

quired, the trains will be sure to run into Battleford next spring. Two roads are surveyed through St. Joseph's Colony, — the G. T. P. and a branch of the C. P. R. from Saskatoon to Wetaskiwin. All indications point to their being built within two years. The Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate will have spiritual charge of the new colony.—S. Raufmeier writes from Vossen P. O. on the 28th of Oct. that the depot and Mr. Hufnagel's store are nearing completion. John Bettin, the mail-carrier, has resigned and John Vossen will in future carry the mail. — Mr. Steink left to-day for his former home in Ohio where he intends to spend the winter. — Paul Wickenhauser lost a valuable horse last week. — Henry Ebbing is digging a well on Jos. Steink's place.

The Lethbridge coal mines were closed for a few days last week to make some necessary repairs. They mine about 100 tons of coal per day. — Experiments with 40 different kinds of oats at the Brandon Experimental farm have been most satisfactory. Thirty-seven 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 knew also that he once had a kind mother and that he lived in a house surrounded by velvety lawns where it was fun to play. Things were so different now that the past was only a pleasant dream; the present was a fight for existence. The smoky railroad yards of Omaha were his only surroundings now.

How he came to such a pass was all a bland to Art Shea. He had learned to sell papers, to live on a few pennies' worth of food from a cheap lunch counter, to sleep in any convenient shelter he could discover. Gradually he made acquaintances among the soot-begrimmed railroad men and his pennies increased, for he would run errands for them between paper-selling hours. At last he gave up the papers altogether and devoted his time to odd jobs around the yards.

One day, it was springtime in the country, Art's work was over for an hour or so and he crawled into a box car and snuggled up for 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 hurried westwards. The little fellow slept the sleep of childhood and still the train roared and rattled on, far from the railroad yards he knew as home. The moment he awoke terror seized his heart, something was wrong. He felt the motion of the car, he sprang to the doorway and slid the door partly open. A green sweep of rising and falling prairie land met his gaze. The sight was less pleasant to his eyes than the smoky yards he had left behind. How far was he away? How could he get back? What time was it? The questions crowded themselves upon him. The last one alone he could partly answer. The sun was sinking in the west now, when he went to sleep it was not yet noon, probably he was long, long miles away from his railroad home.

It seemed an age, but it was only a few minutes before the train began to slow up, the brakes hissed on, and Art was able to drop from the car and look about him. One or two houses and a grain elevator some distance up the track was all

the signs of life he could discover. Perhaps there was a town on the other side of the track, he would crawl between the cars and try the other side. Just then the train gave a jerk and began to move. Art sprang back, he knew the danger of crossing between moving cars. He tried to regain his position in the boxcar, but the train was going too rapidly, he must wait and see where he had landed.

The train moved away; a station, three or four stores, a half dozen houses and around them the vast rolling prairie, no more. A sense of loneliness came to the little fellow, he was by himself out here where boys had no place. But Art had fought his way on in life before thus, so now he would try again. A slight boyish figure he was as he trudged up the track towards the station.

"Hello, youngster, where did you come from?" sang out a great bearded westerner as Art reached the station platform.

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

"Beating your way, eh? Running away from home?" broke in the questioner.

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

Then the whole story came out. The stranger became interested, forgot 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 isn't a good place anyway. What do you say to living right here in Sheldon. You can help around the store and my folks can find room for one more."

The offer sounded like a business proposition and Joe Burns meant it so. He saw that the little fellow was used to business and he spoke as man to man. The fact was Burns was a struggling store-keeper with a good sized family and he needed no help in his store. His heart warmed to this little waif, however, and he knew his wife would second his charity.

Art thought for a moment, recollected his friends of the railroad yards and then looked about him. Sheldon was only a handful of houses and—; but the great sweet smelling country appealed to him, he never knew that the world was so large and bright.

"Please, sir, thank you—I—I would be glad to stay with you."

The offer was accepted, the contract closed, Art Shea had a home.

It is hardly worth while to tell of the following days. Art found a mother in Mrs. Burns and his quick, ready feet were on the go to try and repay his new-found friends. There were plenty of odd chores about the house and store, and Art was always on hand to do them.

The most interesting thing to Art, however, was the mysteries of the country. Everything was new to him. He had dropped into another, a beautiful world. The horses, chickens, crops, the wild flowers and above all the great sweeping prairie, all were wonders of delight to the town boy. When the day's work was over he would ask nothing better than to sit on the steps and watch the great red sun slip down into the prairie, far westwards.

The Burns family were Catholics, but there was no church near Sheldon where they could hear Mass, and they depended on the occasional visits from Father Shea, who lived nearly thirty miles away.

