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to what absurd lengths one can draw her out, for a joke; but when there's good sense, as well as good fun, going on all around, she's an intolerable bore."

Kathleen's eyes opened in undisguised amazement at the idea of "drawing out" persons on purpose that they might make themselves ridiculous.

"There's Kathleen highly disapproving of us," said Mary, laughing. "Now, Kathleen, don't pretend you like Lavinia's sentimentality better than we do."

"Speak, I charge you, like a good ghost," said Jack, grandiloquently. "Let's hear, an' please you, what horrified you in my comments on the 'sweet romantic girl'. You can send an arrow to the point as true and sharp as that with which you cut short her deliberations anent her souvenir last night. I caught a glimpse of Mr. Everard in the background roaring at the contrast when you came out so promptly with that racy French motto."

"I could give you something short and sharp," said Kathleen archly.

"Give it then this instant," exclaimed the irrepressible Jack, holding up his clenched fist and shaking it, "or I'll send the Black Sea all over your paper."

"Do as you would be done by," said Kathleen, and Jack sent a stream of dark blue paint over the paper in revenge, while there was a general laugh at his having "caught it."

"That's only the text," said Jack solemnly, as with a wet sponge he carefully washed off the blue paint with which his mischief-loving fingers had disfigured the paper, "now we'll have the sermon. Answer me. What can be done with an absurdity except laugh at it?"

"Well," said Kathleen, "I think her friends must have been unkind to let Miss Plumtree get to such a pitch of folly without making her see its absurdity. Even now, if you all tried to draw her out to be wise instead of foolish, it might make a great difference in her."

"Make a difference in Lavinia!" laughed Jack, sarcastically. "My innocent cousin, you know nothing of the world; when you do, you will find that when persons live to thirty without the smallest sense of the ridiculous, they are hopeless; they will make themselves absurd to the end of the chapter."

"I propose that we hand over our trusted cousin Lavinia to Kathleen's training," said Mary, with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes. "I second the proposition," chimed in Jack. "Kathleen shall teach the young romantic girl how to shoot; with proverbs short and sharp—such as 'Never too old to learn'—There's no fool like an old fool—instead of—'Ah! think of me when daylight sets.'"

Jack's ridiculous mimicry sent everybody into fits of laughter; Kathleen could not speak for laughing. But she would not give up her point, and as soon as she recovered herself, she exclaimed:

"Very well, cousin Jack! I see what I am to expect from you. If I should at any time be making a fool of myself, you will not only help me out of my false position, but you will do your best to draw me into a worse, for the fun of it."

"Now isn't that like womankind?" cried Jack, starting up. "Did I ever stint the words of truth to any one who had sense enough to understand them! Did I ever, Honor, now?"

Honor had not been paying much attention to the conversation, but at Jack's appeal she raised her beautiful dark eyes from the prints in which she had been studying costumes for the new tableaux, and met her brother's question with such a look of confidence and secure affection as revealed in one second the strength of the tie between them.

"You never let me make a fool of myself, when you could help it, Jack, and I am sure you never will," replied Honor, looking fondly at her brother.

Honor never before appeared half so lovely in Kathleen's eyes. She might be a little spoiled on the surface; she might be inclined always to expect the first place, which her beauty so frequently won for her, but no voice of flattery was half so dear to her as that truth-telling voice of her brother, who waged unsparing war with everything like folly. Kathleen took it all in at a glance and thought that deep affection of the brother and sister the pleasantest thing she had seen since home. Yet, how sad it made her! Would the "tender grace" of those old days ever come back to her?

Her thoughts wandered so far away that the continued attack of her cousin fell upon her ears unheeded, till at last she was aroused from her sad musings by the touch of Eleanor's hand upon her shoulder.

"You are longing to get rid of us, I can see, Kathleen. Never mind all their nonsense. They shan't tease you any more."

"Oh, they don't tease me," replied Kathleen, smiling. "My wits had gone wool-gathering, that's all, she continued, coloring slightly as she added, "I am apt to dream."

