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A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.

SOYLE is the capital of one of the smallest counties in England; it is an assize town, and our funny man asserts, on every opportunity, that the persons who conferred that honour upon it were very bad judges of a size. The population, indeed, only consists of two thousands inhabitants, and I am one of them: as junior partner in the bank, open on ordinary occasions from eleven to three, and on market-days from ten to five, I may add, an important one of them. Our street is broad, our shop windows beautiful, the red bear which squats 'begging' (as if for custom) over the portico of our principal inn is of gigantic size, and, as a work of art, unique. Yet the passing stranger might think us dull. He would, however, be mistaken: the assizes are followed by a ball; the militia training is followed by a ball; the hunting season is closed by a ball; and there is an annual county ball. Four balls in the year! On these occasions, the *Red Bear*, on whose premises the assembly-rooms are situated, is full, overflowing into beds out; but generally strangers are scarce, unless you accept the bagmen, who make themselves at home everywhere, and are never really strangers—and the world's their shop, and all the men and women merely buyers. It was different in the days of coaches

(not so distant as you may imagine), for then travellers on their way to the picturesque country twenty miles farther on, would often sojourn with us for a night; pedestrian tourists almost invariably did so. Now they all pass us by in the railway trains without notice, unless some lover of architecture cries out: 'What a fine old church for such a pokey little place!'

Of course we have dinner and other private parties; but the only public entertainment provided for Soyle and his environs, besides the balls, is a billiard-room, also attached to the beneficent *Red Bear*. Here there is a pool every afternoon, from three till half-past five or thereabouts. In the evening the room is full of the bagmen and tradesmen of the place, so the gentry never enter it after dinner. This is no great disadvantage, for most of them live from two to five miles off. The doctor, indeed, has a house in the actual town, the vicar (who, however, does not indulge in pool) resides within a stone's-throw of the church, and I have to lodge at the bank; but we are exceptions.

I hope that no one will be shocked; I know that all games of billiards are looked upon with dread by many an anxious mother, and that more than one respectable gentleman, who would rather forego his dinner than allow

the balance at his banker's to sink below three figures, would frown at the idea of that banker making a habit of attending at a board of green cloth every afternoon. But, really, we are not fast. Colonel Rayner, if ever he had any wild-oats, had sown them long before his crop of white hairs came; Mr. Rice, chairman of the board of magistrates, never shews any desire, like Shakspeare's beadle, to do these things for which he punishes others; Captain Woodwall, R.N., has lost all bad naval habits, except an occasional hasty interjection, with his left leg; Mr. Long, of model-farm celebrity, is as innocent as one of his own fat bullocks; Dr. Keane is respected by all except the rabbits and frogs which come into his experimental hands, and if he has a secret penchant, it is merely for manslaughter; Mr. Ricketus indulges in punning, but this is his only vice. If you observe that it had need be, I do not contradict you. There are several others who occasionally drop into the billiard-room—men generally engaged in hunting, or shooting, or fishing, or who only reside in the neighbourhood for a portion of the year, and some of these may have reprehensible inclinations, but if so, they repress them, overawed by the virtue of the *habitués*. Of these latter, I am the youngest, and used till lately to pass, therefore, as the most frolicsome. Yet I was, and am, the slowest of the slow. The school at which I was educated was conducted on Pestalozzian principles; the private tutor who had charge of my adolescence, for I never went to college, was a mild clergyman. I have had no fiery ordeal to go through, and do not particularly regret the fact. It seems to me that all young men who have been 'wild' suffer from debt and indigestion.

One wet afternoon last autumn we had a very full meeting; three dog-carts and a two-wheeled omnibus stood under the shed in the yard of the *Red Bear* as I passed through it on my way from the bank; and six players were assembled in the billiard-room,

some taking their cues from the boxes in which they were kept securely locked, others chalking the tops, all preparing for a combat in some way or other, except Mr. Rice, whose age, trembling hand, and gaunty toe unfitted him for playing himself, though he took great delight in criticising the performances of others from the raised seat which he occupied, and at times, when the chances were considerably in his favour, shaking sixpence on the division of this or that competitor. Joe the maker gave out the balls; he was but a lad, and his voice was cracking; indeed, he had been a chorister till lately, but the failure of his organ had unfrocked him.

'Red plays upon white, he squeaked out in a shrill treble. 'Yellow's his player,' he added in a gruff bass.

Red was Captain Woodwall, who balanced himself on his leg of flesh, while the timber one struck out stiffly behind him, and dribbled his ball up to the white with that care which the commencement of every enterprise demands.

'Yellow on red' (bass). 'Green's his player' (treble).

The owner of green was the doctor, six foot two in his stockings, thin as an eel, and very shortsighted. He adjusted his spectacles, blew his nose, placed himself about two yards from the table, on which he almost lay, and looked along his cue as if it had been a gun, as he made his stroke.

Mr. Long played next. 'Tut, tut, dear me,' he said, when the ball had ceased rolling. 'I have left you tight under the cushion, doctor. I am so sorry. I did not do it on purpose, I assure you.—'I have left my ball asfe,' he added to me, who played next—'quite unintentional, I assure you; and green is such a bad colour to play on—I dislike being on it very much myself.'

'I think there's a double,' said I.

'No,' cried Mr. Rice; 'it's as safe as a church.'

'An Irish church, then!' cried Ricketus, as the ball rolled into a pocket—not the one I had in view,

though. Some of us tried a smile, but it was forced—Ricktus had made that joke so often.

So the game went so, the best player being Colonel Rayner, who, however, rarely touched a pool, as he always played for hazards, and never for safety. Indeed, he evidently liked to be killed out, because then he could sit up by Mr. Rice and chat with him about county business uninterruptedly. Not but what conversation was an important item with everybody—the proceeding often being suspended for several minutes while some subject of general interest was being discussed; and what with that, and Dr. Keane's elaborate rubbing of his spectacles, and Mr. Ricktus's jokes, and Captain Woodwall's habit of taking a pinch of snuff before he played, and the general custom of going round the table to inspect the ball to be aimed at as narrowly as if it were the apple which William Tell did not shoot off the parting of his son's hair, we did not get through many pools in the afternoon.

The first game, however, was terminated at last, and Joe was collecting the balls in his wicker-bottle, preparatory to giving them out afresh, when the door of the room opened, and the eyes of all turned upon that rare phenomenon, a stranger. He was a man who, I suppose, must be called good looking, for his features were regular, his hair and moustache black, and his figure well set up. He was dressed as if for a wedding, with shining hat and boots, and a flower in his button-hole, and gloves that fitted like a lady's. He had a very small umbrella in his hand, and a very small cigar in his mouth, and though we all glared coldly upon him, he was not abashed one jot, but strolled carelessly up to the cue-rack, and observed, as naturally as possible: 'Marker, I will take a ball.'

Well, why not? It was a public room, though we *were* in the habit of appropriating it. The stranger was in his rights.

'Have you no other cues than these,

boy? Why, they are as crooked as ram's horns. Never mind; this is pretty straight; I think it was originally a punt pole; still, it will do.'

It did do; if the tool was bad, the workman was good, and he slaughtered us all round in a brilliant manner. He was welcome to do that, but I did not like the airs he gave himself. When he found that the value of a life was but sixpence, he smiled superciliously. When he had to pay one, Mr. Long having fluked him, he pulled out a handful of gold to search for the modest coin; when that gentleman remarked that his success was the result of an accident, he begged him not to apologize; and when, shortly afterwards, the same Mr. Long missed putting him into an easy pocket, and explained that it was in consequence of there being no chalk on the cue, he told him that there was still less cause for excuse, and he forgave him entirely. He also asserted that the table, of which we were proud, was a 'beast.' Worse still, he silenced our wit. He was just about to play upon Mr. Ricktus, when some one called the marker's attention to the fact that the fire was going out.

'Is it? Lock the door then, quick!' cried our joker.

'I say,' said the stranger, rising from his contemplated stroke, and looking the culprit gravely in the face, 'before dinner, you know!'

'I am aware of Dr. Johnson's opinion,' said Ricktus, rather discomforted, 'and I suppose you agree with him, that the man who would make a pun would pick a pocket.'

'He will have to pick a ball out of one,' said the stranger, and plumped him in.

Mr. Long was somewhat hypochondriacal, and felt the need sometimes of a little stimulant; but, as he could do nothing without an apology, he always carried a medicine-glass in his pocket, and measured his brandy out by it. He went through that performance on the afternoon in question: the brandy brought him by the waiter was, as usual, an ordinary wine-glass-



ful, and it exactly fitted his measure; but he poured it from the little 'go' into the graduated medicine-glass with the utmost gravity, mixed it with water in a tumbler, and made a face as he swallowed the first gulp.

'Ah; thanks for reminding me!' cried the stranger; 'it is my medicine-time, too.—Waiter bring me a peg, double-shotted.'

'Yes sir,' said the waiter; 'but I rather think we are hout of it.'

'What! No soda-water?'

'Oh, yes sir.'

'I see; you don't understand civilized English here. Put two glasses of brandy to one bottle of soda, and bring it. Is that plain?'

Thus he aspersed our civilization, as he had slandered our table, and chaffed some of ourselves. Yet I cannot say that he was absolutely insolvent; all that he said might have passed off very well if he had been even slightly intimate with us, and it seemed absurd to resent it. It was his manner which provoked me more than his actual words, and that I cannot describe. Not that he was vulgar; the fellow had lived a good deal in the society of gentlemen, and his case was not altogether ill-bred. Colonel Rayner's name was called once, when he neglected his turn to play; the stranger caught it, and when the colonel had made his stroke, he addressed him, said that he had a letter of introduction from his son, and begged to take that opportunity of delivering it. The old man ran his eye over the note, smiled cordially, and held out his hand to the young one.

