but fragments and rationalism and skepticism, which means the denial of God altogether. To elicit an act of faith the grace of God is necessary, but there is a natural faith that we all practice. In fact without it the world would sink into a chaotic state. What would there be for progress in the field of science, or of commerce, or of literature if men did not have confidence and good faith in each other? The child has faith in its teacher; the scientist in others who are going before him. We all take a great deal of what we believe by faith or upon the authority of others. How happily it is that such is the case will appear if one only thinks of the wild antagonism that exists among men of many schools that ought not of themselves afford ground for dispute. See the fierce opposition that is led into the field of politics, the wild and passionate enthusiasm with which men support their views. Think of whole peoples distributed, nations going to war—to defend a theory of government or an account of a political opinion. The history of the world is but the story of this strife of men over their opinions, and when enlightened nations will go to war, and rifle thousands of their sons, shed torrents of blood and bring sorrow to countless homes to satisfy an offending sentiment,—what would they not do if the great truths of revelation were an open question?

It is necessary therefore and its scope covers the whole of God's revealed word. To learn the truth that have been revealed one must appeal to the duly authorized representative of God upon earth. It is not by reading St. Paul says, "Faith cometh by hearing and hearing by the word of Christ." It is by listening to the living energizing voice of God's church; the voice that first re-echoed through the world when Christ sent his apostles forth with His authority and for the performance of His own work. "As My Father hath sent me I also send you," and to-day a new Levite, a new priest is sent forth to paint the emblem of truth about the circuit of sin and of error. The priest's life must be like the life of the Master, he must drink, as did the Master, of the cup of bitterness and sorrow, but it has its consolation, and especially will these be found at the hour of death when his good work will speak in his behalf and ensure to him the hundred-fold reward of the true and faithful servant.

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NEWS-ENTERTAINMENT.

Ned was cross. "Aunt Maggie said, 'Well, it rains, it rains, it rains, it rains.' I said this ten-year-old lad, who had plenty of things in the house to keep him amused for hours. Ned went on grumbling until his mother told him that he must stop. He kept quiet after that, but there was a scowl on his face for the rest of the morning.

In the afternoon the rain stopped. 'Neddy,' said Aunt Maggie, 'your Uncle Steve and I are going to have a stereopticon entertainment this evening. Would you like to be with us?' 'Of course I would,' the boy answered readily; 'thank you, Aunt Maggie, for asking me. I always like to go to these things.' There were a great many pictures shown that evening, and all were very good, but there was a set of eight that made quite an impression on Ned. The first was a boy about twelve years of age. He was a fine-looking boy, and he was neatly dressed. He would have made a pleasant appearance if it hadn't been for the fact that he had a disagreeable frown on his face.

"The boy appeared again, the very same boy, and this time there was no frown on his face. Instead, there was a pleasant, cheery look that went right to the hearts of the people who saw the picture. Then he appeared in a different pose, and the smile had gone with it, and his frank, genial countenance was really handsome. At forty he was shown to be so kind and pleasant that a young child in the audience who was known to have the best of fathers, cried out in delight, 'That's my papa!' At sixty he was just the brightest, jolliest old man that anybody ever looked upon. It seemed as if he loved the world, and that he wanted the whole world to love him. He was the one who took a cheerful view of things and grumbled or scolded.

"Aunt Maggie," said Ned on the way home, "I don't know about the boy pictures beforehand." "No, dear," she answered, as she laid her hand lovingly on Ned's arm, "but I am glad that you saw them." "I am, too," he said, "for I wouldn't get like that old man for all the world."—New York Observer.

COMFORTERS OF YOUTH.

