

Blind Rosa.

BY HENDRICK CONSCIENCE

On a beautiful day in 1846, the Diligence rolled as usual over the highway between Antwerp and Turnhout. The tramp of horses, the rattle of wheels, the creaking of the frame, and the loud voice of the driver, accompanied its onward progress. The dogs barked in the distance as it passed, the birds rose startled from the fields, and the shadow of the old coach danced grotesquely among the trees and hedges.

Suddenly the coachman pulled up not far from a lonely tavern. Springing from his seat, he opened the door of his vehicle, and without saying a word, proffered his hand to a traveller, who immediately leapt out upon the highway, carrying a leather travelling-bag under his arm. With equal silence the coachman put up the steps, shut the door, and ascending the box, drew the whip gently across the horses' backs, as a sign to proceed; and the clumsy machine rumbled on in its own spiritless and monotonous way.

Meanwhile the traveller had entered the tavern, and calling for a glass of beer, sat down at a table. He was a man of very high stature, and appeared to be about fifty years of age. One might have even supposed him to be sixty, had not his vigorous bearing, his lively eye, and the youthful smile upon his lips, shown that his heart and soul were much younger than his face would have indicated. His hair, indeed, was gray, his brow and cheeks furrowed, and his whole countenance expressed that waste of power which care and toil stamp on the face as the sign of premature old age. And yet one could see that his chest rose and fell with fulness and life, that his head sat erect and high, and his sparkling eyes expressed the energy of manhood.

From his dress one would have inferred that he was a wealthy citizen, although it perhaps would not have attracted attention at all had not the coat been buttoned up to the chin—a peculiarity which, when taken in connection with his great meerschaum, made one suspect that he was a soldier or a German.

The people of the house, after serving the traveller, resumed their work without paying any further attention to him. He saw the two daughters going and coming, the landlord fetch wood and peat for the fire, the mother fill the kitchen-pot; but no one said a word to him, although his eyes followed every one as if he desired to enter into conversation, and his sad and gentle smile seemed to say—"Ah! do you not know me then?"

Suddenly a clock struck. This sound seemed to pain him, for an expression of melancholy surprise passed over his face, and he chased the smile from his lips. He stood up, and with a disturbed look, gazed at the clock till nine strokes one after the other, had died away in the room. The house-mother had observed the emotion of the stranger, and advancing to him, she also looked up at the clock with a wondering look, as if she expected to see something unusual about it, which she had never observed before.

"Yes, sir, it sounds pretty, doesn't it?" she said. "It has gone for twenty years so, and a watchmaker has never laid a finger on it."

"Twenty years," sighed the traveller; "and where then is the clock which used to hang here before? And where is the pretty image of the Virgin which stood there on the chimney piece? Gone, destroyed, forgotten?"

The woman looked at the stranger with surprise, and answered:

"Our Zanna was playing with the image one day when a child, and broke it. It was so very badly made, at any rate, that the pastor himself had told us to buy a new one; and there it stands now. Is it not much prettier?"

The traveller shook his head. "And the old clock you will hear immediately," she continued. "It is only a piece of lumber, and is always behind; it has hung for an age in our cellar. Listen, it is striking now!"

A peculiar noise might be heard proceeding from another part of the house. It was the voice of a bird, which cried "Cuckoo, cuckoo" for nine times in succession. A cheerful smile at once lighted up the stranger's face; and hastening, accompanied by the hostess, to a little cellar, he gazed with inexpressible joy at the old clock, as the cuckoo concluded its nine times repeated song.

Meanwhile, both the daughters of the family approached the traveller full of curiosity, and looked at him with wonder, turning their great blue questioning eyes alternately on him and on their mother. The looks of the two girls recalled the stranger to himself; and, apparently satisfied, he returned to the adjoining apartment, still followed by the mother and her daughters, all wondering at this mysterious conduct.

His heart was evidently gladdened by what he had seen; his countenance was lighted up with a sweet expression of love and genial feeling; and his eyes, moist with emotion, sparkled so joyously, that both the girls simultaneously approached him with visible interest. He took each by the hand, and said:

"What I do seems singular, children, does it not? You cannot understand, I daresay, why the voice of the old cuckoo moves me so deeply? Ah! I too was once a child; and in those days my father used to come every Sunday after church to drink his pint of beer in this very room. When I was good, I was allowed to come with him. And then I used to stand from hour to hour, waiting till the dear cuckoo should open its little door; I danced and skip at its call, and in my childish soul I admired the poor little bird as an incomprehensible masterpiece of art. And the image of the Virgin, too, which one of you broke, I used to love, because it wore such a beautiful blue mantle, and because the little Jesus in her arms held out its little hands and smiled to me. The child of those days is now a man of threescore years; his hair is gray, and his face full of wrinkles. Four-and-thirty years have I lived in the wilds of eastern Russia; and yet I still remember the image and the cuckoo, as if only a single day had fled since my father last brought me here."

"Are you, then, from our village?" asked Zanna.

