

Kathleen could not help laughing in spite of herself. "Thank Mr. Everard for his kindness," she said, turning to Eleanor, "and tell him the nurse pronounces the burns only on the surface, and though painful enough just now, they will soon heal. I deserve the pain for my clumsiness."

With a few more expressions of pity, the cousins left her and went down again to enjoy the remainder of the evening.

To be continued.

HOW FAITH CAME

BY ALICE DEASE

Almost since their schooldays it had been understood that Kenneth Graham would marry Kitty Lisle as soon as he had secured an income sufficient to support a wife. Her father not only held a good living himself but he had two comfortable curacies in his gift and was possessed of no little influence in the church matters of the district. These facts, more than any personal leaning towards the ministry, had decided Kenneth in his choice of a profession.

At the university he had read for his sub-deacon and deacon's orders. Then, being eligible for the curacy at Colney, he had taken up his residence close to the picturesque rectory that was Kitty's home, and while relieving the vicar of a certain amount of routine work, and waiting on Kitty's pleasure, he took his time over the studies that had to be got through before he could aspire to ordination. Certainly the summer time at Colney did not tend towards regular studies and most of the curate's days were devoted to boating, to tennis playing or to helping Kitty in the construction of her rock garden.

It was in the midst of her precious Alpine flowers that Kenneth found her one autumn evening half an hour later than usual.

"You might have come sooner," Kitty cried as he drew near. "I have had to carry ten whole cans of water from the stream, while you have been lying in father's most comfortable arm chair."

"Sitting bolt upright on a hard stool," corrected Kenneth ruefully. "I'd rather carry five hundred cans of water than go through another half hour in the study. Look here, Kitty, I want you to leave your garden and come out on the river and talk."

"What is it?" asked the girl, seeing that there was something unusual to be discussed. "What has father been saying to you?"

"One thing he said was true enough, KIT," Kenneth answered. "He said I was not good enough for you and God knows I'm not, only—only—"

Kitty knew he was trying to put into words how little value life would have for him without her, and she was touched in a way that was unwonted in their usual happy good comradeship.

"Tell me," she said gently, and stammering he repeated the gist of what her father had said.

It appeared that Mr. Lisle had mentioned Kenneth's name as a possible candidate for a living about to fall vacant and he had been given to understand that something more than being a good tennis player and a faithful admirer of Kitty Lisle would be required to fill the vacancy. This had reminded the vicar that Kenneth's studies had become merely nominal and that he was apparently content to remain in deacon's orders indefinitely, and this again had led to a long homily, the outcome of which was that Kenneth was given to understand that he must do something to justify his engagement. Mr. Lisle offered to ask one of the dignitaries of the diocese who was on the lookout for a secretary to accompany him on a lecturing tour in the States to take Kenneth with him. Mr. Knowles was a strong churchman, and Mr. Lisle thought his lectures would be an excellent stimulus for Kenneth. His influence with the bishop, too, would be of great value.

No wonder the prospect of so sudden a break in the dolce far niente of his present life should rouse Kenneth. But after a long talk with Kitty he began to take an interest in the American tour, the offer of which he had naturally accepted. Three days later came Mr. Knowles' letter setting an early date for their departure.

Barely a fortnight later Kenneth found himself installed in a Pullman car bound from New York to Chicago. A fine passage had given him time to turn his mind seriously to his studies, for with Kitty left behind he was

tempted to join in the sociabilities of his traveling companions. The book chosen wherewith to while away the hours bore the formidable title of "Sketches of Protestant Theology," written by one John M. Horway, a doctor of divinity who wore a veritable alphabet of other titles after his name. He was an authority who ought to have been able, if any of his sect could do so, to lay down clearly and incontrovertibly the tenets of his church.

Kenneth, having accepted heartily the teaching of his whilom tutor and prospective father-in-law, had but a vague idea of the difference of opinions held by the ministers of his church. It was with feelings of astonishment that he read the pronouncement of Doctor Horway concerning the sacraments of the Church of England.

"Three sacraments!" he exclaimed to himself. "Nonsense! How can they lay claim to more than two? Baptism and the Eucharist, certainly. But Penance—I know the high church lot practise confession, but to call it a sacrament and to say the whole church must hold it as such—good Lord!"

He pulled out his pipe and packed it carefully. "I wonder what Mr. Lisle thinks of this," he mused. Fancy his preaching confession to the people at Colney.

He watched the smoke curling round his head and meditated over his theological problem. "It seems rather illogical for a man to set himself up as an authority and then to make a statement of his own opinion as though it were an incontrovertible fact, necessarily held by the whole church."

Kenneth was still wondering over the conflicting doctrines of his tutor and of the author whom he had been given to study, when his companion looked up, and noticed his puzzled expression.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Knowles. "do you find Horway a hard nut to crack?"