"Well, you will soon be left in peace now to dream as much as you like, for the carriages, I see, are coming up the drive, and we must be off at once. But remember, I am not going to let Lavinia be thrown upon your hands, for I want you to look after Mr. Everard and be civil to him. He does not seem inclined to be amused as easily as the other two gentlemen; and I cannot tell you how grateful I was last night when I saw you had engaged him in conversation. It is so impossible to attend to everybody, and yet I get such scoldings from my father if any one seems neglected."

By the time Eleanor had finished speaking, the rest of the party of young cousins had dispersed to prepare for the day's expedition, and she and Kathleen were left alone. Eleanor lingered a moment, as though unwilling to leave her cousin to her solitary task. After a slight pause she stooped down and pressed a kiss on Kathleen's forehead.

"How good you are, dear," she whispered; then she continued earnestly, and in rather a desponding tone, "Oh, Kathleen, I wish you could tell me Aunt Margaret's secret for making everything go smoothly! My father has been talking to me about her. He says she used to be like an angel about the house, harmonizing the most discordant tempers, and never forgetting anything. You see it is so different where there is no mother. I know I am thoughtless and often make great mistakes; but I don't think any elder sister could ever be like the mother; do you?"

Kathleen was close to Eleanor in an instant, her arm stealing round her waist. She had expressed exactly the want she had felt increasing every day, and all her annoyance with Eleanor's forgetfulness of her vanished when she realized the weight resting on such young shoulders.

"I don't think a mother's loss can ever be quite filled up," she said softly, "but if you could be with my mother for a little while, I think you would understand what my uncle means."

"But cannot you tell me?" pleaded Eleanor, trying to keep back the tears that would fill her eyes. "You may speak the whole truth to me, Kathleen, I assure you."

"I think if my dear mother has a secret influence it lies in the great respect with which she treats everybody. She never deals hastily or

roughly with the youngest, the most insignificant. Once when she lent me a little book of her favorite texts, I found amongst them one about God disposing with great reverence of the creatures of His hand; and from that day I understood my mother's principle of action so much better. She looks at every one as God's creature to be treated with respect."

This was a very new view of things to Eleanor, and her truth-telling conscience contrasted her own abrupt, inconsiderate ways rather strongly. But she said, with a slight shade of petulance in her voice:

"It is perfectly impossible to feel respect for some persons. I know I am very wanting in it to my dear father, and I let the others talk in a free and easy style, and—"

"And," interrupted her cousin, "does not that just foster the very spirit you find it so difficult to manage? I have been so struck with my mother's manner of nursing my father through his long illness, which has prostrated his noble, energetic spirit. You know what severe illness does to a man, making him often vacillating and querulous? Yet, never, either in his presence or out of it, has there been a look or a word which showed that the old reverence in which she held him, was weakened. She has supported him in the hour of weakness, by keeping him in his rightful place."

The door opened, and a servant looked in to say that all the ladies and gentlemen were in the carriages, and they only waited for Miss Fitzgerald.

"Thank you, thank you," whispered Eleanor, "you must try and recollect everything about Aunt Margaret you possibly can; I do wish I was like her. Just answer one thing before I go. What would your mother do with a creature like Lavinia? She couldn't possibly respect her."

"I don't know what she would do," said Kathleen hesitatingly. "I think my mother dislikes affection more than anything that is not positively wicked. But I fancy she would somehow find out one silver thread of reality in the tissue of pretended feeling, and she would work upon that. But go, dear, now, there is your father calling you."

To be continued.

### The Legend of the Roses.

"One Christmas Eve, many hundred years ago," said the Roses, "a young German peasant girl had wandered out sadly from her native village into the snowy fields which surrounded it."

It was bitterly cold, the trees were black and leafless, the hedges covered with snow—everywhere the sap of living things was frozen and checked by the severe frost. The girl was dressed in poor, thin clothes, and shivered as she plodded through the snow and the keen wind struck her. But little would she have minded the cold, had the trouble which caused the tears to drop from her eyes, been soothed.

It was the custom at this holy season of rejoicing and thanksgiving, for every peasant to bring one gift of gratitude to lay at the feet of the Babe Jesus in the village church. Some brought money, others humble home-made gifts, others waxen candles—all was of the best it was in their power to produce. But this year, Greta, poorest of all the village girls, supporting her aged mother with her scanty earnings, had nothing to bring. So, sad at heart, half blind with miserable tears, she had wandered out into the snow not knowing whether she was going and carrying little what became of her.