When Christ set little children on His knees, and let them lean against His shoulders, while His kindly hands rested on the fair and dark curls of their youthful disciples, it is not certain that they were given an opportunity to listen to their tales of trivial sorrows and baby disappointments? They must have felt unabashed in His presence, since it was His love that drew them to Him. No doubt, could talk to their God-made Man as to no human father or dear companion of this earth. What sweet, pathetic, humorous stories the pointing lips must have yielded! We know of men and women who are far from saintlike, often show but grudging sympathy with the woes of children. Instead of remembering how real griefs seemed to us in our own childhood and womanhood, we are impatient almost to the point of superiority wisdom, at the sorrow we know will be transient. All I am sure of is, Christ would not smile so. "To the young all small incidents are tremendous," says our Blessed Lord, "and we value an incident as being youthful. After all, childhood is a sad time—at least for imaginative, sensitive, emotional, nervous little people; for what gain is there in feeling magnificently joy profoundly, if trivial pains and losses are also subjected to great exaggeration? The smallest cloud in the morning sky of life casts a shadow far deeper and wider than will proceed from a whole thunder-cloud at sunset. This is still the case at the year when children are sent holiday-making to the country or seaside, and the people with whom they stay, or who minister in any way to their comfort, are faces to them, and they have the chance to win the true baby hearts, to teach and win the baby minds. How many 'caretakers' of 'holiday children' trouble to try to understand the developing nature of these little people? They are not to be a while become responsible? A tiny girl who is home-sick in spite of child-companions is ought to be made to feel that there is a 'temporary-mother' who will take her home and love her comfort her! The shy, sensitive boy, scared by the rough friendliness, or possible mockery, of the older lads he has come with, should not be left to 'get used to' his position. It is not that our friends, the 'Hilfshörer', send us to put as well as feed his lambs? When a baby breaks a toy the whole world looks black to its tearful eye! Do not scold it for sobbing! The material that is found at the hour of death when his good work will speak in his behalf and ensure to him the hundred-fold reward of the true and faithful servant."

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A Daughter of the Revolution

MAURICE FRANCIS Egan, IN DONA ROSES.

On the hill overlooking the Ville d'En is a little chateau. The architect Laurier's name is on the door. The chateau is a land of smooth walls and traditions. It is a fine old house that the good people of the town esteem. It is a good house, because in the first place, the Duke's castle is near there and, in the second, a good many of the aristocrats of the town, and therefore, aristocrats at heart, even when they are away from the chateau. It is a good house, because in the first place, the Duke's castle is near there and, in the second, a good many of the aristocrats of the town, and therefore, aristocrats at heart, even when they are away from the chateau.

It happened that among the Americans who came to France in the summer were Mrs. Thompson Wessnet, of the city of New York, her daughter, Lillian, and Mrs. Danver, who had been Mrs. Thompson Wessnet's sister-in-law. It was Mrs. Wessnet and Lillian's first trip abroad. Mrs. Danver met her present husband at that time, she was a Congresswoman from Pennsylvania in Washington. She was rich in her own right, as were Mrs. Wessnet and Lillian. The money had come through petroleum wells. Mr. Thompson Wessnet was in Russia, on a mission connected with petroleum.

The two elder women were well dressed by the same modiste in the Rue de la Paix. They were tastefully pearl-powdered. They were good-natured when things went right; and much puffed up when they respected pedigrees which had gained them admission to the Daughters of the Revolution. Mrs. Danver, whose husband was consul somewhere on the Congo Coast, took precedence of Mrs. Thompson Wessnet. She had a strong brunette with curling eye-lashes. Mrs. Thompson was slight, blonde, and she always wore blue, because, when she was a girl somebody told her that she resembled Helen of Troy and the Empress Eugenie. But in spite of this and her money, she insisted that she was most thankful that she was "a Daughter." Mrs. Danver had "done" Europe before, in six weeks. As a woman who had been married twice, as the wife of a government official, of both a Colonial Governor and a "Daughter," Mrs. Thompson was only a "Daughter." It will be seen that Mrs. Danver had the right of precedence, although she was not so rich as Mrs. Thompson Wessnet.