"It's this chapter on the sacraments," explained Kenneth, holding out the book.

"He and Mr. Lisle do not agree," Mr. Knowles read the passage indicated by Kenneth and then threw down the offending book impatiently.

"The fellow is mad," he said angrily. "How can he write such nonsense?"

"But it is one of the text books recommended to candidates for orders," said Kenneth. "I am glad you and Mr. Lisle agree."

"All sensible men must agree," returned the lecturer, shortly. "Three sacraments! Nonsense! Who ever could lay claim, with orthodoxy, to more than one?"

"One!" cried Kenneth. "Only one?"

"Of course," said the professor. "Baptism—and baptism alone."

"But the Eucharist?" exclaimed Kenneth.

"A symbol, my dear fellow," returned Mr. Knowles firmly, "a symbol, nothing more."

He spoke so decidedly that the younger man dared not express his own opinion, and the entrance of other passengers put an end to the conversation. But instead of strengthening Kenneth's opinion Mr. Knowles had raised in his mind some very disquieting thoughts. He was naturally logical and he found it difficult to study a theology without apparent basis. Authorities disagreed, and, though by judicious questioning in the various places he visited during Mr. Knowles' lectures, he was able to find some who agreed with each of the three opinions put forth, he could find no unity.

"The truth is," he said at last to an American student, "we want a more authoritative head to our church. King George—"

"King George is not the head of our church," cried the American.

"Who is, then?" asked Kenneth. "Your president can't be, for he is always changing. Besides, he might be a Methodist."

"We have no actual head—" began the other.

"But we want one—and want one badly," said Kenneth.

The two young men were in the dining car when the discussion started. They did not notice that the man sitting nearest them was listening, with a look of interest and pity to their low-toned conversation.

"Of course there are the bishops," went on Kenneth. "Surely they could decide in council the doctrines we ought all to hold and teach."

"My friends in Chicago would never agree to be guided by bishops," replied the American.

"Then, say a committee of eminent men, professors—"

"You would never get them to agree," objected the other.

"Well, couldn't they or the bishops elect one of themselves to decide the things about which we disagree?"

"They wouldn't agree," repeated the American. "Besides, they would never find a suitable man. How could a whole country like yours or mine ever allow itself to be guided by, to submit itself to the authority of a single individual? It isn't possible."

"No," agreed Kenneth disconsolately, but as he spoke, the stranger, bronzed and bearded, leaned across the table.

"Will you excuse me, gentlemen," he said courteously, "if I remark that you have come to an erroneous conclusion?"

The young men looked up with surprise and interest.

"You say it is impossible for a whole country to submit in matters of religion to the authority of a single individual. Yet this is done. Not one country, but many submit willingly and gladly to the authority of one man."

"Do you really mean what you say, sir," cried Kenneth. "Then may I ask who this man is?"

"This man," replied the stranger, "is the pope."

For a moment there was silence and the two younger men looked at each other in consternation. Then Kenneth spoke.

"May I ask, sir, if you are a Roman Catholic?" he said.

"I am, thank God," replied the other.

"I am a Catholic priest."

"A priest!" cried the young clergyman together, looking in amazement at the dust-stained traveling coat and the rough, brown beard.

"Do you mean, sir, that in Catholic countries all think alike?" asked the American.

"On matters of faith all Catholics—not in Catholic countries alone, but all over the world—think alike," replied the priest.

Immediately, the point which had raised all Kenneth's uneasiness came to his mind.

"Would you mind telling me, sir," he asked eagerly, "how many sacraments you have?"

"We have seven," replied the priest. "All over the world Catholics have seven sacraments," he insisted. "All over the world all Catholics have seven sacraments," he again reiterated.

"Are you sure?"

A laugh of genuine amusement started the young men for a moment, but a second glance at their informant showed them that they had to do with a man of the world, even if he were a Romish priest, a man evidently cultivated, who was amused, not at them but at their ignorance. The laugh was followed by a look of sympathy and interest.

"I am quite sure," he said. "And if I did not know it by belief I should have had the knowledge forced on me by experience." Then, seeing that more explanation was needed, he went on: "You see, I belong to a missionary congregation and for some years I have been acting as visitor to our houses and our missionaries in different parts of the world. Just recently I have been in Japan and other parts of Asia. Now here in America, wherever I go, I find things Catholic the same as I left them over there and as I shall also find them when I return to Europe."

"The sacraments?" asked Kenneth Graham, and his companion added:

"And the same interpretation of the creed?"

"The same, exactly the same," replied the missionary.

"Well, if that's so, it's fine," declared the American. And the priest heard the other young clergyman mutter under his breath:

"It's more than that—it's divine."

