

vity, while a mischievous twinkle shone in her eyes: "Yes, we give our gracious permission, and depute the most curious person in the company to reveal the secret." And she laughingly threw the key into Jack's open palm.

There was a universal clapping of hands.

"Black" calumny, murmured Jack. Nevertheless, he did not refuse the key, but clutching it eagerly, applied it quickly to the lock, an opening the casket, drew forth a large parchment document with seals attached. With a soft, slow whistle, he raised it high over his head, regarding it meanwhile with raised eyebrows and a general look of blank astonishment, that was shared in by all the company, with the exception of the two culprits themselves, whose eyes sparkled with triumphant glee. Mr. McDermot, who, of course, as guardian, had had to do with Eva's business arrangements, was more bewildered than any one.

Cousin Jack slowly lowered the document and unfolded it—read the beginning—looked at the end—then, in the effusion of his delight, flinging it up to the ceiling and catching it again, he shouted, "Bravo! bravissimo! If Kathleen isn't heiress of Ardara after all and no mistake!"

"But, indeed, there must be a great mistake," exclaimed McDermot, standing up and looking quite scarlet. "Eva could never have done anything of the sort without the leave of her guardians, and that she never had."

"You forget, you best papa," said Eva, smiling and looking lovingly into her guardian's eyes, "that your guardianship expired when you gave me to Mr. Courtenay. If you will look at the signatures you will find that I did not act till I had the power."

It was quite true. The diplomatic pair, knowing they would never get over Mr. McDermot's scruples, had had the deed prepared secretly, and, taking it to church with them, had signed and sealed it in the sacristy; the first act of their united lives.

"It's true," said Cousin Jack, "true as Gospel. Here are Eva Mary Courtenay and Edward George Courtenay as large as life, and witnesses all regular. My dear uncle, your are out-generalled in your own line, and must knock under."

Mr. McDermot knocked under accordingly by sitting down, his eyes feeling rather dewy, while since the days of Eden you could scarcely have seen a face of purer and serenest happiness than Kathleen's, smiling her deep, untroubled thanks to Eva and Mr. Courtenay. Kathleen saw how entirely happy it made them, and though so startling in its unlooked-for appearance, the gift made her very happy, too. For she was as beloved at Ardara as she was at Glenmore, and it had been a great regret to her to think that neither Eva nor herself could now regularly look after the people there.

Mr. Courtenay rose to speak. "It is the first time," he said, "that I have been able to be the mouthpiece of my dear wife." How he dwelt on the word, as if it were all the world to him. "And now I have to express her feelings together with my own, towards those from whose parental roof I have the great happiness of conveying her. She came from India, a lonely orphan girl, with a restless, hungering heart, untrained in self-discipline, unaccustomed to think for others, with no idea of woman's mission and power. These are her own words of herself. In this home she found all she needed; and its train-

ing has made her all she is; and on that point," he continued, turning his eyes towards his young bride with a look of the tenderest love, "I dare not trust myself to speak; but this I can say—though Ardara is the best offering of our united gratitude that we are able to make, you must none of you suppose that it worthily represents the unbounded obligation that we owe to the family of Dermot. It costs us no sacrifice. On the contrary, it relieves us of the great anxiety it would be to have it on our hands when we could never personally live there. And moreover, we are only too happy to feel that the wish of its former proprietress, Mary Fitzgerald, will be by this act exactly carried out. There is only one condition we would wish attached to the gift, and that is, that when we go to our rest, Kathleen should secure the prayers of the poor for our souls, and cause our memories to be held in as tender a remembrance as she has already done those of my bride's adopted father and his wife, the late Earl and Countess of Melton."

THE END.

A Story for Children.

Once there was a Little Wee Man. He had fallen from the moon and he wanted to go back to it. He was seated on the ground, feeling lonely in this great new world, with a Little Butterfly flew down from a nearby rosebush and said to him:

"Little Wee Man, why are you so sad?"

"I have fallen from my home up in the moon, and I have been wondering how I can ever, ever get back," said he. "For I cannot fly, as you do," he added, looking at her beautiful wings.

"Jump on my back, Little Wee Man, and I will carry you back to your home," said she, kindly.