'A friend of Charles's is sure to be welcome,' said he. 'You have left the regiment?'

'Yes,' said the stranger; 'I was sick to death of India, and having come into property which made me independent of the service, I resolved to cut it.'

'Well, Mr. Saurin,' replied the colonel, 'I cannot blame you, for I did much the same thing myself, only rather later in life.'

'And I want to follow your example in another matter also,' said Saurin, 'and that has brought me to Soyle. You are colonel of the militia of this county, and I am going to ask you for a commission in it. I have a theory that a man who has been in the service ought to turn his experience to some account, though he may find soldiering all the year round and an Indian life too irksome.'

'Quite right, quite right,' cried the colonel, whose hobby was pricked. 'Where are you staying?'

'I have got a bed in this house.'

'Oh, that must not be: you must shift your quarters to my place—tomorrow.'

The colonel remembered, just in time, that Mrs. Rayner did not like a guest being brought in to sleep without due notice being given.

About dinner, she was not so particular, and the hospitable old gentleman invited him for that evening.

'By-the-bye, Robert,' he added to me, 'you are coming to us to-night: that is capital; you can drive Mr. Saurin over.'

For two years of my life, I lived in silence. It is a stupid sort of thing to do, unless you are a poet, and can make beautiful verses about it, and even then I think it must be better to get another fellow to love in silence, and be beautiful about him. But in my case it was exceptionally absurd, for of all men a banker ought to know better than to let his capital lie idle. I did know better, and determined daily either to get some interest for my affection, or transfer the stock; which determinations were never acted upon, as I could not summon sufficient resolution to tell my love. Nature and education had combined to make me timid in the presence of women, and Peepie Rayner was such an imposing specimen. *Peepie!* Was there ever such an absurd name for a girl five feet nine in height, set up like a grenadier, with the figure of a Juno, an acquiline nose, eyes that could hardly flash, so that the rashest of men would hardly have dared trust



her in a power-magazine. Peepie! Parents and nurses are so perverse: it was affectionate for Perpetua, which was the name she was christened by, and was quite suitable. I have often wondered why, in these days when thrones are going begging, no one thought of making a queen of her; she looked the character all over, so did her mother, whom they might have found another little monarchy for too. I don't think the colonel would have minded; I fancy he grew tired at times of being the only subject. I have heard that Colonel Rayner was rather a martinet when he was in the army, and that in his dealings with Asiatics, who did not appreciate the British rule, he was very severe. As a dashing cavalry officer and terrible swordsman, he had won a great reputation, slicing his enemies like cucumbers, while retaining the coolness of those vegetables; yet Mrs. Rayner ruled him.

It was a warning, for Peepie was a second edition of her mother, and had never had any brothers to teach her the rights of man. But men in love don't take warning, I was prepared for any amount of servitude, and I thought sometimes that she would not object to take command of me; only, if I asked her, and she refused, I should lose her society altogether, and I could not bring myself to risk that.

When a lover is accepted, and feels safe, he generally likes to introduce another man to his intended; but when in doubt, he hates it. Not that I introduced Saurin to Peepie; but I brought him, and therefore had the air of doing so. And he made himself very agreeable, not to me, indeed, but to the ladies. His manner with women was quite different from that which he had with men. He was in turns deferential, suggestive, admiring, enthusiastic; that is, he had *tact*. And he had no accomplishments, which is an excellent thing in man. A man with an accomplishment poses himself before a girl as a rival instead of an admirer. If he is superior, he damps and snubs her; he inferior, she

despises him. Again, so long as you discover no merit at all, you get credit for a great deal, on the principle that you must have been created for some purpose or another; but once shew your talents, and you are at as great a disadvantage as the card-player who shews his hand. If you have a fistful of trumps, or surpassing genius, of course you can carry all before you; but average hands and mediocre attainments should be kept dark. Now, I played a little, and sang a little, and Saurin patronized me in such a manner as to leave the impression that he could do far better if he chose, though I don't believe he had more ear than a toad. He talked to Mrs. Rayner of her son, to Peepie of her brother, until he found out their hobbies, and then he talked of *them*. Mrs. Rayner went in heavily for idiots. While travelling abroad the year before, she had been shewn over an asylum by an exceedingly polite philanthropist, and had fidgeted after a similar establishment in her own county ever since, Saurin took an intense interest in the subject at once.

'Learn to like to be washed, and to make mats! You don't say so!' he exclaimed. 'Have you many in this neighbourhood?'

'Well, yes; there are so many of our Sunday-school children on the extreme verge of idiocy, that a certain average must pass the line, one would say. One poor creature I have seen, in a neighbouring village, dancing about, and persecuted by the boys.'

'Dear, dear, yes; I have witnessed similar cases myself. Not converted to washing, and incapable, I should say, of making mats. I am sure you deserve success. Have you begun yet to raise subscriptions?'

'We have already got a few names.'

'May I be allowed the privilege of adding mine?'

Presently Mrs. Rayner called to me in great excitement: 'Oh, Robert, your friend has subscribed one hundred pounds!'

This was not the first time that I

had heard of the proposed asylum; but I had hitherto put off the question of becoming a patron, though fully expecting to have to part with a ten-pound note some day. And now this confounded fellow had gone and bulled the market in that reckless fashion. I could not give less than he did, situated as it was. So I put a good face on the matter (at least I hope so; I tried), and inscribed my name for another hundred at once. But this had not the same effect. It was a matter of course that I should subscribe, while the stranger's generosity was spontaneous and unexpected.

Mrs. Rayner was quite overpowered and wanted Saurin to take up his abode in the house that very night. And when the difficulty about luggage was voted fatal to that plan, she insisted on his becoming a permanent guest on the very next day.

'I am so glad that you brought your friend over: a most worthy young man he seems to be,' she said to me privately.

'He is *not* my friend; I know nothing of him,' I replied, in a tone so unlike my ordinary mild accents, that Mrs. Rayner stared. It was bad enough that the mother took the fellow up so warmly; it was worse that he succeeded so well with the daughter. I had always found Peepie a difficult girl to talk to. She would let you take up subject after subject, and drop it again without helping you to keep it up a bit: it was like playing rackets against a fellow who never strikes the ball in his turn. But with Saurin she laughed and chattered in the most animated way.

'What a pleasant man your friend is,' she remarked to me, when he had left her for awhile, to wind a little more web round her mother.

'I am glad that you like him,' I untruthfully answered; 'but he is not my friend.'

'Anyhow he is great fun,' said she. But I could not see it.

Saurin likewise approved of Peepie; at least I am informed that the horrible slangy phrase which he applied

to her as I drove them home that night was intended to be complimentary. 'Rather a fetching girl that,' was his familiar observation. I made no reply.

Next day, he rose rather in my estimation. I received a letter from Cash, Cross and Dorses, the great London firm, placing five hundred pounds to the credit of Mr. Philip Saurin; and a balance does make a difference. He looked into the office in the course of the afternoon, asked whether the money had arrived, and took a cheque-book. That afternoon he installed himself in Colonel Rayner's house.

In the evening, there was a large dinner-party, and the new-comer was introduced to several of the county magnates. I do not think that he succeeded so well with them as he had with the Rayners, who were predisposed in favour of one who brought them a letter of introduction from the son and brother in India. Our landed people are under the impression that all persons who have not the advantage of belonging to the county, should shew some sense of that misfortune in a subdued manner; and this young man was decidedly bumptious. He intimated an intention of settling in the neighbourhood, asked if there were any estates in the market, as, if so, he might probably become a purchaser. And when it was remarked in conversation that Sir Peter Snaffles was about to give up the hounds, he said that he should not mind hunting the county himself. Imagine a stranger introduced into the Carlton, and proposing himself incidentally as leader of the Conservative party, and you may form some idea of the effect produced.

'Your friend is rather a forward young man,' was the remark which was several times made to me, and I invariably replied, in tones which shewed more and more irritation, that Saurin was *not* my friend; that he brought a letter of introduction to Colonel Rayner from Charles, and that was all I knew about him. I

might have spared my breath and temper—no one heeded me, and as this odious fellow's sponsor I had to stand—I, whose appetite faded at the thought of his being under the same roof as Peepie!

At the end of a week, he came into the bank one morning, and announced that he had to go to Liverpool on business.

'Awful bore,' he said; 'but it can't be helped. I am afraid I shall have to go on to Paris, and may not be back here for a couple of months. However, then I shall settle. Sims is in treaty to buy Caw-caw Lodge for me. It won't make a bad little hunting-box. Hope to see you there, old fellow, and have some jolly evenings. The money for the purchase will be lodged here in a day or two. By-the-bye, I wish you would let me know when it is paid in.'

He left two addresses, one at Bristol, the other at Paris, with dates when letters were to be sent to either places, and then said good-bye; he had only a short time to catch the train. Passing through the outer office, he stopped to draw his balance. 'I declare I was nearly starting on my journey without the wheel-grease,' he cried back to me, where I stood at the door of my private room. At that moment a stranger came in and asked for me. I stepped forward and, invited him to enter my room. He was a gentlemanly looking young fellow with a pale face, which was the whiter for a very black moustache.

'I think I have an account with you,' he said when seated; 'directed five hundred pounds to be paid in to my name—Saurin.'