"Yes, yes," replied the traveller with joy. But the effect of his words was not what he expected. A smile played for a moment on the girls' features, but that was all; they seemed neither astonished nor overjoyed at his declaration.

"But where is the old landlord, Joostens?" he at last inquired of the mother.

"John the landlord, do you mean? He has been dead for more than five-and-twenty years."

"And his wife—the good, stout Peeternelle?"

"Dead too," was the reply.

"And the young shepherd, Andries, who could make such beautiful baskets?"

"Dead too," replied the hostess.

The traveller hung his head, and gave himself up for a time to melancholy reflections. Meanwhile, the woman betook herself to the barn, to tell her husband what had happened with the unknown visitor.

The farmer now entered the room heavily, and with the noise of his wooden shoes roused the traveller out of his painful reverie. The latter rose, and hastened to him with outstretched arms and a cheerful face, as if he would fain greet him as an old friend; but the farmer took his hand coldly, and looked at him with indifference.

"And you, too, Peer Joostens," he exclaimed sadly, "and you, too, do not recognise me?"

"No; I do not think I have ever seen you, sir," he replied.

"Then you do not know him who, at the risk of his life, dived under the ice at Torfmoor to rescue you from certain death?"

The farmer shrugged his shoulders. The traveller seemed deeply pained, and said almost imploringly:

"Have you, then, forgotten the young man who used to take your part among your companions, and bring you so many bird's eggs to adorn your May-wreath?—him who taught you to make trumpets and whistles of the meadow-reeds, and took you with him when he drove Pauvel the brickmaker's son's fine cart to market?"

"I have forgotten," replied the farmer, doubtfully. "But I remember that my father, now in heaven, used to tell me that when I was six years old I was nearly drowned in the great Torfmoor. But it was Long John who pulled me out—and who, in the French time under Napoleon, was carried off, with many others, to be food for powder. Who knows in what unconsecrated ground his corpse is lying now? May God be gracious to his poor soul!"

"Ah! ah!" cried the stranger, with exultation, "now you know me: I am Long John—or rather, John Slaets, of High Dries."

As he got no immediate reply, he said with surprise:

"Do you not remember the rifle-shooter of the Muschenguild?—him who for four leagues round was famed as the best rifleman? who had no equal in sureness of aim, and was envied by all the other young men because the young lasses looked so kindly on him? I am he, John Slaets, of High Dries!"

"It is possible," replied the farmer distrustfully; "but I do not know you, sir, and I hope you will not take it ill. There is no Muschenguild in all our district; and what was formerly the shooting-ground is now the site of a country house, which has been for several years uninhabited, for Mevrouw is now dead."

Discouraged by the farmer's coldness, the traveller made no further attempt to recall himself to his recollection.

"In the village dwell many of my friends, who cannot have forgotten me," he said quietly, as he rose and prepared to go. "You, Peer Joostens, were very young indeed when all that happened; but Pauvel will fall on my neck the moment he sees me, I am quite sure of that. Does he still dwell on the moor?"

"The brickwork is long since burned down, and the claypits filled up. The finest hay in the whole parish grows there now; it is the rich Tist's pasture."

"And where is Pauvel?"

"The whole family was unfortunate, and left this quarter altogether. What has become of them, I cannot tell; dead, without doubt. But I see, sir, you are talking of our grandfather's times, and it will be a difficult matter to get an answer to all your questions unless you go to our grave-digger. He can tell over on his fingers everything that has happened these hundred years or more."

"I daresay, farmer; Peer John must now be ninety years old at least."

"Peer John? That is not our grave-digger's name; he is called Lauw Stevens."

A smile of pleasure overspread the traveller's countenance. "God be thanked," he exclaimed, "that He has spared at least one of my old comrades!"

"Was Lauw, then, a friend of yours, sir?"

"My friend," said the traveller, shaking his head, "I can scarcely call him, for there was a perpetual rivalry; and sometimes strife between us. Love affairs were at the bottom of our differences. On one occasion, I well remember, when he and I were struggling, I threw him from the bridge at Kälvermoor into the stream beneath, and he was nearly drowned; but that is more than thirty years ago. Lauw will be glad to see me again. Well, Farmer Joostens, give me your hand; I hope to drink many a can of beer in your house!"

Taking his travelling-bag under his arm, he left the tavern, striking into a road behind it which ran through a plantation of young pines. Although the farmer's reception and information were not very cheering, they had notwithstanding poured some consolation and joy into his heart. The sweet odor of earlier years breathed round him; and with the flood of reminiscences which arose in his soul at every step, he felt as if born anew. The young pine-wood, it is true, which surrounded him on all sides, was strange to him; for on this spot a lofty fir-wood had stood, whose trees bore innumerable nests, and around whose borders grew the wild strawberry in abundance. The wood had disappeared like the people of the village: the old trees had died, and their children taken their place, to run their life-course in their turn. They were strangers to the traveller, and he consequently viewed them with indifference.

