

Kathleen, "and this is the Knight who fights for the King. But this tall one is the Queen—she can go anywhere and do anything. When the little men—Pawns they are called—do anything wrong, and are sorry, the Queen grants a royal pardon, and it is all right again."

Mr. Everard looked up quickly and met Kathleen's beseeching glance. She was satisfied he had taken her idea, but he gave no sign of approving of it. "He will not be interfered with," she thought. "I must trust him implicitly. And yet it is very hard, for Lord Melton will only be here a few days longer, and, of course, it is he who would have to represent the case before the Queen. It is very hard to wait." And poor Kathleen's anxiety pressed upon her so heavily that Dora had asked impatiently several times over what the Pawns could do before Kathleen could collect her thoughts sufficiently to answer her.

The next morning was the time Kathleen had counted upon for getting some answer from India. She had calculated all the delays that might happen, all possible hindrances that she could think of, and still a telegram from India could reach by the next morning at latest; if it were only to say that the information Mr. Everard had asked for could not be obtained. Every door that opened, every step across the hall, sounded to her trembling heart like the approach of fate. But the morning dragged on, and no Mr. Everard appeared. She got sick with expectation.

At last, at twelve o'clock, Lord Melton came into the room equipped for riding.

"We've had double toil and trouble this morning," he said, gayly. "All the writing to do without Everard. He's gone up to London on some pressing business of his own, and heaven knows when he'll be back. Rather hard upon me, is it not, Miss Fitzgerald?" he continued, laughing and addressing Eleanor, who, already dressed in her riding habit, was just fastening up some notes she had been writing. "There never was such a fellow as Everard for making business," he went on; "however, I mean to have my holiday in spite of him, so here I am, Miss Fitzgerald, all ready for my promised ride before luncheon with you and your sister."

Poor Kathleen! a mist seemed to come before her eyes, and a sickness of hope deferred over her heart. The idea of the royal pardon, upon which she had built such high hopes, presented itself to her now only as a disappointment.

"Mr. Everard has got no good intelligence from India," she thought; "what can he get in London? Lord Melton has evidently refused to go in person, of course he thinks it hopeless; and only sending his secretary, with his dry, unwinning manner, secures it to be a failure." Lord Melton's light laughter made her feel angry. She was vexed, too, with Mr. Everard for not speaking to her before he went, and, at all events, telling her what he was going to do. The suspense was very wearing, and he had promised not to keep her in suspense a moment longer than he could help. This was not keeping his promise. "After all his seeming kindness he could not be a feeling man," she thought, "else he would have had more compassion for her anxiety."

The endlessness of that long day tried Kathleen more than anything had done yet. She longed to go straight to Lord Melton, and by rousing his strongest sympathy in her brother's case to induce him to go himself to the Queen's private cabinet. She thought of Jeanie Deans, and longer to go herself. If they could only let her

go, she was sure she should succeed. Then, angry with herself for her own want of confidence, she battled down the storm of impatient thoughts, and repeated to herself: "I am bound to trust Mr. Everard; he has proved himself a true friend; he will do what man can do; and for the rest, 'In Te, Domine, speravi.'" ("In thee, O Lord, I have hoped.")

Telling Rose she wanted to be quite alone, she put on her hat and went down to the seaside, and climbed to the top of an isolated rock around which the waves were dashing. There with her Rosary and her own good-will, with the rough sea breezes blowing on her face, she made her final act, not so much of resignation as of blind abandonment, and felt a new strange strength within her to suffer and be still.

To be continued.

