

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE 643, E. R.

List of Officers installed St John's Day, 1860

- W Bro. George Nunn,..... W. M.
- V. W. " Calvin Palmer Ladd,.... P. M.
- " Wm. George Slack,.... S. W.
- " Jos. Magloire Desjardins, J. W.
- " John Harold,..... Treas.
- " John Rowan Spong,.... Secy.
- " Ambrose Case Weeks,.... S. D.
- " Telesphore Chagnon,.... J. D.
- " William Buckham,.... I. G.
- " Wilson Black Allan,.... Tyler.

ST. LAWRENCE LODGE, No. 923, E. R.

List of Officers.

- W. Bro. Romeo H. Stephens.... W. M.
- R. " " James Graham,..... P. M.
- " " Thomas Milton,..... S. W.
- " " Edward P. Hannaford,.... J. W.
- " " John Allan,..... Treasurer.
- " " John Macpherson,..... Secretary.
- " " William E. Ross,..... S. D.
- " " William McGill,..... J. D.
- " " William Easton,..... D. C.
- " " Alexander McDonald,.... I. G.
- " " Wilson B. Allan,..... Tyler.

ELGIN LODGE, 348, R. S.

List of Officers.

- R. W. Bro. James Smith,..... R. W. M.
- " " James Doran,..... R. W. P. M.
- " " John N. Jones,..... W. D. M.
- " " Fred. C. Eastwood,.... W. S. M.
- " " Thos. Yeoman,..... W. S. W.
- " " Jabez C. Furnival,.... W. J. W.
- " " George Sanderson,.... Treasurer.
- " " Henry Rose,..... Secretary.
- " " William Hall,..... Asst. Sec'y.
- " " Cornelius Judge,..... S. D.
- " " T. R. Whitehead,.... J. D.
- " " Chaplain.
- " " Geo. Batty,..... G. S.
- " " J. D. Doughty,..... Asst. G. S.
- " " Stewart E. Martin,.... do
- " " John Macnab,..... Inner Guard.
- " " W. B. Allan,..... Tyler.
- " " Thomas O'Brien,.... Asst. Tyler.

A MASON NOT ON THE SQUARE

During last week a respectable looking, cute Yankee, whose thin, grey hairs, proclaimed him advanced in years, was in town, actively engaged in soliciting alms from the Masonic Brethren. The man is about middle size, intelligent, possessed of uncommon assurance, and tells a plausible story. He put up at the St. Lawrence Hall first, where he registered his name N. M. Tully, Pa. While there he drank a good deal of liquor, and then shifted to Compaïn's. There he called himself D. W. Knapp, and the certificate he presented to the Brethren bore this signature, and was dated with the word "Virginia," although in the hotel book he wrote "Penn." The Masons suspecting from his signing his name as "N. M. Tully," and again as "Knapp," and from other circumstances that the old gentleman was not up to the level, told him they would write to his lodge for particulars, and if these proved satisfactory would render him assistance. Finding all was up he went to the hotel for his parcel and left for "foreign parts," forgetting to pay his bills. We have no doubt he will turn up shortly in some benevolent place. He only got \$4 in the city.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

GE-LANG! GIT UP!

The drops of rain were falling fast,
When up through Camp street quickly passed
An omnibus, whose driver sung,
In accents of the Celtic tongue,
Ge-lang! git up!

His mules were lank, his whip was long;
He touched them with the biting thong;
And as they switched their threadbare tails,
This sound the listening ear assails,
Ge-lang! git up!

Along the street, on every side,
Were damp ones waiting for a ride;
They called, they yelled, they raised a fuss,
But cried the driver of the bus,
Ge-lang! git up!

"Hold on! hold on!" an old man said,
And waved his hand above his head;
Crack went the whip and all could hear
A sharp sound echoing on the ear—
Ge-lang! git up!

"Stop, driver, stop!" a maiden called,
"Stop, stop!" a dozen voices bawled.
The driver looked on neither side,
But still in clarion voice replied,
Ge-lang! git up!

For up the street a sound was heard,
And through the distance came a word
That fell on many a waiting soul
Like Hope's lugubrious funeral toll—
Ge-lang! git up!

That night the driver went to bed;
All through his troubled sleep he said
The same strange words which he had flung
All day from his Jehuic tongue—
Ge-lang! git up!

