

John Corbett, Chaplain; James D McCosh, Treas., Wm Quigley, Jr., Sec'y; Henry O'Neil, S D; George Hodgins, J D; Thos Stewart, D of C; William Quigley, I G. Stephen Keyes, Tyler.

London, Ontario; St. John's Lodge, No. 20.

W Bros Wm McBride, W M; M D Dawson, P M; Bros Robert Wallace, S W; Jas Lindry, J W; Geo Moorehead, Chaplain; John Smart, Treas; J H Bell, Sec'y. Wm. Kollmyer, S D; Richard Luxton, J D; H L Kifner, D of C; John Wright, I G; James Heron, Tyler.

Kilwinning Lodge, No. 64.

W Bro Wm Carey, W M; Bros H A Baxter, S W; Campbell, J W; A Anthony, Chaplain; W Bro T F Mc Mulle, Sec'y; V W Bro. R. Lewis, Treas; Bros J Overall, S D; John Ferguson, J D; W W Fitzgerald, D of C; J Morrison, I G; J Heron, Tyler.

In the evening a grand masonic ball was held in the City Hall, under the auspices of the Tuscan Lodge, assisted by brethren belonging to other Lodges in the city. It was one of the most brilliant affairs that ever came off in London, and great praise is due to the committee, Bros. H Waterman, Captain Vidal, J. Marshall, H. F. McDonald, I. Waterman, W. S. Smith, S. Macbeth. C. F. Goodhue, G. S. Birrel, T Beattie, and Chas. Richardson.

The following, referring to the Ball is taken from the London *Free Press* :—

THE CHARGE OF THE BRIGHT BRIGADE.

—:O:—
APROPOS OF THE MASONIC BALL.
—:O:—

Round the room, round the room,
Round the room, onward,
Like a tee-totum
Revolved the one hundred.

Like a tee-totum
Revolved the one hundred,
For all were in order,
And no one had blundered.
"Onward the bright brigade!
All around!" * * said;
So round and round the room
Spun the one hundred.

Round then the bright brigade,
No one the least dismayed—
None—for the ladies knew
They never blundered;
Not theirs to make reply,
Not theirs to seem too shy,
Theirs but fast round to fly,
So round and round the room
Whirled the one hundred.

Mirrors to right of them,
Mirrors to the left of them.
Mirrors in front of them,
Flowers unnumbered:
Lovely, in rich array,
With eyes as as bright as day,
Partners as gay as they,

Into that fair melee
Rushed the one hundred.

Rose all their arms so bare,
Flew all their skirts in air,
Sweeping those sitting there,
Whirling and spinning while
Lookers on wondered:
Trod on and pushed along,
Some looking quite forlorn,
Some of their drapery shorn,
Till they had reached their chairs,
Spun the one hundred.

Gaslights to right of them,
Gaslights to left of them,
Gaslights above them,
By glass pendants sundered.
Laughing and blushing so,
At seats all rushing so,
Heated and out of breath.
And from that figure there,
Now all have reached a chair,
All that are really left,
Of that one hundred.

When will the next begin?
O that enchanting spin!
How can they labor so.
Is that true pleasure, O
Lovely one hundred.

—:O:—

Lancaster, Ontario, Lancaster Lodge, No. 207.

W Bro John W McEdward, W M; Alexander B McGroggor, P M; Alexander B McLendon, S W. W Nicholson, J W; Alex G McBain, Treasurer; George G McBain, Secretary; John McLean, Chaplain; W Harper, S D; George Grant, J D; Charles