### Fifteen Years Ago

From No. 5 of St. Peters Bote

This number of the paper contains a settler's description of Lecfeld and surroundings. He is full of enthusiasm for his new home, and the surprising progress everywhere in evidence. He describes the church and says that anyone entering it, would seem to think it is a parish founded decades ago. Under date of March 7th, Theo. Peters writes from St. Benedict that he, as well as his wife and children, like it there very much; he had imagined the winter to be much worse than it is. He has broken 60 acres of land; built a house 18x24; a barn for his horses 16x26, a cow-barn 16x26, and a henery 12x16; dug a well 30 ft. deep. He owns ten head of cattle and three horses.—Hy. Froelag writes from Dead Moose Lake on the 18th of Feb. that he is pleased to have found conditions here so suitable to him. He hopes many of his friends will join him in his new home. When he arrived he lived for a time with his family in a tent. Having noticed lime stones on his land, he gathered two wagon loads of them and burnt a good fat lime. Then he began building a house of logs interwoven with willows and plastered inside and out with a mortar made of lime, clay and sand. He bought only as many boards as were absolutely necessary. In hauling the lumber he got stuck in the mud a few times; had to unload to get the wagon out; then he loaded up again, and having in the meanwhile relieved his feelings by a few appropriate words, he started off again in good spirits. He likes the climate in winter as well as summer; only he had not imagined there could be so many mosquitos so far north. If he could sell 50% he would be well satisfied.—Bern. Gerwing writes from the same post office that he lives on the south side of Lenora Lake, and that at the same place there are still a number of the finest homesteads unoccupied. He would very much like to know if those for whom they were entered really intend to come, for he has many friends in Pierz, Minn., who would like to come in spring.—Louis Schumacher writes from St. Anna that he likes it there. "I am in a locality now," he says, "such as I had always desired—a good piece of wheat land, a fine bush, good and amiable German neighbors, sufficient game,—what could I desire more? What I had been afraid of, was the winter; but now I count it nothing. With the exception of Sunday, I worked outside every day the winter through. It was only recently that eight of us, on a trip, camped out with the thermometer at 42 below Zero."—Adam Specht writes from the same place that he found moving to his homestead somewhat trying and thinks he owes it to the

cheerful and encouraging words and help of his wife that he did not lose heart and turn back like some others. All's well now, he writes. He is well pleased with the land. Struck water a plenty at a depth of only six feet. Did not find it necessary to buy any meat as yet; there being more prairie chickens, rabbits etc. than the family require.—Philipp Jac. Hoffmann gives an enthusiastic description of St. Anna. He, like the others, is well pleased with his new home. Never before, he says, has he experienced as fine a winter as here up to the middle of January. It became colder then, but not to such an extent as to prevent working outside.

—Rosthern locals mention that the Nordick brothers, who for the present have rented a farm 11 miles from town, were in on business; as also Mr. Thill the carpenter, who has rented a farm 7 miles north of town.—On the 25th of Feb. there was scarcely any wind; sky clear and the thermometer 10-15 above Zero. Next day, Friday, it sank to Zero, the wind blowing stronger; but not so as to interfere with work or hauling. Sunday was even finer than Thursday.—Mr. Kreitzenbeck of Dead Moose Lake came in March 14th to get a load of flour for Nenzel and Lindberg.—Theo. Weiers is having lumber hauled for a house that he is going to build on his homestead near St. Bernard.—Bishop Pascal has contributed \$100 towards the Catholic church building fund at Rosthern, which now amounts to \$650. Four lots on the west-side have been purchased for a building site.

—The Doyscher brothers and Mr. Hoffmann arrived this winter and have just completed their houses on their land at Lenora Lake. Mr. Pillatzki is also building a house.—Mat. Ludwig took up land near St. Anna; he is a son-in-law of Frank Schlitz.—Ferd. Stuechler of St. Anna died there at the age of 71 years. He is the father of Mrs. Aug. Schultz. They moved on their homestead three weeks ago and it seems the hardships of the trip proved too much for the old man. Father Dominic held the funeral services Thursday, Feb. 18th.—In St. Anne's church was baptized Martin Wm. John, child of Ludwig Schumacher, reported to be the first baptism in the church.—From St. Peter the correspondent reports on the 21st of Feb. that Father Dominic was down on a visit, Nic. Kraemer driving.

