

personal charge of the matter, and he filed with the Grand Tribunal charges containing some twenty-five counts against the Lodge. The trial came up on November 15th. It was found that the Lodge had transgressed the law fourteen times by taking in men whose occupation was that of saloon-keeper. Witnesses (and the Grand Chancellor was one of them) testified that the applicants had given their occupations as "merchants;" that they were then admitted with the knowledge and consent of the Lodge for the purpose of increasing the membership and revenue, and that the Lodge knew it to be in violation of the Grand Statutes. The original applications of the parties were produced, and positive proof showed that false occupations had been given.

The Grand Tribunal found Acacia Lodge guilty of admitting saloon-keepers and bartenders as members of the Order, in violation of the laws of the Grand Statutes, and the Lodge was declared suspended for one year.

## TWO WOMEN'S TRIALS.

You have read of tiger hunts in India, fox hunts in merry England, deer hunts, bear hunts in the forests of Canada, but this is the tale of a house hunt in the Queen City in the year of our Lord 1899.

"I know just what I want," says the country woman as she puts on her hat before the mirror, "a nice house in a good locality at a moderate rent."

"There is quite a difference between wanting a thing and getting it," remarks the city woman, "you'll find this is the hardest day's work you've ever attempted."

"Not a bit of it," with the blissful hopefulness of ignorance. "I've got a whole dozen of ads. cut out of this morning's paper, and they all read beautifully. All we have to do is look around and make our choice, Elizabeth."

"Come and see for yourself," says the city woman with a pitying smile as she clasps her sables about her neck, and together they sally forth.

The day is a glorious one. The sunshine and the soft winds belong more to early autumn than to grey November. They conclude to inspect the one flat their list boasts of first of all.

"Wouldn't it be fun if we were to find what we want the very first thing," chirps the country woman. "I've never thought much of flats, but this reads well. Let me see, 'over a store, lighted, cheerful, convenient.' I have an idea this will suit."

The idea was soon dispelled. What they find is four cramped, murky rooms over a corner grocery. The stairway they have to climb to reach these is so dark and crooked that all the wonder is they do not break their necks. Suddenly the country woman breaks into a chuckle. "It makes me think," she explains to the astonished Elizabeth, "of what old Ben Lowes used to say in class meeting when I was a little girl: 'I'm a-climbing higher, I can't see myself go, but I know I'm climbing. Hallelujah!' Give me hold of your hand, Elizabeth."

A bustling dame shows them about the place, expatiating the while on its merits. "How are the rooms heated?" asks Elizabeth.

"With stoves, ma'am; there's no furnace in this house; it's an old, old place," comes the prompt and proud response.

"Surely there is another entrance?"

"There was, but it has been closed this two year. These nice old places——"

"Old enough," comments Elizabeth, "every identical room looks grey with age."

"There's no older in the neighborhood, ma'am," and she pauses as if challenging either or both to dispute the fact. "Plenty of folks like these nice old-fashioned places best."

The country woman's face has fallen. From below come the noise of children quarrelling and a mingled odor of soap-suds and boiled cabbage. And this was the flat spoken of so highly in that deceitful ad! "Let us go," she urges.

"I'll leave my pictures on the wall if you make up your mind to take the rooms," says the would-be landlady, in a burst of generosity, "and that's an offer you won't get every day."

Spring and Autumn, two simpering beauties, clad in flowers and very little else, an impossible pair of kittens, a crayon portrait of a fat lady and another of a grim old man, all these gaze down protestingly on the country woman. It makes her nervous, and, grasping Elizabeth's arm, she hurries away.

"The pretty house" over in Rosedale was the next place visited. This is all right, quite a pretty home indeed. The country woman's spirits go up, and she begins speculating on how many yards of carpet she will need for the hall, where such and such an article of furniture will look best, and various other matters. From garret to basement it is in good repair, the agent assures them, and—— Right here the city woman inquires what rent is asked, and when they hear the sum named they turn and walk away.

"Why don't you laugh?" asks Elizabeth as they wait for a car. "You told me your favorite minister said to laugh when things went against you. Laugh the more the harder they went."

"I don't think I'll laugh for a week," returns the other. She does, though.

When they leave the car they step into a corner grocery to ask for information regarding ways and means of reaching a certain avenue, and this scrap of conversation comes to them.

"Would you be after wanting some onions, Mrs. Hogan? We have some fine, fresh ones in. Help yourself out of the box there, and try the flavor and the strength of them." This from the shopkeeper to the bright-eyed little dame on whom he is waiting.

"No, thank you, Mr. Haggerty, I never ate fruit myself," is her courteous answer, whereat the country woman laughs and is herself again.

They go to the east, and they go to the west, to the north and to the south, and in each and every quarter they meet disappointment. The houses that are to their liking are too high, and the ones that are not too high are not to their liking—and there it is.

"It is just what I expected," says Elizabeth. "I've been through this before; everybody has who has gone house-hunting in Toronto or any other big, prosperous place."