It was two weeks after Art's arrival that Father Shea drove into Sheldon.

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Burns. How's the family, Nelly, Jim, Joe,

all of them, and first of course your good wife, how is she? But—hello, who is this?" as Art came into the store. "How do, my little man, where did you come from?"

"I am working for Mr. Burns. I came from Omaha and Mr. Burns told me I could stay."

Father Shea was taken at once with the manly straight forward little fellow.

"And your name, my boy?"

"Art Shea, sir."

"Shea? why, that's my name, maybe we are relations." The priest broke into a hearty laugh but 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 Shea was his friend and his own name too.

When Art was gone Father Shea turned to Burns.

"Joe Burns, I wonder if—Oh, there's no chance of that."

"Of what, Father, may I ask?"

"I had a brother living in Kansas City but a few years ago. I lost all trace of him. Our correspondence was poorly kept up even before that, I suspect he was rather negligent of his religion. I wonder if by any chance this little fellow could be his son? No, not likely, but somehow I felt strangely drawn towards the little chap. He even looks like my brother John."

The conversation continued and the outcome was that Father Shea decided to go to Omaha himself and make inquiries; nothing to be said to Art, however, until, perhaps, his relationship was established.

Days slipped into weeks before the busy old missionary got a chance to make the trip. In the meantime Art had grown to love his home and, also, to be loved by all his new friends. His gentility of manners which he had never lost altogether, more than ever asserted itself and this combined with knowledge he was acquiring of the religion that was his birthright expanded and broadened his mind and tended to make him quiet and thoughtful beyond his years.

"Art, I have a story to tell you. I know you will be glad to hear it." Father Shea had just come back to Omaha. Art was all attention; perhaps it was about his parents.

"Art, I've been to Omaha and have good news; your father was my dear brother John. I'm your uncle, Art."

For a moment the boy stood, scarce comprehending the meaning of what Father Shea said. And then the truth came home. His eyes filled with long pent up tears, he had found his relations and he could lean towards someone.

Art remained for some time with the Burns family; Father Shea had no home, the saddle was his home, and he could not wish a better home than his nephew had.

Father Shea was by no means a young man and the wear and tear of a missionary's life had well nigh worn him out. A severe attack of illness came and when he was on his feet again Father Shea was no longer strong enough to use the saddle or even to drive.

"Art, would you be willing to give up your good home and help me? I am too weak to get around alone any more." The plan had come to him before but Father Shea did not like to ask the sacrifice.

"Sure Father, that will be just great; 'I'll be with you the whole time then, won't I?"

And so it came that Art Shea lived in the buggy, driving from hamlet to village, from village to town, living the life of a missionary. Those days were never forgotten by Art — driving over the wind-swept prairie, his uncle at his side.

Sunshine and zephyrs were not always to be met with and often in the bleak, bitter winter Art would be almost frozen during their trips, but he never complained, 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 sheep.

It was early spring once more, the last snow had vanished, but the great spring rains were holding 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 through the terrible mud and came 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 the priest was in he was sorry he had spoken.

Mr. Burns, Art, and a few others who happened to be present tried to dissuade Father Shea from going. It was ten miles; the roads were terrible; he was sick and must die from exposure; he owed it to his flock to stay.

All excuses were vain; Father Shea had heard the trumpet call of duty and he would respond. Sadly Art harnessed the team, helped the Father in and they set out. The roads were at times almost covered with water, a steady rain beat down on them and a piercing wind caused even young Art to tremble with the cold.

At last, however, the journey was made and Father Shea arrived in time to prepare another soul for a happy eternity. Scarcely had Mrs. Holmes died than Father Shea took to bed and two days later he died, a martyr to his Master's cause.

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 legacy, however—no not in worldly goods, but those of heaven. He had imbued him with the apostolic spirit.

It took years and the struggle was a hard one, but the day came at last when Art Shea stood at the altar of God, the minister of the Divine Sacrifice.

He volunteered for the missions and today, so it comes, he is pastor in the same district that he knew so well of yore.

WIT AND HUMOR.

ALL RIGHT.

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

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

First boy: "Write right."
Teacher: "Very good."

Second Boy: "I can beat that, I can make three words of it—Wright, write right."

Third boy (excitedly): "Hear this, Wright, write rite right."

Professor: "Your answer is about as clear as mud."

Student: "Well—that covers the ground, doesn't it?"

"I see ye have a new hired man, Easy. How's he doin'?"

"Bastin' considerable easier than the other one did, thank ye," replied Farmer Cornstossel grimly.

Speaker: "Thank-God, the country has gone dry! It will bring sunshine to many a home."

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

For the Winter Evenings

you need something to read for yourself and your family. Keep the young folks 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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