

The Choice Of A Cross

BY VIRGINIA B. WALLIS

This tale is told in a peaceful place, hidden among the hills of Italy; and its telling, from generation to generation, has made happiness the people's constant guest.

Once, one of them rebelled at her hard lot, and she was allowed to choose her cross, and this is how it happened: She was an only child, first petted and waited upon by doting parents, then by a devoted husband.

She felt it all unjust and she fought with fate, and failed. Grief and care submerged her like a sea, the unwanted household duties exhausted her; the children's buoyancy jarred upon her, and she hated their happy noise, and they grew to fear her hard sorrow and shunned her.

At last she did what she had not done before; she prayed. Upon her knees, her hands covering her face, she cried to God that her cross was more than she could bear, her life intolerable; in mercy, He must lighten it or take it from her.

And when the bitter tears choked her, someone spoke: "You cannot live without a cross, no man or woman does, but if you cannot bear the one I have given you, you may take another. See—there are many here—choose one."

The voice was sweeter than sweetest music, and it stilled the woman's rebellious heart, as the calm that comes after a storm quiets the wild tumult of winds and waves.

anyone but only Me; and she lies on a bed of pain, in a hospital ward, and she knows that she will never rise from it.

Silent and abashed, the widow turned to find another cross, and reached this time for one of larger size; but it burned her fingers and she could not touch it and she exclaimed in pity: "Lord, who can bear that?"

"One who loves. A bitterly disappointed wife, a brave, devoted mother. She thought her husband one of the best men in the world; she knows now that he is one of the worst and that he hates her; but for their daughters' sake she lives with him, hiding his shame and evil from them, keeping their lives innocent and happy, though all the while her own life is in danger."

Slowly the woman looked for another cross and found a tiny one all brilliant and beautiful with precious stones, but it was so heavy she could not hold it and let it fall to the floor.

"A woman wears that as a jewel for love of Me. She has riches and honours, has title and lands, health, beauty and friends, but no children in her house, only their little graves out yonder under the sky; her heart is breaking for want of them. The world calls her happy, and so indeed she is, for she loves Me."

Then the woman fell at his feet and said: "Forgive me, Lord and be patient with me still. Give me back my own cross and teach me the way to carry it."

Sweeter than ever was the voice that breathed: "The only way is love." Gently He gave her back her cross and tenderly He blessed her, and she went her way.

the faithful old house-keeper who had come to take charge after her mother died, enter the room. "Ann," she queried, "why are people going into that church across the street when it isn't even Sunday? Every afternoon this week they've gone there. What are they going for?"

Ann looked down at the child with a smile in her kind old eyes. "Tis the month of Our Lady, my pet, and they're going there to pay her honor."

"What are they going to have?" "May devotions," Ann answered. "Presently you will hear the bell ring; then the playing of the organ, and the children'll be singing a hymn to Our Lady. After that you'll maybe hear low murmuring of voices, if the breeze happens to bring the sound this way; it'll be the Rosary they'll be saying, that's like a wreath of roses they'll offer her—only their flowers'll be prayers."

"What will they do next?" the child asked. "Then they'll sing another hymn," Ann smiled, "and May-devotions will be over."

"Ann, do you ever go to May devotions?" the child asked, after a little silence. "Yes," she answered, "every time I can get away for a little while, I go."

"The next time you go, Ann, would you take me with you?" Ann did not answer at once, but when she did there was a hint of defiance in her small bright eyes.

"Now, why wouldn't I be taking you, if you wanted to go with me? And maybe if you're real good I'll take you to the May procession."

"leave my house at once for your interference—do you hear? And tomorrow come down to my office for the check that will be due you."

"Very well, sir." There was a good deal of dignity in Ann's voice as she added: "But 'tis not your real self that's sending me away, sir; 'tis your money and your ambition that you have let come between you and your old-time Catholic faith—even robbing your own flesh and blood of her holy religion, because it ain't stylish enough for her?"

She had expected a second tirade from this, but, paling and too surprised to answer, he could only stare back at her. Very quietly the door opened and Ann went out, while Rose, who had listened to these strange things she had said to her father, began to watch him—very closely now.

But the questions that rose to her lips died away, and it was not long before she, too, stole away. Rose was often very quiet after Ann went away, for she loved her dearly and missed her motherly devotion. Her greatest pleasure now was to stand at the library window each afternoon when the hour for May devotions came to watch the people as they went into the church.

When the Sunday of the May procession came Rose tried very hard to satisfy herself with watching the children as they treaded their way into the big white church. The altar boys came first, led by a young priest, and after them the little girls. Some of them were wearing the veils and wreaths that they wore the day they made their first Communion; and all of them had flowers.

After a long time the music and the low murmuring of voices, that she had learned from Ann was the Rosary, died away, and somewhere in the church a sweet-toned gong sounded. She did not know that the sounding of the gong meant that they were having Benediction; Ann had not told her about that.

