the dress could be intly colored satin but for the woman all white is becomrlessness is most to especially with the given by the lin-

ise is rushing to increasing demand it has even climbed not only to devest summer mo-devest for a huge anglaise.

in hat decoration in white batiste ded those in trans-

to tell, were far in and net of last to tell, were far or than these opa-As regards sum-te for crepon, both on, seems to sweep re it. Foulard and linen are very charming lit-lue cotton crepon, glaise round the ad hem of pale kirt and wide cor-

dirt and wide corn one and drawn some lines of ther high waist-makes the figure aight), the corn embroidered see bust, while the bodice was in with a Toby frill with lace. Ansame simple derhite cotton crelittle embroideric spot surrounded is pot surrounded in the corn of the corn o spot surrounded a spot surrounded ry color; and one ssing that nearly e French summer ringed with a The hem to this white broderie g of the two ked by an em-of cherries which

pinafores bodice
The upper part
s of white net
run a cerise rib-

n one side of the n a bow with the new the

nse

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SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Estab lished March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1863; Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Chaplain, Vev. Gerald McShane, P.P.; President, Mr. H. J. Kavanagh, K.C.; 1st Vice-President, Mr. J. C. Walsh; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. W. G. Kennedy; Treasurer, Mr. W. Durack: Corresponding Secretary, Mr. T. C. Bermingham; Recording Secretary, Mr. P. T. Tansey; Asst. Recording Secretary, Mr. M. E. Tansey; Marshal, Mr. P. Lloyd, Asst. Marshal, Mr. P. Connolly. lished March 6th. 1856: incorpor-

Synopsis of Canadian North-West

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS ANY even numbered section of Domi-ien Land in Munitoba, Saskatcheany even numbered section of Donis-sien Land in Munitoba, Sankackhe-wan and Alberta, axcepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 1t years of age, to the extent of one-quarter sec-tion 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 sather, mother, son, daughter, bro-ther or sister of an intending home-steader.

mortis

d be given the Commissioner of
mion Lands at Othews of inon to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,
coputy Minister of the Interior.

B.—Unauthorized rubifortion of
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To have children sound and heal-thy is the first care of a mother They cannot be healthy if troubled with worms. Use Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

SELF RAISING FLOUR Brodie's celebrated Sell-Raising Flour

Is the Original and the Best
A Premium given for the empty bage
fetured to our Office.

Sleury Street, Montreat

The Song of the Hurdy Gurdy

It was a cruel letter. Vaguely, Mary realized the tact and eleverness of the woman who had written it, while forced to grasp the full, unkind significance sof her wording. Mary read and re-read the letter, stupidly. It was awful!

stupidly. It was awful!

"My dear little girl," ran the words, "the work on your page has run so low since the fire that the city editor has decided that we must cut that department away down, and that the regular girls here can get out, in spare time, the work for which we are paying you. I am so sorry! Besides liking you and your writing immensely, and not wishing to part with you, I have the "added regret that you need this money and I hate to have you lose it. But I know the boss is right, and I can do nothing. After this week, can do nothing. After this we will not need you."

we will not need you."

It was a tragedy—Mary did need that little money. And the woman's letter was a lie, of that the girl had no doubt. A few weeks ago, Mary had been ill and unable to do her week's page, and the woman had got it out for her. Later she had said: "It was nothing at all! I could do that every week myself." The other girls in the office had

The other girls in the exchanged glances.

"Poor kid!" one of them whispered to Mary. "Look out for her. If she has found that she can do your work with no trouble, rest assured you won't stay long."

The blow had fallen. Mary could scarcely face the shabby truth. The woman had stooped to this, that she woman had stooped to this, that she

scarcely face the shabby truth. The woman had stooped to this, that she might add a paltry five dollars a week to her really princely salary! It was unbelievable!
Outside the day was sunny with a solemn gray yellowness that only the autumn can bring. The wind blery single of the shabby truth as the solemn gray yellowness that only the autumn can bring. The

the autumn can bring. The volew, singing around the corners blew, singing around the corners and against the window-panes. Mary pressed her hot cheek against the glass and peered out. The wildness called to her troubled heart.

