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Household Notes.

If your shelves are infested with ants, scrub them with carbolic soap and place on them a piece of gum camphor.

To clean a photograph, wipe with a soft cloth wrung out in warm water and a little ammonia. Dry with another cloth.

Masons Hold Lodge of Sorrow.

MEMORIAL SERVICE TO LATE GRAND MASTER.

Representatives of all Masonic Lodges under both Scottish and English Constitutions, met last night in the Masonic Temple to pay a last tribute to the memory of the late Charles R. Duder, District Grand Master, S.C., whose tragic end cast a gloom over the community but a few short days ago. The impressive Masonic Memorial Service was gone through in its entirety, and many a member present found it difficult to control his feelings, as the solemn prayers and music were heard. The Lodge was indeed a Lodge of Sorrow and the memory of that last tribute to the late District Grand Master will linger long in the minds of those who were present. Hon. Tasker Cook, District Grand Master Deputy, S.C., presided. The service opened with the hymn "O God our Help in Ages Past," which was followed by prayer. Then followed the Grand Honours and the hymn "When the Day of Toll is Done." Next the Grand Lodge roll was called, and at the name of the Right Worshipful District Grand Master, Bro. Charles Robert Duder, breathless silence prevailed for a pregnant moment. Then, like a voice from beyond, through the Lodge portals pealed the stirring notes of the "Last Post," non plaintive, non lively, dropping again into mournful strains. As the last notes of the bugle rang out, the grand organ swelled out the solemn strains of "The Dead March in Saul." Selected verses of Scripture were then read, respectively, after which the hymn, "Days and Moments Quickly Flying" was sung. Then followed the tribute, couched in choicest language, which was delivered by the District Grand Chaplain, Bro. (Rev.) Clarence A. Moulton. The District Grand Chaplain spoke as follows: "I suppose that never before in the annals of Newfoundland Freemasonry have its members been called together to observe an event so tragic and deplorable as that which is the occasion of our present meeting, the holding of a funeral Lodge Service to reverse the memory of our late District Grand Master, Brother Charles R. Duder, tragic because of the manner of his passing, deplorable whether from the point of view of the community of which he was so valued a member, or of Freemasonry in particular in which he held so high and responsible a charge. One cannot easily accustom oneself to the thought that not again, will that ease and dignity and decorous manner which constituted his great charm, will be preside over our assemblies. The blow has fallen too suddenly for our contracted minds to appreciate, any more than can those to whom his affections were closest, the full significance of our loss. He went out in all the glory of his splendid manhood to engage for a brief space in his chosen and favorite recreation—and in a moment the finger of God touched him and he slept. Thus are we face to face with death at every turn of our mortal existence. But to every true and upright Mason on the contemplation of death is by no means strange or unusual. Our noble silence, while it is constantly bringing to our notice the essential qualities of life does not fail to present to our solemn consideration a picture of the closing hour of our existence. The inevitableness of death is emphasized. So true it is as Longfellow puts it: "There is no flock, however watched and tended, But one dead lamb is there! There is no fire, however defended, But has one vacant chair." "The fact of death and the presence of death, therefore, ought not to be a perplexity to us insofar as we are unwilling to face the issue we prove ourselves indeed unworthy of our manhood. A recent writer has said that in our unwillingness to die we have not passed far beyond the attitude of peevish children who refuse to come in at nightfall after they have played outdoors all day. But to a man and a Mason, life with all its glamor and attractions holds no charm equal to the prize of honour and virtue. Death, then, is by no means the greatest calamity that can happen to a man. Indeed it can be very beautiful. There is an inevitable poetry about it of which no horror, however great, can wholly strip it, and whether we believe that the Almighty Creator by whatever means calls His creatures home by a specific act and at a stated time, or that death is wholly due to natural and sometimes preventable causes, of one thing we are quite sure, that whatever be the case there is never an occasion on which a soul passes from this subinary abode to the land beyond the skies, but God's loving hand is there to guide and His everlasting arms to enfold. The death of our District Grand Master appals us almost as much for its tragic character as for the loss we have sustained. And yet, tragic as it was, there was a beauty and dignity about its circumstances which characterized his whole life, and which helps to alleviate the keenness of the pain of separation. For him the nightfall of life came with the nightfall of that fatal Saturday. For him the evening came and the shadows lengthened and the busy world was hushed and the fever of life was over and his work was done. And from all the indications that can be gathered he emulated in those last moments of his life those virtues of fortitude, honour and brotherliness which are the most worthy attributes of character. By all who knew him, and especially those who were intimately connected with him in Masonic circles, such a demeanour in the face of trial and death is just what would be expected of him. No man who so fully exemplified as he did in life the great Masonic virtues would fall—could fail to carry them to the extremities of his endurance. Those who have had the honour of knowing him longer and more intimately than I, and who have been fraternally linked with him in this Order for many years, bear testimony to the jealousy with which he always guarded the integrity of the fair name of Masonry. As a Mason he always proved himself worthy of the badge he wore, while the full extent of his beneficence and charity, which are among the greatest of Masonic principles, are known only to himself and his Maker. Far from presuming any superiority of position or character over his brethren, there are even within one's own remembrance little incidents which show in him that innate humility which belongs to all men who are truly great. He was indeed "on the level," open-hearted, frank, sincere—his worst enemy, if such there could be, could say no word against him, but the whole world knew, while from even his best friends he hid those works of mercy and love which were the true exponents of his character. Yet as the District Grand Master of his jurisdiction, he realized the grave responsibility to which his brethren had called him, and it will ever be our pride that in life he showed that fidelity, and in death that fearlessness and self-forgetfulness and loyalty to ideals which made him a worthy representative of him whose chair he filled. He had learned how to die. In the hour of trial he failed not, for he feared dishonour more than he feared death. These are present this evening some who were intimate, personal friends of our late brother, who feel in deep measure the loss they have met in his passing. When we say "loss" in such a case we are really thinking of ourselves and using a worldly sentiment. The sense of personal, worldly loss is indeed keen, but in true friendship there is love, and that love beyond the world cannot be separated by it. Death cannot kill what never dies, and spirits which have loved and lived in the same Divine principle here on earth can never be divided. This is the comfort of friends, that though they may be said to die, yet their friendship and society are in the best sense ever present because immortal. And so our departed ones are not lost to us. "The righteous souls that take their flight Far from this world of pain; In God's eternal bosom blest, For ever shall remain. To minds unwise they seem to die, All joyful hope to cease; While they, secured by faith, repose In everlasting peace. So to the keeping of God we have, trusting, commended our brother and there we, trusting, leave him. And we with uncovered head Salute the sacred dead, Who went, and who returned not." May the Great Architect so guide us all through the intricate windings of life's journey, so teach us to apply ourselves to the duties of our station, so that the certainty of life of which this sad happening is meant to warn us, that we may altogether with our brother, be granted "a safe lodging, a holy rest and peace at the last. The District Grand Chaplain was followed by Wor. Bro. Dr. J. Alex Robinson, District Grand Registrar, E.C., who represented St. John's, Bro. J. A. Clift, K.C., the District Grand Master under the English Constitution, and who in fitting words tendered the sympathy of the Grand Master, and of the District Grand Lodge and the Primary Lodges, under his jurisdiction. Wor. Bro. Edgar, District Grand Secretary, E.C., submitted messages of sympathy from Wor. Bro. J. R. Bennett, Deputy D.G.M., E.C., and from Botwood Lodge. Wor. Bro. Cowan, Dist. Grand Sec'y, S.C., submitted messages from the Grand Master of Scotland, and D.G.M. Clift presented graceful tributes from Mr. C. J. Cahill, State Deputy, and Mr. G. J. Ellis, Past State Deputy of the Knights of Columbus, sent from Halifax, and from Mr. P. H. Jardine, on behalf of Terra Nova Council, No. 1452, Knights of Columbus. The hymn, "Be still my Soul," was sung, further responsive sentences said and the Grand Honours again given. Then came the closing hymn, "The Living Know," and closing Prayers read by the Grand Chaplain. The Service lasted only about an hour, but its impressiveness will long be remembered in the annals of Freemasonry.

