

these dances and entertainments if they were as you contend, and yet our pastor never has put his foot down on dancing."

"I can't agree with you, old fellow. There's no disguising the fact that the modern dance is innately vicious. When you take into consideration the way girls and women dress nowadays, and the freedom of position allowed in dancing, you will necessarily begin to wonder if dancing should be allowed at all as we see it from the Catholic viewpoint. Surely, Tertiaries were never more badly needed than now. From past experience I know that under most circumstances you would not wish to wait until your pastor has condemned a thing before giving it the go-by; and to be frank, Larry, I think your argument on that score is mighty weak. I'm no prophet, but I dare say that sooner or later you'll get thoroughly disgusted with all this modern social stuff and right penitently ask for admission to that wonderful organization, the Third Order of St. Francis."

"Not on your life, Bill. I'm keen for our faith, yet I don't see any harm in dancing and having a good time, and I'll be at that dance to-night with bells. Here we are at the viaduct, old boy, so I'll have to be leaving you. Now, don't go and bury yourself just because you're a member of the Third Order. Good-bye, and say, you'd better come to that dance to-night!"

As Larry swung up the avenue, Bill gazed at the retreating form of his friend. Yes, he would like to go to a dance once again! Should he shout that he had changed his mind and would be at the Browns? No! He would not prove recreant to the obligations he had assumed. As he continued on his way, however, his mind recurred again and again to the dance and to handsome, impulsive Larry, who was always so prone to act first and to consider the consequences later.

"But, is there really any virtue in this steadfastness with which I cling to an ideal?" he asked himself, and so much in earnest was it that he stopped dead still in the middle of the sidewalk.

"Bill Carr, just imagine what St. Francis would have to say on the subject of the modern dance!" his sensitive conscience reminded, and this thought settled the question.

On reaching home, his little sister rushed to meet him, exclaiming: "The telephone, Billy, the telephone wants to talk to you."

"All right, little sister, and here's a kiss for your kindness," and after suiting the action to the word, he went to the telephone.

"Bill Carr speaking. Why, hello, Gertrude—Well, thank you—No, I'm not going.—Yes, Larry says he's going.—Can't possibly.—Honest, Gertrude, I'd like to be with you all, but I've made up my mind not to go to-night. Some other time, perhaps.—Thank you for calling.—All right, good-bye."

For a moment the young man stood in an attitude of reverie, his fingers on the replaced receiver, his forehead lined with furrows. Then as he met the eyes of his mother, he said:

"It's the deuce how things work out! Larry tried to argue me into going to that dance at Brown's to-night, mother, and now Gertrude Smythe has to call up and ask me to be sure and save some dances for her!"

"Never mind, my boy. You really are much better off at home with your books, and I'm glad you have the sense to stay away without my having to insist on it."

While Carr sat before the softly glowing grate immersed in his book, Larry stood before the mirror giving his attire the last critical inspection. With his slender form garbed in a perfect fitting tuxedo he looked the embodiment of grace, while his

cheeks were charged with colour and his eyes fairly scintillated in anticipation of a joyous evening.

Stepping on the veranda, he disengaged his thoughts from the dance to the extent of realizing how glorious the night was. The atmosphere was wondrously clear and the streets were flooded with moonlight. The air was deliciously cool, and he involuntarily drank in deep draughts of ozone.

"By George, it's a delight to be alive in such weather," he soliloquised, "and then besides to have a glorious evening in prospect! I feel so good I can hardly contain myself. And to think of that rascal Bill Carr mooning at home,—entirely oblivious of this enchanting night, I'll warrant—when he might be, well—even as you and I." And laughing aloud at his sociability with himself, he strode off down the street.

As the great clock was striking the hour of nine in the splendid home of the Brown family, Larry Hayes and Janice Rambeau were being divested of their wraps. A moment after, the opening bars of the latest one-step were wafted through the portières from the brilliantly-lighted ball room, and in unison two score couples swayed to the measure of the music. Everywhere there was gaiety and laughter.

