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meets last Wednesday. Officers:
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cretary, Mr. M. E. Tansey; Mar-
shal, Mr. B. Campbell; Asst. Mar-
shal, Mr. P. Conzolly.

**Synopsis of Canadian North-West
HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS**
ANY unnumbered section of Domini-
on Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan
and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26,
not reserved, may be homesteaded by
any person who is the sole head of a
family, or any male over 18 years of
age, to the extent of one-quarter
section of 160 acres, more or less.
Entry must be made personally at
the local land office for the district
in which the land is situated.
Entry by proxy may, however, be
made on certain conditions by the
father, mother, son, daughter, brother
or sister of an intending homesteader.
The homesteader is required to per-
form the conditions connected there-
with under one of the following
plans:
(1) At least six months' residence
upon and cultivation of the land in
each year for three years.
(2) If the father (or mother, if
the father is deceased) of the home-
steader resides upon a farm in the
vicinity of the land entered for, the
requirements as to residence may be
satisfied by such person residing
with the father or mother.
(3) If the settler has his perma-
nent residence upon farming lands
owned by him in the vicinity of the
land entered, the requirements as to
residence may be satisfied by resi-
dence upon said land.
Six months' notice in writing
should be given the Commissioner of
Dominion Lands at Ottawa, or in-
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W. W. OORY,
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THE MIST.

A dull misty, lowering day, especially if it comes in the long slant of winter, when the soul is already weary with the drear of the lingering, whitened death of the year, is one of the things which takes the heart out of life. It is much the same whether one can see the outer aspect of sky and earth with the eyes of the body or not. The sense of blankness, of hope dead, of desolation, is a matter of the soul, rather than of the physical sight. Father Marvin was having this borne in upon him this morning a little more than its usual weight. A library, with two full windows facing respectively north and east and sweeping a half circle of lovely country, should, beyond doubt be a pleasant room. Let it then have a cheery rug or two, four or five green-leathered chairs, with a Mission table, as a sort of crown piece; and let the books lining the walls on the two clear sides and stacked up between the windows be, every one of them, old and trusted friends. This, surely, is a place where one might defy the dreariest day.

When however, that library comes to mark the confines of one's daily life through long months, which have nothing at the end of them; when a book, no matter how long-standing a friend it may be, comes to be known from its fellows only by the shape and feeling of its back; when every friendly looking chair becomes a stumbling-block of sorry humiliation; add to these the mist, sweeping indefinitely in from outside, with its clammy suggestion of ghost-wraiths; and the library may not be altogether a place of joy.

Months had followed each other in gray, senseless succession, since that midnight when the last hope of seeing a light of this earth had left him. His books had stayed with him more steadfastly than any other thing. But this morning, whether it was the mist, or merely the telling of the long confinement, he had been pressed by the fear that he was losing his hold on them, too. With a diffident, fevered touch, he was going over the lines of them, fingering the lettering and the tracings on the back of each. The dread would crowd strong upon him as he would come upon one, now and then, that was non-committal, in the smoothness of its back, and he would be forced to take it down and try the paper for marks of memory. Even that would fall with some, and he would be forced to go back in humiliation and count the books in the line. This, though, was not the worst, for often, as he opened a book, and a well-used, softened page would bring the passage into mind, he would find himself stumbling over places where always before they would swing clear and true to his memory. Probably he knew that it was only his nervous consciousness of himself that made his mind waver. But the knowledge did not seem to help much. Moving along the middle row, his fingers came upon the old school copy of Faber's Hymns. Here surely was a touch of friendliness. Fingering, with the delicate sensitized touch of the dark, he turned the pages to the lines headed "The Thought of God." Smoothly the lines came through his mind, in a clear, steady flow:

"'Tis like that soft invading light
Which in all darkness shines—shines
—darkness shines—"

Suddenly the verse broke off, and his memory went trailing off after stray threads, only to be brought back by a dead sense of loss and defeat. Not only did these lines seem to be slipping from him, but more than all, the sureness of the fine memory which had kept these months full, was gone.

The insistent "brr-brr" of the door-bell brought the reality of things back to him, and he wondered why it was not being answered. Finally the hope of adventure led him to make his way along the hall to the door himself. There were so many possibilities in the ringing of the door-bell, to one in the dark.

"And this is the welcome I get, Parrain, when I've come out all the way from the city on this awful day to see you? Why, I've nearly pulled the door bell out of place, trying to waken some one in this old house of yours."

It was Betty, Father Marvin's niece, who, in addition to ruling the life and establishment of her father in town, was accustomed to make occasional descents upon the rectory and disturb in general the tenor of ways there.

just free from my books. I was furious—and Parrain . . . I know it was wrong, I just set myself to be nice to him."

"He would have had more chance under the 'plank' method, I would say." Father Marvin seemed to weigh the odds, for and against the quarry.

