

there was a touch of wistfulness in her smile that made her face more thoughtful than was natural for a little girl of seven.

"Father, don't get a new house-keeper. Send for Ann instead."

There was a little tremor in her voice, and she swallowed hard to drive back the tears.

Very tenderly her father kissed her when she went off to bed that night, but he had not answered her questions, nor had he told her what he would do about Ann.

For a long time he sat at the window after Rose had left the room, his eyes riveted on the big white church before him. Weeks had passed and months had slipped away into years since he had entered there: years in which he had become too engrossed in reaching his goal to give any time to religion.

Out of the reaching of this goal, ambition for a brilliant social career for Rose had come. Deep laid were the plans he had made for her future; and, knowing his faith as well as he did, he knew also the sacrifices that it exacted if one would keep true to its teachings. So he had set about with jealous care to keep her away from any knowledge of his Church and hers.

No wonder, then, that he had rid the house of Ann! But before the accusing eyes of his unlettered old housekeeper the sordid standards he had acquired and set up in the place of his old-time Catholic faith began to crumble.

And there was the mother of his little girl! Presently his eyes left the church, and slowly he lifted them to the picture over the mantel. He read nothing but reproach in her lovely face tonight. What would she find to say to him, he asked himself, for the awful wrong he had done to their little Rose?

Suddenly he rose from the chair in which he had been sitting and, moving over to the other side of the room, switched on an electric light that hung low over the small mahogany desk in the corner and began to write.

It was Ann herself who met the postman at the door the next day, and received from him a letter addressed to her.

"Come back to us, Ann," it read. "Rose misses you, and the house needs you very badly."

"And glad that I am that I was that bold to say what I did to him that day. Maybe it has helped to bring him to his senses."

Tears filled her eyes as she folded the note and tucked it away in her apron pocket, but through the tears came a kindly little smile.

"Sure, 'twas not the real Anthony Bowman that sent me away from my darling that day."

It was Sunday morning. The late stroke of the bell sounded for the children's Mass as Anthony Bowman came out of the house. Rose was swinging to his hand as he started down the steps, and every now and then she would look up at him with eyes shining and cheeks aglow.

"Father," she said when the evening came, and the ringing of the Angelus had died away, "are we going to Mass next Sunday like we did this morning?"

"Yes," he answered, "every Sunday morning from now on, we're going."

"And am I to stay after Mass for Sunday-school like I did today?"

"Surely," he answered, smiling.

And the same peace that brooded over the big white church across the street that Sunday evening came into his face and settled there.

Be always displeased at what thou art if thou desire to attain to what thou art not; for where thou hast pleased thyself, there thou art biddest.

Fifteen Years Ago

From No. 15 of St. Peters Bote

Rosthern locals inform us under date of May 23 that they had no services on Pentecost Sunday. Even the beautiful weather failed to put them in a festive mood. In the afternoon it rained. Many new settlers had arrived on Saturday's train, John Koob, Wm. Fernholz, Anton Hackl jr., Jos. Draschikowitz, Peter Streif, Albert Banuach, etc. To-day, Pentecost Monday, all business places are closed. In the morning it was cloudy, but towards noon it cleared up.

A correspondent writes from Prince Albert on the 18th of May that last Wednesday, the 12th, Rev. Father Le Floch returned again. He brought with him from the Bretagne about 50 families. They lodged in various buildings connected with the episcopal residence. On the 17th the Rev. Father led these out to their Colony to the east of Lake Lenore. The name of the new settlement is St. Brieux, Flett's Spring P. O. The cable at the St. Louis Ferry being out of commission, they had to cross at Adam's Crossing.

On May 8, John Bettin writes from Vossen P. O., that he is on his homestead, in the Guardian Angel Parish, 12 miles northwest of the Big Quill Lake, since last spring. He had harvested fine oats on new breaking that had been sown on the 26th of May, and was fully ripe Sept. 1st. Last winter the coldest days were from Jan. 20 to the 26. On the 24th the thermometer fell to 48 below zero. During these cold days Paul Wickenhauser and the Sommers brothers were on the way to Melfort, camping out at nights in tents and suffering apparently no inconvenience.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Pascal, O. M. I., has addressed a Pastoral Letter to his people, announcing the 50th anniversary of the solemn publication of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception. In this letter directions are given how this anniversary should be celebrated, what indulgences may be gained, and under what conditions. In a postscript he announces his departure for Rome in the near future, appointing the Rev. A. Gaste as administrator of the Apostolic Vicariate, and as Vice-Provincial of the Oblates belonging to the Vicariate.