"Do you know, Larry, I haven't caught a glimpse of the people I expected to find here," began the young lady, as the two stole away to the conservatory after several dances.

"Oh, please Janice, don't begin to find fault with the gathering. It's too jolly good fun for complaint. Let's give ourselves up to the full enjoyment of the evening."

"But, Larry, I believe you and I are the only Catholics in the entire crowd, and I'll be fair with you, I don't like to be so representative in such a gathering as this."

"What of it, Janice? I'll admit there are some 'near-rough-necks' present; in fact it's a little worse than I had expected to find it, but we don't need to mix with them at all. 'Pretty is that pretty does,' you know. So please don't ruin the evening by imagining all sorts of things. We're here and we might just as well go in for all the good there's in it. Shall we go in on this fox-trot?" And with that the couple lost themselves again in the maze of dancers.

As the evening wore on, it was evident that the spirit of abandon was rampant among the dancers.

"Larry, I think we had better go home," whispered Janice, during an intermission. "Really, I am getting alarmed. I have had to refuse several dances, and it is getting more and more difficult to persist in the refusal. And you know I can't dance with you every dance. Don't you think we had better go home?"

"No, let's stay a while longer. It's just a little past eleven. My, come on, that 'Honolulu Glide' they're playing now would make a bronze statue want to dance."

The minutes rushed on with winged feet. About an hour later, above the music and the chatter of the dancers, a piercing shriek echoed from the conservatory. Instantly, silence reigned, and the dancers, with one accord, turned to ascertain the trouble.

"My pearls are gone!" screamed a gorgeously-gowned young woman, rushing excitedly into the room. "Just missed them a moment ago—Yes, necklace of perfect Ceylon pearls—Somebody 'phone the police, quick!"

Hereupon two score tongues started wagging at once, and pandemonium seemed to have broken loose. It dawned at once on Larry and Janice that an unpleasant scene must surely follow and they sought the nearest exit, but all the doors had been closed, and a

servant stationed at each. In a very short time a squad of police officers arrived. After apologizing for the intrusion, the captain continued:

And I must further apologize for insisting that each individual be searched. This is the only way we can learn who is innocent and who guilty. We shall begin with the men. The ladies will please withdraw to the adjoining room until it is determined if they need be included in the search."

A dozen men had been searched without a trace of the pearls, when Larry was called. With a good-natured smile on his face he raised his arms to allow his pockets to be ransacked. The captain had gone through all but one pocket and was in the act of dismissing his subject when caution prompted him to insert his hand in the remaining opening. With an exclamation of pleasure, he drew forth the missing necklace. Stunned with surprise, Larry took a step backward, and could scarcely believe that the pearls gleaming in the hands of the officer had been produced from his pocket. A pair of handcuffs were fastened on the wrists of the puzzled lad even before he managed to gasp:

"Captain, I didn't steal those pearls—I'll swear I didn't."

"Oh, no, perfectly innocent, of course," the officer rejoined with withering sarcasm. "Come along, you can explain at the station."

As the two towering policemen escorted the crestfallen lad from the dance floor to the patrol wagon waiting without, and the dancers proceeded to resume their interrupted frolic, the captain noticed a well-known pickpocket leaving the hall by a side door. In an instant he was at his side, and linking his arm familiarly in his, he exclaimed with a little laugh:

"Simpson, it's swell company you're keeping these days. I never knew you were a friend of the Browns. By-the-way, what do you know about these pearls?"

"Nothin'!" growled Simpson, apparently not over-pleased at meeting the officer.

"Nothing," repeated the captain. "That's little enough. Now, look me in the face and tell me the truth, and be quick about it!"

"I told you once that I don't know nothin' about 'em and I guess that ought to settle the matter!" Simpson was evidently riled at what he considered the officer's impertinence.

"And it would settle it, Simpson, if you were an honest man. However, as it is, I'm going to take you along with me, pending an investigation of this theft tomorrow." With this Simpson was hurried into the patrol wagon alongside of Larry Hayes, and within a few minutes they were both safely stowed in neighboring cells at the police station.