So the little man jumped on her back and she flew with him up, up, to the topmost rose on the rosebush, and landed him deep down in the midst of the sweet, pink petals.

Then he looked upward toward the sky and said to her: "The moon, though, dear Butterfly, is far away. This is a beautiful place, but I must get back to the moon."

"I do not know what the moon is like," replied the gay little creature, "but I am afraid I cannot take you there. However, I will carry you to the Bird, on the branch of the tree yonder, he may be able to help you."

So she carried him there and put him down on the Bird's back. "Take this little man with you, Bird; he is on his way to his home in the moon," she explained.

Perched between the wings of the bird, the Little Wee Man flew rapidly upward to the tip of the highest tree. There holding on to a tiny branch, he swayed in the cool breeze. He could look down between the green leaves and get a glimpse of the ground, far beneath. But, looking upward, he could see the sky and it looked as far away as ever.

"Thanks, Little Bird," he said, "for taking me so far, but this is not the moon."

"Alas!" replied the Bird, "I cannot bring you there, but I will take you to my friend, the Eagle, who can carry you farther."

So the Little Bird flew away with the Little Wee Man, for away, until, at last, he came to the ragged edges of rocky mountain sides. Here they came to the home of the Eagle. The Eagle took the Little Wee Man and sailed upward with him, far into the wet clouds, until they came to the top of the highest mountain. It was night and the moon shone far above them.

"Oh, Mr. Eagle, can't you take me up there?" asked the Little Wee Man.

"No," said the Eagle; "if this isn't far enough, you will have to get a pair of wings of your own."

"Well, if that is the case," said the Little Wee Man, "I wish you would please take me back to the Butterfly, so that I can get a pattern off her wings. You have been kind to me, but it seems I am as far from my home as ever."

So the Eagle took the Little Wee Man back to the Butterfly.

He got a pattern off the Butterfly's wings and made him a pair out of tissue paper. Bidding his gay little friend goodby, he spread his new wings and rose upward on the sunshiny air.

He kept going upward and upward until the sun became hot. The heat was so great that his tissue paper wings caught fire and burned up. The Little Wee Man began to fall down, down, until finally he landed in some grass, in a back yard, where some children were playing.

"Oh, look what we have found, they cried. And they played with him a long time. He could not make them understand that he wanted to get to the moon, for they did not know his language and he did not know theirs. After a while they grew tired of playing with him, and they put him in a little pasteboard box and closed it tightly, so that he could not get away.

As he was sitting in the dark box, wondering what would become of him, he heard a "sniff, sniff," and felt something warm near the cover of the box. A big dog tore the pasteboard in two, and the little man jumped out.

The Little Wee Man was grateful to the dog for being delivered from his prison. Here, in the dim light, he found a spider, busily spinning a beautiful web.

"Oh, Mr. Spider," said the Little Wee Man, "would you be kind enough to weave me a balloon out of those silken threads? I want to get back to my home in the moon, and I have no way to get there."

So the spider wove a balloon out of spider web, and he filled up the open spaces with moss which grew plentifully under the house. He worked hard three days but, at last, it was finished.

He filled it full of air, by dragging it near a crack through which the wind was blowing and then pulling on a rope to keep the air in. The Little Wee Man then jumped in a little spider web basket at the bottom. The balloon rose slowly and passed on through a knothole in the steps.

"Good-by, good Mr. Spider," he shouted, and was soon out of sight.

As he was flying upward he ran into little Miss Butterfly, who hopped on to the side of his basket. "What a nice little balloon this is," she cried.

"Come up to the moon with me, dear Butterfly," said the Little Wee Man.

So the Little Wee Man and the Butterfly sailed up to the moon, where they lived happily ever afterward.

Fifteen Years Ago

From No. 11 of St. Peters Bote

In the issue for May 10th, the editor explains why the paper reached the subscribers so irregularly of late. The demoralized state of the train service was responsible for it. During March the track in Assiniboia was nearly constantly blocked with snow. On one occasion no train ran for two weeks. When the snow and ice thawed in spring, the railroad bridge across the Saskatchewan river near Saskatoon was swept away and it may take months before a new one is completed. In the meantime passengers, mail, express, etc., are carried across by ferry. To complete the misfortune the track is flooded since last week for about a mile and several feet in depth about 20 miles this side of Regina, near Lumsden. Hence no mail for the last 12 days. Fortunately there was a train on this side of the flooded area so that we now have some kind of a service.