"I must get out!" she said to

She put on her trim, worn little She put on her trim worn little hat, coat and gloves. There was a line between her eyes, and the corners of her mouth were down, but tears were denied her.

In the lower hall she met her kind

In the lower hall she met her kind but slatternly landlady.
"I'm going for a walk, Mrs. Byrne," Mary said. "It any one 'phones or calls, I'll be back in about an hour. I won't have another pupil until evening, so probably so a will invariant for me."

her so it."

She began to sing about her heavy work then, her heart lighter forth the one Friend who had watched charity.

Meanwhile, Mary was walking rapidly along the autumn streets, her tring young body falling into an extended the tring of the control of th

cleverness and the horses, the artificial masks the fully wording the letter, and the page has that the daughter of the house was "coming out" in society, for she had in the daughter of the house was "coming out" in society, for she had "coming out" in society for she had that the daughter of the house was "coming out" in society, for she had been sent there, by her newspaper, some weeks before to get the exact date of this important happening. How beautiful everything was in the mansion's palatial entrance—and how hadly she how badly she, the reporter, been treated!

She swung along.

'What can I do?'' she asked herself with insistent straining that set her poor little head to thumping. "What can I do? If I could be a servant, then I would have room and meals all paid for, but I was not educated for that. Will I starve?"

She passed a church whose gold cross shone burnished in the autumn gleams. "Go in." said her heart, "for God's comfort."

But Mary shook her head. "No, she cried, as if fearful of The wind made a moaning.

The wind made a moaning, singing noise in the high, armed trees above her: it impressed itself on her hearing after a time and she looked up at the bare, nodding boughs. "You look cold, poor things!" she said aloud, and smiled oddly at the sound of her own voice. She shook herself and stared out

She shook herself and stared out at the furs and animated faces riding past. "I must not think of it," she told herself. "I am making my head ache, and there is the lesson tonight!"

The carriages rolled and along, a steady stream; and the automobiles shot up and down, and hither and thither, going this way that the world was full of them and all were upon this street all were upon this street to-day. Suddenly, the sight of all this wealth and contort got on nerves. She swang into a quieter street, and fairly ran to get away from the fashionable parade. "I must get on, I must get on!" she repeated in a fever. "I am not dull

drs. and I can't be so poor. Other girls make good money. other women anShe shuddered, then, calling up the fur coat and the hundred and the coat and the coat and the coat and the hundred and the hundred and the coat and the hundred and the hu

about an hour. I won't have another pupil until evening, so probably no one will inquire for me."

"Well, I'm glad you're going out," cried Mrs. Byrne, heartily, "You are that pale and peaked fron the work you do! It's bad enough teaching by the hour, but it ain't a patch on that there newspaper you're on. That, sure, will kill you in time!"

Mary smiled wanly, edging through the outside door, anxious to get away from the voluble old lady.

"I'm not going to do that any more!" she said, with something like a sob, and fairly boited down the shabby steps and out of the yard. Mrs. Byrne stood staring after her, her arms akimbo, her mouth open.

"I'd do declare!" she said aloud, to herself, "I wonder if that poor child's lost that paper job!"

She went shuffling back to herwork, soberly. She was a Rind woman, but a very poor one, and even with the newspaper work Mary had had many a hard time trying to scrape together enough for her room rent and board. What would she do now? Mrs. Byrne wiped her honest eyes on the edge of her apron.

"Poor lamb!" she said, "she's welcome to stay in my house if she has mary a cent to pay, and I'll tell her so!"

She shuddered, then, calling up the fuffity dollar pet cat of the woman diffity dollar pet cat of the woman with had written ner the cruel letter."

"But I couldn't get it that way!"

This street was almost deserted, and the wind had full sway in it. The brown, withered leaves of the rees were scattered all about her feet and the air was constantly bringing others down and fluttering the everywhere. The girl stopped to want them everywhere. The girl stopped to want them everywhere. The girl stopped to want them in their antics and the wind had many a hard time trying to scale and the wind had many a hard time were were scattered all about her feet and the air was

"Poor lamb!" she said, "she's welcome to stay in my house if she has nary a cent to pay, and I'll tell her so!"

