Vol. 16 No. 38

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uired, the trains will be sure to un into Battleford next spring. Nwo roads are surveyed through other side of the track, he was St. Joseph's Colony, — the G. T. P. and a branch of the C. P. R. from other side. Just then the train Saskatoon to Wetaskiwin. All in-dications point to their being built Art sprang back, he knew the danwithin two years. The Oblate ger of crossing between moving Fathers of Mary Immaculate will cars. He tried to regain his posihave epiritual charge of the new tion in the boxcar, but the train colony.-S. Raufmeier writes from was going too rapidly, he must wait little fellow. Vossen P. O. on the 28th of Oct. and see were he had landed. "And you that the depot and Mr. Hufnagel's store are nearing completion. John Bettin, the mail-carrier, has resigned and John Vossen will in future rolling prairie, no more. A se carry the mail. - Mr. Steinke left of loneliness came to the little felto-day for his former home in Ohio low, he was by himself out here where he intends to spend the where boys had no place. But Art winter. — Paul Wickenhauser lost had fought his way on in life bea valuable horse last week. - fore thus, so now he would try

Henry Ebbing is digging a well on Jos. Steinke's place. A slight boyish figure he was as he trudged up the track to-The Lethbridge coal mines were wards the station. closed for a few days last week to make some necessary repairs. come from?" sang out a great They mine about 100 tons of coal bearded westerner as Art reached per day. - Experiments with 40 the station platform. different kinds of oats at the Brandon Experimental farm have been most satisfactory. Thirty - seven timidly. of these oats yielded each 100 bushels to the acre.

ADDENDA:

Father Chrysostom said Holy Mass at Ludwig's, S. 4, T. 39, R. 24 on the 8th of November at 9 a.m. A number of the neighbors attended. The day was windy and chilly. The sun did not come out 'till in the afternoon.

THE GOAL

His name was Art Shea. He knew that much about himself. He isn't a good place anyway. What knew also that he once had a kind do you say to living right here in mother and that he lived in a house Sheldon. You can help around the surrounded by velvety lawns where store and my folks can find room chance to make the trip. In the it was fun to play. Things were for one more. so different now that the past was

How he came to such a pass was spoke as man to man. The fact was Burns was a struggling storeall a bland to Art Shea. He had keeper with a good sized family

learned to sell papers, to live on a and he needed no help in his store. few pennies' worth of food from a His heart warmed to this little cheap lunch counter, to sleep in any convenient shelter he could wife would second his charity. over. Gradually he made ac-Art thought for a moment, re

quaintances among the soot-becollected his friends of the railroad grimed railroad men and his pen- yards and then looked about him. nies increased, for he would run Sheldon was only a handful of errands for them between paper. houses and-; but the great sweet selling hours. At last he gave up the papers altogether and devoted his time to odd jobs around the so large and bright.

"Please, sir, thank you-I-I One day, it was springtime in would be glad to stay with you." the country, Art's work was over The offer was accepted, the contract closed, Art Shea had a home. for an hour or so and he crawled

into a box car aud snugged up for It is hardly worth while to tell a little rest. The youngster must have been awfully tired for the car in which he lay asleep was put into a long line of empty freights and quick, ready feet were on the go hurried westwards. The little fel to try and repay his new-found low slept the sleep of childhood friends. There were plenty of odd the Burns family; Father Shea had and still the train roared and ratt- chores about the house and store, ed on, far from the railroad yards and Art was always on hand to do and he could not wish a better he knew as home. The moment them

he awoke terror seized his heart, something was wrong. He felt the motion of the car, he sprang to the country. Everything was new of a missionary's life had well nigh the doorway and slid the door part-ly opan. A green sweep of rising and falling prairie land met his ses, chickens, crops, the wild flowers ses, chickens, crops, the wild flowers and above all the great sweeping prairie, all were wonders of delight e. . The sight was less pleasant es than the smoky yards he had left behind. How far was to the town boy. When the day's y? How could he get back? work was over he would ask nothhe away? How could he get back? work was over he would ask noth-What time was it? The questions ing better than to sit on the steps and watch the great red sun slip down into the prairie, far west-wat now, what he went to sleep it was not yet noon, probably he shedon where they could hear they and they dong do on the steps and they do on the steps and olics, but there was no church near Sheldon where they could hear Mass, and they depended on the

ST. PETERS BOTE, MUENSTER, SASK., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1919.

all of them, and first of course you good wife, how is she? But-hello, who is this?" as Art came into the Perhaps there was a town on the other side of the track, he would store. "How do, my little man, where did you come from?" told me I could stay." Father Shea was taken at once with the manly straight forward sheep.

"And your name, my boy ?"

"Art Shea, sir.' "Shea? why, that's my name

there's no chance of that."

out somehow I felt strangely drawn

naybe we are relations. riest broke into a hearty laugh out continued more seriously. "But even if we aren't, let's be friends, may name's Father Shea.' Art came forward and shook hands, he even didn't know what

a priest was but he felt that Father

name too. "Hello, youngster, where did you When Art was gone Father Shea turned to Burns. "Joe Burns, I wonder if---Oh.

"From the train that just pulled out, I came " began Art half

City but a few years ago. I lost "Beating your way, ch? Running all trace of him. Our correspond-away from home?" broke in the ence was poorly kept up even bequestioner.

"No, sir," came back the manly reply, then half playfully, half sadly, "I have no home to run away from.

The stranger became interested, for- looks like my brother John." got all about the goods he had come to bring over to his store. When Art finished what he had to say the big man, big-hearted he was too, did some rapid thinking.

"I'll tell you what. Art. the city ished.

