

# Fifteen Years Ago

From No. 16 of St. Peters Bote

On the first page is an article on precipitation or rain-fall in Saskatchewan. It shows that in the vicinity of Prince Albert and Rosthern during the ten years from 1890 to 1900 there was an average rain-fall per year of 14 inches; whilst at Regina there was only 9 inches. In southern Minnesota and in Iowa it is 28 to 36 inches. At first sight it would seem that in comparison it would be too dry at Regina and possibly at Rosthern too, for any crops to grow; but we must not forget that the summers here are shorter and the nights cooler, so that an average of 14 inches will go as far as 30 in. down in Iowa. Some years are wet years, then of course there is more than 14 inches of rain-fall.

In this issue the editor says that in order to forestall misapprehensions, he wishes to state that the Catholic Settlement Society has no shares in the St. Peters Bote. That society is responsible for only those articles that are signed by some officer of the society. Neither have the Benedictine Fathers, publishers of the paper, any shares in the C.S.S. Naturally they assist the society as much as possible so as to further the good work of colonization. They have up to now received no moneys from that society nor do they expect to receive any in the future.

Lake Lenore is filled with fish. People actually throw them out with the manure fork. A party of settlers caught 600 lbs. of fish in 14 hours.

A correspondent writes from St. Anna on May 24 that Henry Doepker and his two cousins have arrived safely. In company of Mr. Roennspiess, government locator, they will try to find good homesteads.—On the 3rd of May there died Peter Hoffmann, a bachelor, at the age of 62 years in consequence of blood poisoning that began in the legs. Father Dominic being absent, Father Peter from the Monastery administered to him the last rites, and later on also conducted the funeral services.—A. Dauk of Mankato, Minn., is here on a visit and intends to open a store in the near future. This would supply a long felt want. He will also try to get a post-office to St. Anna.—It is reported that the petition for "Herd Law" has been granted by Regina, and settlers will accordingly not be allowed to let their cattle run wild before Nov. 1.—The church at St. Anna is getting too small. No pleasure to stand outside. In winter it is too cold, and in summer the mosquitoes are too wicked.—Next Sunday, May 29, Father Dominic will hold services for the first time at Lake Lenore in Gerwing's house. Thereafter services will be held every second Sunday. After a prolonged absence our pastor has returned from Rosthern.

On Ascension Thursday, May 12, the following children made their first Holy Communion in St. Peter's church: Anton Hall, Otto Lutz, Herman Lessmeister, John Rath, Jos. Schmidt, Albert Welter, Katherine Pollreis, and Katherine Schmidt. A Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Father Mathias assisted by Father Rudolph as deacon and Frater Casimir as sub-deacon. A "Te Deum" sung by all closed the solemnity.—On Pentecost Sunday, May 22, a Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Father Mathias assisted as before. Prior Alfred delivered the sermon on the occasion.—Last Saturday Jos. Kopp came from Rosthern to look at some land, visiting also the Monastery.—On May 24 Aloysius Gleissner received the habit of St. Benedict at the hands of Prior Alfred. This was the first investing with the habit in the Monastery.

The correspondent writes from Quill Lake on May 22, that they had services again last Sunday, in the house of John Pitka. Owing to the bad condition of the roads, their pastor, Father Peter, had not been able to come since April 10. To make-up for this, he on this occasion stayed a whole week. On Monday he drove to John Bettin, S. 12, T. 37, R. 19; on Tuesday to John Vossen, S. 16, T. 37, R. 18; on Wednesday to Jos. Hufnagel, S. 6, T. 38, R. 18; being back at John Pitka's place, S. 20, T. 36, R. 19, on Friday, reading Mass there on Saturday and Pentecost Sunday.—Yesterday, May 21, Anton Kolling's two year old boy died of cramps.—Among the new settlers to arrive recently were Mr. Tondorf with his sister, Walby brothers, Fuerstenberg and several others.—George Graf spent three weeks in Rosthern. Jacob Spring has finished seeding. In fact most of the settlers have finished or will finish this week.

From Rosthern comes the news that Adam Specht from St. Anna had been in town and left with his team on the first of June, in company with Roennspiess, Hefner and others. Scarcely had they made three miles when a Mennonite driving a light rig, came tearing along and tried to pass them. Mr. Specht not noticing this was thrown under his own heavy wagon that passed over him. Externally he did not appear much injured when picked up and brought back to Rosthern, but towards evening his condition became so precarious that no hope for his life was entertained. Father Prior Alfred administered to him the last Sacraments, next morning. He died in the afternoon. His corpse was brought to St. Anna for burial.

Mrs. Jos. Kopp left on May 31st for a trip to Europe with two of her children. She will first go to the World's Fair at St. Louis and look up a sister living in Jefferson City, Mo. Then she will visit Switzerland and Hanover. After a three months absence she expects to return and make her home near St. Peter's Monastery where her husband has his homestead and a section of bought land.