"Truly, honest, Parrain, I didn't do anything to attract him. But he has such a way of looking at you, and seeming to get to it things around you, and separating you from everybody else, and forcing you to think that there is nothing between you and him. The second day out he spent most of the time with me on deck, and Isabelle discovered suddenly that she was a poor sailor." She passed the remainder of the voyage in her stateroom.

"Marsh was the best company I ever saw. It was not so much what he said, though he did talk brilliantly; it was more the way he had of understanding, of meeting your thought half way. He seemed to be back of your mind, prompting and bringing out your best things, and then turning them over for you until you were really surprised to see how good they were."

"That wasn't all, though. The third night on board I had just gotten to my stateroom, after an evening on deck with Marsh, when Mrs. Trainer came in to talk to me, in a motherly sort of way. She didn't say that she had seen me, but it was easy to see that something was coming. She was solicitous in a brooding, clucking manner, and wondered if it was good to sit so late in the spray. Before I knew how she got to it she was talking of Marsh. He was such a charming man. He must be wonderful to a little girl like me, who had not yet met men of his world yet. I agreed indifferently, that he made good company, for a tiresome voyage. Even that did not seem to be enough, though, for her conscience. She remembered that I was at least a half-orphan. She wondered if any one had ever told me anything about Marsh. I replied quietly that there was hardly any need for that, since I had met him with her party. Oh, of course, she had not meant anything of that sort. How could I have understood her that way? Indeed, Mr. Marsh was really the most desirable sort of man, family position, talent, money—she charmed it like a charm. That wasn't what she had meant at all. Well, in fact, it was a little difficult to say just what she did mean. I ought, though, to keep in mind that he was a good deal older than I. At this I was innocently puzzled, confessed that I did not quite follow her, and would she please be more explicit? It should seem that his age would make him all the more a proper person to talk to. I was careful to insist that I was always been taught to respect age.

"Somehow, I guess she thought that I was getting the best of it, and she came out with what she really had to say. The sum of it was that Marsh was a man whom women generally liked, and that this had made him a little bit too ready to try his success in various quarters. Especially, and here was her sting, he liked to try his charm of manner on naive young girls. There had been rumors of his engagement many times, but they had invariably proven premature. Even now there was something between him and Isabelle. Of course, she could not say that there was anything definite. But I would understand how unfortunate it would be for me, in my very first season, and so forth. She drifted off into vagueness. . . . But that was the implication: that

he was amusing himself with my newness. Also, which was the real trouble, that I was interfering with certain plans of her own for Isabelle. I thanked her as prettily as I knew how, for her kindly interest, and promised that I would remember—above all things, I would remember. I did remember. Before we saw Sandy Hook he had proposed, and made no secret of it. . . . And had been accepted.

"Please don't jibe, Parrain, or I will cry in earnest. I couldn't help it, honest, Parrain. I had my revenge on him, and Mrs. Trainer. But it was too big for me. He fairly swept me off my feet. He was so subtle and so perfect in his understanding of things. I never knew how to face him, or to turn him back from any direction that things had taken."

"The soft-wood method was the more satisfactory, after all." Father Marvin moralized reminiscently. The interruption merely gave a rest pause.

"Frank was at the dock waiting for me, and the sight of his face fitting into the old restful things that I knew meant home and everything that I really cared for made me hurry off with him, almost without a word to Marsh. We left him standing on the dock, looking as though he wanted to follow us and demand explanations. Frank asked who he was, and I told him that he was some one I met with the Trainers. I was so frightened that I couldn't say anything else.

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you, Betty?"

"Frank?"

"You will tell him—about Marsh, I mean?"

"Must I, Parrain—would he understand?"

"He will have to try, like the rest of his bewildered sex."

"Yes, I guess so. There couldn't be any other right way, could there? One has to pay, somehow. And then, brightening, 'it won't be quite so bad, after all. If he doesn't understand at once, I can make it sound so bad and horrible that he'll get angry, and then—and then—it will be all right."

"Must you go so soon, Betty? I was hoping you could stay all day."

"Must, must, Parrain. But I'm coming out another day, to bring daddy. And—"

"What is it, girlie?"

"And, please, Parrain, some time when you're near to God, say a word for wicked Betty. No, don't come all the way to the door. You just want to make a fuss about those old rubbers. I'm sure that's it. Well, I know I did leave them there. Some one must have taken them. Why, if they aren't on my feet, and they've been there all the time! Why didn't you make me take them off in the house? Good-bye. And see, Parrain, the mist has cleared!"

"And when her step had died away he went straight up to the row of books, and taking the one with which he had stopped, he fingered gently for the page. Swiftly, surely the good lines ran through his mind now:

"'Tis like that soft invading light,
That through all darkness shines,
The thread that through life's somber web
In golden pattern twines.'"
—Richard Aumerle, in Benziger's Magazine.

NOT WHAT SHE WANTED.

"The stupid reporter who called to see me wrote me up as a peerless beauty," sobbed the heiress and society belle.

"Isn't that flattering?" asked the chum.

"Flattering! When every other girl in our set has married or is engaged to a foreign nobleman?"—Philadelphia Times.

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