'Saurin!' I cried aghast. 'Why, he has just left; he was drawing out the money as you come into the office.'

'Oh, I noticed a man who seemed to conceal his face from me very carefully; no doubt the rascal stole my portmanteau at Marseilles. We had better stop him at once, and explain afterwards.'

I caught up my hat, and darted off

towards the station, followed by the new Mr. Saurin. He had not introduced himself quite so rapidly as it appears on paper, and No. 1 Saurin having a fly waiting for him at the door, and the station being more than a quarter of a mile off, he had a good start. The train ran in when we had a couple of hundred yards still to go, and when we reached the station-door it was locked. However, a porter who knew me let us in. I hurriedly explained matters; and our man was made to descend ignominiously from the carriage in which he had comfortably ensconced himself, and given into custody.

It turned out that his real name was Purvis. He had really been in the service once, but had been turned out of it for dishonourable practices. After that, he had got some clerk's appointment at Calcutta, and losing it in due course, had returned to England at the same time as Saurin, with whom he had scraped acquaintance. On the journey home, Saurin fell ill with fever, and had to stop at Marseilles, and Purvis was brute enough to take advantage of his helplessness, and steal the portmanteau and desk, which enabled him first to learn his affairs and arrangements, and then to personate him, with a view to getting hold of the five hundred pounds.

Luck had favoured him immensely. Saurin's reason for wishing to go to Soyle directly he reached England, and for providing himself with a letter of introduction to Colonel Rayner, from his brother officer Charles, was, that he had set his affections on a young lady whom he had met in India, and who was now residing with her family near Soyle. Had these people been at home, the imposter would have been discovered at once. As it was, he got a clear week; and why he did not make off before, I cannot imagine.

That he did not, saved the bank the better part of five hundred pounds; though, personally, the fellow let me in for that hundred, which he was the cause of my promising to the Idiot



Asylum. Mrs. Rayner tried to get a second hundred out of me, on the plea that I ought to be responsible for 'my friend;' but the colonel interfered for once, and said it was too bad.

My wife—that is, Peepie—declares that she saw through the imposter at once, and of course I am bound to believe her. You may do as you like.

### A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

'Dixie,' the Washington correspondent of the *Chelsea Telegraph and Pioneer* gives the following touching incident in a recent issue of that paper:

In travelling we often meet with persons of different nationalities and we also meet with incidents of various characters, some sorrowful and others joyful and instructive. One of the latter character I witnessed recently while travelling upon the cars. The train was going west, and the time was evening. At a station a little girl about eight years old came aboard, carrying a little budget under her arm. She came into the car and deliberately took a seat. She then commenced an eager scrutiny of faces; but all were strange to her. She appeared weary, and placing her budget for a pillow, she prepared to try to secure a little sleep. Soon the conductor came along collecting fare and tickets. Observing him, she asked if she might lie there. The gentlemanly conductor replied that she might, and then kindly asked her for her ticket. She informed him that she had none, when the following conversation ensued:

'Where are you going?' said the conductor.

'I am going to heaven,' she answered.

'Who pays your fare?' he asked.

'Mister, does the railroad lead to heaven, and does Jesus travel on it?' she then said.

'I think not, why did you think so?' he answered.

'Why, sir, before my ma died, she used to sing to me of a heavenly railroad, and you looked so nice, and talked so kind, I thought this was the road. My ma use to sing of Jesus on

the heavenly railroad, and that he paid the fare for everybody, and that the train stopped at every station to take the people on board; but my ma don't sing to me any more. Nobody sings to me now, and I thought I would take the cars and go to ma. Mister, do you sing to your little girl about heaven? You have a little girl, haven't you?'

'No, my little dear,' he replied, 'I have no little girl now. I had one once, but she died some time ago and went to heaven!'

'Did she go over this road,' she asked again, 'and are you going to see her now?'

By this time every person in the coach was upon his feet, and most of them were weeping. An attempt to describe what I witnessed is almost futile. Some said, 'God bless that little girl!' Hearing some one say that she was an angel, the little girl replied, 'Yes, my ma used to say that I would be an angel some time.'

Addressing herself once more to the conductor, she asked him: 'Do you love Jesus? I do, and if you love Him, He will let you ride to Heaven on His railroad. I am going; I wish you would go with me. I know Jesus will let me into Heaven when I get there. He will let you in too, and everybody who will ride on His railroad—yes, all these people. Wouldn't you like to see heaven and Jesus and your little girl?'

These words so innocently and pathetically uttered, brought a great gush of tears to all eyes, but most profusely from the eyes of the conductor. Some who were travelling on the heavenly railroad shouted for joy.

'Mister, may I lie here till we get

to heaven?' she now asked the conductor.

'Yes, my dear,' he answered.

'Will you take me up then,' she asked, 'so I might see my ma, your little girl and Jesus? for I do want to see them all.'

The answer came in broken accents but very tenderly spoken, 'yes, dear angel, yes, God bless you!'

'Amen!' was sobbed from more than a score of voices.

Turning her eyes again upon the conductor, she interrogated him again 'What shall I say to your little girl

when I see her; shall I say to her that I saw her pa on Jesus' railroad?— Shall I?'

This brought a fresh flood of tears from all present, and the conductor kneeled by her side, and embracing her, wept the reply he could not utter.

At this junction the brakeman called out 'H——.'

The conductor arose and requested him to attend to his (the conductor's) duty at the station for he was engaged. At this point I was obliged to leave the train.

## DEATH OR MARRIAGE.

THE ancient clock in Deacon Shermer's old fashioned kitchen was slowly chiming the hour of nine. It was no smart toy, of the bronze or alabaster, but a tall, square, solid relic of the last century, looking not unlike a coffin case set on end in the corner—a clock that lasted through four generations, and, judging from appearances, was quite likely to last through several more. Deacon Shermer cherished the old heirloom with a sort of pride which he himself would scarcely have confessed.

There was a great ruddy fire of chestnut in the red brick fireplace; and the candles in the brightly-polished brass sticks were winking merrily from the high wooden mantle, where they shared the post of honor with a sea-shell and a couple of vases, each containing a fresh osage from the hedge that skirted the clover field behind the barn. At the window curtains of gaudy chintz shut out the tens of thousands of stars that were shining brightly on that autumnal night, and on the cosey rug of parti-colored rags a fat tortoise-shell cat was not the only inhabitant of the farm-house kitchen.

'Timothy,' said Mary Shermer, decidedly, 'if you don't behave yourself I'll——'

What she would do Mary did not

say; the sentence was terminated by a laugh that set the dimples around her mouth in motion, just as a beam of June sunshine plays across a cluster of ripe cherries.

Mary Shermer was just seventeen—a plump, rosy girl, with jet black hair, brushed back from a low forehead, and perfectly-arched eye-brows, that gave a bewitching expression of surprise to a pair of melting hazel eyes. She was rather dark; but the severest critic would not have found fault with the peach-like bloom upon her cheeks, and the dew red of her full daintily-curved lips. Evidently Mr. Timothy Marshall was quite satisfied with Mary's peculiar style of beauty.

'Come, Mary,' said Tim, moving his chair where he could best watch the flush of the firelight upon her face, and picking up the thread of the conversation where he had dropped it when it became necessary for Mary to bid him behave himself, 'you might promise. It's nine o'clock, and your father will soon be home.'

'Promise what, Tim?' said Mary, demurely, fitting a square of red in her patchwork, and intently watching the effect.

'Nonsense, Mary! You know what very well. Promise to marry me before Christmas. I tell you what, Mary, it's all very well for you to keep

putting a fellow off, but I can't stand it. What with you forbidding me the house, and that romantic Tom Stanley's coming here every Sunday night

Mary gave her pretty head a toss. 'As if Mr. Stanley's coming here made any difference with my feelings, Tim.'

'No; but, Mary, it isn't pleasant, you know. I'm as good a man as Tom Stanley, if I don't own railroad shares and keep an account in the Hamiltonville bank; and I love you, Mary, from the bottom of my heart. Now this matter lies between you and me only; no other person in the world has a right to interfere between us. Come—promise me.' He held both her hands in his and looked earnestly in the liquid hazel eyes. 'Do you love me, Mary?'

'You know I love you, Tim.'

'Then we may just as well—Hush! what's that?'

There was a portentous sound of drawing bolts and rattling latches in the porch-room beyond, a scraping of heavy boots along the floor.

'Oh, Tim, it's father!'

'Suppose it is?'

'But he musn't find you here, Tim. Hide yourself somewhere, do!'

'What nonsense!' said the young man, resolutely standing his ground.

'I have not come to steal spoons. Why should I creep away like a detected burglar?'

'For my sake, Tim. If you ever loved me, do as I say. Not in that closet; it is close to the bedroom. Not through that window; it is nailed tight. He is coming. Here, Tim, quick!'

And in the drawing of a breath, she had pushed Timothy Marshall into the square pendulum case of the tall clock, and turned the key upon him. It was not a pleasant place of refuge, inasmuch as his shoulders were squeezed on either side, and his head flattened against springs and wheels above, and the air was unpleasantly close; but Tim made the best of matters, and shook with suppressed

laughter in his solitary prison cell.

'Well, a jolly scrape to be in!' were Tim's thoughts. 'And no knowing when I'll be out of it. Mary's a shrewd little puss, however, and I can't do better than to leave the matter in her hands.'

'So you haven't gone to bed yet, Mary?' said Deacon Shermer, slowly unwinding the two yards of woollen scarf with which he generally encased his throat of an evening.

