

CRYPTIC RITE.

Meeting of the Supreme Grand Council.

The Report of Honorable Robert Marshall, Puisant Grand Master.

A Home for Freemasons in Some Provinces Suggested—Tribute to Late Companion Capt. Chas. F. Harrison.

The Supreme Grand Council of the Cryptic Rite of Freemasonry of the Maritime Provinces met in the Masonic Temple, Monday, the 20th August, A. D. 1900.

REPORT.

To the Officers and Illustrious Companions of the Cryptic Rite of Freemasonry of the Maritime Provinces, Greeting:

The number "thirty-three" has peculiar significance and importance to the thoughtful student of our ceremonial. This ought to be, and is, a marked period in the history of our Royal Select and Super-excellent Degrees of the Cryptic Rite of Freemasonry in the province of New Brunswick, and one may reasonably be excused in making a brief and careful retrospect of our history.

In the year 1865 your Grand Master "passed the circle" in the Baltimore Council of Royal and Select Masters, located in the city of Baltimore, U. S. A.

On the fourteenth and fifteenth days of August, in the year 1867, thirty-three years ago, the Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters was organized in the city of St. John and in Carleton—now known as St. John West End—under and by virtue of authority of three warrants granted by the Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters of the State of Maine, U. S. A., as will more fully and at large appear by reference to the printed proceedings of those now historic years.

In the year A. D. 1871 the Grand Council of New Brunswick assumed control of the "Red Cross" degree, with the cordial approval and endorsement of the Grand Encampment of Knights Templar of the United States of America, as will appear by reference to the proceedings of the grand organization at its eighteenth triennial session, held in the city of Baltimore, Maryland, September, A. D. 1871, and recorded on pages 102, 166 and 233 of the proceedings of that year.

The proposition to make the degrees of the Cryptic Rite of Freemasonry presentable before advancement to the Order of the Temple was then under consideration, but little, if any, substantial progress has been made, and my impression is that the time has gone by for the success of the advocates of this material change in our ritual.

In the year just referred to our Grand Council assumed the style and title of the Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters of the province of New Brunswick, Dominion of Canada; and at our last annual convocation of the Supreme Grand Council of the Cryptic Rite of the Maritime Provinces, with the unanimous consent of Illustrious Companions of Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. The following up of this union movement by other friendly authorities in these provinces down by the sea, would give, in my judgment, greater potentiality to the charitable works of these branches of our order in these prosperous provinces.

SOUTH AFRICA.

From Headquarters of M. C. A. Canadian Contingent.

Interesting Letters from Thomas F. Best and H. G. Barrie, Officers in Charge.

The Former Writes from Durdenpoort and the Latter from the Camp Before Johannesburg.

DURDENPOORT, June 15th, 1900.—I have taken my share of the roughing it with the men, and have done all in my power, so far as I could see, to make their lot easier, clothing them, pool-clad, sharing my last hardtack, with those who had none, giving medicine to the sick, and the most cheer we could muster to all. We have seen hard times, beyond what will ever be known, for our men are plucky and do not complain of a saddle and a few tin cans.

Whenever possible, open air meetings were held at nights, and when we were not marching on Sundays we held brigade or regimental parade services at the will of the general, Chaplain Lane and I working together, like Paul and Barnabas, and a few times meetings. So far as was considered wise I have kept up a steady systematic personal work, and when nothing else could be done, travelling day by night and day. My heart was lifted up to God in prayer for our men, sometimes from a saddle and sometimes from my back on the cold veldt; looking up to the stars, I have enjoyed sweet communion with our Father.

No mail has reached us for two months now, and I am doubtful if this will ever reach you, as our mail, like everything else, is in a sad condition. I will write you now, and write with more confidence when the railroad line is open.

Yours till Jesus comes, T. F. BEST.

LETTER FROM H. G. BARRIE.

