

CHAPTER XVII.

"When I hear (and soon it may be) some one pausing at my door, I shall know the kind, soft accents, heard and welcomed oft before!

So each day I am more hopeful, He may come before the night; Every sunset I feel surer He must come ere morning light."

—Adelaide Procter.

When they were fairly off Lord Melton seemed to breathe more freely. He took up his letters to read, stopping only to give an inquiring glance at Kathleen, with the question, "You have the papers safe?"

"They are in a bag fastened securely round my waist," she replied, an expression of the deepest gratitude mingling with the happiness that danced in her eyes.

Lord Melton nodded approval. "I was afraid you might put them in one of those travelling bags that young ladies are apt to leave behind," he remarked; then opening his letters he read them through rapidly, making no attempt at further conversation till they reached the station. When they were seated in the railway-carriage, however, where Rose had discreetly withdrawn to the furthest corner of the further compartment, Lord Melton seemed disposed to throw off care and to amuse himself and his companion. Tying up his letters into two packets, one of which he marked with a cross in pencil, he disposed of them securely in his bag and then took the seat opposite Kathleen.

"Well, my little friend," he began, smiling merrily, "you were more astonished than anybody last night, I think; you have hardly yet, I fear, got accustomed to your rusty old friend as a General. And now," he went on, his smile breaking into a laugh, "will you forgive Edgar Earl of Melton, the most insignificant-looking man of the 19th century, for collapsing into irrepressible convulsions of laughter when he was required to compose an Idyll in honor of himself as a Sea King, "Ruling with royal hand and stalwart form, The bounding vessel on that night of storm."

How glad Kathleen was to hear him laugh so heartily, and how merrily she laughed, too, at his tone and gesture, as spouting the lines with great effect, he showed off his diminutive figure and small hands. "It is too bad of you to rake up that nasty bit," she said at last. "But I do not own to making any mistake. I am sure our sea was a sea of troubles, and with a royal hand you have guided our vessel through the only loophole of escape. I do not know how to express to you one-hundredth part of the gratitude we shall all of us feel."

"You need say nothing about that," he answered, with a peculiar expression in his voice. "The benefit to myself has been much greater than anything I can ever do for you in return. My mind is relieved of its heaviest private care, in knowing my poor child Eva will have a home, such as in the best of times I never could have provided for her—and provided at such a moment! Nor can I tell you the relief it has been to me, to have been able to discharge poor Cochrane's trust without having had to make one compromising enquiry."

Lord Melton's face grew very grave, and he paused a few moments, during which he seemed absorbed in thought.

"Kathleen," he went on at last, "we public men are too apt to forget, even where we do not deliberately deny, the action of Divine Providence in favor of those who trust in it. Some seem to be the children of its predilection, and the very catastrophes of nations turn to their advantage. It nearly took away my breath when, at the very moment that I received that picture with Cochrane's

letter, saying it was the one he struck out of Macdonald's hand on that unhappy day, I got a message from the Queen requiring my immediate attendance, and found her in such a state about India, and so anxious that I should accept again the burden of Commander-in-Chief on my shoulders, that I had only to ask any grazia, as a parting favor, and it was granted without a moment's hesitation. The sealed document I gave you yesterday is an expression of royal pleasure which sets Ewan McDermot and all those who had any hand in his escape, absolutely and entirely beyond the reach of any further penalty. But both, the Queen and the authorities at the War Office, who had to register and countersign the document, felt all the necessity of prudence in keeping this matter from ever coming before the public. Military discipline is a sacred thing, and God forbid we should ever have art or part in undermining its hold on the smallest point. You see this is no child's play, Kathleen. I have perfect trust in the prudence of your parents, but you will repeat to them what I say to you now. You will understand now why I told you in my note not to break the seal. I have pledged myself that the existence of this document shall be kept secret, unless necessity should require it to be produced; and then only to the highest military authority of the regiment which may be concerned in making investigations into the affair. Such necessity will, I hope and believe, never arise. Your brother's fortunate change of name makes it unlikely, and the sergeant in charge of the affair having died since, has removed the chief delinquent."