When Benediction was over and the children had left the church she told herself that although she had missed the May procession she could at least go over to the Cathedral the next day and see this lovely lady who looked down from the altar that Ann had said was in the left aisle of the church.

The next day found her in the church. She had never been in a place so still before, and almost timidly she looked about her. Then up the aisle she went, pausing now and then to gaze back at some sweet-faced saint who seemed to smile down at her from the stained glass windows.

Spring is Coming! WE HAVE A FULL LINE OF PAINT House paint—Implement paint—Floor paint—Wall paint—Kalsomine—Floor Varnish—Linoleum Varnish—Floor Wax and all colours of Automobile Paint and Varnish in fact everything to brighten things up and make them look like new. Call and see, and get colour cards. FORMALIN at right prices. Garden Seeds, Grass Seeds. Gopher Poisons, all known makes. A full line of Drugs, Chemicals and Patent Medicines. Marlatt's Gall Stone Cure always on hand, also Ad-ler-i-ka. School Books and School Supplies in any Quantity. Send us a trial order. Mail orders a speciality. Write us in your own language. W. F. Hargarten Pharmacist Chemist - Bruno, Sask.

For Wedding Gifts and Rings see E. Thornberg Watchmaker and Jeweller Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Main St., HUMBOLDT, SASK.

Fullness of Tone! Adaptability! Beauty! Let us explain, why these three outstanding qualities produce new and increased pleasure when you listen to the MELOTONE With the Melotone, the music of any Record is expressed most harmoniously. Delicate upper tones which formerly were lost, are now made audible by the sounding chamber, which is constructed of wood on the principle of the violin. The Melotone is able to play all kinds of Records BETTER than other Phonographs. The Melotone Factory in Winnipeg is the only one in Western Canada. This Instrument is fast taking the lead over all other phonographs and, as to construction, durability and low price, it is now excelled by none. It offers the largest selection of Records in Western Canada, at from 20 cts. upward. All instruments are guaranteed, and you get your money back if not everything is as represented. M. J. MEYERS Jeweller and Optician HUMBOLDT

You are safe in a threefold way, if you bring your prescription to us: 1) We use for the prescription exactly what the doctor prescribed, every article being of standard strength, fresh and pure; 2) We examine and reexamine the prescription, whereby every error as to drug or quantity is excluded; 3) We are satisfied with a reasonable profit and charge the lowest prices for the best quality. These are three reasons why you should buy from us. G. R. WATSON, HUMBOLDT, SASK. DRUGGIST The Rexall Store STATIONER

Let us figure on that New Building! Our Stock of NAILS and HARDWARE is complete and we can give you figures that will beat Mail-Order Competition. Genuine Peter Wright Anvils, 22c per lb. Genuine Tapico Sweat Pads, all sizes, 80c each. Sharples Suction Feed Separators Call and see them We carry a large assortment of AUTO TIRES in the following makes: DUNLOP, GOODYEAR, MALTESE CROSS, and the famous hand made "BRIAR CLIFF" tires. AUTO ACCESSORIES, OILS and GASOLINE. E. FLETCHER CO. The Store with the Red Front, opp. Post Office, Humboldt, Sask.

Advertise in the St. Peters Bote. Humboldt Tailoring Comp. Practical Tailors Suits made to order. Cleaning, Pressing, Dyeing and Repairing garments of every description. Send goods per parcel post, and we quote a minimum price, after examining goods received. Humboldt Tailoring Co., Humboldt, Sask. When looking for LAND see me. I can sell you land at all prices and on the terms you want. A. J. RIES, ST. GREGOR.

In the Month of May

BY ELEANOR LLOYD IN ROSARY MAGAZINE

The sun shone down with golden radiance on the two white spires of Saint John's Cathedral that afternoon in early May, while a child stood at the window of her home across the street and began to gaze eagerly at the troop of little boys and girls that ran up the stone steps to disappear somewhere beyond the vestibule into the beautiful white church. Presently she turned away from the window to see Ann McGinley,

VOL. 16 there was a in her smile more thought for a little gi "Father, d keeper. Sen There was voice, and s drive back th Very tend her whee sh night, but, her questio what he wou For a long window afte room, his ey white churc had passed a way into ye tered there: become too e his goal to g gion. Out of th ambition fo career for E laid were th for her futu faith as we also the sac if one woul dings. So h jealous care any knowle hers. No wond rid the Jous the accusing old houseke ards he had the place of faith began And there little girl! the church, them to the He read no her lovely would she asked himse he had done Suddenly in which h moving ove the room, a light that h mahogany began to w It was A postman at and receive dressed to l "Come b "Rose miss needs you "And gl that bold to that day. bring him Tears fill the note an apron pock came a kin "Sure, t Bowman my darling It was late stroke the childr Bowman c Rose was he started every now look up a and cheek "Father evening e the Ange we going we did th "Yes," l day morn going." "And s for Sund day?" "Surely And th over the the stree came int there. Be alw thou art what th hast plea bidest.