Lillian was just twenty, blonde, with dark violet eyes like her father and eyelashes so black that she seemed to be Irish. She had been out of school for two years; as it had been a convent school she had not been allowed much French in her society, and her motto Western town, there was yet much of the "little r" in her nature and manner. She was easily pleased, simple in her tastes, and entirely unaffected. She had been sent to the convent because her father, who said he knew life, insisted upon it. Her mother was against it in a mild way; but, when she discovered that Lillian liked the Sisters she gave way at once. She could have resisted her husband's commands, but she was a "Daughter" and she wished. Lillian was graceful, and with an air of thorough breeding not unusual in America, where it takes only one generation to make a lady. She loved her mother, but she loved and respected her father. She looked at her aunt maternally, and liked her very much when she was good. She was reverent in matters of religion, and she had made up her mind that, whenever she could obtain a serious talk with her father, she would tell him that she wanted to be a Catholic. Her sojourn in France had confirmed this intention. The party had got to Freport by mistake, having bought the wrong tickets and gone beyond Dieppe. Lillian liked the place. Mrs. Wessnet, and the Ville d'En, with its traditions, were delightful to her; and she revelled in the collegiate church where the tomb of that Duc de Guise called "le balafre" and the new tomb of the Grand Mademoiselle are. Lillian had never been in love, and she was not sentimental. She and the euro struck up a friendship, having spent the beginning of his life at Stonyhurst, spoke English. Her mother had not yet made an acquaintance, as she did not speak modern French. But, as she was arranging her pedigree, it occurred to her that she might gain some information from him. In her researches among old tombstones, she had discovered enough to admit her to the "Daughters," but she had to be at Colonial Dame. She had dimly heard that a Frenchman had married a Newport woman of Pocahontas pedigree. And there was a hint that he had been aide de camp to Lafayette. Likewise she learned that the Newport woman had been a collateral grandaunt. "Narbonne" was the name—whether it was the name of the collateral grandaunt or the man she married, Mrs. Thompson Wessnet was unable to discover from the tombstones. However, she saw a chance of becoming a Colonial Dame by reviving the Pocahontas pedigree and adding a nobility to the family tree.

It happened that the Viscounts O'Donnell and the Marquis de Narbonne, who also came every summer to Freport, had borrowed for the season this house of their friend, the old General Duval. It was an octagonal house with three chimneys decorated with golden pomgranates and with ornate railings around the roof. If it were not for these gilded railings which happened might not have happened.

One day when the euro had called to bring Lillian a "La Fol de Narbonne," a French translation of the "Gibbons" book, Mrs. Danver happened to

ask him whether he knew who lived in the house with the golden pomgranates and railings. The Viscount O'Donnell and his aunt, Pere Bertrand said. "O'Donnell queer name for a Viscount," said Mrs. Danver. "It is the name of our best names in this part of the country, are Irish. Though the Irish were not a feudal people, and you do not see the descendant of the Celts bearing coat armor or using personal crests, yet those in France, many of whose ancestors were the allies of our kings, have French titles and the right to bear feudal arms."

"Of course," Mrs. Danver said, with a giggle, "but I didn't know the Irish were well born, you know. It seems strange—I think there are very few in the Daughters."

"It would not be well to tell the Marquis O'Donnell of Marlotte that," said Pere Bertrand, smiling. "Her Irish blood is to her the most precious of her possessions."

"You are a damned Mrs. Thompson Wessnet. Could it be that this Narbonne became corrupted to 'Narbonne'?" It may be that my great-grandmother, or great-grandfather—I am not sure which—was related by marriage to the family of the Marquis de Narbonne. He tolerated the clear bodies, they had given him to his poor; Lillian was his friend she understood things without explanation; besides, she was a good girl, and she was rich, and he thought, with a sigh, perhaps to marry an unbeliever. The old priest had become very fond of Lillian, and she was the only grown-up person whom Rene, his housekeeper of fifty-five, treated with even ordinary respect.

"She gives no trouble," Rene had said, "she is like a real aristocrat—she will help you to your eggs and pick you salad. I can not believe that she was born among the American savages, and her mother and her aunt—I were not a Christian I would poison them."

The mother and the aunt were very much in Pere Bertrand's way, too. Lillian was so gentle and so self-reliant, so distinguished in manner, and yet so simple, so innocent, so sincere, and yet so full of reason, that the priest began to believe that St. Francis de Sales and St. Joseph both intended her for his own dear pupil and friend, Guy O'Donnell of the family of Narbonne. Guy was thirty years of age—grave, silent, tall, brown and wiry. Early ill health had kept him out of the army. Later, his health had begun to improve; he had lost his fortune in the Panama failure, but he still held a very small estate in a stone building, called Pleadry. He was steadfast and reverent—almost mystical. His book of essays, "Noces d'Antan," had brought him some fame—he was acknowledged as among the strongest in the New-Catholic movement of some money. He was to be his widowed aunt's heir, his elder brother being a priest in Algiers, but the Marquis evidently had the intention of living until 1950. Her chateau, "Les Arbes," was one of the finest in Picardy. She was born in sixteenth century, and she remembered the Marquis de Lafayette, and also that many of her relatives had been guillotined in the Terror. The Viscountess was devoted to her; he would not have given her pain for the world. She was a woman to indulge her in every way. And she rewarded him, because in her intimate talk she took him back to the old days, in which her mother had lived to dwell, and his one novel, "Les Roses de Chine," had been a success. Guy had not married. He could not afford to marry in his own circle and he would not marry out of it. Besides he had never been in love.