She struggled on, dragging her poor little shawl closer to her breast,

fighting the wind and the cold, till she reached the shelter of a dense firwood, and leant for support against a tree.

"Oh, dear Lord," she sobbed, "wilt Thou be angry with me? how can I come with empty hands to Thy house to-morrow? I have nothing to bring Thee—'tis the sickness, Lord, and the cold, cruel winter that has swallowed the precious money. Oh! I am the most miserable girl! I cannot even bring Thee one tiny flower!" She turned her face to the sheltering bark of the tree and wept bitterly.

Then the Angel Gabriel, standing among the glory of the flowers of Paradise, looked down upon her and his heart filled with angelic pity.

He turned to our blessed Lord and said: "Dear Master, is it Thy wish that one of Thy little ones should be weeping tears of misery upon the Eve of Thy Birth?"

"Nay," replied our Lord, "thou knowest it is not."

"Then give me leave I pray Thee, that I may cause Roses to bloom in winter upon earth, for this I know will ease Thy poor child's woe."

"I give thee leave," replied our Lord, and in His most divine compassion He Himself gathered seed from the Roses of Paradise and gave it to Gabriel, saying: "Let the Roses that grow upon the earth in winter-time be white as the souls of them that dwell with Me in Paradise."

With great joy Gabriel took the seed and let it fall deep into the snow at the feet of the weeping girl.

In a moment it had taken root and borne fruit a hundred fold. Christmas Roses, purest white, were blooming in great beauty at the edge of the forest.

In the heart of Greta, the Angel engraved the word "Roses!"

She lifted her head at last and dried her tears.

"If I had but one Rose," she murmured, "one little white Rose to lay at His feet."

Then she gave a cry of wonder and gladness, and knelt, all unheeding, on the cold ground.

The bright, starry faces of earth's first Christmas Roses had met her eye, and with awe and gratitude she knelt amongst them, lifting the snow from their petals.

"Roses," she whispered, "Roses!" Handful after handful she plucked, and yet they spread about her feet and far into the woods, whiter than the snow, pure from the touch of the dear Lord's hands.

In Heaven the Angel Gabriel stood beside his Master. "It is well with her now," he said, "and one more jewel is added to earth's rich nature-store. Christmas Roses must face loneliness, cold, and dark days, but they have ample reward."

The Christmas Roses in the old-fashioned garden were silent, their story ended.

They raised their bright, trusting faces to the dark sky above, and doubtless saw a vision there of the Divine Face Itself which is promised to those who are pure in heart.

The Government have several children, committed wards as the result of epidemic, that are to be placed in foster homes, Catholic homes desiring to assist these children should write the Department of Neglected and Dependent Children, Regina.

### Cockerels for Sale

I have a number of S. C. R. L. Reds, bred from heavy laying stock. These hens are better known as Alberta Champions. They were winners for 1st, 2nd, and 3rd prize cockerels, and 1st prize for pullets, at Edmonton exhibition. A few cockerels left. Will sell at \$3.00 each for quick sale. Apply to W. CUTHBERT, P.O. Box 317, HUMBOLDT, Sask.

Advertise in the St. Peters Bote!

### Prayer against Epidemic Diseases.

(Approved for the Diocese of Prince Albert by Bishop Pascal, O. M. I., on August 30, 1918, and endowed with an Indulgence of 50 days, which can be gained once a day by the Faithful within the said diocese.)

*Antiphon.* Remember, o Lord, thy covenant and say to the destroying angel: Now hold thy hand, that the earth may not be desolated, and do not destroy every living soul.

Lord have mercy on us. Christ have mercy on us. Lord have mercy on us.

Our Father (silently).

- V. And lead us not into temptation.
- R. But deliver us from evil.
- V. The Lord sent his word and healed them.
- R. And delivered them from their death.
- V. Let the mercies of the Lord give glory to him.
- R. And his wonderful works to the children of men.
- V. Lord, remember not our former iniquities.
- R. Let thy mercies speedily prevent us.
- V. Help us, o God, our saviour.
- R. And for the glory of thy name, o Lord, deliver us.
- V. Forgive us, O Lord, our sins.
- R. And deliver us for thy name's sake.
- V. Hear, O Lord, my prayer.
- R. And let my cry come to thee.
- V. The Lord be with you. R. And with thy spirit.

