

Engel and Prior Alfred accompanied by their pastor, Father Meinrad. Rosthern reports that A. J. Ad- amson, the liberal candidate for the Humboldt constituency, has been elected by a large majority, receiv- ing 1139 votes against the 513 of Mr. Craig.—The Indians predict a mild winter, with little snow.—Mr. Kopp of Muenster sold his house in Rosthern to Mr. Stewart, the drug- gist. — Quite a number of people are down with typhoid fever. Miss Minnie Unruh died at the age of 20 after an illness of about three weeks. —Miss Lena Green married Carl Spani of Leofeld. They will make their home in Leofeld where the young man has his homestead. — John Imberi of Pearson, Man., came to Rosthern Nov. 9 and took up homesteads in St. Joseph's Col- ony for himself, his father and his brother-in-law. On the same day arrived Hy. Hellmann of Denhoff, N. D., and John Bruns of Lincoln, N.D. They went out to St. Peter's Colony to take up homesteads for themselves and relatives. Out in the Colony they had the first real snow fall on the 9th of November, at nine, A. M. The snow did not stay.

Say What You Mean

There is a rich mine of humor in the advertisement columns for those who take the trouble to do a little prospecting. There is, for example, a delicious vein of humor in the following advertisement of rooms overlooking a cemetery: "To Let— a sitting-room and bed-room, with a superb view of an immense gar- den, much frequented, planted with large trees, brilliant with flowers, and decorated with numerous statues and other works of art."

And this advertiser had by no means a poor rival in the author of the following announcement: "Not- ice.—If B—, who is supposed to be in V—, will communicate with his friends at home, he will hear of something to his advantage. His wife is dead."

"Ladies who have old feathers," an advertiser assures us, "can be re-dyed and made equal to new," and a lady, whose humanity and honesty are no doubt equally be- yond suspicion, introduces herself to the public at large as "a plain and fancy sewer—cruel, and all sorts of light-fingered work done on the shortest notice."

In the bargain columns we find such gems as the following: "To be sold cheap, a splendid grey horse, which would carry a lady with a switch tail." How unreasonable some advertisers are is shown by the following examples: "Wanted, an energetic young man for a re- tail store, partly out-of doors and partly behind the counter." "To rent, a bedroom for a single woman 8 by 12 feet."

"Parties sending their own bones to be ground," announces the proprietor of a bone-mill, "will find their orders attended to with punc- tuality and despatch"; and Mr. S., a furrier, "begs to announce that he will make capes, jackets, etc., for ladies out of their own skins."

The candor in some of these ad- vertisements is most refreshing. Thus, in the Times, we read not long ago: "A hopelessly incompe- tent fool, with no qualifications, social or intellectual, totally devoid of knowledge on any conceivable object, thoroughly indolent and un- trustworthy, is desirous of obtain- ing a remunerative post in any capacity. Address —"

"Office-boy wanted at once," runs another unflattering frank notice; "One who has thoroughly rested himself, and is not too intel- lectual." While another reads: "Wanted, a young man as sub-editor of a financial paper; must be a practical financial journalist, not a theoretical idiot." Nor is an ele- ment of grimness lacking in the humor of the following: "Wanted a competent chemist to undertake the sale of a new patent medicine which will prove highly lucrative to the undertaker."

Reminding Him Of His Duty

Brian O'Boyle, president, sole owner and absolute autocrat of the "O'Boyle Construction Company," parked his big automobile in front of the rectory and came in to inter- view Father Casey.

"Well, well! Brian O'Boyle!" cried the priest, and there was just the faintest suspicion of a danger- ous twinkle in his eye. "Delighted to see you! Your visits are as wel- come as they are rare! Take a seat and make yourself at home."

The big contractor let himself down into the nearest chair. He was just a trifle non-plussed by the cordiality of the reception. With his habitual directness he omitted preliminaries and went straight to the point.

"Father Casey, I want you to give me a chance to bid on the con- tract for the new church."

"Can you handle the job?" par- ried the priest.

"I can handle any job in this town!" blustered O'Boyle.

"Oh, I don't refer to the size of the job," returned Father Casey sweetly. "I thought you might have other big contracts on hand at the time we plan to begin op- erations."

"When did you figure on begin- ning?"

"You heard the date the men agreed upon at the meeting Sun- day, didn't you?" queried the priest. He knew perfectly well that O'Boyle had not heard, unless through a dictaphone.

"I wasn't at the meeting," said O'Boyle.