MASONIC.

An interesting and imposing ceremony, adding a new link to the rapidly increasing influence and importance of the Grand Lodge of Canada, took place at Three Rivers, on Saturday last. A new Lodge, denominated "Shawwenegan Lodge," having been organized under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Canada, Right W. Bro. Richard Pope, D. D. G. M. for Quebec and Three Rivers, accompanied by R. W. Bros. Denis Gale, G. S. W., Angus McKay, P. G. S., and other officers and brethren of Harrington Lodge, of this city, repaired to Three Rivers, according to appointment, to consecrate and constitute the new Lodge, and install its officers. The brethren at Three Rivers had previously made arrangements to render the short stay of the installing officers and visiting brethren, some of whom were from the United States, as agreeable as possible. In addition to other sources of amusement, they had, through the courtesy of Bro. Starnies, the contractor, improvised a short excursion on the new railroad now in course of construction to Arthabaska, about 13 miles of which are already nearly completed. The day being clear and fine, the brethren started off, and were rapidly conveyed, by special train, over this well-built and excellently constructed portion of the road, and had thus the pleasure of being the first to pass over this new feeder of the Grand Trunk.

At half-past seven in the evening, after the imposing ceremony of consecration and installation had been performed, the visiting brethren were entertained at dinner, served in splendid style in the large drawing-room in Bro. Farmer's hotel. Between thirty and forty brethren sat down, and after the excellent things in this life, which for variety and delicacy reminded the Quebec brethren of similar entertainments at Bro. Russell's, had been disposed of and the usual toasts had been given, a number of Masonic toasts followed, pleasingly interspersed by a few excellently sung

songs, with accompaniments on the piano—there being a good large piano in the room. In this agreeable manner, the social pleasures of the evening were continued till the near approach of midnight, until the shriek of a whistle announced the arrival of the steambot which was to convey the Quebec brethren to their home, when the party broke up with a universal shaking of hands, and wishes for prosperity and success, which gave unequivocal evidence of the prevalence of the true Masonic sentiment and feeling of brotherly love—"Happy to meet, sorry to part, and happy to meet again.—*Quebec Chronicle.*

ITEMS.

A miller at Darby, who lately quitted his trade to keep a public house, sent for a painter to paint the sign of the mill. "I must have the miller looking out of the window." It shall be done says the painter. "But as I was never seen to be idle, you must make him pop in his head if any one looks at him." This the artist also promised, and brought home the sign. "It is well done, but where is the miller?" O! says the painter, he popped his head in when you looked.

WELLINGTON AS AN ART CRITIC.—When I had sketched his figure I asked him to look at it. He said, you have made my head too large, and this is what all the painters have done for me when I have sat. Painters are not aware how small a part of the human figure the head is. Titian was the only painter who understood this, and by making his heads small he did wonders.—*Leslie.*

INTERESTING SEARCH.—A most interesting search is about to take place that will draw all lovers of inventions to the tombs of the Beaufort family. It seems that the first Earl of Worcester, of the day of Henry the Eighth, invented an engine, the original model of which has never, up to this time, been discovered. Through the deepest researches, Mr. Woodcroft obtained undeniable proof that the Earl of Worcester desired in his will that this model should be interred with him in his coffin. Therefore, Mr. Woodcroft's next step was to obtain permission to have the coffin opened, but before that could be done the whereabouts had to be discovered, and no one knew anything about it. It was not till the other day that, coming across an old manuscript, he found an allusion made to the coffin of Charles Somerset, the Earl of Worcester, and that it was buried in a vault which had fallen in, and, as the writer observed, was never likely to be beheld by mortal eyes again. This manuscript is upwards of 150 years old, therefore it may be imagined that to find the spot where the Earl is buried was difficult enough; that, however, has been accomplished, and Mr. Woodcroft having obtained the Duke of Beaufort's permission to open the coffin, is only waiting for the necessary permission of the Bishop to do so. The Duchess has signified her desire to be present.—*Court Journal.*

COST OF ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS.—The London daily newspapers cost more than double the price paid for the best daily journals in the United States. The London Daily News \$17.50 a year, the Advertiser \$19.50, the Chronicle \$19.50, the Post \$22.50, the Times \$25. The London Times is furnished by London agents on the second day after its publication, at the rate of \$19.50.