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Read these Prices then come & Compare, Values are Truly Extraordinary.

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Wash Skirts.
White Gable, with large pocket and Pearl buttons.
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Made of good quality Linen, in Blue and Rose; round collar with belt and pocket.
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With White Roll Collar.
Special, Only \$1.49
- FOR MEN.**
Negligee Shirts.
Soft front and cuffs; all good patterns.
\$1.50 & \$2.20
- Soft Collars.**
Arrow Brand.
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- HOSIERY.**
Black Silk Hose Bargains.
Good quality; \$1.20 would not buy better.
Special Price, 75c.
- Mercerized Lisle Hose.**
White & Cordovan.
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Trimmed with Embroidery and Ribbon beading.
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- Jersey Knickers.**
Loose knee; Lace trimmed.
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Splendid line, Silk mixture; choice patterns.
45c.
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Big range of patterns. Value up to \$2.00 each
For 85c.
- Braces, Garters, Fine Socks, Etc.**

STEER Brothers.

Two Election Stories.

"What is your husband, madam?" inquired a political canvasser of the lady of the house. Came the tart reply: "When he is among Protectionists he's a Free Trader, and when he is among Free Traders he's a Protectionist, and when he's at home he's a blooming nuisance!"

That's one of the stories told in "The Lighter Side of Politics," by "The Under-Secretary." Here's another:—

A troublesome heckler put the following question to a candidate who had dined rather well:—

"Would you, if returned to Parliament, vote for the immediate, total, and unconditional repeal of the decaislog?"

"With all my heart," said the candidate.

