

please God. The worst thing of all is want of food, for we are on half rations in the hospital. We could take in one mouthful the allowance of bread and meat for a whole day; and in addition to that we have a dish of Rataat, without salt or pepper, and that is all. When the heart is sound, one may live on that. But, dear parents, if it is in your power, send me a little money. We are wretched enough here, sitting all day in the dark, and mourning, for we can't bear the light. Many compliments to grandfather, and Trien, and her mother, and Pawken, and I wish you all health and long life.

"Kobe, the son of Tisje the crofter, has been made a corporal. The rats in the barracks have bitten a great hole in my knapsack, and they have set down a new knapsack to my account, and it costs seven francs and seventeen centimes. Were it not for this, I should have no debt. All my superiors like me; and the sergeant, who is a Walloon from Liege, is pleased with me also.

"Charles, the farmer's son, has written this letter for me, and he is in the hospital too, with sore eyes; but you must not let his father know it, for he is almost well again. The other friends from our village are still in good health. We send you, beloved parents, our respectful greetings. Your dutiful son."

After she had read it, Trien held the corner of her apron to her eyes, and mourned in silence; the grandfather had sunk behind the bed-curtains; the two widows sat weeping.

For a long time a painful silence reigned, only interrupted now and then by sighs and sobs, till Trien rose, and taking a sickle from the wall, went to the door and said—"Our grief would soon have made me forget our poor cow. I go to fetch sainfoin. Try, in the meantime, to pick up a little courage, and think on what we should do."

No one answered. The maiden took a wheelbarrow from before the door, and wheeled it past the house. Behind an oak-tree, and concealed by the brushwood, she stopped and sat down on the barrow. With trembling hands, she put aside her neckerchief, and took out the letter. When she had opened it, she spelt out aloud what follows; while tears more than once bedimmed her eyes, and she had almost fainted.

"This letter, too, is written by Charles, but I have told him word for word what he should set down.

"TRIEN. — I have not ventured to write it to my mother, because the news is too terrible. Trien, I am blind—blind for my whole life. Both eyes are gone. It does not grieve me so much that I have lost my sight, as that I can see you no more on earth, nor mother, nor grandfather, nor any of those who love me; and that this will be my death, I feel too well.

"Trien, since I grew blind I always see you before my eyes, and it is that alone which keeps me alive; but now I may no longer think of that, nor you either. Ah, my dear friend, you may go to merry-makings now as you used to do; do not stay away from them on my account, but enjoy yourself while you are young. For were you to suffer for my sake, then should I die an earlier death.

"Trien, I have written this to you alone, that you may acquaint my poor mother with it by degrees. For Heaven's sake, do it gently, Trien! — Your unhappy John, till death."

To be continued.

First Little Girl: "We had a tramp for supper."

Second Little Girl: "We had fresh eggs."

Fifteen Years Ago

From No. 18 of St. Peters Bote
The influx of settlers into our West continues. Almost daily train-loads of new settlers arrive, coming from the United States and from across the ocean. There is room for all. According to the immigration officials, 36,000 persons arrived during the first four months of this year. Of these 16,000 were from England, 11,000 from the United States, and nearly 10,000 from the European Continent.

A correspondent writes from Quill Lake on the 12th of June that Mr. Peichel, a relative of John Pitka, has arrived, coming by way of Sheho.—Mr. Joseph Steinke went to Sheho to meet his father and brothers.—Aurelia and Caecilia Kintz accompanied H. Stunk to Sheho last Monday where they are going to work in N. Dalling's Hotel.

The Rosthern correspondent writes on the 16th of June that last night 13 German Catholic families arrived from Russia. They intend to settle in St. Peter's Colony.—Today Mr. Lange, the president of the C. S. S., bought a fine horse and drove out to the Colony.—Anton Eimer is in an especially good humor just now. On the 13th of this month his wife presented him with a healthy boy as a names-day present.—Last Saturday night (18th) Father Benedict, O. S. B., arrived. He had been operated for appendicitis last winter in Duluth, preventing him from coming sooner to join his confreres in the Colony.

On the 23rd of this month Prior Alfred went to Winnipeg. From there he intends to go to St. John's Abbey at Collegeville, Minn., to be present at the silver sacerdotal jubilee of the Rt. Rev. Abbot Peter Engel, O. S. B., which will be celebrated on the 29th of this month.—During the night of June 13-14 there was a slight frost in the Colony, doing no damage as far as we could learn. This frost was followed by real warm weather. On Thursday the 16th it was 92 in the shade.