But the song of the birds which resounded on every side was still the same; the wailing sigh of the wind as it stirred the pine-tops, the chirping of the grasshoppers, and the heath-breeze, with its delicious odors—all the eternal workings of nature were the same as in the days of his childhood and youth. Pleasing thoughts arose in the traveller's mind; and also he walked on with serene and happy feelings, he never raised his musing eyes from the ground till he had left the pine-wood behind him. Here fields and meadows were spread out before him, through which flowed a beautiful stream in pleasant windings; behind the pointed church steeple rose among the trees, with its gilded cock glittering in the sunshine like a day-star. Still farther off, the windmill lazily whirled its heavy red wings.

Overcome by the beauty of the scene, and the memories it suggested, the traveller paused. His eyes became moist, he let his travelling-bag fall on the ground, and spread out his arms, while the expression of a deep and fervent joy beamed upon his countenance.

At this moment the prayer-bell pealed forth the Angelus. The traveller knelt down, and bending his head upon his breast, remained motionless in this attitude for some time, prolonging his devotion, visibly agitated and trembling. An earnest prayer streamed from his heart and lips, while he raised his eyes and folded hands to heaven, full of passionate gratitude. Then picking up his travelling-bag, he hastened impatiently on. Gazing at the church-steeple, he said in a low tone:

"You at least are not altered, humble little church, where I was baptized—where, at my first communion, everything was so joyful, so wondrous, so beautiful, and holy! Ah! I shall see it once more, that image of the holy Mary, with its golden robe and its silver crown; St. Anthony, with his pretty little pig; and the black devil with his red tongue, of which

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I used to dream so often! And the organ, on which Sus the clerk used to play so beautifully, while we sang with loud and earnest voices:

"Ave Maria, Gratia plena!"

The traveller sang these last words with a loud voice. The associations which it suggested must have affected him deeply, for a glistening tear rolled down his cheek. Silently he moved on, sunk in forgetfulness, till he had reached a little bridge which led across the stream to a marshy meadow.

An indescribable smile now lighted up his countenance, as if his whole soul beamed there.

"Here," he said, with emotion, "I first took Rosa's hand in mine. Here our eyes first made that mutual confession which reveals heaven to the young and ardent, but yet trembling heart. The yellow water-lilies sparkled in the sunshine then as now; the frogs croaked merrily, and the larks sang overhead."

Crossing the bridge, he stepped upon the heath.

"Ah," he said to himself, "even the little frogs which saw our love are dead—the flowers are dead, the larks are dead! Their children now greet the grey-haired man, who returns among them like a spectre from the past. And Rosa, my dear Rosa! does she still live? Perhaps! Married, it may be, and surrounded by her children. Those who are left behind forget, alas! the unhappy brother who roams far from his home!"

A serene and cheerful smile played round his lips.

"Poor pilgrim!" he sighed, "there boiled up in thy bosom just then a feeling of jealousy, as if it were still spring-time for thy old heart. The season of love is long since passed for thee. Well, it matters not, if only she recognizes me, and has not quite forgotten our ardent attachment. O God! then I shall no longer lament my long journey of eight thousand miles, and shall go, half consoled, to join my parents and friends in the grave!"

Not far from the village, he entered a little tavern, of the sign of the "Plough," and asked the landlady to fetch him a glass of beer. On the hearth, by a great pot, sat a very aged man, who stared into the fire like an image of stone. Before the woman had returned with the beer, the traveller had recognized him, and, sitting down beside him, took his hand.

"God be praised, that He has granted you so long a life, Father Joris. You are one who belonged to the good old times! Do you not know me, then? No! The wild boy who used to creep through your hedge, and eat your apples before they were ripe?"

"Six-and-ninety years!" muttered the old man, without stirring.

"So it is," sighed the traveller. "But tell me, Father Joris, is Rosa, the wheelwright's daughter, still alive?"

"Six-and-ninety years!" hummed the old man, with a hollow voice. The woman reappeared with the beer.

"He is blind and deaf, sir," she said. "Do not speak to him; he does not understand a word."

"Blind and deaf!" muttered the stranger despairingly; "what devastation inexorable time spreads in thirty years! Heavens! I wander here amid the ruins of a whole generation of men!"

"Did you ask after Rosa, the wheelwright's daughter?" resumed the woman. "Our wheelwright had five daughters, but there was no Rosa among them; for the oldest is called Beth, and is married to the postman; the second is Gonde, who is a milliner; the third is called Nele; and the girl, Anneken; and as for the little child, it is rather silly, poor thing!"

"But I do not refer to these people at all," said the traveller with impatience. "I speak of Kob Meulincz's family."

"Oh, they are all dead, long ago, sir," was the woman's reply.

This was a severe blow to the traveller, and, much agitated, he rose, and left the tavern with feverish haste. Before the door, he struck his hand upon his brow, and exclaimed, despairingly:

"O God! she too! My poor Rosa dead! Always, always that inexorable word 'dead'! Nobody on this earth knows me again. Not one looks at me with the eye of a friend!"