IN CAMP BEFORE JOHANNESBURG, July 2.—By 3 p. m. on May 28th we were engaged with the Boers in force. I had several conversations with the men before the conflict began. During the action my time was spent in acting as stretcher-bearer, and in the struggle to get a dark horse out of the line. I was not before the Boers had suffered heavily in carrying the kopje in front of them at the point of the bayonet. Their advance was as fearlessly gone as a parade at home would have been. In the early morning, when the Boers were collected, there were 17 laid out in a ghastly list run up to 96 in all. Before rolling up in our blankets for the night I got the fellows together round the camp and read Psalm 91 by way of cheering them up.

The scene at the hospital ambulances in the morning was heartrending. Strong men wallowing in their life's blood were struggling in unconsciousness, necessitating an untiring effort to get them to the stretcher, and all sorts of bandages, while the attendants were as careful and as gentle as possible.

We have a Bible reading at 8 a. m. when circumstances permit, and a source of blessing, which is a great comfort to the men. Every afternoon we have a meeting of such a nature that everyone in camp knows of it and can come.

It was not for the paper that we supply to them the boys could do it, and a few carry any paper in their kits.

On June 20th, while in Bloemfontein, I had the privilege of addressing a crowded tent. One backslider remained to have his broken communion restored.

We are at present able to hold our meetings regularly. The men are on very short rations, and as soon as they get off duty go foraging for themselves, and often it is 12 p. m. before they settle down. Many of the men consider flour and water, with salt and a little fat, the best of their meals. The scene at the hospital ambulances in the morning was heartrending. Strong men wallowing in their life's blood were struggling in unconsciousness, necessitating an untiring effort to get them to the stretcher, and all sorts of bandages, while the attendants were as careful and as gentle as possible.

FROM THE FRONT.

Sergt. Beverly Armstrong and Pte. White Wounded, Latter Severely.

Interesting Letters from Sergt. Parks and Corp. Markham of the Second Contingent.

Parks Has Seen Some Hot Fighting—Surprised at Getting Into Pretoria So Easily—Great Mortality Among Canadian Horses.

RIETVONTEIN, July 13.—We are still here. We had a big scrap with the Boers. "Bev" Armstrong was wounded through the foot, but not seriously. Pte. H. B. White of Waterville, N. S. (No. 4 troop) was wounded pretty badly by a bit of shell through his stomach.

Small is just leaving. I am well. In haste. RALPH MARKHAM.

Letter from Sergeant Parker, B Squadron, 1st batt. C. M. R.: DURDENPOORTE, 7 miles N. W. of Pretoria, June 27, 1900.

Dear Father—I have not written home since we left Kroonstad, nearly six weeks ago, I am sorry to say, but we have been on the go all the time (or some of us have), and this is the first rest camp I have been in since then.

We left Kroonstad on a Sunday and marched with Hutton's brigade to the Vaal. We did not cross, but made a forced march of 25 miles to another crossing, where we crossed without firing a shot on the 24th of May.

We had been expecting that the Boers would have made a strong resistance to our crossing, but I think we must have outmanoeuvred them and that they did not expect us to cross where we did.

After crossing the Vaal we did not have any fighting till we reached Johannesburg. There we were ordered to advance across a level stretch and seize a kopje. We advanced in open order when they turned a big gun and a pom-pom on us. (Pom-pom is the nickname for the quick firing guns.)

When fired it sounds like pom-pom-pom-pom. Some of the shells burst in a regular string. The shells burst around us and among us, but luckily only hurt one horse.

It gives you a queer sensation in the pit of the stomach when the shells were flying around.

We selected the kopje and held it all night. We linked our horses and left them saddled under a guard at the foot of the hill.

It was a very cold night, the water in our bottles froze, and as we had not enough blankets we nearly froze also. Next morning we made a reconnaissance, but they turned their backs on us, so we retired to our kopje and stayed there the rest of the day. In the afternoon we left the kopje, and the whole force retired, making a flanking march, the Boers giving us a farewell taste of the pom-pom as we left.

MRS. MAYBRICK

Indignant at Recent Attack on Late Lord Russell

In His Death She Lost One of Her Best Friends—Still Hopeful of Release.

