

Picking up Bargains.

By V. S. THOMPSON.

As a matter of fact, I am afraid I ought not to have shown that catalogue to Elizabeth at all. Yet it looked harmless enough. "The household furniture and effects of the late William Westinghouse, Esq., at eleven precisely."

William Westinghouse—probably an elderly bachelor. Lots 1 to 93 consisted mainly of pipe racks and liquor stands. Lots 94 to 567 of—but here, in a weak, unselfish moment, I tossed the catalogue across to Elizabeth, asking with assumed carelessness: "Anything there you care about?"

With feminine ease Elizabeth passed right over Lots 1 to 93 and settled in the best bedroom. From there she descended to the drawing room, ticking off various items with a blunt pencil.

"The things genuine enough," said Elizabeth about tea-time, "and we do want a new hall-stand."

"Do we?" I said; then, "I suppose we do."

"If we get there early—about Lot 94—we shall have plenty of time to see how things are going before we bid."

"Plenty," I agreed. "Er—about bidding?"

"Of course, if you'd rather," she said.

"Not at all. Still, I fancy it would look better for a man—"

"Perhaps," conceded Elizabeth; "though I do think a woman's intuition..."

"Yes," I murmured, and I knew I had been miserably beaten.

That was Monday. Unfortunately it was four days before the sale took place. On Tuesday we wanted with that new hall-stand a coal-vase and an alarm clock; Wednesday, an overmantel; Thursday, a pair of curtains. Then I wished I had burned that catalogue.

Now, there are two ways of bidding at an auction. One is to beat the other party at all costs. That is unscientific and expensive. The second is the way Elizabeth had discovered in a little book, "Secrets of Success in the Auction Room". You mark the highest price you are prepared to give on the margin of your catalogue. You start the bidding at exactly half this figure. You advance your bids by easy stages until your outside price is reached. Then—you remember method No. 1.

When we arrived at the residence of the late William Westinghouse, Esq., a mahogany sideboard was being offered.

"It's too large," said Elizabeth.

"Much."

"And in shocking bad repair."

"Shocking."

"And it—four pounds ten!" cried Elizabeth.

"But, my dear," I remonstrated "we have one."

"I'm only practising," explained Elizabeth. "To acquire confidence in the auction room, the beginner should make one or two trial bids before actually buying. That's what the author of 'Secrets of Success' recommends."

A few lots further on a grand piano was put up.

"I'm safe up to thirty pounds," said Elizabeth. "I'll help the bidding on a bit, then drop out just before—"

But either that crowd was not musical or else Elizabeth had over-estimated the value of early Victorian pianos. Anyway, she—we—I—bought it for twenty-nine pounds.

"Of course, it's absurdly cheap," said Elizabeth, as I paid the deposit.

"Of course; but do you really think you need more practice? I'm no judge, you know, still—"

"Then I shall bid in real earnest next time."

Then the duel commenced—Elizabeth versus the Field. The auc-

tioneer played for the Field. He was a host in himself.

"Thirty-two and six for this lovely pair of cutglass celery glasses," he cried. "Thirty-five," came a voice from an empty corner. (Did I mention that the auctioneer was an accomplished ventriloquist, and could make bids from all parts of the room?)

"Thirty-seven and six." This from a lady who had just left the room. "Thirty-seven and six," said the auctioneer, very deliberately. "May I say two pounds? May—I—"

Then he looked at Elizabeth. I really don't know what we shall do with another pair of celery glasses though. There were three sets given at the wedding. We had now bought a grand piano, a hall-stand (it came on earlier than Elizabeth expected) and a pair of celery glasses. The hall-stand could be made useful and cost no more than a new one—which is what a bargain means when buying furniture. But the celery-glasses, and the grand piano!—Really, something must be done. Should I rush out to the nearest postoffice and wire to Elizabeth: "Mother dying. Come at once.—Clara?"

The post-office was three quarters of a mile away—phew! and the curtains were just beginning. No, I must stay by Elizabeth. That was my place.

There was one pair of curtains—real lace—against which Elizabeth had written thirty-five shillings. And there was another bidder, a lady, who also had written her outside figure (she must have read "Secrets of Success", too). And there was the auctioneer.

I fancy that auctioneer knew all about a woman's intuition. (Perhaps he had been married several times.) At five guineas he paused and smiled encouragingly at Elizabeth. But, of course, he did not mean to let that pair of curtains go for five guineas. In the depth of his soul he had said: "At seven guineas I shall part with them. It will be a hard struggle, but—"

Elizabeth was the lucky bidder. Real lace, too!

After this the spell of the auction room quite possessed Elizabeth. From room to room she—followed the auctioneer, now bidding for packets of stair-ropes, now a footbath, now a set of carvers. At half-past four I suggested lunch.

