

my finger tips on a mouse or two. Of course he was glad. Ain't we all glad? Toot the horn, unfurl the bullion fringe, bring forth the palm leaf!

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I heard the other day that a carrier pigeon had been imported from the States by a publisher, who intended to utilize it for the delivery of his publication. It came through in bond, but while being inspected at the Custom House effected its escape. Any brother finding it will please return it to the Toronto Custom House, as its absence interferes with the delivery of the publication.

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If promotion to the Grand East is the order next July, I suppose Zeta Lodge will be designated the Grand Master's Own Lodge, as some active supporters belong to that lodge. To the landlord belongs the soil—no, no, to the victor the spoil.

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I notice that Bro. Bennett "is endorsed by R. W. Bros. Sargent, Malone," etc., as a suitable person for District Deputy, for Toronto District. Bros. S. and M. are good and zealous masons, but who constituted them the mentors, censors or dictators of the craft? Are they such wonderfully astute brethren that their endorsement should induce all the brethren to follow their lead? If they were such intensely clever brethren, and if they hoped to be successful as leaders, they would not for one moment allow their names to be hawked around as the endorsers of any brother seeking office, as there is too much of political charlatanism in such a proceeding to please thinking masons. As these brethren are seeking re-election on the Board of General Purposes may it not be possible to view the backscratching as mutual, and the endorsing business as accommodation with perhaps a touch of kite-flying in it.

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Conductors of journals, even of the 7 x 9 order, hold in one respect as sacred a position as does a parish priest, and rarely divulge the names of their

contributors. In a late issue of a Masonic fly-sheet I notice that "some years ago it was betrayed into publishing a communication directed at the Templar Grand Master, and has deeply regretted that occurrence ever since. It emanated from a like source," &c. Is not this cool? After years of repentance the only reparation this self-convicted sinner can make is to proclaim the source from which the communication emanated. The sinner, with his bowels of compassion greatly moved, tries to undo one offence by committing a graver one. The poor sinner was "betrayed," and yet it coddled its betrayer for years, doubtless enjoying the sinfulness associated with its betrayal. May it not be possible that it has fallen from grace again, and been "betrayed" for a greater consideration than before. I have no faith in such repentance as has been evinced by the betrayed one, especially as it is now laying the ground work for future repentance by committing a more grievous sin than that for which forgiveness is now being sought.

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"With mingled feelings of regret and shame" is the lame and bare-faced apology an editor makes for publishing a letter written, I believe, by one of his office-seeking contributors, who makes the letter a text for a couple of columns of tin-pan thunder. If it were not as I state why should the editor put himself in a position to be ashamed of his conduct? A sane man does not premeditatedly put himself in a false position merely for the sake of acknowledging it any more than a professional thief steals for the fun of publicly making known his theft. Perhaps the editor is again longing for another betrayal, and looking forward to another freak of repentance, which will be announced by naming the writer of the letter.

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In a few years we will conduct our Grand Lodges elections on the same lines adopted by politicians. It is with mingled feelings of regret and shame