APPENDIX: (A Missionary Epistle.) On the 17th of March Father Chrysostom left the Monastery for Lindberg's with the intention of crossing Dead Moose Lake next day on the ice as heretofore, and hold services at Kreitzenbeck's (St. Joe), on the Feast of St. Joseph. On Friday, however, there was such a snow storm that he couldn't make it with his poor specimen of a horse and had to stay at Lindberg's. On Saturday it was fair but no trail; so no services were held that day on the west side of the Lake. On Sunday there was a good imitation blizzard, and those of the settlers (and there were quite a number), who came to attend the services at Assumption church, first came to the store to make sure the priest had come. It was then and there unanimously decided by pastor and flock, to hold the services that day in the store, instead of going on further to the church—a mile or so to the east. There were a number of settlers from Lake Lenore at the services who had started out before the storm was bad. These had to stay over night at Wisser's. The next day was slightly less stormy, the wind blowing from the west, causing some to remark: "It seems they couldn't use it out west, so they've

immediately sent it back to us today." Tuesday was fair with very little wind, and Wednesday likewise. So on Wednesday morning after breakfast Father Chrysostom started out for home. He didn't get far. There is a creek close to the store on the south, running in a south-westerly direction (nearly westerly) at that place, which was filled with snow. That's how far he got, and "got stuck." That wasn't the only one he'd have to cross, so he decided to wait and let some one else break the trail. The mail carrier from St. Peter's Monastery, on his way to Rosthern, arrived shortly after, having pushed his way through the snow with his faithful team. There now was some kind of a trail again, and Father Chrysostom managed to get home that day. He closes his record of that day's happenings with the remark: "This was the first night, since my arrival at the monastery last summer, that I slept in a real bed." You see, dear reader, up to now the had slept on the floor, with a pair of shoes wrapped in a coat for a pillow. He who managed to get hold of a gunny sack to stuff with hay for a pillow, considered himself lucky indeed. Gunny sacks, however, were nearly as scarce as cats.

### Prohibitionists and Schiedam Schnapps.

In view of the violent campaign which is being waged nowadays in favor of prescribing to the people of this "free and democratic country" what they may NOT drink, the following reminiscences of Mr. S. H. Horgan of Orange, N. J., as related by him in "America," will be of interest to our readers.

"It was my misfortune to be associated with Demas Barnes, one time mayor of Brooklyn and a famous patent-medicine man. He was given to telling with pride how he accumulated his immense fortune, and this in brief was part of it:

"Dropping the handles of a plow 'up' New York State, he came to the metropolis seeking work, beginning with polishing stoves in a hardware store. About that time an anti-liquor crusade passed over the Atlantic States particularly in my old South, for I heard my father speak of it as one of the causes that led to the Civil War. Alcohol was termed an institution of the devil, so that even a drop of it in a home kept his satanic majesty a resident therein.

"Barnes took advantage of this craze. He bought Schiedam Schnapps, the cheapest rum of that time, camouflaged it with Virginia snake root and other disguises, put it in bottles representing a log cabin and labeled it 'Dr. Hostetter's Celebrated Stomach Bitters, Trade Mark S. T. 1860X.' Men, deprived of the liquor to which they were accustomed, soon found that Hostetter's, though a bitter dose, relieved them of many ailments for which alcohol is a specific, and it became very popular as a spring medicine.

"What pleased Barnes most were the stacks of letters he received from 'Ministers of the Gospel' commending 'Doc.' Hostetter's wonderful discovery and telling him how they recommended it from their pulpits to their people as a remedy for malaria, chills and fevers and other ailments. Before Barnes died, a millionaire many times over, he explained his cryptographic trade mark: 'S. T. 1860X' to mean 'Started trade, 1860, ten dollars.'

"Barnes' achievement is being repeated in some of the 'dopes' sold to-day, so there may be prophecy in the couplet:

Cheer up, bar-room, don't you cry, You'll be a drug store by and by."

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