

"Could my blood restore her sight, I would let it be drained to the last drop."

This fervent utterance of gratitude made a deep impression on John Slaets. The woman perceived this, and giving her husband an admonitory nod to be silent, she continued:

"Three months after, God sent us a child—it sits on your knee. Rosa, who knew long before of its coming, wished to be its godmother, and Peer, my husband's brother, was to be godfather. On the christening day, there was some conversation about the name which should be given to the child. Rosa begged us to call the child John, but the godfather—a good man, but rather obstinate—wished, and there was nothing to object it, that it should be called Peter after him. And so, after a long discussion, it was baptized John-Peter; and we call him Peerken, because his godfather—to whom he belongs more than to Rosa, being a boy—will have it so, and would be offended if we did not do it. But Rosa will not hear of Peerken—she will call the child nothing but Johnny; and the little fellow is accustomed to it already, and knows that he is called Johnny, because it is your name, sir."

The traveller pressed the child passionately to his breast, and kissed him warmly. Silently musing, he gazed intently at the boy's laughing countenance, while his heart melted with a sweet sadness. The woman continued:

"Rosa's brother had made an arrangement with some people in Antwerp, to buy up victuals of every kind, in all the places about, to send to England. He would soon grow rich with this trade, people said, for every week he took ten carts full of provisions to Antwerp. At first, all went well; but suddenly some one failed in Antwerp, and the unfortunate Tist Meulincz, who had been security, was ruined, and was made so very poor by it, that all his goods were not enough by half to pay its debts. He was not able to bear up under it all, and died, poor fellow! may our Lord receive his soul!—Rosa then went to live in a little room at Nand Flink's, in the corner yonder; but in the same year, Karel, Nand's son, who had been taken for a soldier, came home with inflamed eyes. He had not been a fortnight at home, when he lost his sight altogether. Rosa, who had felt great pity for him, and always did what her kind heart bade her, had nursed him during his illness, and now used to lead him about to keep up his spirits, and refresh him a little. But Rosa soon caught the same disease, and has never since beheld the light of day! Nand Flink is dead, and the children are scattered; the blind Karel is provided for by a farmer not far from Lier. We then begged Rosa to come and live here, and told her that we should be very much pleased to see her beside us, and would willingly work for her all our lives; and she came with pleasure.—And before God we can declare, that she has now been nearly six years here, and has never heard from us anything but words of kindness; but, then, she is all goodness and love; and if anything were to happen, which was to be pleasant to Rosa, I do believe our children would fight and tear each other's hair to be the first to—"

"And she begs!" sighed the traveller.

"Yes, sir, but that is not our fault," replied the woman with offended pride. "Do not think that we have forgotten what Rosa once did for us. Had it been necessary to yoke ourselves to the plow, and endure hunger for her sake, she would not have required to beg. What do you think of us, sir? No! we prevented it for more than six months; and that is the only wrong

we have done to Rosa. As our family increased rapidly, Rosa feared in her angel heart that she would be a burden to us, and she wished to assist a little. It was all in vain to oppose; she became quite ill with vexation; we saw this, and after half a year's entreaties, we were at last compelled to allow her to take her own way. But it is no disgrace to a blind woman. Though we are very poor, we are, thank God, not so needy as to require it; but she compels us for all that to take now and then a share of her gains, for we cannot be at variance with poor blind Rosa; but we give it back again in another way. For although she does not know it, she is better clothed than we, and the food which we prepare for her is much better than our own. A little pot is always devoted to her. See, there it is, two eggs with butter-sauce, in addition to potatoes! The remaining money she lays aside, if I understand her rightly, as a little portion to our children when they are grown up. We thank her from our hearts for her love; but, sir, we can do little else."

The traveller had listened with the deepest silence to this explanation; a quiet smile which beamed upon his countenance, and a slight occasional movement of the eyes, were the only indications of the feelings of intense joy which filled his heart.

The woman had ceased speaking, and had set her wheel in motion again; while the traveller remained for a time occupied with his own reflections. Suddenly he put the child on the floor, and turning to the man, who was busy with his brooms, said in a tone very like a command:

"Cease working!"

The broom-maker did not understand at first what he was after, and rose from his seat, astonished at the tone of the stranger's voice.

"Cease, I say—and give me your hand, farmer Nelis."

"Farmer!" muttered the broom-maker with surprise.

"Come, come," cried the traveller. "To the door with your brooms! I will give you a hide of land, four milch cows, a heifer, two horses, and everything else which goes to make up a comfortable farmstead.—You do not believe me?" he continued, showing the broom-maker a handful of gold pieces. "What I say is true. I might give you this gold, but I love and respect you too much to put money in your hand. I will make you the possessor of a good hide of land, and even after my death, I will benefit you and your children."

The good people gazed at him with moist eyes, and appeared not yet quite to comprehend all he said. When the traveller was about to renew his promise, Peerken eagerly seized him by the hand, as if he would say something to him.

"What is it, my dear child?" he asked.

"Mr. John," replied the boy, "see!—the workers are coming from the fields. I know where Rosa is. Shall I run to meet her, and tell her that you have come?"