'Not yet, father, said Mary, picking up the scattered bits of patchwork, with a glowing cheek, 'Did you have a pleasant meeting?'

'Well, yes,' quoth the deacon, reflectively, sitting down before the fire, greatly to Mary's consternation; she had hoped he would have gone to bed at once, according to his usual custom. 'It was to'ibly pleasant. Elder Huskler was there, and Elde Hodgkins, and—well, all the church folks pretty much. Why, how red cheeks are, Mary. Tired, ain't you? Well, you needn't sit up for me, my dear; it must be getting late.'

The deacon glanced mechanically round at the clock. Mary felt the blood grow cold in her veins. 'Twenty minutes past nine! why, it must be later than that! Why, land o' Canaan! the old clock's stopped.' The old clock had stopped; nor was it wonderful under the circumstances. 'I wound it up this mornin', I'm sartin,' said the deacon, very much disturbed. 'It never served me such a trick afore in all the years it stood there. Your Aunt Jane used to say it was the sign of a death or a marriage in the family before the year was out.'

There was a suppressed sound like a chuckle behind the clock case as Deacon Sherman fumbled on the shelf for the clock key.

'These springs must be out of order somehow,' said the deacon, decisively. 'How sacred you look, child! There ain't no cause of being sacred. I don't put no faith in your Aunt Jane's superstition. Where in the name of all possessed is that key?'



I could ha' declared I left in the case.'

'Isn't it on the shelf, father?' asked Mary, guiltily, conscious that it was reposing in the pocket of her checked gingham dress.

'No, nor tain't in my pocket, either.'

And down went the deacon, stiffly enough, on his knees, to examine the floor, lest perchance, the missing key might have fallen there.

'Well, I never knowed anything so strange in all my life,' said the deacon.

'It is strange,' faltered hypocritical Mary.

'I'll have a regular search to-morrow,' said Shermer. 'It must be somewhere around.'

'Yes, it must,' said Mary, tremulously.

'Only,' the deacon went on, slowly, resuming his place before the fire, 'I kind o' don't like to have the clock stand still a single night. When I wake up, you know, it seems like a sort o' talking to me in the stillness.' The deacon looked thoughtfully at the fiery back-log. Mary fidgeted uneasily about the room, straightening table-covers, setting back chairs, and thinking, 'O, if he would only go to bed!'

As he sat there his eyelids began to grow heavy, and his head to nod solemnly. Mary's eyes lighted up with a sparkle of hope.

'Child,' he said, suddenly, straightening himself up in the stiff-backed chair, 'you'd better go to bed. I'll sit up a while longer, till the logs burn out.'

'But, father, I am not sleepy.'

'Go to bed, my child,' reiterated the deacon, with good-humored authority that brooked no opposition; and Mary crept out of the room, ready to cry with anxiety and mortification.

'If Tim will only keep quiet a little while longer,' she thought, sitting on the stairs where the newly-risen moon streamed in chilly splendor. 'Father sleeps so soundly, and he is sure to sleep in his chair. I could steal in and release him as quietly as possible.'

She sat there, her plump fingers

interlaced, and her eyes fixed dreamily on the floor, while all the time her ears were strained to their utmost capacity to catch every sound in the kitchen beyond. Hark! was that the wail of the wind? or was it something to her literally nearer and dearer? Yes; she could not be mistaken; it was actually a snore.

Mary rose softly to her feet with renewed hope. Surely now was the accepted time. Noiselessly as the fleeting shadow she crossed the hall, opened the kitchen door, and stole across the creaking boards of the floor. The candles were burned out, and the shifting lustre of the firelight revealed her father nodding before the fire, with closed eyes and hands hanging by his sides.

With a heart that beat quick and fast like the stroke of a miniature hammer, she drew the key from her pocket, and proceeded in spite of the nervous trembling of her fingers, to fit it into the lock. So absorbed was she in her task, that she never noticed the sudden cessation of breathing—never saw the deacon start suddenly into wakefulness around him. Love is blind, and, equally true it is deaf. The deacon rose up quietly with a shrewd twinkle in his eyes, and Mary gave a little shriek as a hand fell softly on her arm possess itself quietly of the key.

'Let me help,' said Deacon Shermer.

'Father, I—I found the key,' faltered Mary.

'Found the key, eh?' returned the deacon. 'Well, that's lucky; and now we can find out what's the matter with the clock.'

Mary's heart, throbbing so wildly a moment or two ago, seemed to absolutely stand still, as Deacon Shermer turned the key and opened the tall door of the clock case.

'Hal—lo!' ejaculated Deacon Shermer, as Timothy Marshall fumbled laughing into the room. 'So you was the matter with the clock, eh!'

'Yes, sir,' said Tim, composedly; 'I hope I have not seriously interfered

with the working of it.'

'You have seriously interfered with me!' said the deacon, waxing indignant. 'What do you mean, sir, by hiding in my house like a thief?'

'Indeed! indeed! father!' cried Mary, bursting into tears, 'it was not his fault. He did not want to hide, but I put him there.'

'You did, eh? And may I ask what for?'

'Father,' faltered Mary, rather irreverently, 'I love him and he loves me.'

'Is that any reason why he should hide in the clock case, miss?'

'No—but—father!' I can never marry Mr. Stanly. He is so soft, and—Mary's tears finished the sentence for her. The deacon looked down (not unkindly) on her bowed head and the tender arm that supported it. Apparently the course of true love, roughly though it ran, was overwhelming all its world-wide arrangements in its tide.

'And so you two young folks really think you love each other?' said the deacon, meditatively.

'I love her with all my heart and soul,' said Tim Marshall earnestly. 'I am not rich, I know, but I can work

for her.'

'And I can work for myself, too, father,' interposed Mary, with tears in her eyes.

'And you said yourself, sir,' went on Tim, 'that the stopping of the clock meant either a marriage or a death. Of course, we do not want any deaths, so don't you think the most sensible thing we can do is to help on a marriage as soon as possible.'

The deacon laughed, in spite of himself.

'It's late,' he said; 'come around to-morrow morning, and we'll talk about it. No, Mary, I am not angry with you, child. I suppose young folks will be young folks, and there's no use trying to stop them!'

And the deacon re-hung the pendulum, and set the iron tongue of the old clock ticking again.

Tim Marshall paused on the front step to whisper to Mary:

'What shall it be, Mary?—a death or a marriage?'

And she in return whispered, 'A marriage, I hope.'

'My darling!' said Tim, 'it's worth passing a lifetime behind the clock case to feel as I do now!'

## GRAND INSTRUCTORS (OR LECTURERS.)

WHILE it is generally conceded that uniformity and instruction in the "work" is a necessity, and while it is admitted that, save in rare instances, Grand Masters are not always posted in said work, yet, in several jurisdictions, when there is a suggestion to have some competent brother selected to take charge of this business—some brother who shall be continued in position—one who can give the work correct—and the same way all the time—and who shall be recognized as authority—we say, just as soon as such a suggestion or proposition is made, there are those who immediately oppose it, and said op-

position results in having things go on in the "old-fashioned way."

We have this to say on the subject as long as Grand Masters are rotated every year—as long as they are expected in said year to be the supreme authority in the "work," and at liberty to make such construction and decisions on the same as they may deem correct, just so long will uniformity be a thing hoped for, but not seen. It is neither supposable nor reasonable, that Grand Masters, as a rule, are perfect in the "unwritten work." To be perfect, absolutely so, requires experience, extra gifts of memory, and certain privileges of access to "auth-

crities," that few Grand Masters, upon coming into position, possess. Their executive ability, knowledge of law, impartiality and zeal may be of the best, but to expect that all of them will be correct in the "work," and able to instruct and exemplify the same is expecting more than will be realized.

If we will take a look at these jurisdictions that are celebrated for good and uniform "work," it gives an unanswerable argument in favor of the position we assume, viz.: that a Grand Instructor, thoroughly competent, should be selected in each jurisdiction and he should exemplify, instruct, and be the authority in the unwritten work.

Now, as to compensation. In the first place, there is neither logic, equity, nor principle in expecting or requiring a Grand Master to give his time, talent, and pay his own expenses, *free gratis*. He should be relieved of all expense. It is very easy to write and invite a Grand Master to be present on some private or public installation and lose a day or two's time in so doing—then pay his bill at the hotel, and leave him minus his railway and other expenses; but is it right? We have no hesitancy in saying that while it is the privilege and duty of one who has been honored with high official position, to avail himself of every opportunity to visit, encourage, and counsel, yet the duty of said position does not require that personal means should be heavily taxed, or regular business of ordinary life neglected.

Lodges and brethren desire and are benefited by the visits of those who are competent to exemplify, counsel, and instruct. Hundreds can be encouraged and learn much from such visits, and should be willing to pay a trifle each for the advantages afforded them; and we believe they would. It is for the actual, tangible good of the Order—it is a necessity that such visits should be made, and they should be provided for.

Grand Masters have enough to do,

generally, outside of exemplification and instructions, even though they were perfectly competent, and there are other reasons why the "work" should be in the hands of a Grand Instructor, and that said Instructor should be kept in position.

We have been led up to these thoughts by reading an article in the *Jewel*. Our brother bears a little hard on some of his brethren, but the article contains many good points, and we therefore copy it entire:

#### A WORD OF ADMONITION.

The Grand Lodge at its last general session declined to accede to the petition of a number of Lodges, to have a lecturer appointed for the State. The opposition to the measure seemed to be on account of the expense. The Grand Lodge seemed to be just in that humor not to invest anything in an untried experiment. The prayer of the petitioners is respectfully and courteously declined, and there the matter drops.

