

to have made greater progress during the year than at any previous time in its history. The finances, too, are in first-class shape, and the expenditures less than for many years past. Other reports give details of the work performed during the year closing March, 1896.

The Governor-General this afternoon will review the Detroit Commandery who will give a public exhibition parade and drill. They give the Red Cross ceremony in the Temple tomorrow night.

The election of officers resulted as follows:—Supreme G. Master, W. H. Whyte, Montreal; Deputy Grand Master, D. F. McWatt, Barrie; Grand Chaplain, Rev. Dr. Battisby, Chatham; Grand Chancellor, Daniel Spry, London; Grand Treasurer, O. S. Hillman, Toronto; Grand Constable, A. A. S. Ardagh, Toronto; Grand Marshal, Joseph Dambra, London; Grand Registrar, Angus McKeown, Victoria, B.C.

Members of Council—W. G. Bell, Winnipeg; L. B. Archibald, Truro, N. S.; J. B. Tresidder, Montreal; W. G. Reid, Hamilton; J. W. Johnston, Yarmouth, N.S.

Miscellaneous.

ON THE OTHER SIDE.

We go our ways in life too much alone,
We hold ourselves too far from all our kind,
Too often we are dead to sigh and moan,
Too often to the weak and helpless blind;
Too often where distress and want abide
We turn and pass upon the other side.

The other side is trodden smooth, and worn
By footsteps passing idly all the day;
Where lie the bruised ones that faint and mourn,
Is seldom more than an untrodden way,
Our selfish hearts are for our feet the guide—
They lead us by upon the other side.

It should be ours the oil and wine to pour
Into the bleeding wounds of stricken ones;
To take the smitten and the sick and sore
And bear them where a stream of blessing runs,
Instead, we look about—the way is wide—
And so we pass upon the other side.

O, friends and brothers, gliding down the years,
Humanity is calling each and all
In tender accents, born of grief and tears;
I pray you listen to the thrilling call.
You cannot, in your cold and selfish pride,
Pass guiltless by upon the other side.

—*Buffalo News.*

WHY I BECAME A MASON.

In 1873 I was out west when the yellow fever was raging, being in the employ of the Texas and Pacific Railroad, with headquarters at Marshall, Texas. I was on the line when I heard that yellow fever had been pronounced epidemic in Marshall, and the place would be put under quarantine regulations at once. Going to the city to get my trunk, I found I was too late; the city had been literally abandoned, business was suspended, and every avenue of escape was cut off. We were quarantined! For two months I had absolutely nothing to do but watch them fill up the cemetery, the people dying faster than the undertaker could bury them, it being no uncommon occurrence to see three or four negroes take a corpse on a dray and haul it to the cemetery, and bury it without any ceremony whatever. I had plenty of time for thought.

Walking up town one Sunday morning—I will never forget it, everything was so quiet that my boot-heels striking the pavement reminded me of a vast vault—I met several men with crape on their arms, one of whom being an acquaintance, I asked what it meant. He replied that Rosenbaum had died the night before.

"Rosenbaum," I replied; "that is the man who does business on the corner, just across from the Capital Hotel?"

"Yes," he replied; "that is the one."
"Why," I asked, "are you wearing crape for Rosenbaum?"

His reply was, "He is a Mason, and will be buried this afternoon with Masonic honors."

I watched them perform their sad duty, and wondered and admired their loyalty. No one can fully appreciate