LONDON, Aug. 21.—For the first time since her life sentence was imposed eleven years ago, Mrs. Florence Maybrick had a private interview with her counsel, Dr. Clark Bell of New York, at Aylesbury prison, today.

A portion of the time counsel gave up to a representative of the Associated Press, who, through the courtesy of the home office, was granted an opportunity to talk to the prisoner. Mrs. Maybrick, like her many friends, is indignant at the attacks made by the Liverpool Post on the late chief justice of England, Lord Russell of Killowen, former counsel for the prisoner.

"The only person up to the present who ever saw me alone," she said to the Associated Press representative, "was the chief justice. When the sizes were here last February, Lord Russell came to the prison and asked to see me, as was his official right, irrespective of the home office or anyone. When he was starting to go he said:

"Mrs. Maybrick, I am doing all in my power for your release. Whatever happens, remember this—that if there is one man in England who believes in your innocence, I am that man."

"It was only by accident that I heard of Lord Russell's death, for I have not seen the newspapers for some time. I could not help but feel that in his death I had lost my best friend. It is an outrage, in view of his constant and untiring efforts and friendship for me, that he should be attacked now that he is dead. I fully appreciate and am glad of the chance to express my gratitude to the officials in Washington and to my friends throughout America, especially the ladies, for what they are doing. It is that alone which has upheld me all these years. I have many friends in England too, and still believe that the time will soon come when these long years of captivity will cease and I shall be restored to my mother and my country."

Mrs. Maybrick is now 38 years of age. She has the prison pallor, but her blue eyes and dark wavy hair are still radiant with the charm of a decade. But her light blue check prison costume with a red star on the shoulder, indicative of it being her first offence and of her former good character. Below this is the letter "L," meaning that she is a life prisoner, and her prison number.

CECIL RHODES AS A SITTER.

An artist's daughter relates the following of Cecil Rhodes while the great conqueror of Kimberley was in her father's studio.

Directly the painter opened his little paint box and prepared to begin the portrait, Mr. Rhodes rose from his chair, drew his great form up to its full height, and said: "Sir, do you intend to paint me full face?" The painter, unaware of Mr. Rhodes's little eccentricities, did not know what to answer for the moment, but Mr. Rhodes swept all hesitation aside by blurting out, "Now, look here; if you don't paint me full face, you don't paint me at all, unless it is the back of my head. Why in heaven's name does a man want to paint your side face when all honest men look you straight in the face? No one ever saw me other than full face."

"A man here called Blank, R. A.," added Mr. Rhodes, "once dared paint me three-quarter face. Three-quarter, indeed! I sent him a cheque for the picture. I wanted him to destroy it." And he flung himself back in his chair plump in front of the painter, looked him full in the face, and growled: "Now begin." The poor painter looked thoroughly embarrassed, and I felt scared, for I have never seen anyone look quite so savage. But we soon understood that a great deal of this roughness was to cover an almost childish shyness, for Mr. Rhodes at heart is a very shy man. Almost immediately the painter and he were in sympathy, and a warm friendship sprang up between them.—Mainly About People.

THE THREE.

It is a curious thing, often noted by those connected with the press, that when a great man dies his death is frequently, though, of course, not by any means invariably, followed by those of two others of high position. So when Humbert fell to the bullet of the assassin and the Duke of Edinburgh succumbed to a dread disease, there was a great man dies his death, but his immediate family were aware, the question was asked: "Who will be the third?" The "third" is Lord Russell, and strangely enough his death, like that of his illustrious predecessors, was entirely unexpected.—London Evening News.

BRITAIN'S FLAG

Raised Over the Tonga Group in the South Pacific.

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The Tonga Archipelago is considerably south of Samoa, and Fiji lies about midway between them. It is some distance from any of the chief ocean highways between the New World and Australia, and therefore has not attracted so much attention from European powers that have long been picking up unappropriated islands. This is doubtless the reason why the young King of Tonga has been able to enjoy the distinction, for a while, of being the last independent ruler among the island groups of the Pacific. He received a letter from ex-Queen Liliuokalani of Hawaii congratulating him upon the proud fact and he was greatly elated by this attention.