The increase of Odd Fellowship in Ohio fell off from a positive gain of over 4,000 members, to a gain of only a little over one thousand last year, and yet no one is needed to go about the State and stir the Lodges up to greater activity. The Grand Master, under the advice of some of the knowing ones, who imagine they run the Order in Ohio, seen fit not to give out any commissions to instruct in the secret work save to the Deputy Grand Masters. Perhaps this is the wisest course, but we doubt it. Who is to instruct the Deputies? The Grand Master cannot by reason of the task imposed on him. The Deputies, when asked to instruct their counties, reply that they know no more than the Lodges, having been taught in the same school, and so we go.

To tell the plain honest truth, there is too much jealousy among many who should be laboring might and main, heart and soul, for the advancement of this Order. If a different course is not pursued, it may be found that when January's report is footed up,



that Ohio has not as many Odd Fellows in good standing, as she had a year ago. We make no reflection upon our officers, for they are doubtless doing what they can, but they cannot do all that is necessary to be done.

There must be a united effort all along the line. We may console ourselves with the belief that it is hard times that keeps the Order from increasing as rapidly as it should, but we will awaken to the rapidity one of these days, to find that we have frittered away the precious moment—that we have permitted the tide to flow and leave us beached on the sand.

The first thing to be done is for each Lodge to get up a little revival

on its own responsibility. Revivals are contagious, and the ball once set in motion will gather velocity as it proceeds.

If it is still thought best to have a lecturer for the State, let the Lodges send Representatives pledged to the measure. Let them send up more petitions, for whenever the Grand Lodge is satisfied that a majority favor the appointment of such an officer, we feel quite sure he will be appointed.

Above all do not flinch from your duty as Odd fellows. Attend your Lodges and give aid and encouragement to your officers in the discharge of their duty, and all will yet be well.

—*Heart and Hand.*

#### ABUSE OF THE BALLOT.

**N**OW and then it comes to our knowledge that some mistaken brothers, through pique, obstancy, or to gratify some petty and unfraternal feeling, use the high prerogative of the ballot as an instrument for selfishness and assumed revenge. We have known Lodges to be almost disbanded and destroyed by these means, and the seeds of dissension and discord to be sown broadcast by the unfraternal action of a few discontented and troublesome members. We are glad to say that instances like these are exceptions to the rule, nevertheless it is to be regretted that even isolated cases exist, and that the strongest disapproval of such conduct should be expressed, every loyal Odd Fellow will admit. The following views of a correspondent of the *New Ark Call* on this subject are not without point and force, and therefore we reprint them:

The subject of the ballot is an interesting one. Every member of the Lodge exercises his right to vote, and by the conditions, no member's vote can be called in question. We do not certainly know that any one abuses his principles at the ballot-box, but we

do know that times come in the history of our Lodges when for months, even years a clear ballot is unknown. This proves either that the Lodge is surrounded altogether by bad material, or that somebody inside of it has determined not to be satisfied with any applicant who may present himself. In either case it is hard for the Lodge to bear its situation patiently and resist the impulse to surrender its Charter.

Some plain words on what may be termed the abuses of the secret ballot are needed. No Odd Fellow of any experience will deny that these abuses exist; scarcely any one but has known some palpable instance of wrong perpetrated through the ballot-box. A sacred right to the many has apparently given a few the right to do wrong which admits of no redress. To remove the wrong would be to root up the right. Conceived and brought forth in truth, it admits of no change but growth and the natural development of its vital organism, and it was intrusted to pure hands. These conditions preserved, it is perfect; but, in its contact and struggles with human

passions, its perfections are sometimes distorted into blemishes and made the means of injustice. It is to be regretted that there are those in the Order who are so far from being Odd Fellows as to seize on the ballot as the instrument of vengeance.

Humiliating as this admission is, it is nevertheless an honest confession, safer to make than to withhold, for it may be the beginning of repentance and reform. The evil is not widespread, nor is it contagious, but it roots itself like a cancer in the body of a Lodge where it exists, and slowly but surely wastes it away. Some of our Lodges are now suffering from it, and from the highest enjoyment of health, peace and prosperity, they have been plunged into the depth of weakness and despondency; their energy and activity are lost, and they lie torpid and languishing, as it were pulseless, on the bed of death.

All this is simply because one member, perhaps, has been disappointed in his aspirations for office, annoyed by the rejection of a personal friend or relative, or because some accused brother was not expelled. Forgetful of the high power he wields for good or evil, oblivious of his duties as an Odd Fellow, and even forswearing his honor as a man, he resorts to the revenge of the ballot-box and hides himself behind its unquestionable right and inviolable secrecy. He strikes at the vitals of Odd Fellowship, and from that moment the Lodge is dead.

Instances have occurred in which this destroying spirit assumed a bolder attitude, and proclaimed, in the Lodge and out of it, in private and public, on the streets and highways, that no

more work should be done in—Lodge, as every application would be blackballed—the dissatisfied Odd Fellow himself announcing that he would do the deed. In such cases there is speedy redress in charges of gross misconduct on the part of the Odd Fellow, and expulsion from the sanctuary so wantonly profaned.

There is some merit of hardihood or even bravery in the latter exhibition of rage, for it discloses an enemy who lays himself open to attack and challenges combat. It is the covert foe from which the Lodge suffers most. He is truly a serpent in a dove's nest, and as he enjoys his revenge in secrecy or wherever he is, or wherever he may be, he is not likely to charge that the epithet above applies personally and particularly to him. He will know it himself and keep it among the other secrets of Odd Fellowship.

Let him keep the secret, and let him resolve henceforth to be a man and an Odd Fellow. Let him realize, as he never did before, the essential purity of things he has soiled, and the solemnity of the privileges with which he has been trifling, and he will not have read these words in vain. He will hereafter use the secret ballot as contemplated in the design and structure of Odd Fellowship—the guard of purity, the key-note of harmony, and the soul of honor. He will feel himself free from the tyranny of petty spite, and once more a reasonable, responsible, independent man. He will realize with a keen sensibility the truth of these words:

" 'Tis pleasant to have a giant's strength,  
But tyrannous to use it like a giant."

—[Exchange.]

An Irishman, with a heavy bundle on his shoulder, riding on the front of a horse-car, was asked why he did not set his bundle on the platform. He replied: "Be jabbers, the horses have enough to dhrag me. I'll carry the bundle."

"Can you speak German?" inquired a merchant of a young gentleman applying for the position of foreign correspondent. "N-o, n-o-t exactly," was the reply; "but I have a brother who can play the German flute."

## PRAYER AND POTATOES.

If a brother or a sister be naked, and destitute of daily food; and one of you say unto them; Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful for the body; what doth it profit?—James ii : 15, 16.

An old lady sat in her old arm chair  
With wrinkled visage and disheveled hair,  
And hunger worn features ;  
For days and for weeks her only fare,  
As she sat there in her old arm chair,  
Had been potatoes.

But now they were gone ; of bad or good  
Not one was left for the old lady's food  
Of those potatoes ;  
And she sighed and said, "What shall I  
do ?  
Where shall I send, and to whom shall I go  
For more potatoes !"

And she thought of the Deacon over the  
way,  
The Deacon so ready to worship and pra-  
Whose cellar was full of po-  
tatoes ;  
And she said, "I'll send for the Deacon  
to come,  
He'll not mind much to give me some  
Of such a store of potatoes."

And the Deacon came over as fast as he  
could,  
Thinking to do the old lady some good,  
But never for once of potatoes ;  
He asked her at once what was her chief  
want,  
And she, simple soul; expecting a grant,  
Immediately answered "Pota-  
toes."  
But the Deacon's religion didn't lie that  
way ;  
He was more accustomed to preach and to  
pray,

Than to give of his hoard of  
potatoes ;  
So, not hearing, of course, what the old  
lady said,  
He rose to pray, with uncovered head,  
But she only thought of potatoes.

He prayed for patience, for wisdom and  
grace,  
And when he prayed "Lord give her  
peace,"  
She audibly sighed, "Give  
potatoes ;"  
And at the end of each prayer which he  
said,

He heard, or thought that he heard in its  
stead,  
The same request for potatoes.

The Deacon was troubled; knew not what  
to do ;  
'Twas very embarrassing to have her act so  
About those carnel potatoes.  
So, ended his prayer, he started for home;  
But, as the door closed behind him he  
heard a deep groan,  
"O, give to the hungry, pota-  
toes !"

And the groan followed him all the way  
home ;  
In the midst of the night it haunted his  
room—  
"O, give to the hungry, pota-  
toes !"  
He could bear it no longer, arose and  
dressed ;  
From his well-filled cellar taking in haste  
A bag of his best potatoes.

Again he went to the widow's lone hut ;  
Her sleepless eyes she had not yet shut ;  
But there she sat in that old arm chair,  
With the same wan features, the same sad  
air,  
And, entering in, he poured on the floor  
A bushel or more from his goodly store,  
Of choicest potatoes.

The widow's heart leaped up for joy ;  
Her face was haggard and wan no more,  
"Now," said the Deacon, "shall we pray!"  
"Yes," said the widow, "now you may."  
And he knelt him down on that sand-  
ed floor,  
Where he has poured his goodly store,  
And such a prayer the Deacon prayed  
As never before his lips essayed :  
No longer embarrassed, but free and full,  
He poured out the voice of a liberal soul,  
And the widow responded aloud "amen!"  
But said no more of potatoes.

