

ed one. A hungry wolf was then let loose, but it made a tour of the earth in such a short space of time that the Evil One knew it was not large enough. He repeated the blowing process and the dispatch of wolves until one of them who had been started off when in the prime of life, returned old, haggard, and dying. The Evil One was then satisfied with his work, which he knew was a poor reproduction of the former world, and in his disgust assumed the form of a buffalo, and went off upon the boundless prairies, making for the vast fields of ice beyond them. The Indians draw a lesson from this tradition, and so can many Freemasons, especially those who seek to select Grand Lodge officers for us, and those who are so intensely willing to be selected. Moral—Don't be a muskrat, a beaver, a wolf, a puffer, or a buffalo.

---

#### ST. ANDREW'S AT HOME.

The "At Home" given on the evening of the 25th ult., in the Toronto Street Masonic Hall, under the auspices of St. Andrew's Lodge, No. 16, was a most enjoyable affair. The gathering was a goodly one as far as numbers are concerned, and a gay one in point of enjoyment, as the aim of all present was evidently to make the evening a memorable event.

The entertainment commenced with a musical and literary programme, in which Mrs. Capt. Thompson, Bro. F. Warrington, Messrs. T. Hurst, Simpson and S. H. Clark took part. Mrs. Thompson sang in that effective style which can only be achieved by those who possess such a sweet voice as she has. Mr. Hurst's comic songs were laughable, while Mr. Simpson's display of ventriloquism caused great merriment. Prof. Clark's recitations were so well received that he had an opportunity in an encore of displaying his

versatility. The adventures of Mrs. Bird in a Masonic Lodge, as related by Prof. C., let a little daylight—as the ladies thought—into the mysteries connected with the initiation of a candidate. Bro. F. Warrington's songs were warmly applauded, one brother being so reckless in hand-clapping as to dislocate the fingers of a pair of gloves. Bro. Warrington enjoys a joke, and he perpetrated an excellent one on the audience, as he palmed off part of the Shriners' Ritual as a selection from Rossini. As he rolled out in majestic tones, "Fi-ga-ro! Fi-ga-ro!" the Shriners looked around hurriedly for their camels, evidently enjoying the summons to hie themselves off to the deserts. But they didn't go; they waited for supper and the dance. W. Bro. James Glanville, W.M., officiated as chairman for this part of the programme, and he failed to commit the blunder so common to chairmen, of making a lengthy introductory speech.

The Committee who had the dancing arrangements in charge took control of the floor at the conclusion of the literary and musical portion, and the Hall soon presented a most animated scene. Handsome toilets and laughing ladies, gorgeous regalias and good looking brethren, flitted here and there, keeping time to the excellent music. Between the dances the supper room was quite an attraction, where Harry Webb supplied in his usual manner.

Among those present were R. W. Bro. Col. Wayling, D.D.G.M., who thoroughly enjoyed himself; R. W. Bro. John A. Wills, Grand Senior Warden, whose pleasant face shone more radiantly than usual; R. W. Bro. E. T. Malone, P.D.D.G.M., who demonstrated that he can dance with as much grace and ease as he can discourse on topics Masonic; R. W. Bro. W. C. Wilkinson, who derived more pleasure from a cigar in the dressing room than watching the gay and giddy dancers; R. W. Bro. Thomas Sargent, who didn't dance nor smoke, but who regaled little knots of brethren with reminiscences; V. W. Bro. W. J.