

The Story of Rose.

Rose went into the church every day during Lent and made the Stations of the Cross. She always offered this pious practice for the relief of the suffering souls in Purgatory.

"I just wonder if I help any of those poor souls, and if they get to heaven quicker because I pray for them," Rose would often sigh to herself. "I wish I could see." One day when she went into the church, as usual, she noticed a well-dressed woman seated in one of the pews.

The stranger intently watched the little girl as she passed from station to station. As Rose crossed from one side of the church to the other, she saw the woman was still seated there.

"I wonder if she's a Catholic?" was the child's thought.

She had finished the beautiful devotion and was kneeling at the altar railing when she felt a light touch on her shoulder. Rose glanced around to see the face of the stranger close to her own. There were tears in the large dark eyes.

"Please say a little prayer for me, dear," the woman whispered, and when Rose said that she would, the stranger, without genuflecting, passed down the aisle and out of the church.

"I wonder why she didn't kneel and say a prayer for herself?" Rose wondered on her way home.

Every day after that the woman was in the church whenever Rose entered, and she would sit and watch the little girl with evident interest.

Once, when Rose, after finishing her devotions, passed down the aisle, the woman reached out her hand and drew her to her side.

"You didn't forget me today, dear, did you?" she questioned. Rose answered her reassuringly, for she was beginning to feel a deep interest in this strange person who was always dressed so richly and seemed to have tears in her eyes.

"Perhaps she is a Catholic who has been so unhappy as to give up her religion," said Mrs. Lewis, when Rose told her mother about her new acquaintance.

"She's real rich, I think," added Rose, "for she wears gloves all the time, and a silk dress too." The little girl thought these sufficient evidences of wealth, for she knew that her mother never wore gloves. They were a luxury not to be dreamed of. And a silk dress—why, poor Mrs. Lewis could hardly recall the time she last wore a silk dress.

Mr. Lewis was dead and Mrs. Lewis took in washing and ironing to support herself and three little ones, Rose, Johnny and Bob.

"But I'd rather have our Lord in the tabernacle and you, mother, than all the money and pretty dresses in the world," Rose added, as she embraced her mother effusively.

"I hope you will always feel that way, little girl," said Mrs. Lewis, and she smiled at her daughter's fervent protestations of love.

Sometimes it was very trying to have to work so hard, for the poor woman was far from strong, and it took a great effort to keep the children always dressed properly. But she did the best she could, and wore her crosses with patience and resignation. And the story of the strange woman whom Rose had met caused the good woman to reflect that money and worldly goods do not always bring happiness, and she felt grateful to God that she possessed the greatest gift of all, that of the true faith.

One day "Rose's lady," as the other children began to call her, followed the child out of the church and inquired her name and where she lived.

"If I send for you some time will you come and see me?" the woman then asked. Rose said that she certainly should.

For about a week after that day the little girl missed her friend in the church. Then, one afternoon, a young woman who said she was Mrs. Raymond's maid, came to the Lewis home and asked if Rose could come to see Mrs. Raymond, who had been quite ill. Mrs. Lewis gave her daughter permission to go, and Rose was simply awestruck at the sight of the beautiful home to which she was conducted.

Mrs. Raymond, propped up among her pillows, gave her visitor a cordial welcome, and her pale face brightened at sight of the little girl to whom she had become warmly attached.

Rose's rapturous remarks over the elegant pictures and other furnishings of the room, as well as the questions she asked, led Mrs. Raymond to conclude that the child's family had not much of this world's goods. "I suppose you would like to have a beautiful house like this?" she asked, smiling at the bright faced little girl, who was still gazing about her in undisguised admiration.

Rose clasped her hands in her lap. "Well," she said, "it isn't the house that I'd want most. I'd rather have nice things for mother to wear—gloves and pretty dresses like you have. But when I'm big I'll go to work, and then she'll have everything she needs. I just wish I could grow up quick in a night." And Rose laughed a merry little laugh.

Mrs. Raymond became sad and thoughtful. "Little girl," she said slowly, "I would willingly give everything—my fine house and clothes and wealth—if I could just have your trusting faith and goodness."