And would you, who hear this simple  
tale,  
Pray for the poor, and praying, "prevail,"  
Then perforce your prayers with alms and  
good deeds  
Search out the poor, their wants and their  
needs ;  
Pray for peace, and grace, and spiritual  
food.  
For wisdom, and guidance, for all these  
are good  
But don't forget the potatoes.



THE  
Canadian Journal  of Odd-Fellowship.

W. D. GORDON, Editor.

KINGSTON, ONTARIO, SEPTEMBER, 1876.

G. L. U. S.—By authority of resolution of the G. L. U. S., the CANADIAN JOURNAL OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP is a recognized organ of that body, and authorized to publish its proceedings, and all official documents issued by it to the Brotherhood.

ONTARIO.—“I consider the CANADIAN JOURNAL OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP invaluable to every Odd Fellow. I trust the representatives will give it the support its importance demands, and spare no pains to increase its circulation throughout the length and breadth of Ontario.”—*Grand Master's Report, 1875. Endorsed by Grand Lodge.*

LOWER PROVINCES, B. N. A.—By several resolutions passed at its Session, in August, 1875, the R. W. Grand Lodge of the Lower Provinces, “recommends this national journal (THE CANADIAN JOURNAL OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP) to every member of the Order.” \* \* \* “The objects, in our estimation, being thoroughly worthy the encouragement of this R. W. Grand Body.”

GRAND LODGE REPRESENTATION.

AS the present welfare and future progress of Odd Fellowship so largely depend upon the character of those who compose its supreme legislative Body, no question can more deservedly invite the attention of the Order than the composition of its Grand Lodge. As the wisdom or inutility of the Acts which Parliament puts upon its statute books reflects the ability or the reverse of its members, so do the proceedings of Grand Lodge correspond with the fitness or incapacity for legislating for the Order of those who are delegated to direct its deliberations. Notwithstanding the political storms which occasionally sweep the country and submerge many old and experienced hands, there is always a sufficient muster left of able seamen to direct the legislative course of the ship of state, and the proceedings of Parliament are thus prevented from lapsing into that chaotic muddle in which they would wobble along were there only raw recruits to conduct them. Happily

the Order is sheltered from all tempestuous revulsions of Public Opinion, clamoring for sweeping changes; its objects and aims are such as should exempt it from those rotations in which political demagogues and place-hunters are so greatly interested. “Far from the madding crowd of political strife, it ought to be free from the itch for change; but what do we discover when viewing the composition of Grand Lodge from year to year? That it is continually changing complexion, that the subordinate Lodges instead of retaining experienced representatives, competent for and experienced in the work, keep sending up untried representatives, moved thereto by the foolish notion that the honor should be “passed around.” The consequence inevitably is that it is next to impossible, out of such raw delegations, to secure enough experience to properly direct the legislation of Grand Lodge. The new representatives are doubtless estimable Brethren, but they are necessarily

unacquainted with the work and methods of Grand Lodge and the important matters that engage the attention of its Committees and call for experience and deliberative tact for their satisfactory settlement. What good end can be subserved by a Finance Committee, for instance, most of the members of which are totally unacquainted with the monetary affairs of Grand Lodge, and where the burden of the work is cast upon one or two who look in vain for the counsel and assistance which they have a right to expect and without which they can but imperfectly discharge their duties. Attendance on Grand Lodge is too often looked upon by many as subsidiary to holiday-making, while the serious business which representatives are deputed to transact is either entirely neglected, or attended to in the most perfunctory manner. And it will be always so, while these annual rotations continue to be the rule. If a representative knows that his tenure of the honor is so limited, all the stimulus to get down to work and acquire a practical and accurate acquaintance with the affairs of Grand Lodge will be wanting. Committee work at Grand Lodge is hard work, and hard work will hardly be faced when the experience and aptitude which it is calculated to bestow are laid aside at the next election of representatives, and a new hand is sent to the bellows. If we will have efficient zealous representatives, we must first train them to the work, and then keep them at it so long as their skill and judgment and willingness to serve remain.

Happily this state of affairs is absent from the G. L. U. S. There the first test of worth and ability is reelection, and a new representative

wins his spurs by his election for a second-term, until then being generally little thought of. A note of the length and continuity of service of some of the more prominent members perhaps may be of interest. Past Junior Grand Sire Durham, of Kentucky, has served 13 years; the present G. S. Stokes, of Philadelphia, 22 years; while Grand Secretary Ridgely has been in office from "time immemorial." Looking over the list of Chairmen of the more important Standing Committees for 1876 we find these results:—

*State of the Order.*—John H. White, of New York, has served 12 years.

*Judiciary Committee.*—Judge Fitzhugh, of Richmond, Virginia, has served 22 years.

*Legislative Committee.*—Judge Garey, of Baltimore, has served 12 years.

*Appeals.*—Nathan Porter, of California, has represented that State since 1870, besides in former years representing one of the Eastern States.

*Finance.*—Erie J. Leech, of Iowa, has represented that State 14 consecutive years.

*Foreign Relations.*—C. N. Hickok has served 7 years.

*Constitutions.*—Hugh Latham, of District of Columbia, has served 13 years.

In addition to that conclusive array, on the floor are Lamberton, of Harrisburg, 16 years; McLean, of Washington, 18 years; Barber, of Mississippi, 13 years; Dowden, of Kentucky, 11 years; Driscoll, Rhode Island, 10 years; Havemer, of Washington, 14 years; Robinson, Virginia, 16 and T. A. Ross, of New Jersey, after 11 years service was appointed *Assistant Grand Secretary*! This will convey to the reader an idea of how little our American Brethren are in love with

change simply for the sake of change. In Ontario, it is gratifying to note an improvement in this respect, though the rule is as above stated. We now stand Woodyatt, 9 years; Gibson, 4 years; Perry, 3 years, and Wright, 2 years; Gibson and Wright's term expiring this year. These brethren have taken a fair position in Supreme Lodge, being on the following Standing Committees: Perry, on Judiciary, Woodyatt, on Appeals, Wright, on Finance, and Gibson, on Unfinished Business.

It must not be understood that we are stolidly opposed to change, for that would be an absurd position. What we contend for is, that the best selection for representatives should be made, and that choice adhered to, so long as good service deserves it, notwithstanding that others are anxious to wear the honor. These aspirations must give way to the general good of the Order, and the general good of the Order is best promoted by retaining the services of trained and experienced representatives rather than perpetually trifling with its best interests by committing them to unskilful and untried hands. When a change is deliberately seen to be necessary, by all means let it be made, but do not let tested aptitude for the work be dispensed with to gratify an inexperienced aspirant. The feeling appears pretty general in subordinate lodges that the *honor* belongs to the Junior

Past Grand, but that is a grossly wrong idea, for no office, high or low, should be bestowed as a "compliment." We want in our Grand Lodge the very best representatives that can be sent there, and until this principle is recognized and acted upon we will have indifferent Grand Officers and loose legislation. And especially is this worthy of attention at the present time when the questions before Grand Lodge are so important. We have first to finally adopt our Constitution, which has now been before the Grand Lodge for three years; and the question of Dues and Benefits will require all the skill and judgment which the representatives of the subordinate lodges can concentrate upon it. This last question is engaging the attention of the Supreme Lodge, and every Grand Lodge on this continent, and may justly be said to be the question of the day. The need of experienced, reliable and sterling representatives assembling in Grand Lodge is thus doubly apparent, and we trust will be duly pondered over, so that, while changes in some cases will be both desirable and imperative, those who have shown an interest in and capacity for the work of Grand Lodge will re-assemble next August, instead of having their places supplied by aspiring inexperience, more anxious for a holiday than to do hard practical work to promote the solid interests of the Order.

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"Martha," said James, "what letter in the alphabet do you like best?" Martha didn't like to say, but the young man insisted. "Well," was her final answer, as she dropped her eyes, "I think I like U best."

Along about ten o'clock in the morning he comes up with apples and pears, and as he puts his basket on a chair and wipes his young forehead he remarks: "Four for five cents, and blast them stairs!"



## PRESENTATION.

IN anticipation of a happy event which transpired Wednesday, August 23rd, the members of Cataraqi Lodge, No. 10, I. O. O. F., on Tuesday evening presented Bro. W. D. Gordon with a beautiful and chaste silver set, in recognition of the active and valuable service rendered by Bro. Gordon, since the formation of the Lodge and his connection with it. The Lodge met in regular session and prior to adjournment, Bro. Bethel, N.G., requested Bro. Macalister to make the presentation. Brother Macalister did so, and in an able and very felicitous speech he alluded to the approaching matrimonial alliance of Bro. Gordon and his friendly impulses which moved them in the action in which they were then engaged. He referred to the active part which Bro. Gordon had taken in all matters pertaining to the Order, and remarked that this act was intended as a token of the estimation which the Lodge had placed upon those services. He concluded a very happy impromptu address by wishing Bro. Gordon and his intended bride the utmost happiness and prosperity in their journey through life together. Speeches were also made by Bro. Dr. Fowler, G.W., and Bros. Dr. Jarvis, D. Callaghan, S. Oberndorffer, and W. H. Martin, all of whom paid a tribute to the position Bro. Gordon had occupied in the Or-

der, and who expressed their pleasure at the approaching nuptials of the recipient of the Lodge's special favor, and extended their fraternal and most cordial congratulations. Bro. Gordon made a suitable reply, and in doing so took occasion to remark upon the pleasant associations which had been brought about by Odd Fellowship; to the unexpected yet highly appreciable nature of the present they had made him; and to the feelings with which he should ever regard the circumstances of that meeting. He acknowledged in feeling terms the fraternal sentiments that had been expressed towards him and his friends, and concluded by thanking the brethren for their very valuable gift. The service consists of six pieces, tea-pot, coffee-pot, sugar bowl, butter cooler, milk jug and basin, the whole (excepting the salver) being an exact counterpart of that presented not long since to Col. Kerr by the masons. The inscription is:

"Presented to W. D. Gordon, D.D. G. P., by the members of Cataraqi Lodge No. 10, I.O.O.F., Kingston, Aug. 22nd, 1876."