To be continued.

Hon. Walter Scott Arrested—Breaks Jail

At Pembina, N. Dak., en route from Victoria, B. C., via Winnipeg to Detroit through Minnesota, Hon. Walter Scott, ex-premier of Saskatchewan, was peremptorily ordered from the Northern Pacific train at 10 o'clock, July 28th, forenoon by U. S. Immigration Officer E. R. Russell, and kept locked up during three and a half hours until nearly 2 o'clock in the afternoon, in a strongly barred cell. Mr. Scott alleges that he then liberated himself by breaking through the plastered wall into a hall, which led to a stairway into a ground-floor office and thence it was simple to open a window and regain freedom. A jagged hole in the wall confirms the assertion.

Officer Russell later found Scott in the Northern Pacific Telegraph office, said he should be arrested, went out and returned together with a man whom he said was a constable, but changed his mind on being shown a draft of a telegram which Scott was filing addressed to Sir Robert Borden, premier of Canada, regarding the incident.

Scott's statement is to the effect that officer Russell became angry and overbearing over the perfectly truthful answers which Scott made to the officer's questions at the outset. He alleges that he told the officer that he was a citizen and that he had no fixed residence during three years past and that if he now followed any business it was farming. Officer Russell professed to believe that these answers were not truthful and in the end as stated ordered Scott from the train and locked him in the cell.

At four o'clock A. R. Davidson, of Messrs. Davidson & McRae, Winnipeg, motored into Pembina, going south. Mr. Davidson kindly offered his services. He would take Mr. Scott back to Winnipeg or elsewhere. Scott expressed a wish to go to Noyes to take the Soo Line evening train on to Detroit, but officer Russell forbade this, his order was that Scott must return to Winnipeg and obtain a passport, but it is understood that regardless of officer Russell's threat to have him again arrested if he attempted to do other than return to Canada, Scott made his way to Noyes and boarded a southbound Soo Line train presumably for Detroit.

Sir Robert Borden has already made a protest to Washington against the unmerited indignity to which ex-Premier Scott was subjected.

Do not throw away cheese. Even the dried pieces can be grated and kept in covered glass jars where it will keep nicely and be ready when you want it for macaroni, rice, potatoes or any starchy food.

The unsightly marks caused by the drippings from faucets in the porcelain tubs, sinks and bowls can be readily removed with pulverized chalk moistened with a few drops of ammonia. Apply with an old toothbrush.

Fifteen Years Ago

From No. 25 of St. Peter's Bote. At Melfort, on the new C. N. R., they are building a flour mill of 100-barrel-per-day capacity. An elevator of 40,000 bushels capacity is also in the course of erection.

The warmest day in St. Peter's Colony in June was on the 17th, it being 84° Fahrenheit. On June 30th it rained .72 of an inch—This number of the paper has a subscription list for the new church at Rosthern. The church is dedicated to St. Odilo, fourth Abbot of Cluny in France. Attention is called to the fact that the Mayor's name, H. A. McEwen is not only not at the head of the list, but does not appear in it at all. The total of the subscription is \$960.

Lake Lenore reports that at a recent meeting of the parishioners it was resolved to build a church and Messrs. Revering and Hoffmann were appointed to superintend the work. The very next day the people went to the bush to cut the necessary logs.

The correspondent from St. Peter writes on July 27th that last Saturday Father Prior Alfred returned from his trip to Minnesota. Father Benedict came out from Rosthern with him for a visit. Prior Alfred announced that now that he has Father Benedict to look after the Catholics in Rosthern he can devote his entire time to the Colony, and will soon visit all the parishes and missions.—The rails on the C.N.P. are laid to within 60 miles of the Monastery. A trestle 40 ft. high is to be laid across the creek. The construction of the road-bed at this creek is estimated to cost \$6,000. The side track for a station at St. Peter begins about 500 rods west of the creek and will have a length of 2,000 ft. The post-office here was called St. Peter's Monastery. This was changed to Münster. It will be so called after August 1st. Münster comes from the Latin word Monasterium i. e. Monastery. Father Mathias, the subprior, is busy digging a well. One well near the Monastery is only 12 ft. deep and contains five ft. of good water. Fr. Casimir's father, Paul Cisnowski, is busy making hay on his homestead, a mile south of the C. N. R. road-bed.—Mrs. Anton Eimer is very sick at present.

The Government has recently erected a weather bureau at the Monastery.—Rain is needed just now.—A physician would have a good practice in the Colony.

A correspondent writes from St. Anna that Werner Halbach has "red-top" that measures 5 1/2 ft., nearly his own height which is 6 ft.—On July 27th Nic Braun and Miss Theresia Schultz were united in the holy bonds of Matrimony.—Mrs. Hofmann is here on a visit to her son, the pastor of the parish.—Anton Schneider, a new settler, is busy erecting a house. He is well pleased with his land.—Our pastor recently received \$50 from a generous member of the parish for a Monstrance, Missal and a Ciborium.—Last Sunday, July 24th the women of the parish organized into a society.