The child looked up at her with smiling eyes.

"O, how I do wish you were a Catholic. It's much better than money or clothes, or—or—anything. And indeed, I wouldn't exchange my religion for anything else in the world."

Mrs. Raymond's eyes were full of tears. "Child," she said earnestly, "may you always feel as you do now, and may you never, never abandon your religion for worldly gain. But I'm sure you never will. Now, dear, I feel as though I could sleep. I'm very sick, Rose, and you must not forget to pray for me. Come again tomorrow after school, won't you?"

Rose promised that she would come on the following day and then went home. The woman felt ashamed to tell the child that she was a Catholic who had renounced her faith for wealth and pleasure. But now she was afflicted with a fatal malady, and not having the strength and consolation that religion alone could afford her, she was very sad and unhappy indeed.

She had stepped into the church one day when she was out for a walk. It was not to pray, for a prayer had not passed her lips in many a year. But she was weary and wanted to rest a while. Then, as she sat in the cool, pretty church, Rose came in and the woman was struck with her air of faith and devotion. Ever after Mrs. Raymond came each afternoon to watch the little girl and to think over the happy days of her own childhood. Somehow it seemed restful and comforting—the sight of this innocent soul intent upon her prayers. Finally the lady became too ill to go out, and it was then that she sent for Rose.

The child's quick eye saw that her new friend was becoming paler and weaker each day. What if she should die! Rose longed to be able to assist this poor soul that was drifting rapidly toward eternity, bereft of all help and consolation.

During her visit one day the child approached the bed to adjust the sick woman's pillow, when to her surprise she noticed a small gold medal of the Immaculate Conception suspended from a fine gold chain from her neck.

Rose gave a low exclamation of surprise. "Why, Mrs. Raymond! Oh, I am so glad. Why, you are a Catholic after all, aren't you? You are wearing the Blessed Virgin's medal."

Mrs. Raymond burst into tears. "It won't do me any good," she sobbed. "I've neglected God too long now. But I can't die this way, no, I can't!"

Rose was deeply affected. "O, dear Mrs. Raymond, the Blessed Mother will help you if you ask her. Won't you say a 'Hail Mary' with me?"

The little girl knelt by the bedside, and between sobs the woman responded to the prayers that Rose repeated.

Then, to the child's great joy, Mrs. Raymond said as the child stood up: "Little one, could you call a priest for me?"

Rose threw her arms impulsively about the dying woman's neck. "Mrs. Raymond," she exclaimed "see how the Blessed Mother is helping you. I'll run and tell Father to come right away." And she did as she promised, and then conducted the good priest to the home of her sick friend. Then she hurried to her own home in great spirits to relate everything to her mother.

The next day when Rose went to visit Mrs. Raymond, Mrs. Lewis accompanied her to see if she could be of any service to the invalid.

"I've brought mother to see you," was the little girl's announcement as they entered the room.

The two women gazed at each other for a few minutes. "Clara," "Grace!" they exclaimed simultaneously, and Mrs. Lewis rushed forward and embraced Mrs. Raymond, whose face glowed through her tears.

Then Rose learned that her mother and Mrs. Raymond had been schoolmates when they were girls, and were as fond of each other as though they were sisters, sharing every little secret and joy. In fact, they were almost inseparable, always together, even at Mass and the Sacraments.

When grown to young womanhood Clara had married a wealthy non-Catholic, to the deep regret of her family and friends and her childhood friend, Grace, felt heart-broken indeed over what she knew was a serious mistake in the life of her dearly loved Clara.

As time passed, the girls lost trace of each other, until now they met again just as Clara was about to pass from life; but happy, indeed, were those two former schoolmates to meet once more after so many years.

Mrs. Raymond told her friend how she had for years abandoned her faith, but now, through the piety of Mrs. Lewis' little Rose, she had become reconciled to God and was once more at peace. And how happy Rose felt to think that she had been able to help the poor woman in her little way; still she knew that God and the Blessed Mother had really done it all.

