

"the other side" from you as rascals. It is unmasonic to act upon your judgment as the only rule and gauge of right, and to regard the opinion of every other brother as unworthy of any consideration. Masonry teaches a brotherhood, not an autocratic czarship. Every brother in the Fraternity is entitled to respect and to consideration, and a haughty, czar-like spirit marks the possessor of it as unworthy to be taken by the hand as brother.

We need men with brains, broad enough to comprehend what brotherhood means, and with a spirit within them that will lead them to practice the lessons they have been taught. When the spirit of true fraternity is found in those who are leaders, when they are willing to regard all men as worthy of consideration, because they bear the same stamp of the Creator as themselves, when a spirit of forbearance and forgiveness is manifested, then will it be found that Masonry is useful.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

An institution which claims to be so careful of its membership as to require them to have the prerequisites of the highest Masonic degrees in either the York or Scottish Rite should set up for its creed that no man should commit acts as a shiner which he would not dare to do in his capacity as a Knight Templar, or a Thirty-two-Degree Mason. This is my platform, and I believe it to be the only one upon which either you or I can safely stand.—*Imperial Potentate W. B. Melish.*

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:

E. B. Butterworth, \$1.00; W. B. McArthur, \$1.00; S. Sims, \$1.00; W. Mills, \$1.00; John Walsh, \$1.00; W. G. Hardman, \$2.00; Geo. May, \$2.00; E. S. Steacy, \$1.00; K. M. McAskill, \$1.00; J. W. B. Kelly, \$2.00; R. H. Myers, M. P. P., \$1.00; J. R. Fitzgerald, \$1; John Robertson, D. D. S., \$1.00; S. L. Morrison, \$2.50; Arthur McGinnis, \$1.50; Thistle

Lodge, \$1.00; Charles Ellis, \$1; J. M. Munro, \$1.00; A. Kilpatrick, \$1.00.

PLEASANTRIES.

"In the midst of a desert a candidate sat,
Saying, Saladin! Saladin! Saladin!
And I said to him, 'Sir, where are you at?'
Saying, Saladin! Saladin! Saladin!
'I'm blest if I know, Sir,' replying he said,
"But I'd rather be here than home in my bed;"

And he grinned and he smiled as he shook his long head,

Saying, Saladin! Saladin! Saladin!

In the History Class.—"Who was Washington's father, Jack?" asked the teacher. "The Grandfather of his Country," replied Jack.

Mr. D.: "If you'll get my coat done by Saturday, I shall be forever indebted to you." "If that's the case, it won't be done," replied the tailor.

Johnnie (with his history book): "Papa, what was the Appian Way?" Papa: "I suppose it was a way Appian had, though I don't know much about him personally."

Gableigh: "Do you believe in the power of the human eye with a wild beast?" Professor: "Yes, the power of the eye is very useful,—to see the wild beast coming."

"You don't give your little boy anything to eat, do you?" said a man facetiously to an English laborer whose roly-poly five-year-old was playing beside him. "No," was the reply: "he heats h'air."

"I'm going to call my baby Charles," said the author, "after Lamb, because he is such a dear little lamb." "Oh, I'd call him William Dean," said the friend: "he Howells so much."

As Willie, aged four, was riding one day with his uncle, they passed one of our noted institutions of learning. "Do you know what that is, Will?" asked his uncle. "Oh yes!" replied Will: "that's *Stuff's College*. That's where they have the stuffed el'phant an' things. That's the reason they call it *Stuff's College*."

A young Scotchman was once halting betwixt two loves,—one possessed of beauty, and the other of a cow. In despair of arriving at a decision, he applied for advice to a canny compatriot, who delivered himself thus: "Marry the lass that has the coo, for there's no the deefereence o' the coo's value in any twa weemin in Christendom."

Stewart's mother was making sandwiches of devilled ham. The little fellow came along, and, seeing the can with the picture of the imp on it, regarded it earnestly awhile, and then said, "Mamma, what is that stuff?" "This? Oh, this is devilled ham." He looked seriously at the mixture, and in an awed voice inquired, "Why mother, have they killed him?"