He turned to his agent and asked what he had done to cause so much laughter.

"Done?" echoed his agent. "You've only promised to abolish the Ten Commandments!"

Hard—and Tough.

"It's hard," said the sentimental landlady at the dinner table, "to think that this poor little lamb should be destroyed in its youth just to cater to our appetites."

"Yes," replied the smart boarder, struggling with his portion. "It is tough."

If mailing a package to a foreign country, wrap in several wrappings and tie and address each separately. If outer wrappings come off there will be no danger of it not reaching its all at the rigside.

'Bout Went the Limit.

TENDLER MAKES GREAT FIGHT WITH LEONARD—60,000 PEOPLE PRESENT.

JERSEY CITY, N.J., July 27.—Ben Leonard, world's lightweight boxing champion, successfully defended his title against Lew Tendler, of Philadelphia, in a twelve-round, no-decision contest tonight, earning, in the opinion of a majority of sport writers, a narrow shade in a great struggle.

The challenger, a left-hander, furnished the champion the most interesting combat that he has had since he turned back Willie Ritchie some years ago. Tendler starting with great confidence and skill, carried the fight to the champion.

He pummeled Leonard with stiff lefts to the body and sharp rights to the head and jaw and brought blood to the champion's nose in the first round, landed a hard left to the champion's head, cutting his right eye. Tendler was warned for hitting in a clinch. When he sat down Leonard said the cut was caused by a butt.

It appeared in the first four rounds that Tendler was to have things all his own way. Tendler continued leading in the second and had the champion covering his face with both arms. Tendler landed hard rights and lefts to the head and then three more lefts to the jaw, and blood was trickling down Leonard's eyebrow.

In the third Tendler again was warned for hitting in a clinch. Leonard complained of Tendler's low hitting. Tendler replied with a left swing to the jaw. Tendler had the better of a body exchange and landed two rights to the jaw. He asked the champion to come in and fight. The champion landed short uppercuts. Tendler followed up with a cluster of sharp upper cuts to the body. Leonard spat blood. Leonard missed with his right and slipped to his knees and Tendler walked away. Leonard landed a hard right to the body and Tendler sunk his right in the champion's stomach. Benny took two left hooks to the jaw. Tendler was pounding his right to Leonard's jaw at the bell.

At this point the newspaper men agreed that Tendler was far in the lead.

Then Leonard, called "the sharp-shooter," steadied himself and began to find a mark. He carried the fifth, sixth and seventh rounds and looked himself. Again in the fifth he plunged heavily into Tendler's body, crossing his left to the jaw and hooking his right. Leonard outfought Tendler in a clinch and put three hard rights in Tendler's stomach.

In the sixth Leonard missed Tendler with a left and added a left and right to the jaw. Tendler rocked and began to run away and clinch. Tendler was again warned for hitting low. Tendler's lips were bleeding when the bell rang.

Leonard had the better of the seventh, and again accused Tendler of hitting low. Leonard's mouth bumped Tendler's shoulder and he lost a false tooth.

The eighth found Tendler on the aggressive again. After taking a hard right to the jaw and another under the heart, he fought Leonard at close quarters and swung a number of hard lefts to the jaw. Leonard's knees sagged and he clinched to save himself. The champion hung on and talked to Tendler angrily. Tendler ran the champion round the ring shouting to the referee that Leonard was holding. Tendler pounded his left to the body, and when the bell rang Tendler asked, "How's that?" "That was nice work," replied Leonard.

They kept up an animated conversation in the ninth, which was fairly even, though Tendler rocked the champion with a left to the chin, and Leonard danced away grinning. Leonard had the advantage in the 10th, with Tendler fighting back. Leonard sent two short uppercuts and rushed Tendler to the ropes. Tendler fought back and sent three left hooks to the jaw. Tendler backed away. Leonard jumped like a cat, smashing two rights to the jaw and sending the challenger to the ropes.

Leonard began his dancing tactics in the 11th. He landed two right hooks, a short right uppercut and a left to the jaw. Tendler sent a series of lefts to the head. Leonard landed a terrific short uppercut to the chin and brought blood from Tendler's mouth. Leonard feinted and sent a left to the jaw, leaving Tendler to a neutral corner. Leonard seemed to be growing stronger.

They fought hard all throughout the last round. Leonard sunk a right to the stomach. Tendler rushed in landing lefts to the jaw. He swung a hard left to the jaw and a right to the head. Leonard had the better of a vicious exchange at close quarters. Leonard landed short rights to the jaw, sent both hands to the body and rushed Tendler to the ropes. Leonard uppercut with rights and lefts. They were fighting hard at the gong.

Champion since 1917, when he defeated Freddy Walsh, Leonard walked out of the ring last night with the crown perched far back on his head. Had Tendler the stamina to hold the lead he gained in the early rounds he would have knocked it off. Under the law of New Jersey there was no official decision. The verdict is that of a majority of newspaper writers.