Kathleen's young face looked grave and earnest, as she responded quietly, "I will repeat to my parents every word you have said, and you may feel quite sure we shall not betray the trust you placed in us."

To be continued.

THE SOFT ANSWER.

The average editor is a rough and manner-less person compared with the gentleman who sits in the editorial sanctum in China. Here a rejected contribution is pitched into the wastepaper basket without a word, or the answers to correspondents' column contains curt notes, such as "Rubbish," "No Space," "Far below our standard," "Cut out three-fourths of it and re-write the rest," and so on. But a Peking journal refuses a contribution thus:—"We have read thy manuscript with infinite delight. Never before have we revelled in such a masterpiece. If we printed it the Emperor would ordain us to take it as a model, and henceforth never to print anything inferior to it. As it would be impossible to find its equal within ten thousand years, we are compelled, though shaken with sorrow, to return thy divine M. S., and for doing so we ask of thee a thousand pardons."

THE VOWEL GAME.

"Now," said Charlie, when every body was gathered around the table, "let's play the vowel game father told us he used to play when he was a boy."

"How do you play it?" asked every one at once.

"It's very easy," replied Charlie, distributing pencils among the family group. "You take the five regular vowels, a, e, i, o, u, and, beginning with the first letter, each player writes as long a sentence as he can, using no vowel except a in any word, but repeating that letter as often as he wishes."

"I don't quite understand," said Cousin Lucy. Please give us an example."

"You'll have to give me a few minutes' grace, then," laughed Charlie, taking his pencil and paper. "Suppose I take a." He wrote industriously for a few minutes, and then read the result aloud:—"A man at Panama has a cat that can catch all bad ants, rats and bats at Nathan's pantry and barn."

"You see," continued Charlie, "you may give the players five minutes, or any time you agree on beforehand, to make up the sentence. When the time is up, the sentences are read, and the one having the longest sentence of good, plain, commonplace English has gained the first point. You go on this way for each of the five vowels, and when all the sentences are read and compared, the person who has gained the most points wins the game."—Selected.

Fifteen Years Ago

From No. 7 of St. Peter's Bote

In an editorial under date of April 12, 1904 the editor gives as reason for the non-appearance of the paper last week, the fact of there being no trains on the Regina-Prince Albert branch of the C. P. R. for nearly two weeks. The road was for great stretches so blocked with snow that no trains could get through. It being only a branch line, not much trouble seems to have been taken to keep the track clear. The weather appears to have changed. For the past few days it is thawing and water is running in the streets. Water is already running on top of the ice on the Saskatchewan river. The ice on the river usually breaks up between April 1st and 17th.

At a Liberal Convention at St. Louis, about 35 miles north-east of Rosthern, A. J. Adamson obtained 71 votes as candidate for the Humboldt constituency, whilst his opponents Tyreman and Grant received 13 and 15 votes respectively. The Humboldt constituency embraces a tract of land stretching north from Regina to about Prince Albert, and from the Saskatchewan east up to the Quill Lakes. This constituency has the right to send one representative to Parliament at Ottawa.

In regard to Leofeld, a writer says that all good homesteads have been taken up. None are left. Contests were posted up in the post-office against about a dozen, because these should have been living on their homesteads long ago. They will all be cancelled, unless satisfactory reasons for their non-compliance with the regulations, can be given.

The price of horses in Rosthern is from \$250 to \$300 for a team. A good yoke of oxen cost from \$120 to \$180. Good milch cows cost up to \$45; a wagon about \$80.