## ADDENDA:

On Monday, June 13, at 9 A. M. the first wedding took place at Dead Moose Lake, Father Chrysostom uniting in the Holy Bonds of Matrimony, George Riederer and Katherine Frank. Witnesses were Hubert Jaeb and Anna Frank.

## The Country Girl

Up in the early morning,  
Just at the peep o' day,  
Straining the milk in the dairy,  
Turning the cows away,  
Sweeping the floors in the kitchen,  
Making the beds upstairs,  
Washing the breakfast dishes,  
Dusting the parlor chairs.

Feeding the geese and the turkeys,  
Hunting for eggs in the barn,  
Cleaning the turnips for dinner,  
Spinning the stocking yarn,  
Listening to the old hen cackling  
Down in the bush below,  
Ransacking every meadow  
Where the red strawberries grow.

Brushing the crumbs from the pantry,  
Churning the snowy cream,  
Rinsing the pails and strainers  
Down by the running stream,  
Gathering up wood for the fire,  
Making the pumpkin pies,  
Jogging the little one's cradle,  
Driving away the flies.

Grace in every motion,  
Music in every tone,  
Beauty and form and feature—  
Thousands may covet to own.  
Cheeks like the rival spring roses,  
Teeth the whitest of pearls;  
One of those country maids is worth  
A score of your city girls.

## Didn't Like To Borrow.

Mr. Dunham had just finished his morning chores at the barn and was going in to breakfast when Briggs, the man who had bought the neighboring Alden farm, appeared. He was a genial person, with a well padded waistcoat and an engaging smile. Mr. Dunham had met him a day or two before at the postoffice, but had not been favorably impressed.

"Morning!" said the newcomer briskly.

"Morning!" said Mr. Dunham.

"I'm going to be neighborly right away," declared Briggs, with an air of simple frankness. "I want to borrow your wood sled for the day. I've had no time to get settled yet, and there's so much to do I don't know which way to turn, hardly. But I've got to get some wood down, and I want to do it while hauling's good."

"That's all right," said Mr. Dunham. "Take it and welcome. It's out there under the shed."

Briggs was back in half an hour with a yoke of scrawny steers and went off with the sled. Mr. Dunham heard him come into the yard with it that evening, after supper and found it in its proper place in the morning.

A day or two later the new neighbor came again. This time he had the oxen with him. He nodded cheerfully as he passed the house and, remarking casually, "I s'pose it's all right to take the sled again?" hitched up. This time he kept it two days.

A week later he came when Mr. Dunham was away and, whistling merrily as he yoked his steers, drove off without question. "Dunham waited four days and then had to go after the sled himself."

On the next occasion when the new neighbor called he found Mr. Dunham milking. Leaning against the stallion, with his hands in his pockets, he began:

"Dunham, I like that sled of yours. It's new, ain't it?"

"Why, yes. It was new this season."

"Want to sell it?"

"No, I don't know as I do."

"What did it cost ye?"

"I paid Smith \$25 for making it, and I furnished part of the stock."

"Well it's worth it, and you ought to have some profit on it too. Now, I tell ye what; I don't feel right borrowing all the time, and I'd like to buy it. How would \$35 look to you?"

Dunham milked silently for a moment. Then he said, "Well, I guess thirty-five would be all right."

"Good enough!" cried Briggs heartily. "It's worth that to me. I ain't got the ready cash just now, but we can fix it up this way: I'll take the sled over to my place, and any time you want to use it you come right over and get it, just the same as if 'twas yours. I'll keep track of it and charge you a reasonable amount each time you take it—say mebbe a dollar—and when it comes to \$35, why, the sled'll be mine, and we'll be square. That'll save you buying a new one, and I'll feel better'n 's if I was borrowing all the time. Is that all right? What say?"

## Sounds Reasonable—But.

Some of the astute editors in the big cities who dearly love to solve farm problems from the top of a 20-story office, are having a new dream of suburban utopia just now. Not only have they motorized the farm until the cow milks herself, and the hogs render out their own lard in their idle hours, but they have imagined good highways before every farm door, and have moved the farmer in to the nearest town. And so he goes forth to his farm each day in his

silver, and returns to it at night from his farm, maybe 30 miles away. "Good roads and the auto have solved the problem," chirp these gentlemen.

How lovely everything would be if only it was like the theorists dream it to be.

Maybe five per cent. of the farms of this country are reached by all-year hard surface roads; but we doubt it.

There may be farms where the eight-hour day prevails for the farmer; we never saw one.

On the farms we know anything about, the boss arises before dawn, and hustles until bedtime, and he doesn't catch up with the chores at that.

It would be nice to tuck the pigs in about five in the afternoon, and loose the cows, and lariat the horses out, and shut up the chickens, and forget the baby calves, and the young lambs, and the baby chicks, and all other living things, and hop into the roadster and drive away home.

And then come back at 7 a. m. and find the work all laid out to start on, and the animal chores mysteriously performed, even to the separating of the cream.

Factories have watchman and janitors and firemen and fellows like that; the farmer is his own janitor and fireman and watchman and milkmaid and chambermaid and alarm clock.

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