Seeing the effect his words had had, the priest went on:

"Tomorrow, soon after daybreak, we shall be in Chicago. I don't know a soul in the city, but I shall ask to be directed to a Catholic church—and I shall ask to be allowed to say mass. My papers, signed by my own bishop in France, ensure my welcome, and the same vestments will be put at my disposal as those I have worn in Asia and in Europe, in cathedrals and in thatched roofed mission chapels. The same missal will be placed on the altar from which I shall read the prayers. The server who will answer me will do as he would for an American priest, and the Catholics of Chicago will receive holy communion from my hand without a thought of my opinions or my nationality. The latter is not of the slightest consequence. They know that the former are the same as their own."

"Very fine, very fine indeed," repeated the American.

"Incomprehensible," murmured Kenneth with his mind on the impossibility he had found in trying to reconcile the opinions of even his teachers.

"Did you say incomprehensible?" asked the priest. "I think not, sir. The pope, you must remember, is the direct successor of St. Peter to whom Jesus Christ said: 'I have prayed for you, that your faith may never fail.' As members of the church founded on the rock of Peter there is nothing incomprehensible in our unity."

To be continued.

Fifteen Years Ago

From No. 1 of St. Peters Bote

In the first number of the St. Peters Bote under date of Feb. 11, 1904, we read as follows:

"The mail service in St. Peters Colony, which up to now was rather primitive, has experienced a marked improvement. The Department has opened Post-offices in the following places in the Colony: Leofeld, Dead Moose Lake, and St. Peters Monastery. Letters addressed to these post-offices are to read, 'via Rosthern, Sask.'"

In Rosthern the Catholics are planning to build a church. Land suitable for this purpose has already been purchased. For the present, services are held in a building belonging to Mr. Joseph Kopp. The parish is in charge of the Benedictine Fathers for the time being, that is as long as the settlers from the colony occasionally stay in Rosthern. After that it will be given over to the Oblate Fathers.—The weather during the first part of January was very mild, the temperature ranging between 10 and 40 above zero.—In a correspondence from Leofeld under date of Feb. 8th we read that a large number of logs are lying not far from the church which are to be used for the erection of a school as soon as the weather will permit.

The school here is being taught by Mr. Peter Schwinghammer.—Two weddings were solemnized. On the seventh of Jan. Rudolph Elmann of Regina was married to Miss Medernach of this parish. On the 12th was married Emil Lopinski to Miss Lange.

On the twenty-fifth of January a correspondent from St. Anna, now Annaheim, writes that although their new church is neither large nor fine, it is at least warm. It is built of logs and divided in two parts. One part serving as church proper, and the other as residence of the pastor, Rev. Father Dominic.—Mr. Frk. Schiltz is looking even more cheerful the last few days than usual; his wife and daughters having arrived recently.—Nick Braun has filed on a homestead lately. His house is almost finished.

Back to Muenster.

We're coming back to Muenster As sure as you are born; We've missed the pretty meadows, And the fields of waving grain. We've travelled far and back again, In hopes to change our lot, And chased a thousand shadows For the thing we never got.

We're coming back to Muenster The best place in the world. With all our wives and little ones, We're coming back again. We wish we hadn't left the place, Indeed we do, you bet. And long we worried o'er the change, And some are worrying yet.

We're coming back to Muenster, With all the girls and boys; We're tired of old Nebraska, And we're tired of old Illinois. And we've tried it down in Texas, And on the western coast, Where boosters got the money, That the honest farmer lost.

We've tried it down in Florida, But when the boosting's done The thing they've got the most to sell Is only sand and sun. Oh yes! Missouri is alright And Kansas too they say But then they never saw our farm Near dear old Muenster town.

We're coming back to Muenster, Where dad has got the farm, He couldn't sell, he hurried so To get where it was warm. But now we'll tune the organ up And here's the tune we'll set: "Hurrah for good old Muenster, The best of any yet."

IT WAS TIRESOME.

A tall, cadaverous-looking colored man met another of his race, who was short and fat.

"Lawd, but Ise tiah'd," said the tall one wearily.

"Whutta you been a-doin' to 'git so tiah'd?" snorted the fat one.

"Ise been ober to Mistah Johnson's house all day, where dey's a-measurin' for some new calhpets. Dey ain't got no yahdstiek, but I'm jes' six feet tall, so, to oblige Mistah Johnson, Ise been a-layin' down an' a-gettin' up all ober dat house."

Strayed from my place two FOALS, one 2yrs. old, the other from last spring, and one MARE, white, has a defect in hindleg. A reward of \$15, i. e. \$5.00 apiece, will be given to the finder.

John Horvath, BRUNO, Sask.

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John H. Gerwing, Lenora Lake, Sask.

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