The traveller took Peerken's hand, and drew him towards the door:

"Come along; we shall go together!" he said; and taking leave of the family with a slight and hasty gesture, he accompanied the child, who led him toward the middle of the village. As soon as they had reached the first houses, the rustics came out of their barns and stables, and looked gaping after the traveller, as if they had seen a miracle. In truth, it was a wonderful spectacle to see the child in his shirt, and with his bare feet, laughing and talking merrily, as he skipt along by the side of this unknown stranger. The astonished villagers could not understand what

the rich-gentleman, who seemed to be a baron at least, meant to do with the broom-maker's little Peter. Still greater was their astonishment, when they saw him stoop and kiss the child. The only explanation of the matter which occurred to the wisest heads among them, and was soon pronounced before every house-door to be the true account of the matter, was, that the rich gentleman had bought the boy from his parents, and meant to adopt him as a son. This had often been done by city people who had no children of their own; and little Peter, with his great blue eyes and fair curly head, was certainly the prettiest boy in the village. But for all that, it was both strange and pretty to see the rich gentleman carry off the child in nothing but his shirt.

To be continued.

Fifteen Years Ago

From No. 28 of St. Peter's Bote

The Catholic Settlement Society announces that it has resolved to start a new Colony 60-100 miles west of Saskatoon and about 150 miles south-west of Rosthern. There is no bush in the newly proposed Colony. The society itself is going to be reorganized. — Last Friday Mrs. Kopp and her two daughters Clara and Mary, returned from their trip to Switzerland and Germany. Tuesday Mrs. Kopp left with her husband for St. Peter's Colony.—Last Wed. Mr. Lange, the president of the C.S.S., left at the head of an expedition to inspect the land in the new Colony. He expects to be away about two months.

—A new elevator is being constructed in town and another will soon be begun. — Nic. Schuler and H. Lessmeister were in from the Colony and reported that the crops at St. Anne are looking fine. Mr. Schuler has put up 75 loads of hay and burned some excellent lime. — On Aug. 16th Mr. Honisch arrived from Manchester, O., having made the 2,000 mile trip by wagon with three horses. He started out on the first of June and claims to have saved about \$200 by not taking the railroad. — In Nebraska he had to pass over a fifty mile stretch of country that was under water. — Mr. Schultz of Dead Moose Lake brought in some oats Aug. 16 that was 4½ ft. long and wheat 4 ft., raised on new breaking. — Ludwig Walter of Lake Lenore reports that the crops there look promising for a good harvest.

The correspondent from Münster writes on Aug. 18 that about 30 teams are busy filling in the embankment of the creek for the C. N. R. roadbed. The bridge will be 200 ft. in length and 40 ft. in height. The Monastery has put up 75 tons of hay and the mower is still busy.—Monday Aug. 15 Father Chrysostom held services at St. Bruno in the store owned by Wm. and Nic. Smith. A church is to be erected this fall. There are now about 24 families residing in the settlement.—Last Friday the Monastery's people returned from Fish Creek where they had been occupied for the past two weeks with taking apart the rail-road bridge which the spring floods had swept away from Saskatoon. —The two brothers of Father Peter are at present working for the Monastery.—On the feast of the Assumption the first Solemn Religious Profession took place in St. Peter's Monastery — Frater Leo and Casimir pronouncing their Solemn Vows on that day.

ADDENDA:

There was a light frost in the Colony on Aug. 28th around three o'clock in the morning, slightly nipping the potato vines.

On Aug. 29th work on the new church at Schaeffer's was resumed.

Fruit of the Wild Rose.

FOR SAUCE:—Two pounds of the red fruit of the wild rose are cut up and cleaned. Then 30 grams of salt and 50 grams of sugar, a little wine-vinegar, a small quantity of onions, cloves and ginger are added and the fruit cooked till tender. Now force it through a hair-sieve and put the sauce thus obtained in glasses. Then sterilize by boiling the filled glasses for fifteen minutes at 100° Celsius.

FOR PRESERVING:—The fruit is likewise cut open and cleaned, boiled in water to which a tablespoonful of vinegar and half a teaspoonful of salt were added. When tender, the fruit is lifted out of the

water allowing all the water to drip off. In the meantime a pound of sugar is dissolved in some water and an equal amount of vinegar, boiled, and poured over the fruit. During three days the juice is poured off and reboiled and poured on again. On the 4th day the fruit is put in glasses and the juice added. When cool, close the glasses.

FOR MARMALADE:—Clean the fruit carefully and let stand for 2 days. On the 3rd day it is passed through a hair-sieve. To a pound of fruit add one pound of sugar; let stand for half an hour and then put in glasses which are left open till the marmalade is hard and dry on top.

SHE KNEW HER PLACE.

A woman, one of the 30,000 British workers for the Y.M.C.A., was assigned to scrub the Eagle hut floor in London. She had done little manual labor in her life, but accepted the job without protest, and went down on her knees with a pail of hot water, a cloth and a cake of soap. Soon the water in the pail was black. A man in uniform passed. The woman looked up and asked if he would mind emptying the pail and refilling it with clean water.

There was a pause, then this reply: "Dummit, madame, I'm an officer."

This time there was no pause, but like a flash the scrubwoman retorted: "Dummit, officer, I'm a duchess!"

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