

an enlargement of those lines. Why not institute a regular campaign tour, with speeches and dinners for the constituents, brass bands and bombast, and occasional charitable freaks, but not of a Scriptural character?

What follows a boom? The inevitable collapse. And that collapse will occur as sure as the boomsters gain their point. Masonry will be somewhat injured, but the collapse to it will be nothing when compared with the disaster that will overtake those who have been pitch-forked into office. The disaster is nearer at hand than most brethren imagine.

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Bro. George Clarke, W. M. of Wilson Lodge, is bent upon making the meetings of his lodge very interesting. I congratulate Bro. Clarke upon the success he is meeting with, but I wish the daily papers would not give such elaborate preliminary notices. I have as great a horror of seeing Masonic news in the ordinary daily paper as I have of—drinking water, and I am not troubled with hydrophobia.

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Bro. George Tait, one of the veterans of St. Andrew's Lodge, delivered two lectures last month in the city lodges, and was well received. Bro. Tait is a thoughtful and studious Mason, and yet very unobtrusive. Several of the country lodges have invited Bro. T. to visit them and give them one of his literary treats. The brethren who have been fortunate enough to hear Bro. Tait, state that his lectures contain more information and food for thought than so many of the utterances of other brethren who have had better opportunities of delving into the mysteries of Masonry, but who failed to grasp ideas that could be profitably imparted.

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Talking of St. Andrew's Lodge brings to mind a discussion that took place in it at the April meeting. It was a warm discussion, in fact so warm that it snapped short, but will be revived at the May meeting. As the warm weather naturally produces thirst, and

the subject under discussion relates to liquid refreshments, I would suggest that they get through with it before the heated term strikes them, or else that little bill may be larger.

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I hear the question freely discussed in the ante-rooms, "Who will be our next D. D. G. M?" Among the names mentioned are the following:—Bros. George Tait, R. L. Patterson, G. H. Bennett and F. W. Inwood. Each of them has their friends, and I might as well own up, their opponents also. I would have no difficulty in making a choice, but I vote by ballot, and so do you, which means that we are to talk on paper in Kingston next July, and not with our jaws now.

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I would advise the members of Cyrene Preceptory to purchase a cyclone crusher at once, as I fancy they will require one. A movement is on foot to show that the palm leaf business is—to use a legal term, but perhaps, incorrectly—*ultra vires*, the Grand Master not having the power to bestow such honors. I would suggest that the Cyrenes borrow the *modus vivendi* until Great Priory meets, and then come out with a *casus belli* and subsequently crawl through the *shortus hornum endi*.

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Provincial Prior Wesley, of Barrie, visited Cyrene Preceptory on April 18th, and if the report of his remarks as published in the daily papers is correct, he was pleased with the honors showered upon the members of Cyrene. Perhaps he was pleased—emphasis on was—and who is not? I am. I'm bubbling over with pleasedness. I remember some old saw or saying to the effect that those whom the gods would destroy they first make glad—perhaps this is not correct, but it suits me, and I am responsible for this, not you. That was simply a nice way of reminding those of æsthetic tastes that a cat always plays with a mouse before killing it. I have no idea who the cat is in this case, but I fancy I could place