In a correspondence dated March 23, Paul Thieman informs the paper that he has just completed his fourth trip from Hankinson, N. D. to Rosthern. He started out on his first trip late in the fall of 1902, after reading the circular of the C. S. S., announcing the establishment of a German Catholic Colony in Saskatchewan. He had arrived in Rosthern towards the middle of November, and went out to inspect the land in the proposed Colony. There being very much snow, he could not feel sure whether it would suit him, and so determined to come again later on. In March 1903 he came again and took up homesteads for himself and four of his sons; there, where he liked it best. Two of his sons and a daughter followed him to the Colony and they began building a house 16x26. That finished, they built a stable 28x64, and also broke 50 acres of prairie. Although he worked like a "nigger," he never in the last five years felt as well as he does now.

Under date of March 6th the correspondent of St. Peter's Monastery writes that Fathers Peter and Rudolph had paid Father Dominic a visit on the 25th of Feb. Father Dominic has but small quarters, yet his living-room is cosily furnished. On the 26th of the same month Frank Kintz, Henry Meyer and Paul Wickenhauser came from Quill Lake to St. Peter to get the mail and make some purchase at Nenzel's. Mr. Kundeman froze both of his feet whilst chopping wood.—Carl Mayer's new house is nearing completion. Michael Washkoski being the contractor.—Father Chrysostom held services last Sunday (Feb 28) in (old) St. Bernard's S. 28, T. 37, R. 23. Mr. Gottfried Schaeffer of that mission is contemplating the erection of a new house and hotel close to the new railroad. To-day (March 6) Father Chrysostom has services in the Assumption church, not far from Lindberg's store.—On two occasions Mr. Koenig tried to come to the Monastery from Quill Lake with his oxen that had just been broken in, but the snow was so deep in places that he had to give it up.—Mrs. Anna Kintz is down with rheumatism.—John Pitka was in Melfort last week and bought oats at a very reasonable figure. Owing to the deep snow, however, he was obliged to leave part of it on the road and come home with only seven sacks. He said that although the railroad had been promised the settlers at Melfort as much as 35 years ago, it is only now that the rails of the C. N. R. are laid within 1 1/2 miles of Melfort.—Last Sunday, Feb. 28, Father Peter, the present pastor, held services again in the house of Mr. Pitka. On this occasion he read the Rt. Rev. Bishop's Pastoral Letter.

This month (April) Mr. Stelzer of Springfield, Minn., is having a house erected on his homestead at Lake Lenore. Nenzel and Lindberg being the contractors. Mr. Stelzer is expected to arrive soon.—Father Dominic is making a much more cheerful face since he has a team of horses and need not "hang round" the house all day.

In reply to a question re Iron Spring Creek we read that it traverses the eastern part of the Colony. It flows into the 'Big Quill Lake; is about 10 ft. broad, 3 ft. deep, and has quite a rapid current. Right on this creek would be a good place for a mill.

ADDENDA:

In St. Peter's Colony Easter Sunday, April 3rd, was ushered in by fine weather; it thawed all day. Father Peter sang a solemn High Mass in the Monastery church, and Father Chrysostom as pastor of Assumption church, held services at Dead Moose Lake. There was a very large attendance at both places, and nearly all approached the Sacraments. Easter Monday proved to be somewhat frosty until noon. It clouded up towards evening, with the wind from the North. At six in the morning Father Chrysostom had been called to Dead Moose Lake where Mrs. Kraus was ill. On Tuesday morning he again visited her and administered to her the Holy Viaticum during the Mass which he celebrated in the house. She died the next morning at two o'clock. She was buried the following day, Thursday, April 2, on the cemetery close to the Assumption church, Father Chrysostom holding the funeral services, and singing a High Mass of Requiem at ten in the morning. This was the first Holy Mass sung in the parish.—The year previous, 1903, the two year old girl of Mr. John E. Kraus had died of cramps of the bowels and was buried by Father Peter in the afternoon at the 9th of August. This was the first burial on the present cemetery near Assumption church.—In No 5 of St. Peter's Bote for 1904, Rosthern locals mentioned that the first child, Martin Wm. John Schumacher, was baptized at St. Anna. This report, as reliable records show, was partially incorrect. The first baptism took place on Christmas day, 1903, the child receiving the name of Phil. Ernst George Winter.

