

So it will be with a lodge which possesses an unskilful, impulsive, arbitrary and insolent master, he will wreck everything he comes in contact with until he is hurled from his place and a more experienced hand placed in authority.

Therefore my brethren if you commit faults and make mistakes, let them be of the head only and not of the heart, let them be such that your brethren can see your honest intentions at all events, and above all don't wrap yourself up in your dignity and brief authority and refuse to correct same and make amends. Such corrections and acknowledgements will come with good grace from you, and you will not be considered as in way compromising dignity or honour, but will bind your brethren still closer round you. On this subject of committing faults, I think Dean Swift's advice was wholesome and to the point.

The Dean had a shoulder of mutton brought up for his dinner too much done: he sent for the cook, and told her to take the mutton down and do it less. Please, your honour, I can't do it less. But says the Dean, if it had not been done enough, you could easily have done it more, could you not? Oh yes, very easily. Why then, says the Dean, for the future when you commit a fault let it be such a one as can be mended.

I would also like to see the Master, as I have already stated, firm and impartial in his rulings and conduct. Keep in the straight undeviating line of honesty, rectitude and fair play. Do not set your sails for every passing breeze, treat all alike whether right worshipful or plain brethren, treat all with courtesy and justice. Let the brother on the side bench exercise his right and privilege of freedom of thought and speech as well as those brethren in the east. If his conduct should not prove satisfactory to some, you, at all events, will have the respect of the majority and the satisfaction of knowing that you have done your duty without truckling or seeking to please

everyone and in the end giving satisfaction to done. Such conduct may do for politicians, but it will never be respected in a Masonic lodge. Whenever I see a man a straddle-the-fence as the term goes, it always reminds me of the advertising story of Spalding's glue. The agent of this commodity was standing on a crowded platform at a railway station, when the pet dog of a lady strayed on the railway track in front of the approaching train, the people whistled, shouted and hurled missiles at the dog but all in vain, he stood terror-stricken and unable to move, when much to their horror the engine ran over him and cut him in two. Here was the opportunity our agent was waiting for, he rushed out of the crowd, picked up the two sections of the dog, took a bottle of Spalding's glue out of his pocket and after applying it to the dismembered parts, stuck them together. He was about to exhibit his skill to the crowd, when to his mortification he found that while the hind legs of the dog were turned down the fore legs were up in the air. In his hurry he had not preserved the form in which nature had originally built the dog, and hence his mortification and disappointment as the glue had hardened and the dog could not be broken apart again for resetting, but on putting the freak on the ground he found that the dog could run along on his hind legs, and when he got tired he flopped over and ran for a while on the front legs. A peculiar accomplishment possessed by some men, and known by the name of "Flopping." I don't care for such companions nor have you any confidence in them.

Another matter which must not be forgotten by the Master is the fact that he has control over the members not only in the Lodge but at the refreshment table and that he cannot lay aside his Master's regalia with all its responsibilities in the lodge room and take his place at the head of a refreshment table as a private citizen, insist on the observance of the same good order, allow no unseemly conduct and guard