The present is a very handsome one, and was a worthy addition to the numerous pretty and costly presents made to Miss Pense on her marriage yesterday to Mr. Gordon.—*British Whig*.

## RECEPTION OF THE GRAND LODGE AT ST. CATHARINES.

IT is not every day that the City of Saints have a gala day, but we are safe in stating that on Wednesday, Aug. 2nd, they had a genuine one, and one too, in which all united to add to the general effect of the demonstration.

The occasion of this display by the Odd Fellows of the Niagara District was a sort of public reception of the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows, who this year honored the young city by

their presence, to deliberate on the interests of the Order at large. The committee of arrangements deserve every credit for the excellent manner in which they proposed and carried out the proceedings connected with the out-door demonstration, and the different lodges of the district who assisted by their presence in giving effect to them are also deserving of their meed of praise. At 3 o'clock the members of Union and Empire subor-

pinate Lodges and Union Encampment marched to J. P. Merritt's grove, kindly granted for the occasion, as a convenient point to organize the procession. Shortly afterwards a special train on the Welland Railway brought down the members of Livingstone Lodge and Encampment from Thorold and Orient Lodge from Welland, and Bertie Lodge of Ridgeway, besides a large number of their friends who were desirous of witnessing the display. Soon afterwards there arrived by the Great Western Railway from Clifton, the members of Niagara Falls Lodge and Encampment together with a large number of visitors. By four o'clock the Brethren moved in the following

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

FIRST DIVISION.

Marshall on horse.

Flag.

19th Battalion Band.

Bertie Lodge, No. 150, Ridgeway.

Orient Lodge, No. 134, Welland.

SECOND DIVISION.

44th Battalion Band.

Livingstone Lodge, No. 130, Thorold.

Cataract Lodge, No. 103, Drummondville.

Niagara Falls Lodge, No. 53, Clifton.

THIRD DIVISION.

13th Battalion Band.

Empire Lodge, No. 87, St. Catharines.

Patriarchs of Encampments.

Union Lodge, No. 16, St. Catharines.

Grand Lodge of Ontario.

Officers of Grand Lodge in carriages.

As the procession moved up St. Paul street the scene was exceedingly pretty, and presented a beautiful moving tableau. The streets were lined with immense crowds of people. The Odd Fellows were clothed with the regalia of the Order, some of which were very handsome and striking. The streets were gaily festooned with flags and decorations of brilliant colored cloths, and from every coigne of vantage could be seen crowds of eager faces to witness the display before them. The bands of music, which were interspersed at intervals, added to the charms of the occasion, and delighted the ear with their melodious strains. After marching through the

principal streets as provided for in the programme, the procession halted at the Montebello Park, and here again an immense crowd of people followed, the ladies, as usual, gracing the scene by their presence, and adding additional pleasure to the occasion.

From a rustic platform, His Worship Mayor Brown, as a member of the Order, and in his capacity as the head of the Corporation, in a few well chosen remarks, welcomed the Grand Lodge of Ontario and their friends to the city of St. Catharines.

Past Grand Master James Woodyatt of Brantford, replied on behalf of the Grand Master, who did not feel sufficiently strong to undertake the task, having but recently recovered from a severe illness. Bro. Woodyatt said the Grand Lodge esteemed it a pleasure to meet in so beautiful a place as this young city, and accepted with thanks and gratitude the hearty welcome accorded by the Mayor.

Past Grand and Past Chief Patriarch W. A. Rawlings, on behalf of the members of this city and district, then read the following address of welcome to the Grand Lodge of Ontario:

*M. W. Grand Master, Officers and Members of the R. W. Grand Lodge of Ontario, I. O. O. F.*

In behalf of the Lodges of this city, and of the assembled brethren of the Order of this jurisdiction, it is my pleasant duty to extend to you a cordial welcome.

You have met in annual session to-day to consider the state, and provide for the general welfare of our Order. The brethren in this district fully appreciate the high compliment paid them in selecting this city as the place of holding your twenty-second annual communication. Your presence with us to-day has an appropriateness somewhat unusual. It is right and proper that the most progressive institution of the age should hold its annual session in this, the youngest and most prosperous city in the Province, and no occasion could be more interesting to the Fraternity in whose name I speak to-day, than the appear-

ance here of the Grand Lodge, to whose enactments we all render such cheerful obedience. When last it was the privilege of the Brethren of Union Lodge to welcome your Right Worthy Grand Body among us Odd Fellowship was but in its infancy in this district. In the few years that have elapsed since that time, it has grown beyond the most sanguine expectations, and to-day, instead of extending to you the hand of a single lodge, it is my duty and privilege to stretch forth, on behalf of seven active and progressive Lodges, the hand of welcome! Coming under such happy auspices, and in such large numbers, we have every confidence that your meeting will be pleasant, your intercourse harmonious, your deliberations marked with wisdom, and the result of your session most beneficial to the Order for which you legislate. While congratulating ourselves upon the success which has attended the career of Odd Fellowship in this district, we feel that we should also congratulate your Right Worthy Grand Body upon the marked progress made in the numerical and financial strength of our beloved Order in this jurisdiction, as well as upon its establishment and extension in other jurisdictions within the boundaries of that Great and Glorious Empire upon which the sun never sets, and of which our Province is a portion. In whatever direction we look, we find the banner of Odd Fellowship floating, and as the years pass by, new fields are peacefully conquered in the interests of humanity, and our benevolent institution asserts its commanding power.

You have come among us for the purpose of holding your annual communication, to review the labors of the past, and to counsel together for future usefulness. May the God of the widow and the orphan be with you, and watch over the deliberations of your session, and that when you go hence to your homes, and to your Lodges, it will be with a deeper and broader sense of the high and responsible obligations which you in common

with the rest of us, have taken at the altars of Friendship, Love and Truth.

Hoping that your meeting may be harmonious and profitable, and that each one of you may enjoy his stay in our midst, we exclaim with the sincerest fraternal regard, "Welcome, thrice welcome, one and all."

Grand Master Buttrey regretted that his physical weakness prevented him from replying at length. He accepted the welcome so cordially tendered by the brethren of the Order here, on behalf of the Grand Lodge of Ontario. He hoped the business of the session would be such as to increase the admiration of all for the continued success of the Order and cause pleasant recollections for the future, and trusted also it would afford the citizens of St. Catharines as much pleasure as it does the members of the Grand Lodge.

Past Grand and Past Chief Patriarch J. B. McIntyre then read the following address of welcome to a distinguished visitor, R. W. Bro. John W. Stebbins, of Rochester, N.Y., R. W. Grand Master of the State of New York :

ST. CATHARINES, ONT., Aug. 2, 1876.  
*To John W. Stebbins, Esq., R.W.G.M.  
 of the Grand Lodge of the State of  
 New York, I.O.O.F.:*

It becomes my duty to express to you the grateful pleasure the Odd Fellows of this jurisdiction feel in having you present with them upon this interesting occasion.

In the name and on behalf of the Lodges of this city, I bid you a hearty and fraternal welcome to this the youngest and most progressive city in our Province. Welcome to this jurisdiction of the Order, rejoicing at its own prosperity at home, and proudly sharing in the prosperity of our organization in every other region and clime where its alters have been erected.

We hail with pleasure your presence with us on this occasion, one whose eminent worth and life-time of laborious devotion to Odd-Fellowship has



contributed largely to promote the progress of the Order, and cement in still closer ties, the brotherhood. We welcome you as the representative of that large and flourishing jurisdiction over which you so ably preside as Grand Master.

While we as Canadians submit cheerful obedience to our Sovereign; and you acknowledge allegiance to a different form of Government, as Odd Fellows we all unite in the full measure of fraternity, which forcibly illustrates the truthfulness of our profession—that we are brothers—whether we meet beneath the Red Cross of Old England, or the Star Spangled Banner of Young America.

We welcome you as individuals, we welcome you as citizens, and we welcome you as Odd Fellows in the name of Friendship, Love and Truth.

Bro. Stebbins made the following reply:

Laboring under an infirmity of voice, the result of a malignant cold, reaching to and seriously affecting my lungs, if prudence cannot, inability certainly will, restrain me from extended remarks.

I cannot, however, receive in silence your very complimentary allusions to the jurisdiction of which I have the honor to be the executive head. Believe me that I receive them in no wise as personal to myself, but as coming from that wealth of attachment and respect you bear toward that good Brotherhood of which the Grand Lodge of the State of New York is but a humble member. On its behalf, and as its executive head, I heartily thank you for this distinguished mark of respect.

Whatever of distinction in the bright galaxy of jurisdictions the Grand Lodge of the State of New York may have attained, she certainly is equalled, if not excelled, by her younger sister, the Grand Lodge of the Province of Ontario. Nor in that bright galaxy, in my judgment, is there one to be found, age considered, that is more than her peer. This is not the utterance of fulsome compliments, but the voice of the stern logic of facts.