Days slipped into weeks before cold. the busy old missionary got a

only a pleasant dream; the present proposition and Joe Burns meant all his new friends. His gentility was a fight for existence. The it so. He saw that the little fel- of manners which he had never smoky railroad yards of Omaha low was used to business and he lost altogether, more than ever as-were his only surroundings now. spoke as man to man. The fact serted itself and this combined with Master's cause.

knowledge he was acquiring of the religion that was his birthright expanded and broadened his mind and tended to make him quiet and

"Art, I have a story to tell you. I know you will be glad to hear apostolic spirit. it." Father Shea had just come It took year back to Omaha. Art was all at- was a hard one, but the day came tention; perhaps it was about his at last when Art Shea stood at the parents.

"Art, I've been to Omaha and Divine Sacrifice. have good news; your father was my dear brother John. I'm your and today, so it comes, he is pastor uncle, Arb"

For a moment the boy stood, so well of yore. scarce comprehending the meaning of what Father Shea said. And then the truth came home. His of the following days. Art found eyes filled with long pent up tears, a mother in Mrs. Burns and his he had found his relations and he

could lean towards someone Art remained for some time with no home, the saddle was his home, ome than his nephew had.

give up your good home and help me? I am too weak to get around

lone any more." The plan had

me then, won't I?

me to him before but FatherShe

would be almost frozen during their trips, but he never complain-"I am working for Mr. Burns. I ed, the spirit of an apostle seemed to have come into him and he was almost as eager as his uncle for the seeking of Christ's wandering It was early spring once more, the last snow had vanished, but the great spring rains were hold-

Sunshine and zephyrs were no

always to be met with and often in the bleak, bitter winter Art

ing away. Art and his uncle had arrived at Sheldon and were stopping with the Burns family. Father Shea had been unwell all winter and now his strength seemed ebbing quickly away. He needed a complete rest.

A rider splashed into Sheldon Shea was his friend and his own through the terrible mud and ame at once to the Burns home "Father, Mrs. Holmes is dying, she has begged to see you," the man explained his errand but when he saw the weak condition "Of what, Father, may I ask?" the priest was in he was sorry he

"I had a brother living in Kansas had spoken. Mr. Burns, Art, and a few others who happened to be present tried to dissuade Father Shea from go-

fore that, I suspect he was rather ing. It was ten miles; the roads negligent of his religion. I wonder were terrible; he was sick and if by any chance this little fellow must die from exposure; he owed could be his son? No, not likely, it to his flock to stay. All excuses were vain: Father

Then the whole story came out. towards the little chap. He even Shea had heard the trumpet call of duty and he would respond. The conversation continued and Sadly Art harnessed the team, the outcome was that Father Shea helped the Father in and they set decided to go to Omaha himself out. The roads were at times and make inquiries; nothing to be almost covered with water, a aid to Art, however, until, per-steady rain beat down on them haps, his relationship was estab- and a piercing wind caused even young Art to tremble with the

At last, however, the journey was made and Father Shea arrived meantime Art had grown to love in time to prepare another soul for The offer sounded like a business his home and, also, to be loved by a happy eternity. Scarcely had Mrs. Holmes died than Father Shea took to bed and two days

> Once again Art stood alone in the world. His uncle, whom he had grown to love so well, was gone, he had left him a precious egacy, however-no not in worldly goods, but those of heaven. He had imbued him with the

It took years and the struggle altar of God, the minister of the

He volunteered for the missions in the same district that he knew

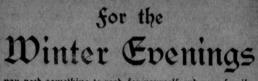
WIT AND HUMOR.

ALL RIGHT.

Teacher: "Now, boys, I want to e if any of you can make a comelete sentence out of two words, both having the same sound to the

First Boy: "I can, Miss Smith." Teacher: "Very well, let us hear

First boy: "Write right."



you need something to read for yourself and your family. Reep the young folfs out of questionable company, by accustoming them to stay at home in the family circle. To do so, you must provide them with innocent enjoyments at home, and one of the best and most useful of such enjoyments is the reading of

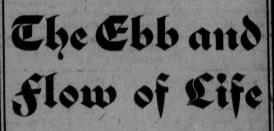
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21 Joy forever.

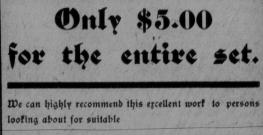
It will be read and reread by all the members of the family and will cause new pleasure each time.

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Presents.

Mass, and they depended on the occasional visits from Father Shea who lived nearly thirty miles away. It was two weeks after Art's ar-rival that Father Shea drove into Sheldon. seemed an age, but it was on-few minutes before the train in to slow up, the brakes hissed and look about him. One houses and a grain elevator stance up the track was all How's the family, Nelly, Jim, Joe, his side. ad Art was able to drop from a

Second Boy: "I can beat that, worn him out. A severe attack of lness came and when he was on I can make three words of it-Wright, write right." Third boy (excitedly): "Hear his feet again Father Shea was no onger strong enough to use the

addle or even to drive. "Art, would you be willing to this, Wright, write rite right."

Professor: "Your answer is about s clear as mud." Student: "Well—that covers the

round, doesn't it?"

lid not like to ask the sacri "Sure Father, that will be just reat; "I'll be with you the whole "I see ye have a new hired man, Ezry. How's he doin'?"

"Restin' considerable easier than he other one did, thank ye," re-

And so it came that Art She plied Farmer Corntossel grimly. ived in the buggy, driving from namlet to village, from village to own, living the life of a mission-

Speaker: "Thank-God, the coun-y has gone dry! It will bring suntry has gone to home thing to many a home

Skeptic: "Yes, and moonshine oo, brother!"

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