

So it came to pass in this opportunity for refreshment the true Mason was instructed in the symbolic reading of the ordained law which Nature accepted, *obeyed*, and *was silent*.

Let the infidel mock, the profane jeer, the ignorant, self-conceited, superficial thinker dispute, but the true Mason in these seasons of refreshment has his faith deepened, his understanding enlightened, his devotion to Freemasonry intensified, and his mind is instructed in those eternal principles on which Freemasonry is founded.

By "signs" Nature has taught him, by revelation the truths of this Institution came to him, and he is *prepared* for Masonic "work" when the days of his refreshment are accomplished.

He reads no book of ceremonies, or ritual, or cypher mockery of the ordained laws of secrecy and obedience, for he has beheld, wondered, and rejoiced, in his communion with God's signs, by which Nature refreshed and strengthened him for Masonic labor in the Lodge.—*The Keystone*.

### 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 :

Rev. A. B. Chafer, \$1.00; Ira Bates, \$3.00; Qu'Appelle Valley Lodge, \$1.00; Dr. Wm. H. Waddell, \$1.00; Wm. Snyder, \$0.10; Jas. Alexander \$1.00; John Scoon, \$1.00; I. H. Stearns, \$1.00; Wm. McGown, \$1.00; W. E. LaChance, \$2.00; H. J. Cole, \$1.00; Elmer J. Carter, \$1.00; D. F. MacWatt, \$1.00; S. Stacker Williams, \$1.00; Thistle Lodge, \$1.00; I. D. Dewar, \$1.00;

### PLEASANTRIES.

Footer: "Do you know enough about football to umpire?" Cuteun: "I did once, but I know enough about the game now not to do so again."

The Reason.—Mr. York: "Aren't you rather tanned, Miss Boston?" Miss Boston: "Yes: I have joined a Browning society."

Fair Skater: "Will this ice support me?" Ice Man (owner of the pond): "Well, it ought to. It's goin' to support me and my family all next summer."

"Hello, Bingley, how did did the doctor succeed in breaking up your fever?" Bingley: "Oh, easy enough: he presented his bill, and I had a chill in fifteen minutes."

Extract from bride's letter of thanks: "Your beautiful clock was received, and is now in the drawing-room on the mantelpiece, where we hope to see you often."

A conductor on the Market street line recently became the father of twins, a boy and a girl. They were christened "Os-car" and "Car-'o-line."

"I want a hair cut," said the middle-aged man as he dropped into the barber's chair. "Yes, sir," was the answer, "which one;"

Anarchist.—Little "Ethel: What is these Anarchist people talking about?" Little Johnny: "Why, they want everything everybody else has got, and they never wash theirselves." Little Ethel: "Oh, I see. They is the little boys growed up."

Mrs. Blecker: "Are the ordinary nursery stories told to Boston children?" Mrs. Emerson: "Only 'Jack and the Bean Stalk,' and that solely out of consideration for the bean."

The loquacious boarder at the country hotel loves to hear himself talk; and he bores his comrades at the table by insisting that he eats always, not from from inclination, but from a sense of duty. Desiring to bring in his platitude once more, but in a new form, he adopts the conundrum style, and says to his bright companion opposite at the table. "Why should I remind you of the early martyrs who were burned alive?" He expected she would answer, "Because you go to the steak from a sense of duty"; but she both literally and metaphorically turned the tables by saying, "Because, like them, you ought to be fired."

The sense of duty seems to have been somewhat weakened in him of late.—*Boston Transcript*.

At a dinner party in the country there were some peaches for desert which were what is commonly called "woolly"; that is to say, with little taste and without juice. "My dear," said the host, addressing his wife from the other end of the table, "I do not think these peaches are a success. If Smith [the fruiterer] had no better than these, it was a pity to send us any." Then the Lady Bountiful of the parish and the guest of the evening, who, unknown to the host, had presented the peaches, observed plaintively, "I am so sorry, dear Mr. Jones; but they were the best I had." On another festive occasion Mr. Jones, who was by nature courtesy itself, complimented a middle-aged lady upon her dress, the upper part of which was black lace. "Nothing," he said, "to my mind, is so becoming as black and yellow." "Yellow?" she cried. "Oh! good gracious! but that is not my dress that's me."—*James Payne, in the Independent*.