

of Masonry is to promote peace and Brotherhood.

Masonry should mean something, Masons should regard one another as brothers—members of the same household, bound together by the most sacred ties. The obligation that we voluntarily assume should never be violated.

A "Freemason" meant originally a Mason free from the Craft—not bound any longer—free to make a contract and to undertake work.

There is nothing in the world that has the power to create between men living in different countries, speaking different tongues, and never seeing the faces nor hearing the voices of each other, an affection so warm and constant as that of Mason for Mason. Also Freemasonry not only brings together, as nothing else in the world can, men who without it would never have known each other, but it creates mutual liking and esteem where without it one man, on account of politics or religious differences, would have lived in the firm belief that the other was not fit to be either liked or esteemed.—*Albert Pike.*

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

The following subscriptions have been received since our last issue, and we shall be obliged if our brethren will favor us with notice of any omissions that may occur :

Wm. Percival, \$10.00; Thistle Lodge, \$1; F. Upton, \$1.00; Hugh Ross, \$1.00; Wm. Beverley Stephens, \$1.00; H. N. Rich, \$1; James J. Church, \$1.00; Chas. C. Vogt, \$3; J. R. Croft, \$1.00; W. C. Dobie, \$4.50; San Juan Lodge, \$1.00.

PLEASANTRIES.

"In the last Church fair did the ladies take part?" Mr. Slimputse: "No; they took all."

Extract from a school-boy's composition: "It was a forest where the hand of man had never left its footprints."

"Talk of man!" exclaimed the female emancipator, "what has man ever done for woman?" "Furnished a model to her to imitate," said a voice in the rear of the hall, and then an awful quiet reigned.

She: "I wonder what makes the Mediterranean look so blue?" He: "You'd look blue if you had to wash the shores of Italy!"

Fashionable Doctor: "My dear young lady, you are drinking unfiltered water, which swarms with animal organisms. You should have it boiled: that will kill them." His Patient: "Well, doctor, I think I'd sooner be an aquarium than a cemetery."

A young carpenter, recently married, described the dear girl's dress as follows: "It has plain sides, with base around the bottom, crown moulding above, former window sashes running into the gable, with a scroll work of velvet around the neck."

Henry Ward Beecher was a great lover of a fine horse. A good story is told that once, when about to take a ride behind a horse, Mr. Beecher regarded the horse admiringly, and remarked: "That is a fine-looking animal. Is he as good as he looks?" The owner replied, "Mr. Beecher, that horse will work in any place you put him, and do all that any horse can do." The preacher then humorously remarked, "I wish to goodness that he was a member of our church!"

A Western gentleman, whose business had brought him to New York, took a run over into Connecticut to see the neighbourhood—in Windham County—where his father and mother had lived in their childhood. In his ancestral town, as the *Hartford Times* tells the story, he accosted a venerable rustic of seventy-five or eighty years, who proved to be just the person to answer the visitor's many inquiries. As the conversation proceeded, the Western man said, "And I suppose you have always lived around here?" "Oh no;" answered, the native, "I was born two miles from here."

Teacher: "What can you say of the position of women during the Middle ages?" Precocious boy: "Nothing, ma'am. There ain't any woman of the middle ages."

"My birthday is April Fool's Day," said Jack. "but I don't care. That don't make me a fool, any more than being born on the Fourth of July would make a fire-cracker of me."

"You don't mean to say the cashier has gone?" "Yes," replied the bank official. "Dear me! He had such a pleasing appearance." "Yes, and such a displeasing disappearance."

"I see observed Mr. Chugwater, looking over his morning paper. "they're making another effort to put a tax on batchelors." "Is that the single tax I've heard so much about?" inquired Mrs. Chugwater.

Fogg says he received a letter the other day, and he had a strong presentment that he would find a ten-dollar bill in it. When he opened it, he found a bill for ten dollars, which, he says, though not exactly the same thing, shows that his impression was not altogether astray.