She began to sing about her heavy work then, her heart lighter for its charity.

"I shall feel better."

But the girl did not pray. Rebellion had entered into her heart and she wilfully shut herself from the one Friend who had watched over her these barren years of her worms life.

And His peace had entered into her soul when Mary left the church, She were first the instrument. It was down on a side street where fashion kept indoors and seemed to show itself only in the stately beauty of the houses fronts. A nursemaid with three dancing children occupied the sidewalk near the players, a man and a woman. In the front windows of a house before which they were playing two little heads peeped. While the woman turned the crank, the man went to the window, hat in hand, and somebody older opened a crack above the casement and threw out a coin.

Mary slackened her feverish pace, strolling up to them, her ears burstling with the clashing, tinny music. They were grinding out a bit of rag-time, and the notes were lost, every now and then, in a drowning rumble. Poof. black-eyed folk! thought Mary, they drew a wornout hurdyfgurdy to-day! But the children enjoyed the old frame's efforts, kicking up their little heels in rhythm with its rumbles, and the nursemaid laughed and could not keep her toes still.

Mary went quite close, almost stopping in the street. Unconsciousting registreness.

And His peace had entered into her soul when Mary left the church, She were howe, neither slowly nor feverishly, but with gird, trouble and world-worly laid at His feet.

"Did 1 get any mail, 'Mrs Byrne?" she asked, lightly.

"You did that," creed Mrs. Byrne coming out of the kitchen, where she was preparing the evening meal, "See, here 'tis! Sure, I put it under the cloth so no one would get it."

Mary tore open a letter from an editor. She wondered why he was writing to her. She had not written, him a story in months, and not come an anuscript.

"Dear Madam," the communication ran, "we recall several short stories and articles you have sent us at various times. We have liked them. We are getting out a syndicated series of 'working girl' talks, same to be published weekly. We accepted something of the sort from you not keep her toes still.

Mary went quite close, almost stopping in the street. Unconscious-

Mary slackened her feverish pace, strolling up to them, her ears bursting with the clashing, tinny music. They were grinding out a bit of rag-time, and the notes were lost, every now and then, in a drowning rumble. Poor black-eved folk! thought Mary, they drew a wormout hurdy-gurdy to-day! But the children enjoyed the old frame's efforts, kicking up their little heels in rhythm with its rumbles, and the nursemaid laughed and could not keep her toes still.

Jught Mary,

I hurdy gurdy to

allore enjoyed the

fforts, kicking up their lin.

In rhyth with its rumbles, an

nursemaid laughed and could no

keep her toes still.

Mary went quite close, almost
stooping in the street. Unconsciously the darkness lifted from her head
and, she found herself humming the
rear-time tune. The man came—toward her, and the big black eyes of
the woman at the crank sought and
held her, wistfully. Had Mary but
suit, better a thousand times than
anything the organ grinder's wife
could have, were very attractive to
the woman.

The man held out his hat to her,
but Mary shook her head. "I haven't
cent," she smiled, and spread out
hands.

The man held out his hat to her,
but Mary shook her head. "I haven't
cent," she smiled, and spread out
hands.

"I can write of sun,
weeks and weeks, Mrs. b,
weeks and weeks, Mrs. b,
"It is a perfect giff from above!
is better than a hundred newspaper
jobs under a woman like Miss
Wish,
"That it is!" cried Mrs. Byrne,
heartily. "Thank God you got it. I
have been that worried about you all
afternoon, poor child."
Mary went quite close, almost
stooping in the street. Unconsciousing gaily.

"It is a perfect giff from above!
is better than a hundred newspaper
jobs under a woman like Miss
Wisham!"