But the King of the Tonga group is no longer independent, for gentle but persistent suasion was brought to bear upon him, and he at last consented to place his islands under British protection. It came about in this way:

Though the group is not on any of the big trade routes, it is very fertile, has vast groves of coconut palms and produces a great deal of copra, which is very useful for soap-making and some other purposes. The Germans, frequently visiting the islands in small vessels, have practically monopolized this trade. In March last, under an agreement between Germany, England and the United States, the German flag was hoisted over all of the Samoan group except Tutuila and some neighboring islets that fell to the United States. Germany had to make various concessions to England as compensation for her claims in Samoa, and among these concessions was the British lion was the Tonga group. The Germans said: "To be sure, we have no political claims upon the Tongans, but, commercially, their islands have really been ours. You may set up a protectorate if you wish to, and we will keep hands off, now and evermore."

Thus everything was arranged on paper before the Tongans knew anything about it; and then the delicate task devolved upon Basil Thomson, the British special commissioner, to break the news to the Tongans. He had visited the islands before and the people liked him, for he is a jolly good fellow. But it is doubtful if he would have made much headway if it had not been that the King had recently contracted a marriage that was not at all popular with many of the most influential men in the islands; and by securing their interest and cajoling the King, who at first thought he preferred independence to all the protectorates in the world, Mr. Thomson finally secured the signing of the treaty he had prepared.

This treaty will prevent any other power from entering into relations with Tonga. It brings all foreigners under the jurisdiction of the British court and gives England coaling and repairing stations in the two best harbors in the group. But the sovereignty of the King is not disturbed, and not an acre of lands is to be held by whites except under lease. So the Tongans will remain in control of most of their affairs, though their country has been formally declared to be a British protectorate.

POLITICAL NEWS.

(Quebec Chronicle.) Much interest attaches to the movements of Mr. Tarte. His flight to Paris before the session, his precipitate return, and the suggestion regarding the Soleil that he has had difference with his colleagues, were all undoubtedly interesting. But the chase across the ocean, and its outcome, gives the incident an exciting turn. The four ministers had engaged their passage on the Parisian. Mr. Tarte told his and came on the Lake Superior quite confident that it would be a quick arrival. As ill-luck would have it, the Parisian got ahead. Not to be out-done, Mr. Tarte left the Lake Superior at Rimouski, and took the first train for Montreal, announcing that he would tell his story in La Patrie. Journalists sent down to interview him and admiring friends, probably prospective contractors, who went to welcome him, were evaded, and a sensational declaration may appear in the organ of Mr. Tarte. Le Soleil announced on Saturday, in large print, that it had instructed its correspondent at Montreal to wire the interview. Both telegraph companies were engaged to transmit the important statement, and an extra edition containing it was announced. But the declaration was nipped. Mr. Tarte declared that Mr. Tarte would say nothing except that he left the steamer because the weather was disagreeable, though everybody else found it delightful. The three ministers who had gone to Paris, Messrs. Deas, Blair and Fielding, got to Quebec only about the time Mr. Tarte made Montreal. They denied the reported dissensions. One of them, Mr. Blair, had so little to say for Mr. Tarte that he declared he had not seen him or spoken to him in Paris. Another, Mr. Fielding, said that probably Mr. Tarte would speak for himself. In political circles the incident is much spoken of. The flight of Mr. Tarte, his evasion of his colleagues and his haste to say something in La Patrie, the suppression of his utterances all go to add interest to the complication.

Will be Shipped Back to Paris Before Elections.

OTTAWA, Aug. 21.—When the government appeals to the country it will be minus Mr. Tarte. It is realized now that the "master of the administration" is likely to prove a variable Jonah, hence he must be got rid of before the appeal to the electorate. It is an open secret that the government would have appealed to the country last fall but for the bad break which Mr. Tarte made respecting Canada's participation in the South Africa war. It would never do under existing circumstances for the government to be confronted all over Canada and held responsible for Mr. Tarte's utterances, accordingly he will shortly be shipped back to Paris.

EXIT TARTE.

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HE SUN pay.

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