ADDENDA:

On Aug. 14th a meeting was held at Schaeffer's by Father Chrysostom. The following were elected as a building committee: Aug. Neumeier, Gottfr. Schaeffer, Aug. Hellmann, Jac. Grunski and Pet. Weber. The church, which was begun last April on G. Schaeffer's land is to be finished without delay.

"We utilize everything in our business," said the pork packer. "When we kill a hog nothing is lost but the squeal."

"We beat that," said the lumber manufacturer. "When we cut up dog-wood we do not even waste the bark."

MIGHT BE IMPROVED. "What do you think of the Army as far as you have gone?" inquired a sergeant of a newly arrived recruit at camp.

"I may like it after a while, but just now I think there is too much drilling and fussing around between meals," was the reply.

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Contributions, advertisements and changes of advertisements should reach the office of publication not later than Saturday to ensure their appearance in the following issue.

1919 Church Calendar 1919

Table with 3 columns: June, July, August. Lists various feast days and events such as 'Most Precious Blood', 'Visitation of Our Lady', 'St. Peter's Chains', etc.

Table with 2 columns: FEASTS OF OBLIGATION, OTHER FEASTS. Lists dates for New Year, Epiphany, Ascension, All Saints, etc.

presenting the real value of the wheat and will refuse, unless they cannot help themselves, to pay more.

"Upon the whole the first step taken towards dealing with the problem of marketing the current crop is far from re-assuring."

Mennonites Appeal. Notice of appeal has been entered in the cases of two Mennonite farmers from the Morden district who, along with nine other Mennonites, were convicted of a breach of the School Attendance Act recently.

Former Diplomat Enters Monastery. Word has been received in Washington that Arthur Campbell Turner has entered a Benedictine Monastery in England.

A Despicable Act. In Chicago a man committed the murder of a little girl. Despite all efforts of the police, it was impossible for four days to make the man confess.

General Smuts's Message. In a message given out before his departure from England, Lieut.-General Jan Smuts of the Union of South Africa, member of the British peace delegation, advocated appeasement and reconciliation with Germany and encouragement of the "present moderate republican administration in Germany, which is successfully fighting the European battle against anarchy."

Religious News

REGINA, Sask. — Rev. Mother Sainte Isabelle, superior of the convent of Les Dames des Missions at Wolseley, died at the Grey Nuns' Hospital here on July 26th, following an operation.

Heart academy. Mother Ste. Isabelle joined the religious congregation of Les Dames des Missions at the mother house in Ste. Rose, Manitoba thirteen years ago, at the age of twenty-one.

ST. BONIFACE, Man. — Rev. Fr. Jubinville, parish priest of St. Boniface, left on the 23rd ult. for Eastern Canada and the U. States. For a quarter of a century he had worked without any real holiday, and it is felt that a two month's vacation and a real rest is necessary for his continued health.

MONTREAL, Que.—Bernadette Vallier, a young woman living in St. Henry ward, while present at the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, recovered her power of walking after being bed-ridden for sixteen years.

ST. PAUL, Minn.—Rev. Val T. Schatz, pastor of St. Willibrord, Gibbon, Minn., was found dead in the pastoral residence on July 15th. He was born in Chicago in 1879, studied classics at the College of St. Thomas, and philosophy and theology at St. Paul Seminary, where he was ordained June 13, 1904.

DYERSVILLE, Ia.—Rev. M. M. Hoffmann, who went overseas with American troops as a chaplain, and who spent months in the front line trenches, was honorably discharged with the rank of first lieutenant.

LAFAYETTE, Ind.—Rev. Clem. Steinkamp, O. F. M., died at St. Elizabeth's Hospital on July 13th. He was 74 years of age and was ordained to the priesthood May 13, 1869.

COLUMBUS, O.—The Ursuline Sisters of the Holy Name have acquired the magnificent Andrews estate in Youngstown Ohio. The cost of the property, which consists of more than seven acres of park like grounds, was \$125,000.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—Sister Mary Ambrosia Gallagher of the Sisters of St. Joseph, aged 96 years, died on July 12th. She spent 63 years in the religious life.

WASHINGTON, D. C. — The Augustinian Fathers purchased a house in the vicinity of the Catholic University which will be the nucleus of a house of studies for that famous Order. Eventually it is expected that the Augustinians will erect a building for their purposes at the University as has already been done by the Franciscans, Marists, Paulists, Dominicans, and the Congregation of the Holy Cross.

NEW YORK. — In recognition of their untiring work for the soldiers during the war, James A. Flaherty of Philadelphia, Supreme Knight of the K. of C. and District Attorney Jos. C. Pelletier of Boston, Supreme Advocate of the organization, have been specially honored by Pope Benedict XV. by elevation to the rank of Knight Commander of St. Gregory the Great.

olic layman can receive from the church. A few weeks ago William P. Larkin of New York, Overseas Director of the K. of C., and Edw. L. Hearn of New York, Overseas Commissioner, were similarly honored.

