

And then a Brother hinted at the first of the year,
 And proposed as was our usual, to have a grand Soiree.
 Then Clime, Bradshaw, Banbury, Bounsall and Yellowlees
 With McTavish, Porter, Windatt to be a Committee,
 With power for to add all those, that would their duty do,
 In seeing the arrangements carried safely through.
 The business being over we cast off cold dull care,
 When Bro. H. O'Hara was called to fill the Chair.
 For be it known to absentees, there ne'er was such an affray,
 As that we had upon the night of our Anniversary day.
 For 16 years we've stood the storm and battled for the right,
 We have not shunned to meet the foe in the thickest of the fight.
 Our flag reminds of bloody fields, of noble victories won.
 And though we sometimes baffled been, we mean still to press on;
 Press on untill the Demons' power, is buried in the deep,
 When loving Mothers need not over drunken husbands weep.
 The oldest member we have got, for proud are we to know,
 That Bro. Windatt did belong, some 16 years ago.
 And ever since has sought to win the drunkard from his way;
 And still stands faithful as his wont, on our Anniversary day.
 He told us of the ups and downs, and trials we had gone through,
 And at the close expressed a wish that we might still prove true.
 And the cordial cheers that greeted this in language plainly told,
 That hearts and hands alike were bent on the death of Alcohol.
 Then Bro. Fairbairn made a speech which was a grand oration,
 And Bro. Forbes followed next, and gave a Recitation;
 A song was sung by Wm. James, so high he scarce could reach,
 And then a man threw off his coat to make us his first speech.
 The P. W. P. with reverent air, did give a Recitation.

And Bro. White, a youth from Star, followed with an oration.
 The Temperance Choir made an attempt to sing a Temperance Glee,
 And Bachelor Bob he read a tale concerning rats and cheese,
 Then came a speech from Bro. Bigham, somewhere near Tyrone,
 The curse of black intemperance, the Brother dwelt upon.
 From the Oshawa Temperance army a delegate was sent,
 Unlike the song John Anderson, his brow it was not Brent,
 But the smiles that played on our fair sisters lips, for he looked so young and gay,
 Made us suspect some love was lost on our Anniversary day.
 But now a little Printer boy, O keep us from all evil,
 We wot not if a relative of the Race known as the Printer's only Devil;
 Whether or not he did first rate, his praises we'll resound.
 And Wm. James and company sung, upon the "Old camp ground."
 Then Bro. Bounsall brightest star in all our organization,
 Did finish up the mental feast with an able Recitation.
 On motion, Section 3 of Article 11 we did waive;
 For well filled baskets were prepared by Sisters bold and brave,
 From hatching Hens to scalded cream, with cakes in great variety.
 We had no turnip sauce 'tis true, but a good old English pastry;
 With apples for desert alack! who are the folks I pray,
 That would not wish again to have an Anniversary day.
 The tables cleared and all put right, the programme being through,
 We found we had a clear receipt, of a dollar sixty two.

THOMAS YELLOWLEES,
 Recording Scribe.

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS, I. O. G. T.

Rev. Jno McLean, London	Chief
Bro. P. W. Day, Collinsbay	Councillor
Sister M. A. Heather, Peterboro	Vice
J. W. Ferguson, Hamilton	Secretary
S. Morrill, London	Treasurer
J. McNeil, Guelph	Marshal
Sister Ruttan, Collinsbay	Dep Marshal
Sister Perry, Napanee	Inner Guard
Bro. Tuttle, Iroquois	Outer Guard

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human lungs, and throats, and mouths, and mixed its subtle poison with every drop of vital blood in Whiskers' Rents; it nestled amidst the heaps of bones and cast off garments, the uncurd rabbit skins and cat-skins, in Solomon Stevens' multifarious stores; and it gained strength every day and every hour from the fumes of that flunting gin-palace, whose owner, enriched by the folly and guilt of his neighbours, and having regard to his own safety, lived miles away in his own country cottage, (a cottage *ornce*.) and drank only pure water. Yes, doubt not that the fever was there in hiding; it has slain its thousands, and us tens of thousands, since then, in Whiskers' Rents, with periodical regularity; and when churchyards and graveyards swell and fatten with their fever-slain victims, the alarm is taken, and everybody says that 'something must be done.' But when the foul pestilence has run its course, the alarm subsides, and the thing that must be done, and should be done, is left undone.

But there was no fever at Whiskers' Rents, visible and palpable, at the time of this my visit: it was winter; and fever, like my old acquaintances, the travelling tinkers, tramping beggars, rag collectors, wandering minstrels, Punch and Judy showmen, and so forth,—kept snug and close in its winter quarters, ready for next summer's work; but held in pre-ent check by frost and snow and bitter north-east winds.

Such a wind, in spite of coat and wrapper, caused my teeth to chatter as I turned in and out, and treaded my way through a labyrinth of lanes alleys, and courts, until I arrived at the stronghold itself, of which I have been writing. It was evident that the appearance of well-dressed humanity in Whiskers' Rents caused some stir among its inhabitants. Children ran into the houses to tell their mothers—I overheard them—that 'a gentl'man was coming'; and slatternly, sluttish women peeped at me furtively, through dirt-grimed and paper-plastered windows, as I passed; while men in black hats, and with blackened pipes in their mouths leered at one another as they staggered by, and muttered words only half-audible, but amounting to a discontented and surly inquiry as to what a "gentry cove should be wanting in that ken?"

Undeterred, however, by these symptoms of suspicion—which I well understood—I took my way to the old lodging house I have elsewhere described. Old Whiskers, as my readers may remember, had been carried off by the