That it is!" cried Mrs. Byrne,
heartily. "Thank God you got it. I
have been that worried about you all
afternoon, poor child."
Mary went upspairs with an elastic step. "Aren't you ashamed of
yourself?" she asked the emptiness.
"When did God ever fail to answer
your righteous petition for help from
him? Shame! You needed to
hear any old hurdy gurdy before your
sinful soul would go to weep at the
sect of your only Friend!"
She sat down to read the order
again.—Jerome Hart, in Benziger's.

Has Many Qualities.—The me
sesses a bottle of Dr. The

than it had been before. She continued to stare wistfully at the girl, a silent something—was it sympathy or understanding of mutual trouble?

In her liquid her liquid eyes.

And these people," thought
y, "were once the ralers of the

y. "were once the raiers of the h! Poor dead Rome!" he woman shifted her position turned the machine for another of music: the rag-time had stop-The crank began to grind out

"Il Trovatore In spite of the Mary edged closer. rumble and the lost bars its music

was welcome to her.

"You lika de music?" asked the woman, sadly. She showed her wonderfully white teeth in a friendly strains of "Il Trovatore," and

The strains of 'Il Irovatore, and the soft, melancholy voice combined to open the well gates of Mary's misery. The tears sprang into her eyes and flowed down her cheeks, choking her voice. She tried bravely to smile, then nodded sobbingly, and turned away, going to the opesite side of the street. She walked slowly, heavily, forcing back

slowly, heavily, forcing back the tears, and far up the street the music pursued her.

She walked more and more slowly, her head bent, her hands clenched. But she was less unhappy than she had been on the way to the hurdy gurdy. The echo in her ears walk "Others are worse off, than hurdy gurdy. The echo in l said; "Others are worse off

bustle was less distasteful to her. She passed the debutante's house calmly, and looked coolly in at all the luxury and display. After all, there were other things on earth; youth, good health, virtue—"Il Trovatore," even if played by a hurdy gurdy! Mary laughed, irresistibly. She skipped a little and threw up was less distasteful to head, sniffing the crisp, fragrant with a feeling akin to peace and

CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

When you use Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food you are doing good to every cell and tissue of the human body.

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Kep the blood rich and the nerve in vigor all the time and avoid the more serious forms of disease. You can depend on Dr. A. W. Ohase's Nerve Food to do this for rui 50 cts. a hox, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates. A. Co.

And His peace had entered into her soul when Mary left the church. She went home, neither slowly nor feverishly, but with grief, trouble and world-worry laid at His feet.

"Did I get any mail," Mrs Byrne," she asked, lightly.

"You did that," cried Mrs. Byrne, coming out of the kitchen, where she was preparing the evening meal, "See, here 'tis! Sure, I put it under the cloth so no one would get it."

It Has Many Qualities.—The man who possesses a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eelectric Oil is armed against many ills. It will cure a cough, break a cold, prevent sore throat; it will reduce the swelling from a sprain, cure the most persistent sores and will speedily heal cuts and contusions. It is a medicine chest in itself, and can be got for a quarter of g dollar.

Father Conrardy Again at Work.

Rev. L. L. Conrardy, who was ported some months ago to be in a dying condition, is able to resume his work among the lepers of China. In a letter to Mr. M. G. Munley of Parthed Own. Portland, Ore., published in The Sentinel (Portland), he writes: 'At last I am able to answer your

'At last I am able to answer y letter. I believe you got a pos card before this telling you I

card before this telling you I got your welcome letter.

"I have been very sick, and it is due to overwork among over 600 lepers, badly fed and other privations twenty years ago on Molokai. I had eight months' illness. Now, thank God, I am well, having resumed my work among the Chinese lepers since the middle of November last. Taking care of my health, I will be able to last maybe ten years more. When poor Father Damien was sick todeath I exhorted him to live longer and to ask God that favor, but he and to ask God that favor, but told me he had enough and and to ask God that favor, but he told me he had enough and was willing to die. But he was not quite fifty years old. Now near seventy I begin to feel that when the end will come I will not be sorry, although I like to live to a some good to others and to thank and praise God and show Him my cratifulation. others and to thank and praise God and show Him my gratitude for all He did and does for me, although, humanly speaking, my way of living is not a very pleasant one. Alone, being my own servant, and not yet able to talk much of the Chinese language, I live with my lepers on the island. I have seldom the chance to see a white man, but I like to live anyhow. The days are much too short for me, and this is the reason that I write very seldom to my friends.

the did and does for me, although, humanly speaking, my way of living is not a very pleasant one. Alone, being my own servant, and not yet allot to talk much of the Chinese language, I live with my lepers on the island. I have seldom the chance to see a white man, but I like to live anyhow. The days are much too, short for me, and this is the reason that I write very seldom to my friends.