LONDON, England.—There are in Italy, and especially in Calabria and Cicily, numerous and flourishing colonies of Albanians. They were descendants of the refugees who fled before the Turkish invasion in the fifteenth century, and are Catholics of the Greek Rite. For the first time since their settlement in Italy, these Albanians are to have a Bishop of their own.

PARIS, France.—The Archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Amette, has asked for a coadjutor, on account of the increasing burden of administering the archdiocese of Paris, which of late years has extended by the creation of new parishes.

ST. PETER'S COLONY, N.B.—The death of our deceased Abbot, Dutton, has been a great loss to the colony. He was a man of great ability and a devoted servant of God and his people.

PARIS, France.—The Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, Paris, at its secret sitting, decided to award the Grand Prize, the value of which is 15,000 francs, to Cardinal Luçon, Archbishop of Reims, as a recognition of his acts of devotion to his diocese.

ROME. — Most Rev. Seraphino Cimono, O. F. M., general of the Franciscans, has left Rome for America to make his canonical visitation of the Franciscan foundations throughout that country.

—The Hawaii Legislature voted to award Brother Joseph Dutton a pension of \$50 a month for life in recognition of his heroic services among the lepers of Molokai, but Brother Dutton declined, saying he was in good health.

Vermont. He was about to take Episcopal orders when he began to study the Catholic faith. He was received into the Church in 1883 and in 1886 joined Father Damien in his work among the lepers.

HUMBOLDT, SASK., July 30, 1919

I am sure that the Catholic people of St. Peter's Colony mourn with more than passing interest the death of our deceased Abbot.

Thirteen years the head of St. Peter's Colony; a brief period but long enough for a great man to stamp his personality indelibly on the pages of history.

Good Abbot Bruno has done his duty and just how hard the task was, how difficult it must have been at times to grapple with the problems that confronted this young Colony, we can only begin to realize when we think of the suddenness of the end.

I know the readers of the St. Peter's Bote and the Catholic people in general would only be too glad to come forward with a generous donation. Therefore, may I as a life long reader of the St. Peter's Bote, as a pioneer of this Colony, suggest that we raise by public subscription through the columns of the St. Peter's Bote funds to erect a suitable monument to the deceased prelate.

St. Peter's Bote... FULDA.—August 1st, Father Muenster, in company with B. Imhoff, Carl A. P. Hinz, etc.

He, together with the other members of the colony, gave proof of piety and devotion throughout his life.

After the new raised to the dignity of a Bishop, he was appointed to the see of Fulda in 1880.

WAKAW.—came up before and J. H. Lewis, John Thiel a worth district assault by troops and family a costs.

DANA.—residing near katoon last from a fractured sustained as while on a dance Wednesday proved and recovery, according to the hospital.

BRUNO.—who was of Hospital so had to be on account died on August 4th.

United States News

WASHINGTON.—After being severely criticized for the last week by Senate Republicans, President Wilson on July 29th transmitted to the Senate the special treaty with France by which the United States pledges itself to come immediately to the aid of that republic in the event of an unprovoked attack by Germany. The president also asked for the early ratification of the treaty along with the treaty with Germany. The president did not follow his usual custom of presenting the treaty in person. He sent it to the capitol by special messenger. The Franco-American treaty is almost identical with one signed between Great Britain and France. One difference between the texts to which attention has been called is that the United States pledges itself to go "immediately" to the aid of France while Great Britain "consents" to assist that country. With the Shantung settlement looming up as the crux of the treaty fight, administration forces launched a vigorous offensive to block any amendment by the senate with regard to the disputed territory. They fear a senate amendment on Shantung would cause Japan to withdraw from the league and lead to a collapse of the entire treaty structure. President Wilson assured his spokesmen who are defending his position to the Shantung matter that he expects to hear definitely from Japan as to its intentions to Shantung within a day or two. Former President Taft was scathingly arraigned in a letter sent to him by Thomas F. Millard, expert on far eastern affairs, replying to the former president's published statements in defense of the Shantung agreement. Mr. Taft's contention that the president was justified in abandoning China at the peace conference because of a threat by Japan which carried an implication of war, is denounced by Mr. Millard as "most monstrous and contemptible," and he accuses the former president of giving circulation "to an idea which dishonors the government." Some idea of what may be expected when the senate foreign relations committee really gets into action on the peace treaty is foreseen in the statement that Senator Fall, Republican, of New Mexico, has prepared 70 amendments for submission to that body.

— All interned civilian enemy aliens except those guilty of advocating anarchistic doctrines and those who desire to be repatriated will be given freedom soon by the United States.

— A bill to deport undesirable aliens, under which the government may send home enemy aliens now interned in this country, was passed July 20th by the house.

— The house military affairs committee on July 30th ordered a favorable report on the bill granting the permanent rank of General John J. Pershing and Chief Peyton C. March, Pershing taking precedence.