ADDENDA:

Vossen Post Office was about 4 miles north of the present Watson.

How Big Is Canada?

Canada has a total area of 2,386,395,000 acres, or 3,729,665 sq. miles. Figures in millions mean little to the average reader, but some idea of the extent of our area can be had by the following comparisons: Canada is greater than the entire area of the United States including Alaska, by 111,992 square miles. Canada represents one-third the total area of the British Empire. It is 30 times the area of the United Kingdom; 18 times the area of Germany; 19 times as big as France, and 33 times as big as Italy.

The international boundary, or as they would call it in Europe, the "frontier" between Canada and the United States, is 3,000 miles long: 1,600 by land and 1,400 by water. This boundary is the most unique national dividing line in the world. Throughout its length there is never a gun, gunboat or fortress.

Canada's estimated population at present is 9,000,000. We have room for 90,000,000, according to official estimate, and wealth undeveloped equal in potential value to the aggregate coined wealth of the entire world today.

A Model American Town (SAINT LEO, FLORIDA)

(BY REV. P. J. BRESNAHAN.)

By an act of the Florida Legislature, in the session of 1891, Saint Leo, Pasco County, was incorporated as a town, and to this day it stands unique among the many towns of the United States. Territorially it is as large as most of the towns in the State, but the freeze of 1894-1895 depleted its population.

Its first Mayor was Dr. Corrigan, brother of the late Archbishop of New York. He held the office for a number of years, and even now, in his old age, he is amongst the most honored citizens of Saint Leo. During the past three years the office of Mayor has been held by the Very Rev. Benedict Roth, O. S. B., director of the local Catholic College, and he bids fair to succeed himself for many years to come. He ranks among the very few priest-mayors in the country. The town clerk is an ecclesiastic in the local monastery, and two of the city council are Benedictine Brothers. The other officials are mostly non-Catholic, and until recently one of them was a "Guardian of Liberty."

The Director's office in the College serves all the purposes of a City Hall, as it is used as council room, mayor's office, etc. So far there has been no need for a city jail, and during the 27 years of the town's existence only one culprit—a denizen of a neighboring town—was brought up for trial. He was fined one dollar for trespassing on a former mayor's private property. On the occasion of a recent visit, the Very Rev. and Honorable Mayor showed this dollar to the writer. It lies for safe-keeping on top of the city safe, which, by the way, contains nothing and is securely locked.

The citizens pay no taxes, and the city officials patriotically serve without pay. A proof of the efficiency of these officials was given during the recent epidemic of influenza. The instructions of the State Board of Health were carried out to the letter. Sneezers and such like were immediately rushed to the local drug store, which is under the personal supervision of the Mayor, and were sprayed by one of his assistants. In consequence of this commendable vigilance, and the other precautions taken, notwithstanding the prevalence of the disease throughout the State, not one case was recorded among the inhabitants of Saint Leo.

In addition to the town marshal, the good people organized a Home Guard to serve during war time, and the sound of the soldier's bugle was heard oftener in Saint Leo than in the large cities of Tampa and Jacksonville. This same Home Guard constitutes, besides, a splendid volunteer fire department.

Lest the reader may think that Saint Leo is only a town in name, let it be told that not only are there in town officials but all the other qualities of a full-fledged town are present. To begin with, Saint Leo has its weather bureau with an official appointed by the United States Government. There is a post office where you can get mail regularly twice a day. The Rt. Rev. Abbot of the Monastery is post-master. The express office is located beside the post office, but another man holds the office of agent. There, too, is a barber shop, garage, blacksmith and shoemaker shops, printing press, general store, where, by the way, no profiteering is tolerated, a butcher shop, bakery, theater, skating rink (no dance hall), water works, of which the well is 160 feet deep, bored into solid rock, a packing house for the convenience of local citrus fruit growers, a livery stable and a boarding house. With all these, the sanitary conditions are amongst the best.

There is a marked scarcity of town gossips, loafers are unknown, and able-bodied tramps are put to work on sight. The railroad has an agent there, as also has the Western Union Telegraph Company. It need hardly be stated that the telephone is within reach of all who can afford it.

Last though not least Saint Leo has its electric lighting and power plant. In addition to the principal private residences and public buildings all the main streets are well lighted until after curfew each night. If there is a closer approach to Utopia anywhere outside of Saint Leo, I would like to hear of it.

Caesar and the Great War.

The editors of Caesar's Commentaries for school use have realized that the Great War gives them a fine opportunity.

