

tracts from the Bye-Laws of 1795 are worthy of re-production :

"Each member shall appear perfectly clean and in his best clothes under penalty of 4d.

"Each member to pay 6¹/₂d per month, of which 4¹/₂d is to be spent, and 2d to pay expenses of Lodge, as sist indigent brethren, and pay Grand Lodge. Absent brothers must pay their dues unless they are kept away by sickness, imprisonment, or other necessary business.

"Each member to go home, and no where else, after Lodge.

"Any person interrupting Master or Wardens to be fined, for the first offence 4d, for the second 8d, and so on in proportion ; for non payment he shall be turned out.

"If any member comes to the Lodge with any appearance of liquor, for the first offence he shall be admonished, for the second fined 4d, for the third 8d, and for the fourth turned out of the Lodge.

"In the absence of the W.M., the S.W. to take the Chair."

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

The following subscriptions have been received since our last issue, and we shall be obliged if our brethren will favor us with notice of any omissions that may occur :

Thos. McQuillan, \$1.00 ; Wm. Bain, \$1 ; Geo. C. McGregor, \$1.00 ; Wm. McGown, \$1.00 ; Ivy Lodge, \$7.75 ; St. Francis Lodge, \$4.00 ; John Walsh, \$1.00 ; A. R. Denison, \$5.00 ; Jas. Reeve, \$4.50 ; Sanderson Pearcey, \$2.50 ; Malcolm Gibbs, \$2.50 ; W. Barwick, \$8.50 ; R. T. Walkem, \$2.00 ; Geo. Kappele, \$1.00 ; Royal Albert Lodge, \$1.00.

PLEASANTRIES.

He was fond of singing revival hymns ; and his wife named the baby Fort, so that he would want to hold it.

Boy : "I want to buy some paper." Dealer : "What kind of paper ?" "I guess you better give me fly paper. I want to make a kite."

A teacher requested each scholar to write a sentence containing the word "toward." One boy of nine years wrote, "I toared-my pants !"

Old Lady (to motorman on trolley car) : "Ain't you afraid of the electricity, Mr. motorman ?" Motorman : "No, ma'am, I ain't got no call to be afraid. I ain't a conductor."

Mrs. Teechum : "That small engine poundin' away in the corner, Toby, is called a donkey-engine." Toby : "And yet the engineer says it works with a four horse power. That's funny, isn't it ?"

A little boy asked at the dinner table one day, "What is chilli sause ?" Little Mary, his sister, who had just begun to read, answered as grave as a judge, "It's the sause that chills but not mebrates."

Bessie was just finishing her breakfast as papa stooped to kiss her before going down town. The little one gravely took up her napkin and wiped her cheek. "What, Bessie," said her father, "wiping away papa's kiss ?" "Oh, no," said she, looking up with a sweet smile, "I've wubbling it in."

The story is told that a woman had a very fashionable silk waist made, which she sent to her sister in a little Western Kansas town. She received in reply a letter of thanks, in which the sister said that she found the sleeves much larger than her thin arms needed, and had cut them over, getting enough out to make her five-year-old girl a dress. "You must have thought I had awful fat arms," the sister out West wrote.

A Townist was being driven over a part of the country in Ireland where his infernal majesty appeared to have given his name to all the objects of interest in the locality ; for there was the Devil's Bridge, the Devil's Cauldron, the Devil's Glen, etc. Said the traveller, "The devil seems to be the great-land-owner in these parts !" "Ah ! sure, your honor," replied the jarvey, "that is so ; but he lives in England. I think he's what they call the absentee landlord in Ireland."

"Borde never visits us now," said Mr. Tyrer. "It's more than two months since he was in the house;" "Yes," answered Mrs. Tyrer, "It's rather singular, certainly." "It is—very singular. The last time he was here I did my very best to be entertaining. I sat with him two solid hours relating to him the smart sayings of our children ; and you helped to entertain him, too." "Yes, I showed him the baby and told him all about her cute ways, and even tried to get her to talk to him. Don't you remember ?" "Yes," said Mr. Tyrer. "I can't understand why he keeps away."

The season had been an exceptionally bad one for farmers ; but in a country church not one hundred miles from Albroath the office-bearers had resolved, according to custom, to hold the annual harvest thanksgiving service. It was noticed that on that particular Sunday Mr. Johnstone, a regular attender and a pillar of the church (whose crops had turned out very poor), was not in attendance. The minister, in the course of the following week, met Mr. Johnstone, and inquired of him the reason for his absence from church on such an important occasion. "Weel, sir," replied Mr. Johnstone, "I didna care aboot approachin my Maker in a speerit o' sarcasm."