The young man, with his arm on the arm of the sea, "Awfully poor—that old Marquis, I suspect," Mrs. Danver had said. "It must be the Marquis, as I saw her coming out of the gilded house."

"Richly dressed, old-fashioned, she looked like what you meant—I must have before the war," Mrs. Thompson Wessnet had added.

"She has a sweet, clear-cut face," said Lillian, "too proud, perhaps, but lovely for all that. And her eyes look like a very interesting man. Pere Bertrand says that he once saved him from a mad dog, with all the coolness imaginable."

"Too bad they're so poor," Mrs. Danver said, as Lillian went off to romp with a group of children. "Do Narbonne! Grace, I do believe that the Marquis is related to my ancestor, Do Narbonne."

Mrs. Danver did not reply. She had no respect for any American pedigree but her own. "I asked Pere Bertrand to present me," Mrs. Thompson Wessnet continued, "but he said they did not receive strangers."

"They don't know who you are," said Mrs. Danver, "they think that we are ordinary Americans. Poor and proud! If they knew that we are well born and rich! Let us call to-morrow and perhaps the old lady might sell us an old cabinet or something."

It is a glorious thing to be a Daughter. "Guy, I love you, and I am sure Mademoiselle thinks it so. May I conduct Mademoiselle to the Palais at Mer?" he asked.

"Certainly, Viscount," Mrs. Thompson Wessnet said, wondering why she was consulted. "Several days of clear weather passed Lillian forgot the children, and Guy neglected his aunt in the mornings. Pere Bertrand, good and discerning Lovato had been, passed by, looking the other way. One afternoon, they disturbed the priest's hard-earned siesta."

"You are very kind," she said, with a bright, quick smile. "You like nearly all modern Frenchmen of his class, spoke English. It is a pleasure. He paused, and the children opened their eyes and waited. Why did this Monsieur spoil their game? He repeated, by way of prolonging the conversation. 'It is a great pleasure.'"

"My name is Lillian Wessnet," she announced, "the 'Thompson' if she could help it."

"Mademoiselle Wessnet—my aunt, Madame de Narbonne," Lillian made her best convent courtesy; the Marquis beamed.

"Lillian presented the children, and the game began. Guy and the Marquis in her low, cracked voice, joining in—'Nous n'irons pas au bois. Les lauriers sont coupés.'"

"When you are in relations on the quay, she left, taking the children with her, in a shower of 'Bon Jour, Madame! Bon Jour, Monsieur!'"

"She is gone!" sighed Guy, as if waking from a dream. "She has a good manner, she respects age—she did not merely nod her head."

The next day Pere Bertrand, on his way back from a call on the oldest inhabitant, saw Guy Lillian and the children on the quay. He noticed that the children were playing by themselves, and he smiled. He did not call attention to himself. On the third day, Guy was presented to Mrs. Thompson Wessnet and Mrs. Danver. "We are in relations on the quay, because we are Daughters, you know," Viscount, said Mrs. Thompson Wessnet.

"It is beautiful to be a daughter," Guy said, "it is a privilege to have one's parents living—and not so fortunate. Your parents were French?"

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Thompson Wessnet, "but I am closely related to Do Narbonne, who was prominent in the Revolution."

"Ah, he was not of our family. Our branch was all for the king. My great-grandfather was the O'Donnell who was killed at Fontenoy—he was Irish—and my grandfather died on the steps of the Bastille."

"Our Do Narbonne was at Yorktown. I am sorry to hear that any of the French took the side of the Tories. I trust that you do not sympathize with the cause of Old Glory."

Lillian tried to interpose, but her mother metaphorically strode over her prostrate body.

"I heard the children sing: 'Soyez le port d'Espagne! On y danse, on y danse!' All," said the Marquis, who hated all art since the year 1793, "what a fine pair of trousers!"