At the trial next morning Simpson was induced to confess that he had stolen the pearls and put them in Larry's pocket when the officers arrived, justly believing that all would be searched. Larry was accordingly acquitted. He at once called on his friend, Bill Carr, and told him, "You won't catch me going to any more dances. I'm through with them."

Fifteen Years Ago

From No. 23 of St. Peters Bote

One of the oldest settlements in the North-West Territories is Battleford. It was recently (June 22) incorporated as a town. It has a newspaper since 25 years.—According to the official report of the Immigration Department for the year ending June 30th, 130,329 persons had come into Canada.—In Prince Albert the Sisters of Our Lady of Zion

intend to erect a girls' Academy this fall. About 26 Sisters are expected to arrive in two weeks from Lewiston, Maine.

A correspondent writes from St. Anna on the 12th of July that last Sunday the parishioners resolved to enlarge the church and build a new priest's residence. The building committee is composed of Emil Lachmuth, Jos. Fashing and Frank Schilz. On the 18th ten teams will leave for Rosthern to get lumber, etc. Ottawa informed them that St. Anna is to have a post-office. The name of the new office is to be Annaheim, and the pastor of the parish is to be the postmaster.

ADDENDA:

At St. Peter's Monastery it rained July 28th and continued till Sunday afternoon July 31st. On that account no services were held at Schaeffer's. Monday afternoon Father Chrysostom was called to Sec. 16, Tp. 39, Rg. 23, north of St. Joseph's where Mr. Jos. Greeman, who had been sick for quite some time, had taken a turn for the worse. The Rev. Father administered to him Extreme Unction after hearing his confession, and promised to read Holy Mass in the house next morning and give him Holy Communion. The Rev. Father was the guest of Balt. Fuchs over night and also paid Mr. Matalski, living on Sec. 2, Tp. 40, Rg. 22, a visit and arranged with him about the baptism of his twins next day. Next morning Mr. B. Fuchs applied the so-called "Lebenswecker" to Mr. Greeman which seemed to improve his condition.

In the forenoon of Aug. 2nd Fr. Chrysostom baptized in the house of Philip Fleischhacker, S.24, T.39 Rg.23, Bernard Fleischhacker who had been born July 15th. Sponsors were Bernard and Theresia Bittmann. On the same occasion he baptized conditionally the twins of Jos. Matalski, who had received baptism of necessity from the father himself, March the 9th. The twins were called John and Johanna. Sponsors were Pius and Katie Mutter for the former, Philip and Mary Fleischhacker for the latter.

What Thrift

Will Accomplish.

Some Men Who Became Successful By Saving.

Thrift was the keynote of success in the life of the late James J. Hill, a Canadian born master of men and affairs. He was one of the world's most consistent exponents of thrift, one of the greatest exemplars of what this virtue, combined with energy and high purpose, can do. He preached always that the man who cannot save money will be a failure; that though he may have education, talent and ability, without thrifty habits he cannot succeed.

The great railroad builder began to save even before he had visions of the wonderful agricultural and industrial empire he was to create. From the day he arrived in St. Paul from Canada, after working his way there, and received for his first day's pay \$1.25, he began to save. He taught that the dollar that is worth more than any other dollar in the world to you is the first dollar you save, and that the earlier that start is made the sooner you will be able to meet the great opportunity that comes at some time to every man.

He let it be known that he did not place a high value on the man who could not save, for he believed that to save means ability to deny and control one's self; when you are master of yourself, you will be able to master others, and with the money thus at hand, you will be able to seize opportunity when it comes along. One of his favorite sayings was: "Opportunity comes sometimes disguised and

surrounded by hard work and adverse circumstances."

The immortal Abraham Lincoln was a notable exemplar of the value of thrift of time.

Thomas Edison began to save before he began to invent.

The successful magazine editor, Edward Bok, started saving on a salary of 50 cents a week.

Grover Cleveland's wages for his first year of work totalled \$50.00. Garfield could not have become president had he not saved early in life.

MORAL—

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