"I have not yet asked you for flour as I was permitted to do by the gentlemen we visited together. Every five days I get a few loave of pay more to them than the bread is worth. If only I stay well and speak the Chinese language, Cantonese style, things would go better. The Chinese one can trust are very few. To cheat a white man, for them, is nothing. China is awakening, but very slowly. Shek Lung (City, not very far from my Island, has a population of over 100,000 people, but not a Chinese who can understand three words of English. They have no fixed prices. One must learn this by his own experience.

"Everyfiving is to be done in China—they have no fixed prices. One must learn this by his own experience." "Pevrything is to be done in China—they have no fixed prices. One must learn this by his own experience." "Pevrything is to be done in China—they have no fixed prices. One must learn this by his own experience." "Pevrything is to be done in China—they have no fixed prices. One must learn this by his own experience." "Pevrything is to be done in China—they have no fixed prices. One must learn this by his own experience." "Pevrything is to be done in China—they have no fixed prices. One must learn this by his own experience." "Pevrything is to be done in China—they have no fixed prices." The graveyards. The graveyards. The graveyards. The graveyards have rooms to the fixed prices and pr

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Mr. Charles McEachern, of Summerville, P.E.I., was in just that position until he started to take Father Morrisey's 'No. 7.'' He writes:

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No matter how long you have suffered from Sciatica or Rheumatism of joints or muscles—no matter how much medicine or liniment you have used without result—try Father Morriscy's No. 7 before you give up. It has restored health to many who were almost hopeless.

50c. a box at your dealer's or from Father Morriscy Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B.

Noted Writer on Socialism Passes Away.

The Rev. John J. Ming, S.J., pro-

The Rev. John J. Ming, S.J., professor of philosophy and well-known writer on Socialism, is dead at St. Stanislaus House, near Cleveland, O. Father Ming had been a professor at St. Francis Seminary, Milwaukee, Wis., at Canisius College, Buffalo, N.Y., Spring Hill College, Mobile, Ala., and at the Jesuit scholasticates at Prairie du Chien, Wis., and St. John's House, South Brooklyn, O.

His best known works on Social-His best known works on Social-ism, which saw several issues and which were praised even by Ameri-cans and English Socialists for their clear and correct views and prin-ciples, are "Data of Modern Ethics,"

ciples, are "Data of Modern Ethics,"
"The Characteristics and Religion of
Modern Socialism," and "The
Ethics of Modern Socialism."
Besides these larger publications,
Father Ming frequently contributed
to the Catholic Quarterly, the Catholic Encyclopedia, and during the
last year to the new Jesuit weekly,
America. He was just making preparations for a larger work when parations for a larger wor his last illness overtook him

Roosevelt Attends Rosary and Makes Speech to Immigrants.

On board the Kaiserin Auguste Vic-toria, on June 13, Theodore Roose-velt was the chief figure in a note-worthy scene in the steerage, when he attended a Catholic service held for 1200 emigrants, Russians Galician Poles.

Galician Foles.

The emigrants, surrounding an altar draped with the American flag, chanted a litany, and then Mr. Roosevelt spoke briefly, the priest interpreting.

Mr. Roosevelt welcomed his hear-

ers to America, and advised to avoid association with strangers

upon landing.

He exhorted them to be mindful of the duties of citizenship and to protect the rights of women. At the end of his remarks the emigrants crowded about him, trying to shake his bands. his hands

Later, at a service in the second

K. of C. Choral Union Going to Quebec.