"What a picture for Bontou de Montville" exclaimed Guy. "The sun had burst through a light cloud and it touched the dancing group of children with a thousand points of light. Lillian, her face all smiles, raised it to the Marquis and Guy without seeing them. If Guy had been Orlando and Lillian, Tosca, the mischief could have been done no more quickly. Lillian saw only the black figures in the sunshine, and Guy beheld the one radiant creature. The Marquis saw a sweet, young girl in a made de bronze."

"Who is she?" she demanded. "I don't know—I wish I did," Guy said. His aunt rested against the stone coping, the better to view the brilliant group.

"I am afraid that she is an American," the Marquis said. "I saw two dreadful creatures with her the other day—a horribly common sort—over-dressed. That kind of people are always divorced. I have met such at the Palais de Sceaux's. One American woman married the husband of the Marquis de Tallgram-Perigord, who was also an American, but not savage like the rest. Ah, that is a beautiful face! I have seen her with Pere Bertrand."

"Guy did not hear this, for before his aunt finished, a gust of wind took the hat of a boy belonging to the group, and cast it into his face. He caught it, with a laugh; and, advancing, restored it to Lillian."

"You are very kind," she said, with a bright, quick smile. "You like nearly all modern Frenchmen of his class, spoke English. It is a pleasure. He paused, and the children opened their eyes and waited. Why did this Monsieur spoil their game? He repeated, by way of prolonging the conversation. 'It is a great pleasure.'"

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When or where "SALADA" It doesn't matter

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since the Holy Father has blessed the Republic.

HOW WHITTIER RETALIATED. An esteemed member of the Society of Friends sends a copy of some impromptu lines written by John G. Whittier when he lived in this city and edited the "Freeman." They were written for an album at the request of a young woman who boarded in the same house with him and who had been in the habit of bantering the young and sensitive poet with her lively sallies to his exceeding discomfort. The occasion of the text was her departure from the boarding house.

Thou art going hence, God bless thee! Thou art going hence, farewell! May the devil never distress thee, May the world wide use thee well.

Thou art going hence forever, And thou shedd'st not a tear; Thy well for tears shall never Lament thy leaving here.

Thou wilt miss thy merry laughter, As the schoolboy does his rod, And the jokes which followed after Thy visiting abroad.

Farewell! the Lord be with thee In thy future going on, And the plous sun and fair thee As thy Quaker friend hath done!

Thy life, may nothing vex it, Thy grief be now a few, And at thy final exit, May the devil miss thy due. —Philadelphia Bulletin.

HOW WE LEARN. Great truths are dearly bought. The common truth, Such as men give and take from day to day, Comes in the common walk of easy life.

Bought in the market at the current price, Bred of the smile, the jest, perchance the bow, It tells no tales of daring or of worth, Nor pierces e'en the surface of a soul.

Great truths are greatly won, not found by chance, Nor waited on the breath of summer dream, But grasped in the great struggle of a soul, Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream.

Not in the general mart, mid' corn and wine, Not in the mercatubase of gold and gems, Not in the world's gay hall of midnight mirth, Not mid' the blaze of regal diadems.

But in the day of conflict, fear and grief, When the strong hand of God, put forth in might, And brings the imprisoned truth seed to the light.

Wring from the troubled spirit in hard hours Of weakness, solitude, perchance of pain, Truth springs, like harvest, from the well-plowed field, And the soil feels it has not wept in vain. —Donar.

ARTER KILLING. Boston Pilot.—Rudyard Kipling annihilates Paul Krugler in a poem which calls him "Sloven, glib, savage, secret, uncontrolled." Laying on a now laid the evil of the old.

Rudy, me boy, don't let illiteration make you a Sauter, supercilious, shuffling, abominable scold. Filling up a now song with the strutting of the old.

WEALTH CAN NOT PROTECT YOU FROM MISERY AND ILLNESS Dr. Pierce's FAVORITE Prescription MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG AND SICK WOMEN WELL, RICHARD POOR ALIKE

Kruger's Declaration of War.

London, Oct. 10.—The Cabinet has been summoned to meet at the Foreign Office on Friday next.

The ultimatum of the Transvaal Government has been received by the British Government.

Boers Beyond Control.—The only wonder is why Mr. President Kruger is so long in replying.

Refugees as Volunteers.—The expiration of the time limit of the ultimatum to-morrow evening does not leave much time to be lost.