Organized as the Grand Lodge of Ontario less than 9 years ago, with 13 Lodges and a membership of only 1,050, she has grown to 156 Lodges with a membership of 11,322, the annual receipts from whom are \$98,214. She has spread almost from one extreme of this broad Dominion to the other, and gathered within her encircling mysteries the noble and the true from all ranks in the commonwealth.

'Tis the genius of Odd Fellowship to "strike for the soil." Nowhere has this genius more heroically signalized itself than within the jurisdiction of Ontario. I know not how many Temples, but many I do know, have by this inspiring genius been here reared to Odd Fellowship. They dot your country, adding beauty to your towns, and the aroma of a higher loyalty to the patriotism of the citizen. Whitby, London, St. Catharines and many other places, are adorned by their presence, and receive a new lustre from the sheen of their mystic symbolism. All this has been achieved chiefly within the past nine years.

True the Grand Lodge of New York has now 452 Lodges, with a membership of 40,000, and an annual income of \$350,000. But that is the growth of almost 39 years, in the lap of a population now numbering 5,000,000. The jurisdiction of Ontario suffers nothing, but rather bears the palm in the contrast. And why should she not? Nestling upon the shores of two great lakes—links in the grandest chain of lakes upon the globe—and as if not satisfied with this, grasping and absorbing this great outlet, one of the most charmingly beautiful rivers on this or any other continent thence stretching back along rivers and streams with their innumerable lakes, through beautiful valleys amid mountain grandeurs, where the eye never wearies and imagination never tires, over "broad acres" rich in mineral wealth, and prolific in agricultural resource—what should check her onward march?

Peopled with descendants from a sturdy English ancestry, organized

under one of the freest Governments on the globe, fired with that spirit of enterprise and progress, so emphatically the presiding genius on the continent, not an element is wanting to make for the jurisdiction of Ontario a future radiant and bright, with all that is purest and noblest in the sublimest unfoldings of Odd Fellowship.

Upon the opposite shore of one of these lakes and part way on the other, is that jurisdiction which I have the honor to represent, and to which in such complimentary terms you have alluded. On behalf of that jurisdiction I return you, and through you, the jurisdiction of Ontario, like cordial and friendly greetings.—Across these broad waters, the Grand Lodge of New York bring to the Grand Lodge of Ontario the golden cords of "Friendship, Love and Truth," "Faith, Hope and Charity," the double triplet of Odd Fellowship, and interlacing them with like golden cords from this Grand Lodge bridges those waters with a net work, upon which trembling and faithless Peters may cross without danger of sinking.

In other words, Odd Fellowship in and through the Grand Lodges of New York and Ontario, annihilates distance, drinks up lakes, brings peoples whether of one or different nations side by side in unity, intermingles and blends them as one, its motto being: "Our Country—the Earth; Our nation—the Race."

Joined in like manner to the whole sisterhood of jurisdictions under the Supreme Grand Lodge, Odd Fellowship is spanning oceans, spreading over continents, grasping "the Isles of the sea" as very little things, already numbering over 6,000 Lodges, a half million members, the annual receipts from whom are four and a quarter million dollars. Of this it annually dispenses for charitable purposes alone \$1,700,000. All this is the growth of but 57 years, and almost  $\frac{3}{4}$  of it the growth of the last 25. What imagination dares spread her wing, and flying to the verge of the Centennial of Odd Fellowship, pro-

claim to us what she then shall be?

'Tis enough for us that we act well our part in "visiting the sick, relieving the distressed, burying the dead and educating the orphan," in breaking down "the middle walls of partition" between individuals and nations, uniting them in fraternal sympathy, like "drops of water mingled into one," and hastening the day when "the sword shall be beaten into the plowshare, and the spear into the pruning hook," and when universal peace shall reign.

Then, from the lofty dome of Odd Fellowship, amid its glittering spires, shall the care-worn veteran, look out upon a work accomplished—a mission ended, and listening patiently, wait to hear from the Supreme Grand Master of the Universe, breaking through the universal song of rejoicing, the welcome plaudit, "Well done!" "Well done!"

Past Grand and Past Chief Patriarch R. W. Scott, of Peterboro, was called on to make a few remarks. He said that it was among the least of his expectations that he should have been called upon to-day, as he had made no preparation for speaking to so large an assembly, and he thought after the eloquent address of Bro. Stebbins, some preparation would be necessary. He was comparatively young in Odd Fellowship, but he hoped sincerely when years shall have passed away he would be able to look back and say that he would not like to have missed any of these gatherings. He knew that the Order of Odd Fellows was a good one, and the great spread of the Order in Ontario proved it. It promulgated no new ideas but warmed into life the principles of morality we all acknowledge, and which are old as time itself.

After a selection of music by the 13th Batt. band, the line of procession was reformed and the brethren marched to the square in front of the Odd Fellows' Hall, where the line of procession countermarched, and the Grand Lodge officers and representatives filed through the open ranks, which concluded the day's proceedings.

## LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE NEW ODD-FELLOWS HALL IN THOROLD.

THE corner stone of the Odd Fellows' Hall in Thorold was laid on the 18th of Sept. by Bro. D. McConachie, of Welland D. D. G. M. The edifice will be located on the main street, with a frontage of 34 x 80 feet, giving two handsome stores on the ground floor, and will raise 56 feet from the sidewalk, giving three stories, which will be surmounted by an ornamental tower. The upper story will be fitted up as a lodge room for the uses of the lodge and the encampment. The whole will cost we are informed, about \$10,000. Monday afternoon was set apart for laying the corner stone of the new structure in accordance with the ceremonies peculiar to the Order. At two o'clock p. m., the brethren assembled in their lodge room in Lampman's Block in due form. The members soon afterwards proceeded in a body to Hender-shot's Hall, where arrangements were made for forming the line of procession. This having been completed, they marched in a body, headed by the Weeks' excellent band in the following order:

Outside Guardian.

Grand Marshal. 3222

Initiate Members.

Members of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th, Degrees.

Past Grands and Vice Grands.

And the following brethren representing the Grand Lodge:

D. McConachie, of Welland, D. D. G. Master of the Niagara District, representing the Grand Master.

P. D. G. M.—J. B. McIntyre.

Grand Secretary—J. A. Swinton.

Grand Treas.—Walter Chatfield.

Grand Conductor—Jno. E. Cuff.

Grand Guardian—Geo. Wales.

Grand Marshal—J. Williams.

Grand Chaplain—Dr. Dougan.

Grand Architect—F. H. McGaskill.

Grand Supporter—Dr. T. Brown.

The members of the Order, according to the above arrangement, march-

ed two abreast, and on arriving at the foundation the procession opened to the right and left, changing the rear to the front, admitting the Grand Officers to their station on a platform prepared for the purpose. Here the Noble Grand of the Lodge presented to D. D. G. M. McConachie a very handsome silver trowel, on which was the following inscription:

“Presented to D. McConachie, D. D.G.M., by Livingstone Lodge No. 130, Thorold, September 18, 1876.

Bro. Wm. Winslow, on behalf of Livingstone Lodge, then read the following

ADDRESS:

To D. McConachie, Deputy Grand Master, Niagara District.

SIR AND BROTHER.—It is with feelings of the greatest pleasure that we welcome you among us on this your first visit to Thorold in the capacity of District Deputy Grand Master.

The occasion could scarcely be more auspicious, seeing that you have been deputed by the Most Worthy Grand Master of Ontario to lay the corner stone of our Odd Fellows' Hall. While regretting the absence of our Most Worthy Grand Master, we are proud that the duty, by virtue of the high office which you hold, has fallen on you.

We feel ourselves honored by your presence amongst us to-day, not merely on account of your official position, but on account of your own personal worth as a man and a brother. It is well known that since your connection with our beloved Order, you have been untiring in endeavoring to promote its progress and well-being, and your election to the responsible position of District Deputy was but a fitting recognition of your services to the Order; and we, along with all brothers in this District, admire the judgment of the Grand Lodge in choosing you as our superior officer.

Trusting that the Father of all good



may spare your life for many years of usefulness, on behalf of Livingstone Lodge, we subscribe ourselves,

In F. L. and T.,

On behalf of Livingstone Lodge,  
No. 130, I.O.O.F.

S. CLEVELAND,

Chairman of Committee.

MATTHEW BROWN,

Secretary of Committee.

To which the D.D.G.M made the following

REPLY :

N.G. AND BRETHREN OF LIVINGSTONE LODGE,—I have to thank you very kindly for your fraternal and friendly welcome. On behalf of the Grand Lodge I also thank you for the fraternal allusions contained in the address, and on behalf of the Grand Master as his representative here to-day, I would be doing the position an injustice did I allow the opportunity to pass without congratulating the members of the Order in Thorold on the great enterprise they have now earnestly begun, and which we have met to-day to duly inaugurate. The position of Livingstone Lodge is one to be admired and imitated, as such enterprise in so young a Lodge is to be commended as worthy of all praise. My best wish to you is that nothing may occur to mar the progress of your scheme, and that in due time your temple may be completed and stand through ages yet to come, consecrated to disseminating the three cardinal virtues of our Order—Friendship, Love and Truth.

The Grand Secretary and Treasurer then stepped forward and deposited in a metallic box within the stone, the following documents:—Copies of the *Toronto Globe and Mail*, *St. