

and low-necked waists. Is there anything more ridiculous and heart-rending than a school girl who affects these silly, extreme, grown-up fashions?

Immediately, every occupant of the car was made aware that "Gertie did not have her Latin," "Elsie just hated Algebra," "Professor Groggs was a mean, old thing," and "Miss Lucy a dear, sweet, young teacher."

Then, tiring of study as a subject, an animated discussion of pleasures and pastimes followed.

"Let's go to the Lyric after school," one suggested. "There's a swell movie there."

"Let's" they shouted, as the car stopped and a demure, quiet girl, about the same age, entered.

"Hello, Elizabeth," they greeted her. "We're making up a party to the Lyric this afternoon after school. Come with us."

She shook her head, smiling: "Not this afternoon. I would not have time to ask mother's permission."

Their derisive shouts brought a flush of annoyance to her face.

"Do you have to ask your mother about everything? Why, I would not let my parents treat me like a baby! Come with us and tell mother about it afterward."

"Not this afternoon," was her quiet but firm answer.

"You're terribly old-fashioned, Beth. Girls of today are too independent to be tied to mama's apron strings."

"Don't be such a baby, Beth," they urged.

Two men in the rear of the car had been watching the girls with disapproving frowns. One turned to the other:

"Would you permit your daughters to see the picture they are discussing?" he asked.

"No. Of course not. However, they never consult me about such things. I suppose their mother knows where they go."

"Hum, I am not so sure that mothers are in their daughters' confidence these days. Why, these girls—little girls, no more than sixteen, I imagine—are scoffing at a friend because she admits that she must have mother's permission to attend a show that is of questionable morality, to say the least. Do you know that girl—the one they call old-fashioned?"

"No," he admitted. "Neither do I, but I am willing to wager any amount that she does not attend the public high school with the others. I am sure she is a student of a Catholic school or academy."

"Oh, are you on the 'road to Rome'?" contemptuously.

"No. But I do know that Catholic schools teach children to love, obey and respect their parents."

"Nonsense."

"I'll bet this," he held out a paper bill, "that that girl does not attend our high school."

"And I'll wager this," he matched the bill, "that she does."

The car stopped and the girls—all except the quiet one—fled boisterously out. Three squares farther on, she got off. The two men arose and went to the back platform to consult the conductor.

"Do you know that young lady?" they inquired.

"I certainly do," he answered. "She is Miss Elizabeth Bradley."

"Where does she attend school?"

"Sacred Heart Academy, three blocks off that street."

Silently, a crestfallen man handed a paper bill to the Protestant champion of Catholic schools.

An old colored man was burning lead grass, when a "wise guy" stopped and said: "You're foolish to do that, Uncle Eb; it will make the meadow as black as you are."

"Don't worry 'bout dat, sah," responded Uncle Eb. "Dat grass will grow out an' be as green as you is."

Fifteen Years Ago

From No. 40 of St. Peters Bote

Muenster reports that Mr. Hugel of Hupel, N. D., arrived Sunday with the intention of buying land. He visited Dead Moose Lake and Lake Lenore. Another new-comer is George Zerback of Houston, Minn. George Nenzel, the government guide, took him out to St. Gregor where Mr. Zerback found a good homestead near the siding and bought a quarter section of land besides. He intends to start a store and lumberyard at St. Gregor next spring. — Jos. Losleben of Sleepy Eye, Minn., was in Muenster to select homesteads for himself and his two sons. — The son-in-law of Mr. Revering of Lake Lenore arrived recently with nine horses and two wagon loads of goods. He got off at Sheho and now must haul everything from there by wagon. That would not have been necessary as the new C.N.R. conveys freight on its line for Muenster, although there is no station agent here. — Mr. Frocklage of Dead Moose Lake, who bought a threshing outfit last summer for \$4,000 has been threshing at St. Bruno, Leofeld, and Dead Moose Lake. His price is 4 cts. per bushel for oats, and 5 cts. for wheat. The Monastery has threshed 463 bushels of oats and fed about 150 bushels with the straw. Four of the Monastery's people were out on a rabbit hunt. They returned with 185 of them, besides a few prairie chickens. Fr. Casimir made the most hits on this occasion. The Monastery is again well supplied with meat for some time to come.

