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miration and gratitude from their eyes every time they look at their blind benefactress. Peerken holds his head erect with a simple and natural independence, and shakes his waving blond hair, which falls in curls upon his neck. He leads his little sister by the hand.

But what group is that? The ruins of an army, which has been devastated by the sword of Time! Behind Nelis's children totter twenty aged men: a singular spectacle indeed! All are gray or bald; the backs of many are much bent; the greater number support themselves on staves; two walk with crutches; one is blind and deaf;—all suffer from age in one form or another, broken down by the weight of labour and of years, so that one might have supposed that Death with his scourge was driving them before him, like a herd of cattle, to the grave.

Lauw Stevens, with his hands almost touching the ground, goes foremost; and the blind and deaf landlord of "The Plough," is led by the miller's grandfather. These old people had lived when Long John was the cock of the parish, when every one had to yield to the courage and haughtiness of his lusty youth.

Behind these followed the villagers, men and women, who had been invited in a body to partake of the marriage-feast in the Hall. The procession entered the church. Outside, the solemn pealing of the organ was heard.

The younger traveller took his comrade aside into the churchyard, and stooping and turning round, held two blades of grass, whose points were just visible beyond his closed hand.

"Already?" said the other; "you are in very great haste."

"Choose, choose at once! I am eager for this subject, and I am impatient to know whether I may write upon this tomorrow or not."

The elder drew one of the blades of grass out of his companion's hand: the younger let the remaining one fall to the ground, and sighed sorrowfully—

"I have lost!"

And so it happens, dear reader, that the elder of those two friends now narrates to you the tale of Blind Rosa. It is vexing, certainly; for, as it is, you have the story in prose, whereas you might have been reading it in inspired rhythmical verses. Another time may fate be more propitious to you!

THE END.

### Stories from the French

By Father Chrysostom, O.S.B.

A monkey one day found a window open, and entered the room of a rich miser who never gave a cent to the poor. The man with heart of flint was away, and the monkey seeing a chest full of gold and silver pieces, filled his hands with them and threw them out of the window. Immediately a crowd gathered on the street below and fought for the money. Not till the chest was entirely empty did the miser come back. Imagine his fright when nearing the house he saw what had taken place in his absence! Before entering the house he relieved his feelings by heaping curses on the fool of a monkey. One of the by-standers who heard his railings replied: "It is true that throwing money out through the window as the monkey has done shows very little sense; but to keep money in a chest, without profit to himself or to his fellowman, as you have done, shows even less sense."

Two young men living on an island in the Pacific Ocean, found between-decks of a stranded French vessel, one grain of wheat. "Wheat, no doubt is a very useful plant," said the elder of the two, "but of what use is a single grain?" and contemptuously he threw it away.

His comrade, wiser than he, hastened to pick it up and planted it that same day. Most carefully did he watch the place, and still more carefully did he protect from harm the young blade that sprung up. A thimble could have held the first harvest; whilst a cup was required for the second. After the third crop he was able to distribute a few grains among his friends. Thereafter he not only reaped abundant harvests, but his was likewise the glory of having introduced in his country a new means of livelihood that rendered him and his fellow-countrymen independent for life. Thus good fortune comes to him who is neither discouraged by the apparent fruitlessness of his labors, nor by the long time which must elapse before the fruition of his hopes.

The favorite horse of a prince had died through the negligence of the man in charge of the stables. The monarch became so incensed against the man that he wished to pierce him with his sword. A wise man who happened to be in the suite of the prince, parried the stroke saying: "My Lord, this man is not as yet convicted of the crime for which he is to die."

"Very well! make him see the gravity of his offense." "Listen, wretch," said the minister, "what crimes you have committed; in the first place you are responsible for the death of the horse which your master had entrusted to your care; secondly you are the cause of our prince giving way to the most degrading of passions; finally it is also your fault that he was on the point of dishonoring himself in the eyes of the whole world by killing a man for a horse. Of all this, you wretch, are guilty!" "That will do," at once spoke the prince, "let him go, I pardon him his crimes."

A certain man was travelling among the mountains and happened to come to a place where a large rock that had rolled down the mountain-side, was blocking the way. There was but this path; he could not go around it, neither to the right nor to the left. Seeing that he could not continue his way on account of the rock, he tried his best to move it aside; but all his labor was in vain. Discouraged he sat down near-by and thus soliloquized: "What will become of me should night surprise me in this solitude, without food, or shelter, or any weapon of defense!" Whilst still absorbed in such thoughts, another traveller came to the place, saw the rock, also tried to move it, and finding it beyond his strength, dejectedly sat down. Thereafter came several others, and not one of them could remove the obstacle, and their fear in consequence was great. Finally one of them said to the others: "My brothers in misfortune, what none of us alone could do, who knows but that our united efforts will accomplish." All now pushed together, the stone gave way, and the travellers were able to pursue their journey in peace.

