

things with outward equanimity. Inwardly her mind and feelings were in a turmoil that she did not understand. Two discoveries about herself she did make. One was that, clergyman's daughter though she was, religion was just beginning to have a place in her life. The other was that the love of Kenneth was a very vital part of her existence.

It was this last discovery that opened her eyes to the extent of Kenneth's love for her and of the sacrifice he had made for the sake of his conscience. From this she saw something of what religion meant to Kenneth. Turning in her trouble to her father's church she found it completely unsatisfying.

Of Catholicity she was absolutely ignorant. Never before had this or any other form of religion interested her in the least. Now, though she had acquired in Kenneth's supposition that their engagement was at an end, she felt extremely curious about the church which had taken so strong a hold on him. Mr. Lisle had forbidden that Kenneth should even be named at the rectory, but this prohibition neither made Kitty think the less of him nor did it prevent news of him from reaching her during the rounds that she made with much greater diligence than formerly. During his stay at Colney Kenneth had made many friends and from one of them Kitty learned that he had secured a small post in an American business house. He called it the first rung on the ladder of fortune. When he wrote to his friends in England he dwelt characteristically on whatever good fortune fell in his way while the soreness of his heart aching ceaselessly for Kitty, was hidden in silence. Silent, too, were the prayers he said for her, that some day she might see the light that had shone so brightly on him.

There was not a Catholic church within eight miles of Colney, and it was some time before Kitty discovered that there was even one Catholic church within the precincts of her father's own parish. John Murphy had come into the district with harvesters and had stayed as hired man on the farm where he had worked. Before taking the place he had made two stipulations with his employer. One was that he should be free on Sunday mornings. The second, that on the feast days of his church he should have time to walk the 16 miles to and from mass. It was a passing reference to Kenneth's conversion that led to Kitty's discovery of John Murphy's existence.

"It's a strange thing, Miss Kitty, and I doubt but your father wouldn't wish it said," the farmer's wife had begun, "but there is something good even in the Papist church for those that know how to find it, and Mr. Graham, you may be sure, hasn't been let to see what's bad. What's good you say?"—in answer to a look of inquiry from Kitty. "Well now, look at John Murphy that works for us. He's one of them that's got the good of the Papists. He's honest and a fine worker. He's quiet and civil and there's never a Sunday, fine or wet, that Murphy doesn't walk every step of the eight miles to his church. He goes on feastdays, too, if you please, but Mr. Pierson says we get more work from Murphy than from any others who never put their foot near to church or chapel. Whatever harm there is in Papist, Murphy gets none of it that we can see."

From that day the rector's daughter never passed the Pierson farm without looking for Murphy, the Papist, but it was long before she came face to face with him. It was in mid-August, nearly a year after she and Kenneth had parted. Her father, little knowing her thoughts, fondly imagined that her fiancé's lapse into papistry had killed Kitty's love for him. She did not know that it was a feast of the Catholic church but as she drove her pony cart into the little town of Bampton early in the morning, the sight of John Murphy in his Sunday clothes trudging along in the dust made her wonder if this were one of the "feasts" of which Mrs. Pierson had spoken. There was no one else in sight, and with a sudden impulse Kitty stopped the pony as she drew near the solitary figure.

"Are you going into Bampton?" she asked shyly. "You work for Mr. Pierson, I think!"

Receiving affirmative answers to both her questions, she offered Murphy a lift. It was too good an offer to be refused and the Irishman gladly climbed into the seat beside her. They traversed several miles of country road till they reached the little chapel on the outskirts of the town where, with repeated thanks, Murphy bade her goodby.

If she had hoped to extract any information about Catholicity from the man, she was disappointed. Knowing who Kitty was, Murphy considered any mention of his religion out of place and he studiously evaded her shyly put questions. Kitty, nevertheless, having acted on one impulse in giving the man a lift acted on another after he had left her. Having put up her pony, she retraced her steps and boldly entered the Catholic church. The flowers and lights on the altar, the priest with his back to a kneeling congregation and praying in a tongue which most of those present did not understand—all these things were strange to her. There were pillars near the door, and she stood by one of them unnoticed.

Suddenly a small bell sounded, and a strange thrill that she did not understand went through her. She saw the priest, bowing down, raise up his hands and instinctively she fell upon her knees.

"O God! Show me the truth."

The words forced themselves from her lips. Once again the blessed sacrament had wrought a miracle and this Protestant girl, who had never heard of the doctrine of transubstantiation knew that God was present in that poor, small church.