LET US PRAY.

O God who dost not desire the death, but the repentance of sinners, through the intercession of the blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God, look propitiously upon thy people returning to thee, that thou, whilst it remains attached to thee, mayest graciously remove from it the scourge of thy wrath. Through the same Christ our Lord.

### ORATIO CONTRA PESTILENTIAM.

*Antiph.* Recordare, Domine, testamenti tui, et dic Angelo percutienti: Cesset jam manus tua, et non desoletur terra, et ne perdas omnem animam viventem.

*Kyrie eleison.* Christe eleison. *Kyrie eleison.*  
*Pater noster* (secreto).

- V. Et ne nos inducas in tentationem.
- R. Sed libera nos a malo.
- V. Misit Dominus verbum suum, et sanavit eos.
- R. Et eripuit eos de morte eorum.
- V. Confitentur Domino misericordiae ejus.
- R. Et mirabilia ejus filiis hominum.
- V. Domine, ne memineris iniquitatum nostrarum antiquarum.
- R. Cito antepecent nos misericordiae tuae.
- V. Adjuva nos, Deus salutaris noster.
- R. Et propter gloriam nominis tui, Domine, libera nos.
- V. Propitius esto peccatis nostris, Domine.
- R. Et libera nos propter nomen tuum.
- V. Domine, exaudi orationem meam.
- R. Et clamor meus ad te veniat.
- V. Dominus vobiscum. R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

Oremus.

Deus, qui non mortem, sed poenitentiam desideras peccatorum; per intercessionem beatae Dei genitricis, virginis Mariae, populum tuum ad te revertentem propitius respice: ut, dum tibi devotus existit, iracundiae tuae flagella ab eo clementer amoveas. Per eundem Christum Dominum nostrum.

Approbatur pro nostra diocesi. Concedimus indulgentiam 50 dierum semel in die lucrandam fidelibus has preces infra fines nostrae dioceseos pie recitantibus.

IMPRIMATUR. ALBERTUS, O. M. I.,  
Die 30 Augusti 1918. Episcopus Principis Albert.

### Gebet gegen epidemische Krankheiten.

(Von Bischof Pascal, O. M. I., am 30. August 1918 gutgeheissen für die Diözese Prince Albert und mit einem Ablass von 50 Tagen versehen, der täglich einmal innerhalb der genannten Diözese von den Gläubigen gewonnen werden kann.)

*Antiphon.* Gedenke, o Herr, deines Bundes und befiehl deinem strafenden Engel: Halte jetzt ein deine Hand, auf daß die Erde nicht verödet werde, und tote nicht jede lebende Seele.

Herr erbarme dich unser! Christus erbarme dich unser! Herr erbarme dich unser!

*Pater Noster* (leise).

- V. Und führe uns nicht in Versuchung.
- R. Sondern erlöse uns von dem Uebel.
- V. Der Herr handte aus sein Wort und heilte sie.
- R. Und entriß sie ihrem Tode.
- V. Sie sollen danken dem Herrn für seine Barmherzigkeit.
- R. Und für seine Wunder unter den Menschenkindern.
- V. O Herr, gedenke nicht unserer alten Missetaten.
- R. Laß eilends uns zuvorkommen deine Barmherzigkeit.
- V. Hilf uns, Gott, unser Heiland.
- R. Und um der Ehre deines Namens willen erlöse uns.
- V. Sei gnädig unsern Sünden, o Herr.
- R. Und befreie uns um deines Namens willen.
- V. Herr, erhöre mein Gebet.
- R. Und laß mein Rufen zu dir kommen.
- V. Der Herr sei mit euch.
- R. Und mit deinem Geiste.

Lasset uns beten!

O Gott, der du nicht den Tod, sondern die Bußfertigkeit des Sünders willst: durch die Fürbitte der allerheiligsten Gottesgebärerin und Jungfrau Maria besänftigt, blide herab auf dein Volk, welches sich wieder zu dir wendet, auf daß du, während es dir getreu bleibt, die Geißel deines Zornes barmherzig von ihm abwendest. Durch denselben Christum unsern Herrn.