"There's nothing to prevent you from going out," said Elizabeth, coldly, "as I expect I shall be pretty busy for the next half-hour. There are one or two mixed lots, and—"

Of course it was absurd to leave Elizabeth to wrestle with those mixed lots unaided. Now, a mixed lot is a bird-cage, a length of Brussels carpet, and a cracked water-jug. In theory, one purchases the three for the price of the bird-cage, and has the carpet and the water-jug presented as consolation prizes.

In practice, Elizabeth bought a really good all-wool hearth-rug for two and a half guineas, and left a 1905 calendar and a clothes horse in the van that brought our bargain home.

At half-past six Elizabeth began to show signs of fatigue. In a distant manner she remembered two or three friends with whom she had promised to take tea.

"Supposing," I suggested it as the merest possibility, "we were to miss the servants' bedroom?"

"I think," said Elizabeth, "it would be more manly to admit you want your tea."

"Lunch," I corrected.

"Perhaps we'd better, then—if you're very keen."

At the door Elizabeth turned. The auctioneer was holding up a pair of Worcester vases. For a moment everything hung in the balance. I nerved myself for a big effort.

"Those vases are imitation," I said, speaking very quickly, "and

the one on left is cracked, and—and I heard a dealer say—"

I think I should have done it but for the auctioneer. We were exactly two and a half inches from the door.

"What shall I say for this pair of real Worcester vases?" he cried.

Elizabeth turned her head—two and a quarter inches from the door.

"Will some lady or gentleman kindly— we were two inches—"

"Twenty-five shillings, thank you, sir"—one and three quarters—"for the last time"—one and a quarter inches, phew, that last sprint!—"twenty—... and I think there is also a cutglass butter—"

"Seven!" rang out Elizabeth's voice strong and clear.

It was exactly thirty-eight minutes past nine when the last lot was knocked down.

There is another sale in the neighborhood to-morrow. It is to take place in—our diningroom. Lots 1 to 20 consists mainly of bedroom furniture; thirty-seven is a pair of Worcester vases; ninety-two, three and four, are real lace curtains. Later on a grand piano will be offered. And Elizabeth!

Elizabeth is staying with some friends in Belfast.

Fifteen Years Ago

From No. 33 of St. Peters Bote

In this issue of the paper Father Prior Alfred announces that the St. Peters Bote will be published at Münster from New Year on.

The change is made possible by the C. N. R. coming through the Colony this fall and thus enabling the publishers to mail the paper from Münster. Their contract with "Der Nordwesten Publishing Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, expires Dec. 31.

Owing apparently to the fact that strangers have handling the mail department, many complaints came in from people who did not get their papers regularly. Perfect satisfaction in this respect can be guaranteed after the paper is published at Münster. Any one able and willing to do type-setting should apply at once.

The correspondent writes from Münster on the 24th of Sept. that Prior Alfred returned last Friday from his trip to Winnipeg via Rosthern. Father Dominic, who had taken a drive to Rosthern with his ponies, came out with Father Prior.

Work on the bridge across the Wolvener was begun last Monday. Rails are laid to within only a short distance of the Monastery and the whistle of the locomotive can easily be heard.—Last Thursday Stephan McIsaac died in Robinson's Camp, T. 37, R. 19. Father Mathias administered to him the last sacraments and held the funeral services. Interment took place Friday near the camp.—Mr. Arnold Dauk, the new storekeeper in Annaheim, called at the Monastery and then boarded a construction train en route to Winnipeg to purchase the necessary goods for his store.—Albert Nenzel and John Mamer have erected two large buildings in Münster, the former a store, the latter a blacksmith's shop.—Last Saturday Father Peter, Fr. Leo, F. Reissmann and Joseph Windschiel returned from Fish Creek where they had been busy taking apart the old Saskatoon bridge that the spring floods had swept away. All the iron, bolt anchors etc., were brought to Rosthern and the lumber, about 41,000 ft., will be hauled out to the Colony.

Ogilvie, Lake of the Woods and other mills have raised the best flour 15 cts. per sack of 98 lbs.—On Sept. 1st eighteen new Post-offices were opened in the Northwest Territories.

For Her Children's Sake OR A MOTHER BRAVING A WILDERNESS

Told by her son OTTO G. LUTZ of CARMEL, Sask.

CHAPTER I.

THE DECISION

It was on a December day, A.D. 1902. Mother had been reading the "Excelsior," a German newspaper which our brother Anthony, a priest, had sent her as usual without any particular motive, unless it was intended to provide the family with a weekly reminder that he had thought of them. Sister Mary and I had come home from school and found mother so absorbed with thoughts of her own that she had failed to notice us, when we came into her room.

To begin with: Mother and we two younger children lived in a modest house on Kearney Hill at Nebraska City, Neb. Brother Anthony and sisters Rosa and Anna were the other members of our then, family, for our father—God rest his soul!—had died in Ballenberg, Baden, Germany, 1894, whence we five others subsequently emigrated to America, where Brother Anthony had already preceded us in 1893. At the time of which I am writing Brother Anthony labored in his fifth year as priest in the diocese of Lincoln, sister Rosa was married, living with her husband and baby girl a few blocks from our house, while sister Anna had a position in the city, coming home only once or twice a week.