A visit to the priest resulted in a refusal to instruct her without her father's knowledge. Knowing it was useless to ask for his consent, Kitty could learn only what was contained in the controversial books of the Catholic Truth Society, found for sale in a case by the chapel door.

When the months had passed and Kitty was 21 she told her father of her visit to the Catholic church and of her certain knowledge from the moment of the elevation that God was present and calling her to join the one true church. She had not the struggle that Kenneth had had for she knew that the splendid glorious truth, instead of separating them, would break down the barrier that Kenneth's conversion had raised. She was too ignorant of poverty to fear it in their new life.

But the parting from her father was a deep, deep sorrow. He had received the news of her conversion with absolute disbelief as to its sincerity and with stern, uncompromising anger, not unmingled with contempt, for what he called her unworthy motives. Harshly he closed his doors upon her. Alone she crossed the sea to where Kenneth was waiting for her and there, in a poor small way, their married life began.

In different ways husband and wife had found the truth and sometimes, as the years increased their happiness and their prosperity, Kitty would say to her husband and the children that the thought of her father in the lonely darkness of his stern belief was the one cloud which marred the almost perfect happiness of her life.

Proof From Japan.—A Japanese Catholic in New York was highly amused at an incident which happened in the Cathedral. He had comfortably placed himself in a pew behind a pillar to make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament when he was disturbed by the remark of a woman behind him: "Look at the Chinaman saying his prayers. Do you think he is a Catholic or is he only making believe?" In repeating the story the Japanese said: "Why, my people have been Catholic since St. Francis Xavier's time, perhaps longer than many of the people who go to Mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral."

Our Lost Darling.

The Angel of Death fluttered darkly around
For days, o'er the head of our Maud,
And then, in the night, the kind angels came down,
And bore her away to her God.
The soft, dimpled hands that I pressed yesterday
Are clasped on her bosom, so cold.
The strong, chubby limbs have ceased moving at last,
And still is the young heart of gold.
The sweet baby mouth with the ruby-red lips,
The childish blue eyes so bright,
The tiny, fair locks on the forehead of snow,
Have faded away from our sight.
No'er again shall we hear her light footsteps around;
She'll prattle and lisp never more;
She's gone, but she's happy with Jesus, above,
Though our hearts are still aching and sore.
As the stainless, white lily that blooms in the vale,
Is snatched by the winds in a day,
So our innocent darling was snatched from our arms,
To that pure, happy home far away.
BLANCHE RUSK. GAINSBORO, SASK.

Fifteen Years Ago

From No. 2 of St. Peters Bote

In its issue for the 18th of February, St. Peters Bote begs its readers to excuse the few typographical errors that crept into the first issue.—It informs the readers that the Vice-Pres. of the C. N. R. has promised that the railroad will be through the colony by June and be in operation then.—On Wed. Feb. 10th Henry and Bernard Gerwing were in Rosthern to get their last winter load of lumber for Nenzel & Lindberg's Lumberyard. This time they are loading 40,000 shingles.—The day before, Father Meinrad, O.S.B., had been in Rosthern to buy lumber for his new school at Leofeld.—Mr. Nic. Gasser has bought a good load of groceries for his store at Leofeld, and is now busy hauling it there. Gasser's new hotel at Leofeld is finished.—Mr. Lorenz Lindberg, Postmaster at Dead Moose Lake, was in town to-day, Feb. 10th.—There was a snow storm this morning, but it cleared up by afternoon. In the morning at eight o'clock it was 10 below zero.—Feb. the eleventh it was cloudy in the morning and looked like snow; also cleared up by afternoon. Wind is from the west. At eight A.M. it was 8 below zero.

—On the 11th of Feb. Ph. A. Winter, Lorenz and Henry Halbach of St. Anna, were in Rosthern for oats and household supplies.—John Bourauel and Anton Gasser were in to get each a load of lumber for the new school at Leofeld.—Mat. Fleischacker of Dead Moose Lake bought a pair of good sized hogs to supply his home with sufficient meat for the summer.