— King Albert and Queen Elizabeth of Belgium will be guests at the White House during their visit to Washington this fall, probably in October. Elaborate plans for their entertainment are being prepared by the state department.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Aug. 4.—From reports which have been received from labor officials in various industrial centres throughout the United States, it is estimated that 30,000 car shop employees have gone on strike for increased wages, and it is believed that a majority of the 500,000 shopmen in the United States will be out on strike by Wednesday.

NEW YORK.—The first mail officially consigned to Germany and Austria without censorship since peace was declared was put

aboard the steamship United States, which sailed last week for Copenhagen and Christiansand. Dr. D. E. Jordan, superintendent of mails, said forty-four sacks of letters, fifty-five sacks of newspapers and 4,000 pieces of registered mail, had been received up to noon and preparations had been made to send additional sacks to the ship by truck as fast as they accumulated at the postoffice.

— The first strike of aviators in government employ began July 25th. Twenty aerial men failed to appear at Belmont Park because of the refusal of the Postoffice Department to reinstate two aviators who were discharged.

— Mexican bandits on July 19 blew up a passenger train between Huamantla and San Marcos, less than 100 miles from Mexico City, killing about 60 persons, including 12 boys from the German college at Pueblo, wearing boy scout uniforms, according to advices received here tonight by the national association for the protection of American rights in Mexico. News of the attack, it was said, had until now been suppressed by Mexican censors. Explosion of two bombs directly under the train was followed by rifle fire on the terrified passengers from approximately 300 bandits, the advices stated. The engine and express car, freed from the rest of the train by the explosion, sped to the nearest station to report the attack, it was said. According to the report, wounded passengers were killed by the bandits, who crushed their skulls with stones. Eight German college boys who were not killed were carried by the bandits to San Andres, Calchicomula. Federal troops finally arrived on the scene, it was added, and succeeded in killing many members of the band.

CHICAGO.—Ten were killed and twenty-five injured when a giant dirigible on its test flight caught fire and fell 500 ft., crashing through the glass roof of the Illinois Trust and Savings bank. Most of the dead were employees of the bank.

—At least 35 persons, among them about twenty whites, were killed and more than 1500 whites and negroes were hurt in the race riots which started in Chicago's 'Black Belt' on July 27 and lasted five days. The trouble started when the negroes appeared at beaches used only by whites, and the whites retaliated by throwing stones at the negroes.—G. Stauber, aged 23, alleged to have started the race war by throwing stones at a negro youth at a white bathing beach, was charged with murder and held under bonds of \$50,000. Detectives said seven witnesses will swear a stone thrown by Stauber knocked the negro into the water where he drowned. Stauber's was the first of 160 hearings scheduled Aug. 1st. Most of the men, whites and blacks demanded jury trials. Police Chief Garrity ordered closed all saloon cabarets, pool rooms, athletic clubs and dance halls within the riot area, a district extending from 22nd Str. to 69th Str., and about two miles wide. The move was made Garrity said as a precautionary measure. Although state and city officials believe that the war between the negroes and whites is at an end, more than 6,000 state troops, the bulk of the police force, and 2,000 special policemen continue to patrol the streets in the troubled area of the south side.

MINNEAPOLIS.—The first car of new wheat on the market here brought \$2.70 a bushel—47 cents more than the government guaranteed price. Grain dealers look for high prices to be maintained on all of this year's crop, because of the demand for wheat and the damage to crop.

MILWAUKEE.—Patrick Cudahy, president of the Cudahy Pack-

ing Co., Cudahy, Wis., died suddenly on July 25th from an apoplectic stroke. He was rated a multi-millionaire. He retired from active business in 1915, making his son, Michael, the executive head of his packing business. Later when his sons Michael and John entered the war he again became the chief executive.

SPOKANE, Wash.—Up to last Friday 30,000 acres of forest were reduced to smouldering ashes and several ranches burned out by great forest fires within a 50-mile radius of this city. Every available man in eastern Washington, western Montana and northern Idaho is being employed to fight the fires.

—Announced in the papers as killed, and believed dead by all his friends in Regina, Fred S. Smith, of the 1st Battalion, Grenadier Guards, who fought with the "Contemptibles" in 1914, returned to Regina very much alive about a week ago, only to find, on visiting his home, that it had been ransacked so badly that only the shell of the little home remains. Doors, sashes and furniture were gone and the home served as a playground for the youngsters round about.

—Threshing of wheat on July 31st is reported from Claybank, the yield being 20 bushels to the acre and of reputed good quality.

—The cloudburst and wind storm that struck Regina July 29th, caused considerable damage to the city. Buildings at the exhibition grounds escaped damage. A gust of wind carrying a deluge of water blew down several buildings in the east end and carried away several chimneys on Rose street. Empty cars parked on Rose street were swirled away, some of them moving half a block. The roof was blown off the old wing of the European Hotel on 10th Ave. Wires were broken by the wreckage that finally landed on top of a store owned by Ben Rotman. The store was considerably damaged. Upper rooms of the hotel were flooded. The storm passed as suddenly as it came, lasting less than one minute. So many houses were damaged in the city that it seemed impossible that the city of tents on the fair grounds could have escaped. People caught in the deluge were drenched before they could possibly find cover.