On the 12th, Jos. Groppe writes from St. Peter that the first tents of the C. N. R. construction gang are west of the Monastery near the home of John Ecker Sr.—Last week the other members of Charles Mayer's family arrived.—Father Mathias held the funeral services for Adam Specht last Wednesday at St. Anna, Father Dominic, the pastor, being at Leofeld.—Mr. Revermann of California is having a large house erected on his homestead, S. 2, T. 37, R. 21.—Theo. Flaskes whose homestead is on S. 32, T. 37, R. 21 is going to have a new house erected.—During the last few days quite a number of new settlers made their home in our parish.

CORRESPONDENCES.

HUMBOLDT, SASK., June 10, 1919
Dear Rev. Editor:—

I would be glad if you would give space in your valuable paper to a question that is of vital interest to the people of the Humboldt district. I am sure you will agree with me that there never was a more glaring instance of dishonesty and hypocrisy in the whole political history of our country than the present attitude that the Canadian government is taking towards our non-English speaking people of these plains and prairies of Western Canada. These men and women, whatever may be their peculiar customs, were invited to our shores to become citizens of our Dominion and to share in all the advantages and disadvantages which these early settlers on these plains had to endure when they arrived here, almost twenty years ago. Their faith, their language and their religion was well known

to those who welcomed them. Is it just and honest to these people now that they have become a part of our national household that on every side they are vilified for their so-called strange customs? Has the sense of honor and justice gone out entirely from the rulers of our land to-day? Has the Hon. J. F. Calder, of whose manly qualities and democratic principles we were once proud sunk so low as to lack common decency? We see him sit in the Canadian House of Parliament and allow a fellow Unionist member to refer to the foreigners of Saskatchewan as cattle. To what depth of depravity are our political institutions in Canada to fall before we cause those who lack both conscience, vision and statesmanship to stop?

To-day our eyes are turned intuitively on that great Versailles conference and we can only hope and trust that out of all will come some agreement whereby the peoples of the Christian world can live in harmony without destroying the customs which it has taken thousands of years to build up. There is a great deal of useless talk to-day about the foreigner and the fear that he cannot be assimilated. Some people seem to think that in order to be assimilated we must adopt the silly dress of the modern women of the day. For my part I cannot see why a Russian peasant who wears a shawl over her head cannot become as good a Canadian as the one who wears a merry-widow hat. The good pious Irish mothers in days gone by went without foot attire and wore good comfortable clothes. But when the Russians and Ruthenians of Saskatchewan do this to-day many of our fanatics in the province hold up their hands in horror and say, "We cannot assimilate these people. They are cattle, etc."

I have lived for the past seven years in the so-called foreign districts and have taught in very many of their schools and I have never yet found a case where they did not wish to become Canadians. They sent their children to school, although I will admit that they were sometimes lax, but this is not the fault of being foreigners. I have taught in Ontario and I have found the position very much the same as regards the school attendance. I am sure the people of Ontario would very much resent being called foreigners.

There is one other thing that I would like to mention and that is why the government of this province should refuse the people of Continental Europe to receive a half-hour's instruction in the language that their mother speaks. It has been my experience and the experience of many others that it does not affect the school work one iota. This half hour is practically a recreation period and at the same time an excellent mind trainer.

You will pardon me for this already lengthy letter, but I may frankly tell you, Rev. Editor, that it is hard for me to hold my pen within bounds when I hear so many of our good citizens being held up to ridicule by unscrupulous politicians of our land to-day.

Yours very truly

H. R. FLEMING.

What Britain does.

The Los Angeles Examiner very recently published under the caption "An English sample of common sense, an example for America" the following:

"The British Commission appointed for the purpose of introducing improvements in the realm of education, has recommended an even more intensive study of the German language in all British schools and colleges. Our good Britisher may have his fits of sentiment, and sometimes even is sub-

ject to hysterics, but this never permits him to lose his common sense for any considerable time. He also thoroughly understands that the war is over, and that it will be all the better for the nations the sooner they begin again to think and act along normal lines. Here at home we have a number of absurd men and women who believe to act very patriotically if they raise a howl against the German language, German music and German family names. The absurdity of this conduct is intensified by the fact that at least 20% of our fighting soldiers bear German names."

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