—The Rosthern correspondent writes on the 13th of Feb. that this morning arrived the delayed train of the day before yesterday.—Wenzel Reindel from Moulton, Tex., moved out to the colony on the 7th of January. His wife and children accompanied him.—On the 13th of Feb. Herman Pillatzki of Millbank, S.D., arrived to move on his homestead in St. Anna.—P. Hoffmann who lost a carload of farm implements, machinery and cattle last summer in a fire at Osler, received this week from the C.P.R. \$7200.00 damages.—John Edenhause of Leofeld died suddenly owing to a stroke of paralysis. He had the grace, however, to receive the last Sacraments at the hands of Father Meinrad.—Monday morning the 15th of Feb. it was 40 below zero; no wind and the sun shining brightly. Smoke goes straight up.—Under the same date the Rosthern correspondent writes that the train from the south which should have come Sat. evening at 7 o'clock had not arrived as yet. It is reported stuck in the snow near Lumsden.

—Nic. Hauer and Cornelius Kehr were in town. Mr. Kehr filed on a homestead in Tp. 40, Rge. 26. It is within the Leofeld parish.—Albert Campbell of Rosthern was married to Miss Anna Hessdorfer of St. Benedict at the church in Fish Creek.

—The settlers of St. Peters Colony are inventive; they travel now in covered sleighs, sometimes as large as a little house, in which they have a small stove and whatever is necessary to enable them to travel in cheerful humor; in fact they always appear in good humor.

ADDENDA.

Weather in Feb. 1904:
Feb. 3rd at 4 A.M. it was 38 below zero.
Feb. 5th it snowed, drifting shut the trail.
Feb. 16th it snowed again.
Feb. 29th we had an imitation blizzard.

Public Auction Sale of Valuable Farm Stock, Implements etc.

At the Farm of AUGUST LINS, N. E. 1/4 of Sec. 6-38-22, 2 1/2 miles north of HUMBOLDT, on

Tuesday, March 4, 1919. Commencing at 12 o'clock sharp.

HORSES
Pair bay mares, 6 and 9 years old, about 1400 lb, each one in foal.
Grey gelding, coming 6 yrs., 1500 lb
Black " " 12 " 1400 lb
Grey " " 12 " 1350 lb
Grey Mare, " 10 " 1300 lb
Roan gelding, " 4 " 1400 lb
Roan mare, " 3 " 1250 lb
Bay gelding, " 3 " 1300 lb
Pair mare colts,
Pair bay geldings, coming 4 and 5 years, weight 1500 lb each
Sorrel gelding, coming 5 yrs., 1300 lb

CATTLE
Three yearlings
One fresh Milch cow
About 25 chickens.

MACHINERY
Binder, John Deere, 8 ft., used two seasons.
Single disc Press drill, 18 ft., Van Brunt, new.
Single disc drill, 20 ft., Kentucky.
Disc harrow, 16-16, John Deere.
Four sec. lever harrow
Mower, McCormick, 4 1/2 ft.
Two wagons, 3 in. tire, complete
Hay rake, Plano Harrow cart
Gang plow, 14 in. Sulky plow, 16 in Buggy
Set of bolsleighs
Democrat Wheelbarrow
Truck, 4 in. tire Incubator
Gray Gas engine, 1 1/2 H.P.
3 sets double work harness
Iron forge, forks, shovels, picks, and numerous small articles used on the farm.
Also some Household Furniture.

TERMS: All articles up to \$25.00 cash; over that amount time will be given till Nov. 1, 1919, on good bankable notes with interest at 8% till due, and 10% after maturity. Discount of 5% allowed for cash on credit amounts.

FREE LUNCH AT NOON.
August Lins, Owner. H. Maney, Auctioneer.

Land and Farms!
I have a number of Farms and Wild Lands for sale at low prices. Some will be sold on Crop Payment.
For further particulars apply in person or by letter to
Henry Bruning, MUENSTER, SASK.

SHOW WHAT YOU CAN DO!
PRIZE CONTEST.
Boys or girls under sixteen, whose parents are PAID UP subscribers to this paper, may win an interesting story book, if they answer the following question correctly before Feb. 28th—
"What is the meaning of the word Saskatchewan?"
As there will, no doubt, be many correct answers, the names of these will be put in a box and one of them drawn, —THE WINNER OF THE BOOK.

A SECOND BOOK can be won under the same rules by the one who makes THE MOST ENGLISH WORDS out of the letters composing Saskatchewan.
For instance, cat, was, etc. Do not use any proper names. No letter must be used oftener in a word than it occurs in Saskatchewan. The letter a for instance may be used three times. Slang words are not allowed. Be sure to cross your t's. Do not make your c like e, nor the a like o, nor the e like l, nor n like u, nor h like k. 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 lucky ones will be published in this paper, together with the words that the lucky contestant made out of the letters composing Saskatchewan. Moreover, the names of all the others will be mentioned, who correctly answer the above question.
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.

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