Outside the momentous news of the ultimatum nothing of moment has been heard from the Boers.

The Ultimatum Arrives.—The text of the Boer ultimatum, as arranged by Lord Roberts, was sent to the British Government.

War It Must Be Now.—In ordinary circumstances the demand of the Boers would be regarded as a mere ultimatum.

Transport for Delagoa Bay.—The Portuguese Government has agreed to supply the transport for the Boers.

War Preparations Going On.—The Boers are being pushed with the greatest energy.

An Immediate Advance.—A Cape Town despatch says that the Boers have advanced to the north.

Highlanders for Ladysmith.—London, Oct. 10.—A despatch from Durban, Natal, dated yesterday, says that the Highlanders for Ladysmith have been ordered.

Will Keep the Boers Out.—The action of the British Government in the matter of the Boers is being watched.

Powerful at Cape Town.—Durban, Oct. 10.—M.M. de la Rive, the Cape Town correspondent, has received a despatch from Cape Town.

Amidst a Cant Work.—London, Oct. 10.—A special despatch from Bloemfontein notes the difficulties in working the railway.

Kruger Are Collecting.—Lorenso Marques, Oct. 10.—Refugees who have arrived here report that Swastland is being administered.

Berlin Yesterday Morning.—London, Oct. 10.—Late this afternoon the Colonial Office gave out the text of the following telegram from the South African Republic.

Text of the Cablegram Sent by Sir Alfred Milner.—The Government of the South African Republic has received a telegram from the British Government.

The Troops the Trouble.—Although this promise was once more repeated, the Boers are not satisfied.

Claims a New Violation.—The Government can only see in the above ultimatum a violation of the convention of 1894.

Refers to the Convention.—The Government of the South African Republic has received a telegram from the British Government.

At the Reception of the Ultimatum.—London, Oct. 10.—The more peaceful tone of the ultimatum has been noted.

British Government Has Also Demanded.—London, Oct. 10.—The British Government has also demanded that the Boers should accept the ultimatum.

Formal Announcement to Be Made.—London, Oct. 10.—It is reported that at the coming session of Parliament formal notice will be given of the ultimatum.

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THE BOER ULTIMATUM.

London, N.B., Oct. 10.—The Transvaal Government has just handed the following ultimatum to Mr. Conyngham Greene the British Diplomat Agent here.

The ultimatum is an unlawful intervention in the internal affairs of the Republic in conflict with the London Convention of 1884.

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London, Oct. 10.—The reports from all the military camps show that the mobilization of the Boer forces is proceeding.

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LATEST MARKETS.

Two-day Evening, Oct. 11.—Chicago wheat market was dull and inactive.

Stocks of wheat at Fort William and Port Arthur on Oct. 11 were 410,800 bushels.

Chicago stocks are: Wheat 8,210,000 bushels, an increase of 52,210 bushels a week ago.

Receipts at Liverpool during the past three days were 498,000 centals.

The Michigan crop report for October shows that the crop is 12,000 bushels per acre.

Following are the closing prices at important wheat centres to-day.

Flour—Ontario patents, in bags, \$3.70 to \$3.80; straight, \$3.40 to \$3.50.

Receipts of farm produce were fair: 7500 bushels of grain, 25 loads of hay, 8 of straw.

Wheat—Red and white steady, with good 3/4c easier, as follows: White, 100 bushels at 74c.

Barley—Canadian, 30c west, and American 40c.

Hay—Ontario, 20c to 25c; Canadian, 15c to 20c.

Butter—Ontario, 20c to 25c; Canadian, 15c to 20c.

Eggs—Ontario, 20c to 25c; Canadian, 15c to 20c.

Wool—Ontario, 20c to 25c; Canadian, 15c to 20c.

Stocks—Ontario, 20c to 25c; Canadian, 15c to 20c.

Grain—Ontario, 20c to 25c; Canadian, 15c to 20c.

Produce—Ontario, 20c to 25c; Canadian, 15c to 20c.

Canadian Catholic Readers

A new series of Canadian Catholic Readers prepared by some of the leading teachers of Ontario, named for the work by the Bishops and the Education Department.

The paper, illustrations, binding and general mechanical execution are up to the high standard required by the Government for corresponding books used in Public Schools.

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