Professor Francis W. Kelsey, of the University of Michigan, in his new high-school edition of this classical work (Allyn & Bacon), prefaces the text with twenty-five pages upon "Caesar and the Great War." He points out many striking parallels between ancient and modern methods of warfare: the use of "wolf-holes" for impaling men by Caesar at Alesia and by the Germans at Ypres; the use of movable shields by ancients and moderns alike; the employment of sappers' huts by the old Romans and that of one-man tanks by modern fighters doing equally hazardous service. He shows the likeness between the "iron" of the ancient pike and the modern French bayonet, and between the armor of the Roman legionary and that of the Italian barbed-wire cutter. The German horsemen of Caesar's time were accompanied by food soldiers who ran beside each horse, and at St. Quentin, in 1914, the Scotch Grays charged with an infantryman hanging at each stirrup.

The strategic parallels between the present war and the Gallic campaign are more interesting still. The schoolboy who has read so much of Soissons in the newspapers should have a keener desire to learn something of the ancient Soissons. The marshes near Berry-au-Bac, which prevented a frontal attack by the Belgians upon Caesar in 57 B. C., were used for the same purpose by the Germans against the French in 1914-15. The fighting upon the Marne and Aisne has been no hotter for our age than was that of Caesar's troops and the northern tribes there for his day. The invasion of Belgium by Caesar from the South was paralleled towards the end of the Great War by the entrance of the Allies upon it from the same general direction. Those dull pages which deal with the bridging of the Rhine are apt to glow with interest nowadays.

We are delighted to have the old authors brought "up to date" in this striking fashion; and the study of the classics is sure to profit thereby.

It was Cardinal Manning who related this incident as having happened to himself: One night I was returning to my residence in Westminster when I met a poor man carrying a basket and smoking a pipe. I thought over this: He who smokes gets thirsty; he who is thirsty desires drink; he who drinks too much gets drunk; he who gets drunk endangers his soul. This man is in danger of mortal sin. Let me save him. I addressed him.

"Are you a Catholic?"

"I am, thanks be to God."

"Where are you from?"

"From Cork, your reverence."

"Are you a member of the Total Abstinence Society?"

"No, your reverence."

"Now," said I, "that is very wrong. Look at me; I am a member."

"Faith, maybe your reverence has need of it."

I shook hands with him and left.

A Disgraceful Amusement.

The New York press of April 26 stated, a \$60,000 bull with a pedigree dating back nearly 50 years dined as a guest of honor Friday at a luncheon in the Waldorf-Astoria given by the promoters of the Milk and Dairy association here.

Two hundred humans cheered when the animal, robed in an orange blanket on which his name was embroidered, was brought in, snorting and pawing the floor, to a table upon which rested a giant silver platter containing bran mash, which he ate with etiquette to be expected of a high-bred bovine. After consuming a side-dish of hay and quaffing a pail of water he bellowed his approval of the menu.

And this nauseating amusement occurred in the present civilized century. At an hour when the country was welcoming home boat-loads of wounded, crippled and sick heroes, on a day when the Chief Executive of this nation was miles beyond the sea, in conference with leaders in an effort to stay savagery and bring peace to suffering humanity. Could Nero in his wildest orgies, ever conceive anything more monstrous, with which to amuse the pagans of his era? Could Satan and his legions wish for anything more sustaining than the thought that here in America, there are to be found men with fat purses, feasting in a public hotel, a bull as their guest and the animal served on a silver platter. Newport, with its dog socials, lizard luncheons and monkey programs has at last been outrivalled. It has taken New York once again to head the list for outré entertainments—the last surely should be named "The Devil's Delight."

—The Mich. Catholic.
A Brave General.
Major General Leonard Wood, when appointed to the command

of the central department of the United States Army, marked his arrival in Chicago by an act which will undoubtedly cause pain to many salaried reformers in the United States. According to the Chicago Tribune, no sooner had he taken his desk at headquarters than he sent the "No Smoking" warnings to the waste-basket.

After a short time, General Wood glanced around and said: "There doesn't seem to be any smoking around here. What's the matter? Don't any of you smoke?" "There's an order against it," one of the officers volunteered. "Well, that order is off," said General Wood.

Is General Wood about to begin an intensive training to fit himself for the next war? asks 'America'. If he can withstand the attacks and obloquy leveled against him by the Anti-Saloon League and similar "religio-political" cliques, he need not fear a cannonading from the largest group of "Big Berthas" ever assembled.

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