

We have seen the following explanation given regarding Masonic Grand honors: The hands at the side of the body, crossed upon the breast, and then raised pointing to the heavens, is the symbol of resignation, worship and adoration.

We do not, or at least should not, assume our Masonic character for business purposes, and the name "Mason" should be by us kept sacredly devoted to the high and noble cause to which we as Free and Accepted Masons apply it.

Make your lodge meetings so cordial and pleasant that no non-affiliated Masons will be found in the community.

#### 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:

John Veale, Sr., \$1.00; General Samuel C. Lawrence, \$1.00; A. W. Chapman, \$1.00; Jas. H. McDougal, \$1.00; J. E. Masters, \$1; H. B. Fleming, \$1.00; Jas. S. Benedict, \$1; F. C. Barker, \$1.00; F. L. Thompson, \$1; E. W. Givan, \$1.00; F. N. Hall, \$1.00; Dr. Bradley, \$1.00; John Walsh, \$1.00; Henry Walters, \$1.00; T. H. George, \$6.00; J. S. Johnston, \$3.00; F. Sole, \$1.50; R. T. Coady, \$1.00; Malcolm Gibbs, \$1.00; J. E. Hansford, \$1.00; Harry Vigeon, \$1.00; E. R. Bounsell, \$2.50; R. J. Campbell, \$1.00; W. H. Stone, \$1.00; J. W. Martin, \$1.00; F. A. Fairchild, \$1.00; E. A. Mott, \$1.00; J. E. Anderson, \$1.00; W. A. Windatt, \$1; J. M. Johnston, \$1.00; W. E. Hazley, \$1; E. H. Wilson, \$1.00; J. T. B. Persse, \$1.00.

#### PLEASANTRIES.

An illustration of thrift is contained in the story of a Scotchwoman, who had been promised a present of a new bonnet by a lady. Before she made the purchase, the lady called and asked the good woman, "Would you rather have a felt or a straw bonnet, Mrs. Wilson?" "Weel," said Mrs. Wilson, "I think I'll tak' a strae ane; it'll maybe a mouthfu' to the coo when I'm done wi' it!"

Lord Dufferin once addressed the University of Toronto in Greek; and on the following day the Canadian journals announced that his command of the language was astounding, idiomatic, and grammatically perfect. Where-

upon the following dialogue ensued. "How did those idiots of reporters know that?" asked Sir Hector Langevin of Sir John Macdonald. "Because I told them," replied Sir John. "But who told you? You don't know Greek," persisted Sir Hector. "I don't know Greek," admitted the premier, with his usual gravity, "but I know politics."

While the members of our English pilgrimage are gathering daily stores of information on various subjects, they are also disseminating a knowledge of American terminology, as this incident, which took place in the hotel at Plymouth, shows: American Pilgrim (to waiter): "Please pass the crackers." Waiter (with puzzled look on his face): "You mean the biscuits, sir, do you not?" A. P.: "No; I mean crackers. Please bring us the crackers." Man departs, and presently reappears, and solemnly offers a plate upon which a pair of nut-crackers are placed. Roars of laughter from the party. Waiter thinks ways of Americans are past finding out.

The highly respectable French simpleton, M. Calino, discovered the other day that he had left his umbrella somewhere. As he had visited three stores, he knew it must be in one of them. So he started back, and visited all three in turn. "It has not been found here," he was told in the first store; and M. Calino shrugged his shoulders a little, and went out. At the next store the same response was made. M. Calino shrugged his shoulders still higher, and went to the third store. There the umbrella was waiting, and was promptly turned over to him. "Well," he exclaimed with satisfaction, "I must say that you are more honest than they are at those other stores!"

"Of all the delegates that I met at the convention," says Dr. J. L. Hill, "I liked him best who, on being asked what his business was, said, 'I am a cheer-up-odist.'"

Tommy: "I think mamma is an awful gossip." Ethel: "O Tommy, how can you say such a thing?" Tommy: "Well, she is: everything I do she goes right off and tell papa. I don't like gossip."

Diner: "Waiter, there is a slight mistake. I ordered a spring chicken and a bottle of 1884 Pomeroy." Waiter: "Yes, sir." Diner: "You have brought me some Pomeroy of last spring, and a chicken of 1884."

"Why do you wear that suit? You don't ride a bicycle, do you?" "No; but the bicyclists naturally think I play golf." "Why, you don't know a golf link from a vacant lot!" "Of course not, but the golf players all think I ride a wheel."

"I understand that you have relics of the war for sale, my little man," said the Northern tourist to the tow-head. "We did have," replied the boy; but they have bought us out, an' the swords daddy burried last week won't git rusty 'fore winter."