

Masonry's best friends are the Craftsmen who believe its sublime ethics are divine and who continually exemplify and uphold its great tenets, its distinguishing virtues, its landmarks, its temple idea of spiritual work, and its dogma: "The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man." They are tried and true.

It is apparent that Masonry's worst enemies are within its portals. They are the literalists who scorn Masonic traditions, legends, and allegories as untrue and unworthy of symbolic use and who do their utmost to make Masonry a nonentity.

The most practical Masonic charity is to afford a brother Mason, if capable, an opportunity to gain a subsistence for himself and family. This form of charity strengthens the recipient's manhood, and costs the giver practically nothing.

Charity is one of the great principles of Masonry. To be a good Mason a man must be charitable.

No Mason should refuse to do the work assigned him by the Worshipful Master, if he is capable of doing it. There is no station or place about a Lodge-room that will lower any man or Mason's dignity to fill.

The spirit and teachings of Freemasonry make it not only the duty of every single Mason but also of the Lodges to occupy themselves with subjects of intellectual culture.

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. Anderson, \$1.00; R. H. Revell, \$7.00; R. Moncrieff, \$3.00; L. Slater, \$1.00; R. Percy Crookshank, M.D., \$2.00; Wm. LeMessurier, \$1.00; John Walls, \$1.00; Andw. Neill, \$2.50; Neil Mackelvie, \$1.00; Jas. Alexander, \$1.00; E. C. Fitzgerald, \$2.00; San Juan Lodge, \$4.00; P. G. Tessier, \$1.00; D. L. Carley, \$5.00; H. J. Cole, \$1.00; Geo. O. Tyler, \$1.00; R. A. Mackay, \$1.00; Dr. Thos. Thacker, \$2.00; John Hope, \$1.00; H. Welbanks, \$1.00;

PLEASANTRIES.

Customer: "Let me have a steak, rare."
Aesthetic waiter (calling): "One June day steak!"

A French Canadian editor has been sentenced to pay a fine of \$200 for calling a brother editor "a Methodist."

Mrs. S.: "What is the name of your cat?"
Mrs. W.: "Claude." Mrs. S.: "Why do you call it Claude?" Mrs. W.: "Because it scratched me."

Impecunious Lover: "Be mine, Amanda, and you will be treated like an angel."
Wealthy Maiden: "Yes, I suppose so, Nothing to eat and less to wear. No, I thank you."

"You ought to have apologized to the lady for stepping on her foot," said his mother, after the caller had gone. "I did," answered Willie. "I told her I was sorry she couldn't keep her feet out of my way."

Master (examining pupils in geography): "What is the name of this town?" Pupil: "Birmingham." Master: "What is it noted for?" Pupil: "Fire-arms." Master: "What are fire-arms?" Pupil: "Poker, shovel, and tongs."

"I think I ought to stay home from school to day," said Bobbie. "Why so, Bobbie?" asked his father. "You aren't ill, are you?" "No, poppy; but I dreamed I was in school answering questions all last night, and I think I've had enough for one day," said Bobbie.

Recently Nellie was told that birds that migrate are called migratory birds. A day or two later she saw a flock of wild geese going south, and ran to tell mamma in great excitement. "O mamma, look!" she cried. "See the my gracious birds going to the warm country!"

A lady gave her little niece, on her birthday, a beautifully mounted stuffed kitten. "But, aunty, I can't take it!" exclaimed the little girl. "Why not?" "Because I've got some little birds." "This cat won't catch your birds: it's a stuffed cat!" "But my birds are stuffed ones, too!"

"The Ostrich is a foolish bird," a gentleman was saying. "When it sees an enemy coming, it sticks its head into the sand instead of running away." "Oh, well," said his wife, "that's its nature." "I know it, but just the same it isn't logical," "Oh, yes, it is, my dear." "How do you make that out?" "It's ornithological."

"He's not what you would call strictly handsome," said the major, beaming through his glasses on a baby as he lay howling in his mother's arms; "but it's the kind of a face that grows on you." "It's not the kind of a face that grew on you," was the indignant and unexpected reply of the fond mother: "you'd be better looking if it had."