"What! Didnt you stay for the meeting? It was right after the Mass."

"Why—a—I didn't get to Mass Sunday." And one would have thought by the way he said it that the sacrifice must have caused him intense pain.

"Sick?"

"No—I wasn't sick—Nora and the kids went."

He was anxious to drop this un- interesting and rather uncomfort- able topic and get back to the ques- tion of brick and concrete, while on the other hand Father Casey was bent on arousing the contrac- tors conscience to a sense of reli- gious duty.

"When it comes to religion," re- torted Brian, "I figure that I grade about as high as the average Cath- olic. I may not be much on the frills, but I hold to the essentials, —I haven't missed my Easter Duty yet, and whoever can say that is a practical Catholic."

"Whoever makes his Easter Duty worthily, does just barely enough to hang on. But you don't make your Easter Duty worthily. There- fore you—"

"I don't!" cried Brian. His red face was growing purple with an- ger. "Prove it!"

"It is an easy proposition to prove it," said Father Casey calm- ly. "This Mass missing is nothing new with you. Ever since you went into this contracting business and began making big money you have excused yourself from Mass whenever you pleased. There has never been any noticeable improve- ment even after your Easter Con- fession. You would miss the next Sunday as readily as not. Which shows that even when you made your Easter Duty you did not form a firm resolution to avoid mortal sin. Now you know very well that a confession without a firm resolution to avoid mortal sin is an invalid Confession. Therefore you do not make your Easter Duty worthily."

"Oh, missing Mass is not such a terrible crime," argued Brian. "There are men who steal and get drunk and worse and still pass for practi- cal Catholics."

"Missing Mass is a mortal sin," said Father Casey, "and therefore

it is a deadly offence against Al- mighty God, the same as stealing, getting drunk, or any other serious crime. Whoever misses Mass fails against the most important part of the Third Commandment: 'Re- member thou keep holy the Sab- bath Day.' In the Old Law the man who failed to keep holy the Sabbath Day was, by God's express command, driven out of the city and stoned to death. How can you dare to say that the sin, upon which God himself imposed so severe a penalty, does not amount to much?"

Brian shifted uneasily in his chair.

"I have a big business to look after," he said lamely, "and I can- not always get to Mass."

"How did you get that big busi- ness?" asked Father Casey.

"By the honest use of my own hands and brain!" replied the suc- cessful contractor.

"Say rather by the honest use of the hands and brain God lend you," corrected the priest. "Those hands and that brain were created by God. He gave and preserved the life and strength and health which enabled you to use them. He gives you the whole week to employ them for your own inter- ests. And what does He require in return? A little three-quarters of an hour once a week on Sunday morning. And you refuse Him even that! For shame! Come, be honest: No matter what impor- tant undertakings you have on hand, you could arrange so they would get on without your imme- diate presence for three-quarters of an hour on Sunday morning."

"Sunday morning," growled Bri- an O'Boyle, "is the only time I have to get a little rest to keep up my health."

"Is that the way to make sure that God will preserve your health —to begin each week with a dead- ly sin—scandalizing your children, your neighbors, and your workmen, lying lazily in bed, drawing God's curse upon yourself and your un- dertakings with every breath that you draw?"

"My undertakings do not seem to have suffered from it!" flashed Brian defiantly. "My father gave me neither money nor education, and see what I have today."

"Have a care, Brian O'Boyle! Do not blaspheme God! Remember, many a man on his death-bed had cursed the wealth he acquired while neglecting his duties toward his Maker. I knew your good father, Brian. As a boy, many a time I saw him passing our house after his day's work with pick and shovel on his shoulder. I believe he was a happier man than you with all your steam shovels and your con- struction gangs. He had more reason to be tired out than you, yet he never failed to be up and at Mass on Sunday morning. He prized the Holy Mass—the greatest treasure of his ancestors, who crawled out in the darkness and cold and rain to assist at this divine sacrifice in the caverns and behind the rocks and hedges of holy Ire- land with the bloodthirsty spies of England upon their track. On the last day your father and his fathers before him will rise in judgment against you as a degenerate son of a heroic Catholic race.—But you must forgive me, Brian—this was a digression. You came to ask about the contract for our new church. I will see that you get a chance to bid on it. However," there was just the faintest suspi- cion of a dangerous twinkle in his eye, "upon one condition."

"What is that?" asked the con- tractor.

"On condition that, after it is built, you use it!" said Father Casey.

C. D. McEniry, C.S.S.R.

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