So Mrs. Lewis and her little daughter daily visited the rapidly failing woman, and when death finally came a few months later, they knelt at her bedside with the priest of God and had the happiness of knowing that the poor, tempest-tossed soul passed peacefully into eternity with the Holy Name on her lips.

And just before breathing her last, her gaze wandered from the crucifix she was clasping and rested on the sweet innocent face of Rose close at her side.

"God bless—you—little one—

don't forget me—" she whispered, with a happy smile.

Today the Lewis family occupy the beautiful palatial home once owned by the wealthy Mrs. Raymond who also left her entire fortune to the friend of her early days.

And Rose is very happy, for mother and Johnny and Bob don't have to wear shabby clothing any longer. Neither does she, but for her own interests she cares but little, for Rose is a most unselfish little girl whose one thought is for the happiness of those around her.

But the deepest joy that fills her heart is the knowledge that dear Mrs. Raymond died a peaceful, happy death. Rose may still be seen making the stations as was her pious practice of old. And there is one dearly loved soul in particular that has a special remembrance in her prayers.

An Irish Legend.

An Irish legend has it that a good fairy once visited an old couple and promised them any three wishes they would make would be granted. After racking their brains for some time in an endeavor to discover what they desired most, the couple decided to visit the country fair to see if something there would suggest what they wanted. They did so, and after rambling around all day, not seeing anything that exactly suited them, toward evening they found themselves before a display of kitchen utensils. Among them was a soup ladle, cheap, but likely to appeal to a woman; so the old woman, in an absent moment, said: "Oh, I wish I had one of those," and immediately she had it. The old man was so enraged, because the wife had thoughtlessly thrown away one valuable wish that he retorted, "I wish that was stuck down your throat," and immediately this was done. Thereupon he was at once sorry at what he wished, and the only thing left to do was to wish the ladle out again, so all three wishes went for naught.

The Judge's Wig.

Once when Lord Ellenborough, the great English judge, was about to start out on the circuit, it occurred to Lady Ellenborough that she would like to accompany him, by way of a little pleasure trip, and she suggested doing so. He replied that he should be glad of her society provided she did not encumber the carriages with bandboxes which were his utter abhorrence. She promised not to incommode him and they set off. But during the first day's journey, Lord Ellenborough, whose disposition was anything but placid, happening to stretch his legs, struck his foot against something under the opposite seat. It was a bandbox!

His indignation was beyond words, and he wasted none. After a single emphatic expletive, he thrust up the window and hurled the bandbox into the road. Seeing it fall, the driver pulled up, and a coachman jumped off to recover it.

"Drive on!" shouted Lord Ellenborough furiously, and the officious footman scrambled hastily back, leaving the repudiated object half in a ditch and half out. Lady Ellenborough had remained silent and submissive throughout the tempest.

Having reached the country town where he was to officiate as judge, Lord Ellenborough presently proceeded to array himself for his appearance in the court-house.

"Now," said he when he was otherwise ready, "where is my wig?"

"My lord," replied his valet, "you threw it out of the carriage window."

SUITS DRY CLEANED

HAVE YOUR SUITS DRY CLEANED. We Dry-Clean Ladies' and Gents' Garments, sent per parcel post. First Class Workmanship. HUMBOLDT TAILORING CO.

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.

CALL IN TO, MY SHOWROOM and look over the New

BRISCOE SPECIAL

the Car with the Half Million Dollar Motor.

The Price is within reach of everybody wanting an up-to-date Car.

I WILL GIVE YOU A DEMONSTRATION ANY TIME

Let me know your requirements and I can supply your wants in anything for the Farm. FARMERS! I have a Portable Granary on exhibit at my ware house in Humboldt. Double ply lumber and metal roof. Get my price before buying elsewhere.

E. D. LELACHEUR

THE HUMBOLDT MACHINE MAN
Main Street HUMBOLDT, SASK.

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.

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.

Large Assortment of Gramophones & Records

Send us a trial order. Mail orders a speciality. Write us in your own language.

W. F. HARGARTEN
Pharmac. 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

Advertise in the St. Peters Bote.