Henry Kalthoff is teaching in St. Joseph's church which has been fitted up for a school. — On the 6th of November Father Chrysostom held services in St. Bernard's church (Schaeffer's) and on the following day at St. Bruno. Here he baptized Peter Hoffmann's child, Gertrude. This was the first baptism in that locality. A large water tank is being erected there by the C. N. R.

The Watson correspondent writes on Nov. 13, that last week their district suffered from a large prairie fire, started by sparks from an engine on the new C. N. R. It was evening before the fire was under control. Jacob Spring lost a hay stack and Thomas Pipan a corner of his house.

Rev. Father Paquette, O.M.I., the founder of the flourishing Indian School at Duck Lake, and pastor at Mushey Lake last year, left for California on account of his health. — A correspondent from Wetaskiwin Alberta informs this paper that according to official reports they have had at Edmonton during the past ten years half an inch more rain per year on the average than at Prince Albert which is at least 350 miles further east. According to the same report they had in 1903 20 inches of rain while at Prince Albert and Regina they had only 16 inches.

There where Edmonton is now, the Hudson's Bay Co. founded one of their forts in 1795. It took nearly 100 years before Fort Edmonton had expanded into a town, being incorporated in 1892. But now, after only 12 years more, it was incorporated as a city.

ADDENDA: The ferry at Fish Creek stopped running a week later than last year. On the 26th of November there was no mail distributed at Muenster because the Saskatchewan river was not yet frozen over to permit the carrying across of the mail, etc. The first snow in the Colony that stayed fell on the 23d.

Student: "There must be some mistake in my examination markings. I don't think I deserve an absolute zero." Instructor: "Neither do I, but it's the lowest mark I'm allowed to give."

The Tyranny Of Prohibition.

The fundamental fallacy of prohibition is that it proposes to make a crime of a thing which the conscience of the great mass of individuals refuses to consider as such. It violates here the principle on which alone, a criminal code can be based. If I steal another man's money, if I rob another man's house, if I take another man's life, I do not need the law to tell me that it is wrong. My own conscience tells me that. But if I take a glass of beer, my own conscience, in spite of all the laws of forty-eight states and nine provinces, refuses to give a single throb. It is, of course, inevitable that a legislative code resting on so false a basis cannot last. Prohibition will not last. Sooner or later there will be a return to common sense and common justice. But the end will not come for a long time perhaps. Organized tyranny is difficult to break. Especially is this true of the United States, where an amendment to the Constitution, once accepted, requires for its removal an intricate and prolonged process of legislation. Without the war, national prohibition would never have been voted even by the politicians. It has swept through the legislature on a false wave of agitation masquerading as patriotism. It owed much to the fact that Germans are supposed to like beer, and that such names as Anhauser-Busch, Schlitz and Pabst do not sound altogether British. But as it came, so it will go. The unexpected will happen again. In course of time unforeseen contingency will send a new amendment rippling through the American legislatures, and social life and individual liberty will be freed from the incubus that now lies on them. — 'Fortnightly Review', Vol. XXVI, No. 20, Oct. 15, 1919.

Germans and Irish Literature.

Commenting on the death of Dr. Kuno Meyer, the German scholar who devoted his life to the study of old Irish literature, the "Gaelic-American" of New York City says: "The services of the German savants to old Irish literature, and their work in bringing to the attention of the world the treasures of our forgotten poetry and saga is but dimly understood by the rank and file of the Irish people. While the English professors and the English universities were doing all that hatred and perverted ingenuity could do to besmirch and belittle everything pertaining to Ireland, the German scholars established beyond cavil that the Irish language had one of the oldest literatures in Europe, and that the people of Ireland enjoyed a high state of civilization long before most of the European nations had emerged from semi-barbarism."

The Collection Plate.

As she knelt at her devotions She was visibly distressed, And the force of her emotions Would not suffer her to rest. They were taking the collection, And her worried brow was bent On her hands in deep dejection, For she did not have a cent.

Coins were clinking in the basket As it near and nearer came, And her pain — she could not mask it — Flushed her visage as a flame. Then she murmured: "What a pickle! What a horrid embarrassment, I shall have to give a nickel, For I haven't got a cent." — T. A. Daly.

Always is.

"What's the financial trouble in the printing department?" "I don't know, but I suppose there is the devil to pay."

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