The particular page of reading in mother's "Excelsior" which had proved so interesting to her was an unusual display advertisement in behalf of a Settlement Society with offices at St. Paul, Minn. This advertisement described very interestingly a grandiose plan for the settlement of a wide stretch of uninhabited prairie land in the Northwest Territories of Canada, the settlers to be German Catholics.

Mother, at once, made up her mind to venture into this strange, wild country alone with her children and for their sake only. Even now after a lapse of sixteen years, it is only with horror that one can think of this daring, rash and adventurous plan and its consequences. Maybe, these lives no other woman who ever attempted, under the same circumstances as our mother did, a similar feat and finally succeeded in reaching the goal as our mother did, though handicapped in every way and bearing tremendous hardships and suffering. Surely, it must have been Divine Providence that suggested the undertaking to mother and led her onward and fortified her against the dark days which were to come so soon; and to remember that she was no longer in the prime of life, for she had passed her fiftieth birthday!

Having made up her mind, mother broached, without losing much time, her plans to my brother, to Rosa and her husband, and to Anna. All their efforts at dissuading her were of no avail. No argument could induce her to abandon the plan. Mother stood firm as a rock in her determination. Her only desire was to take her children away from the lure and temptations of the city and to transplant them to a virgin country, where the two minor children could grow up and all could live secure in the holy Faith and among good country folk.

In the week after New Year's brother Anton came from his western parish on a few days' visit and, of course, our conversation had to do mostly with questions that bore on our moving to the new country. Finally it was decided that the best time for moving would be in April. In the meantime mother was to sell her property, while all mov-

SUITS DRY CLEANED

HAVE YOUR SUITS DRY CLEANED. We Dry-Clean Ladies' and Gents' Garments, sent per parcel post. First Class Workmanship. HUMBOLDT TAILORING CO.

When looking for LAND

see me. I can sell you land at all prices and on the terms you want. A. J. RIES, ST. GREGOR.

CALL IN TO MY SHOWROOM and look over the New BRISCOE SPECIAL

the Car with the Half Million Dollar Motor.

The Price is within reach of everybody wanting an up-to-date Car.

I WILL GIVE YOU A DEMONSTRATION ANY TIME

Let me know your requirements and I can supply your wants in anything for the Farm. FARMERS! I have a **Portable Granary** on exhibit at my ware house in Humboldt. Double ply lumber and metal roof. Get my price before buying elsewhere.

E. D. LELACHEUR

THE HUMBOLDT MACHINE MAN
Main Street HUMBOLDT, SASK.

We Have A Full Line Of PAINT

House paint—Implement paint—Floor paint—Wall paint—Kalsomine—Floor Varnish—Linoleum Varnish—Floor Wax and all colours of Automobile Paint and Varnish

in fact everything to brighten things up and make them look like new. Call and see, and get colour cards.

A full line of Drugs, Chemicals and Patent Medicines. Marlatt's Gall Stone Cure always on hand, also Ad-ler-i-ka.

School Books and School Supplies in any Quantity.

Large Assortment of Gramophones & Records

Send us a trial order. Mail orders a speciality.

Write us in your own language.

W. F. Hargarten
Pharmac. Chemist — Bruno, Sask.

For Wedding Gifts and Rings

see

E. Thornberg
Watchmaker and Jeweller

Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Main St., HUMBOLDT, SASK.

Fullness of Tone! Adaptability! Beauty!

Let us explain, why these three outstanding qualities produce new and increased pleasure when you listen to the

MELOTONE

With the Melotone, the music of any Record is expressed most harmoniously. Delicate upper tones which formerly were lost, are now made audible by the sounding chamber, which is constructed of wood on the principle of the violin. The Melotone is able to play all kinds of Records BETTER than other Phonographs. The Melotone Factory in Winnipeg is the only one in Western Canada. This Instrument is fast taking the lead over all other phonographs and, as to construction, durability and low price, it is now excelled by none. It offers the largest selection of Records in Western Canada, at from 20 cts. upward. All instruments are guaranteed, and you get your money back if not everything is as represented.

M. J. MEYERS Jeweller and Optician HUMBOLDT

You are safe in a threefold way, if you bring your prescription to us: 1) We use for the prescription exactly what the doctor prescribed, every article being of standard strength, fresh and pure; 2) We examine and reexamine the prescription, whereby every error as to drug or quantity is excluded; 3) We are satisfied with a reasonable profit and charge the lowest prices for the best quality. These are three reasons why you should buy from us.

G. R. WATSON, HUMBOLDT, SASK.

DRUGGIST The Retail Store STATIONER

Advertisement in the St. Peters Bote.