Three men were travelling together. As they went along they found a treasure, and you may be sure they were greatly pleased thereat. Soon they began to feel hungry, and one of them said, "we must have something to eat; who will go and buy it?" "I will replied another. He went and bought the food; but whilst buying it, the

thought came to him, if he poisoned the food, his travelling companions would die, and the entire treasure would belong to him. He yielded to the temptation and poisoned the food. He returned, and his companions killed him. Then they ate of the food which he had brought, and they died. The treasure belonged to none of them.

Marshal Lefevre, a famous general of Napoleon I, had begun his military career as a mere private. One day one of his friends, who was a subaltern, visited him and could not hide his envious feelings at the sight of the beautiful palace, the horses, and carriages, in fact, at all the comforts which his former comrade enjoyed. "Zounds!" he exclaimed, "you certainly were lucky!" "Would you like to have all this?" enquired the Marshal. "Why of course!" "Very well! The thing can easily be arranged. Go down to the court-yard, and I will place two soldiers at every window who will shoot at you. If you escape their bullets, I will give you everything for which you envy me. That's how I obtained it."

Lawyer: "It will cost you \$50 to have me take hold of your case."  
Client: "And how much for you to let go?"

### Fifteen Years Ago

From No. 29 of St. Peters Bote

On the 28th of August the correspondent writes from Münster that the Monastery church is being divided into two rooms by a movable partition; one room being used as a school.—Brother Rhaban who has care of the chickens at the Monastery is unremitting in his care of them.—Father Chrysostom has a beautiful flower garden on the south-side of the Monastery which furnishes the altar with the most-various kind of flowers.

During the first High Mass at Dead Moose Lake on the 21st of August a girl of Mr. Hy. Kalthoff made her first Holy Communion.—On the 22nd after services in the new St. Joseph's church, Fr. Chrysostom held a meeting at which it was determined to open a school soon, with Mr. Hy. Kalthoff as teacher.—Rails are laid on the C.N.R. within 33 miles east of here, i.e. about 8 miles east of the Colony.—Two new families, Bauer and Gmeinwieser, arrived from Illinois and settled on S. 6, T. 37, R. 21.—The wife of Mr. John Halbach Sr. arrived at St. Anne and so John is looking happier than he did since he is here.—Prior Alfred and Geo. McHugh paid Father Dominic a visit.

From Vossen P.O. the correspondent reports that on the feast of the Assumption John Sommer and Miss Mary Langheim were united in marriage by the Rev. Father Mathias, O.S.B. — Thomas Graf put up alone 40 tons of hay. Can you beat it?

Lake Lenore reports that Nic Braun lost two horses. — Among the new arrivals are Gates and Dobmeier. On the way out from Rosthern the child of Mr. Dobmeier died and was buried at Dead Moose Lake. The Gates family being a musical family, a brass band of 14 players was recently organized.—The young people are practising hard at present as they intend to sing in church soon.—Hy. Gerwing of Pierz, Minn., was here for a while on a visit to his sons and to erect a house on his homestead. In fall he will come up with his family.—An interesting game of base ball was begun last Saturday, but unfortunately the only ball on hand didn't stand the heavy batting for a nine inning game.

### Sask. Creameries Score High.

Weekly summaries of the butter scores of the creameries in Saskatchewan is a new feature in connection with the butter grading work which P. E. Reed, dairy commissioner for Saskatchewan, has just inaugurated. Each week the creameries which have sent in butter are sent a summary of the scores showing the average score for all the samples sent, the highest and lowest score, and the standing of the creamery.

All the creameries have done exceptionally well this year, the average score for the past six weeks never going below 90.5 for the creameries with the lowest score, while over half the creameries have scored 96% or over.

Shellbrook and Birch Hills have had a neck and neck race for top position, Shellbrook winning out heading the list the past three weeks.

Splendid progress has been made by the dairying industry of Saskatchewan this year, considering the scarcity of feed in a very large area of the province, and the development of dairying in some of these drought areas has been of the greatest assistance this year to farmers whose grain crops were a failure but who will be able to "carry on" because the creamery cheque continues to come in regularly, even if the amount may be smaller on account of a reduced milk production. There is an equally gratifying improvement in quality.

### Mister Farmer.

When Mister Farmer used to go to see the city folks, My, what a time they always had Aplayin' of their jokes. The kids they all would foller him Like he was a dancin' bear, And tell him more'n a hundred times Haysed was in his hair. Guess they thought he was a human, With a common trait or two With the feller of the city. But with mental powers taboo, They'd ask him how his "taters" grew, And caw and caw: "Good land! And the politest ones would hide Their smile behind their hand.

But now! O, my, the difference! They've found out a thing or two, They'd never stopped to reason that— They lived on what he grew. Course they must have thought before That the things they'd all been havin' Came directly from the store. Grubbin', grubbin', always grubbin', Was the farmer back of that, But I will say they are gen'rous Now they've found out where they're at. It's: "There's no one like the farmer, Why, he keeps us all in food, Workin' like the dickens for us, Oh, my gracious ain't he good!"

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