

James Miller, 90°, Cond.; M. P. Rutkay, 90°, Treas.; S. J. Dixon, 90°, Archivist; J. S. Fraser, 90°, Capt. of Guard; L. C. Corbett, 95°, G. of T.; M. J. Matthews, 90°, Organist; L. S. Robinson, 95°, (P. M. W.), Sentinel. It was decided to at once "uniform," and thus compete with "1,000 Island" of Brockville. Bro. Burrirt, the M. W., is one of the best ritualists and workers in the Ottawa valley, so a sound chapter is sure to find support in that section.

On Saturday, 8th November, there died at Whitby, Ont., John Pringle, Sr., aged 98 years and two months. The deceased was one of the oldest citizens. Born in Earlstone, near Edinburgh, in 1786, he came to Canada in 1833, becoming a resident of Cobourg for about two years, and in 1836 located in Whitby. Here he engaged in farming operations. He had lived in Canada 50 years, and 48 of this period in Whitby. He was the father of ten children, eight of whom are still living. He had the rare privilege of claiming, not only that he was a great-grandfather, but that he was a great-great-grandfather—being at the time of his death able to see ahead of him four generations of Pringles. He could also take rank as one of the oldest living Masons, having connected himself with St. Andrew's Lodge in Edinburgh in 1808, and in 1853 affiliated with Composite Lodge, Whitby—making him 76 years a Mason.

### HUMORISMS.

A sigh for nothing—a cipher.  
 An ice thing—A refrigerator.  
 A last resort—the cobbler's shop.  
 An aching void—A hollow tooth.  
 A light business—Making matches.  
 Bass drums are always bald headed.  
 Tickle a dude and you'll make a fool grin.  
 An open question—who will shut the door?  
 The donkey never suffers from softening of the brayin'.  
 "Lucifer" is the name of a Kansas paper.  
 Who dares make light of it?

In some parts of Kentucky, water is used for drinking purposes.

The telephone has a great many connections, but no blood relations.

Don't ask the grocer for a pound of sweetened sand. It scares him.

The "palmy" days evidently refer to childhood.

The "sere and yellow leaf" is not the hay-day of life.

The plumber may not be a musician but often he plays on the pipes.

Motto of the housekeeper who buys at market—"Measures, not men."

Sewer pipes are sometimes laid, but we never heard of any being hatched.

When is a chair like a lady's dress? When it is sat in.

A milkman is justified in making the assertion that he is "pump-kins."

"One glass sometimes makes a tumbler," remarked the chap who found that a single drink of applejack twisted his legs in a bow knot.

"Neuralgia" is the name borne by a charming girl of Iowa. Her mother found it on a medicine bottle, and was captivated by its sweetness.

A correspondent writes: "I am desirous of getting married. How can I avoid having my wife's mother live with us?" Marry the daughter of a widower, dear friend.

It was a Boston girl in spectacles who, when asked if she did any fancy work, said she wrote poetry sometimes.

It is hardly probable that there are any telephones in heaven. And yet every angel will be recognizable by his halo.

The evil things that men do live after them. Even when an amateur cornetist dies, he leaves the fatal instrument behind.

"No, sir," said the practical man, "no bric-a-brac on the mantle for me! It's a nuisance. Where's a man to put his feet?"

"What a very marked bow you made to the man who has just passed us." "Yes, he's my tailor." "Do you owe him so much respect on that account?" "No, but I owe him so much money."

A Chicago lady once applied to a learned judge for a divorce. "What is the name of the husband?" inquired the judge. "I have no husband yet, but inasmuch as I contemplate matrimony, I feel that I should be prepared for the worst."

It is a law question. It may be settled thus, and we think the point will be clear without further explanation. If one monkey pulls away by force a pair of tweezers from another monkey, it is, in the eyes of the law, a monkey-wrench.