Wit and Humor

A young woman from an Ohio town, prominent in the social set tells of a young man who had not familiarized himself with the form of polite correspondence to the fullest extent. When on one occasion he found it necessary to decline an invitation, he did so in the following terms: "Mr. Henry Blank declines with pleasure Mrs. Wood's invitation for the nineteenth, and thanks her for giving him the opportunity of doing so."

A volunteer on sentry duty sat on the grass eating pie that a friend had brought him from the canteen. The major sauntered up in undress uniform. Not recognizing him, the sentry did not salute. "What have you there?" the major asked. "Pie," said the sentry. "Have some?" "Do you know who I am?" demanded the major sternly.

"No," said the sentry; "unless you're the major's groom." "Guess again," growled the major. "The barber from the village?" "No." "Maybe," said the sentry laughingly, "you're the major himself." "That's right I am the major," was the reply. The sentry scrambled to his feet. "Good gracious!" he cried. "Hold the pie, will you, sir, while I present arms!"

PRIZE CONTEST.

A fascinating, cloth bound story book will be given to the boy or girl under sixteen years of age whose parents are PAID UP subscribers to this paper, and who writes the best composition of not more than 400 words on QU'APPELLE, — including answers to the questions:

What is the meaning of the word? What does it stand for?

Your aim in this composition should be to say a great deal in a few words. See to the correct formation of each letter, dotting the i's and crossing the t's. See to legibility, correct spelling, and punctuation.

A SECOND BOOK can be won under the same rules by the one who makes THE MOST ENGLISH WORDS out of the letters composing QU'APPELLE.

Arrange your words in the following order: Put all words beginning with a first, then those with e, l, p, q, u: for instance, apple, equal, and so on. Do not use any proper names. No letter must be used oftener in a word than it occurs in Qu'Appelle. The letter p for instance may be used twice. Slang words are not allowed. Do not make your c like e, nor the a like o, nor the e like l. Remember to write legibly and with pen and ink. Besides giving your name and age, give also your father's name.

The names of the three best composition writers will be published in this paper, the first one being the winner of the book. The name of the lucky one in the word contest will also be published, together with his or her list of words.

Address: ST. PETERS BOTE, Contest Department, MUENSTER, SASK.

N.B. Any one who is not a subscriber may take part in the contest by sending in, with the answer, One Dollar for a half year's subscription. Contest ends March 31, 1919, with the last mail train in on that day.

S. WALL General Store BRUNO, Sask.

Spring is late but it is sure to come and if you trade here you need not worry about high prices, as we always try to give the public full value for their money. We name a few prices below, and you can rest assured that the rest go accordingly.

Groceries

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Ogilvie's Flour \$5.25, Sugar, 20 lb bags 2.25, Syrups, 10's and 5's, Bee Hive \$1.00 and 55c, Rogers, 1.10 and 60c, Lily White, 1.10 and 60c, Royal Crown soap, pkg. 25c, Cornflakes, 10c, Soda Biscuits, 25c, Cheese, per lb 30c, White beans, 10c, Canada Food Control License 8-17116

Ladies' Ready-to-Wear

will arrive this week, including a full line of Ladies' Silk Dresses, Skirts, up-to-date Suits. Prices will be right.

Dry Goods

No. 1 Prints, yd. 25c Gingham, yard 25c A full line of Silks and Silk Poplins just arrived.

Shoes Shoes

We specialize on a full line of guaranteed solid leather Shoes at the right prices.

Gents' Furnishings

Suits, the latest styles, ranging in prices from \$9.00 to \$45.00.

Hardware

We carry a full line of Hardware. Note a few prices: Nails, keg \$6.75. Wire, 2 point \$5.50; 4 point \$5.65.

We pay for Produce:

EGGS, per doz. 45c BUTTER, per lb. 33c