Several thousand copies of the St. Peters Bote are sent every week to the U. S.—Next Wednesday, May 4th, the new church at Leofield is to be blessed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Pascal, O. M. I. He will also administer the Sacrament of Confirmation. This will be his first visit to the Colony.

Pat. Burns of Calgary, the noted cattle raiser, has made a contract with an American firm to deliver 3500 head of cattle, each to weigh at least 1450 lbs. They are intended for the Klondyke.

The correspondent from Quill Lake reports on April 10th that Father Peter held services again in the house of John Pitka. On this occasion Miles Kintz made his first Holy Communion. Mr. Frank Kintz brought four horses with him last spring, and had the misfortune to lose three of them, attributable in his opinion to the

hardships to which they were subjected whilst crossing the alkali flats near Shebo and Yorkton. He had to make this trip repeatedly during rainy weather last summer.—John Pitka was in Melfort again last week, buying oats at 25 cents a bushel.—Otto Hettel is working for Alexander Toms.—John Kolling, who spent last winter in Manitoba as section boss, has again returned to his family.—Emil Dorfler accompanied the mail-driver, John Bettin, in order to sell some furs at St. Peter which he had obtained during the past winter by hunting and trapping.

The correspondent writes from St. Peter on the 11th of April that Joseph Steinke was at the Monastery on a visit last Thursday, staying till Saturday. He had been telegraph operator in the noisy city of Chicago. Being disgusted with the godless life lived by so great a number of people in the large cities, he came here to take up a homestead and make his home among the peaceful Catholic settlers of St. Peter's Colony.—Father Dominic with his father paid the monastery a visit to-day.—Last Saturday a new member of the community arrived, the Rev. Father Mathias Steger, O. S. B. All the Fathers are still young and strong and well able to bear the hardships of pioneer life.—Today Mr. Huls moved on his homestead four miles north of the Monastery.—The same writer reports on the 17th that Carl Mayer arrived last Thursday and took possession of his homestead.—Last Friday the 71 years old Theresia Deutsch died in the house of Mr. Pollreis, having previously received the last Sacraments. Death was due to old age.—To day Father Peter sang a Requiem at 9 o'clock and then said the prescribed prayers at the grave.—A good reliable physician would be very desirable for the Colony.

Among the Rosthern locals we read that Wm. Kreitzenbeck of Butte, Neb., has been a whole year in the Colony and was one of the first to make it his home. During practically the whole of the past winter, from morning till night, in all kinds of weather, he has been on the road from the Colony to Rosthern freighting for Nenzel and Lindberg's General Store at Dead Moose Lake. He always used the same horses, but by taking good care of them, he has them still looking sleek and healthy.—The Colonists are all busy seeding and breaking land. All have a most wonderful appetite,—saying they are almost ashamed to acknowledge it, but it is a fact they can eat three as much as in the States, and have room for more. It is remarkable how one's complexion changes in spring. Many who looked pale and sickly on their arrival, soon acquire a healthy, ruddy-brown color. Children all look healthy, with cheeks as rosy as a peach.—Under miscellaneous news we read that the firm of Nenzel and Lindberg is building 7 houses for people that intend to move into the Colony this summer.

Mr. Geo. Bauer is reported to be very sick.—There is quite a traffic in oats to Melfort via Lake Lenore. Saturday there were 8 loads and on Monday there were 10 loads going that way.—Jos. Bonas from St. Peter is in town. He expects to begin with the manufacture of about two or three hundred thousand of them for the Colonists.

Among the new arrivals is Jos. Schulte from St. Mary's, Iowa. Those intending to go out to the Colony have to spend some time longer in town because the ice on the river is beginning to break up, making the crossing of the river impossible.

On the 8th of May Father Chrysostom held services in the half completed house of Godfried Schaeffer instead of his store, as being the more commodious place of the two.

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