KAMSACK.—Alleging fraud and illegal restriction of qualified soldier voters, Corp. W. W. Whelan, returned soldier candidate who was defeated in the Pelly by-election, July 29th, plans filing a protest in the courts and demanding that the election of Mrs. M. O. Ramsland, the victorious Liberal candidate, be declared void. Intimation to this effect is contained in Thursday's edition of the "Kamsack Times."

EDMONTON.—Special hay and stock tariff for the relief of the farmers in the drought area goes into effect at once. Advice has now been received from Ottawa that the Dominion government will duplicate the concessions already agreed to by the provincial government and the railways as soon as the freight schedules can be printed and distributed. The new rates will be operative. The scheme thus agreed upon gives the privilege of free freight on cattle, hay and haying outfits to bona fide farmers within the districts affected by the crop failure. The Dominion and

provincial governments will each pay half of the cost of moving cattle north for grazing. On return shipments they will share similar on the C.N.R. lines, but on the other lines they will pay one-fourth each the railways themselves bearing the remaining 50% in the way of a freight rebate. On haying outfits going north and on hay coming out the two governments and the railway will each pay one-third of the freight, except the McArthur lines, in respect to which no concession is being made. In the latter case the governments will bear each one-half of the cost, giving the farmers the same advantage of free freight. It is expected that the movement of haying outfits and cattle will begin at once, a number of southern farmers having already secured locations in the north.

QUEBEC.—One of the most violent electrical storms that ever visited this district swept over the city July 18th, causing wholesale damage to property and tying up public service for a considerable time. The heaviest damage reported was at Beauport asylum, just outside the limits of the city. A large chimney, 150 ft. in height, was struck by lightning and, swayed by the terrific force of the wind, crashed down through the building, occupied by female inmates, and almost clove it in two. They were at the time in another part of the building, but Sister St. Prudence, who happened to be in the building, when the crash occurred was instantly killed. As a result of the collapse, the part of the building used for dormitories and the chapel, as well as the grounds suffered heavily, and the damage is estimated at many thousands of dollars.

LIVERPOOL.—All the policemen who went on strike have been dismissed from service. Soldiers

with fixed bayonets are stationed to guard property from the looting, the greater part of it occurred during the night, when many shop windows were smashed. The jewellers suffered most at the hands of the raiders. A large quantity of goods also was stolen from the sheds on the docks. The losses, it is estimated, will run into thousands of pounds.

PARIS.—Postal communication between France and all parts of Germany was reopened July 30th.

Rural Municipality of Humboldt No. 370
PUBLIC NOTICE.
Please take notice that the Council intends to put in force By-law No. 6, a by-law of the Rural Municipality of Humboldt No. 370 providing for the prevention of the deposit of dirt, filth, stones, and other things on the Public roads, and for the prevention of the ploughing of roads and the encumbering and obstructing of the same. Every one found doing any of the things above mentioned will be prosecuted as provided by said by-law, so please govern yourself accordingly.

By Order
F. I. HAUSER, Sec-Treas.

STRAINED BAY MARE,
two yrs. old, white star on forehead, weight 1200 lbs., height 5ft. 10in., strayed since July 14th. Finder \$20 reward. Notify owner
Martin Schneider, P. O. Reynaud, Sask.

N. W. & S. E. 22-41-24, W. 2.
Having moved from Western Canada, I will sell the above land on half crop terms, no cash payment required, to a good man who will improve the property. Interested parties please write the owner, stating price prepared to pay.
G. A. Campbell,
Manager, Union Bank of Canada,
Peterborough, Ont.

NOTICE.
I have taken over the Agency of the JOHN DEERE PLOW COMP. and handle all kinds of First Class Farm Implements from plowshare to farm tractor.
P. WEBER, MUENSTER.

ST. GREGOR MERCANTILE CO.
The Big Store — St. Gregor, Sask.
Thirteen Years Ago This Month
we opened our store at St. Gregor for business and it surely affords us a great deal of pleasure to be able to state, that, within a radius of thirty miles and with one exception, Our Store is The Only One conducted and owned by the same firm, at the exact place, under the Same Policy of Fair Dealing with every one, during those years. Our Principal Aim, since opening for business at St. Gregor, has always been to gain your confidence and good will, not by spectacular advertising, fake sales or padding you on the back and telling you how good a fellow you are, but by being at your SERVICE to the Fullest Extent in Every Way.
Our Store Building and Business is the Proof.

30x3½ Non Skid Tires \$20.00
This is less than others sell Plain Tires at.
Come to ST. GREGOR and we are sure of your patronage.

A. J. RIES & SON.

St. Peters Bote, Muenster, Sask., Wednesday, August 6, 1919.

St. Gregor Mercantile Co. advertisement content.

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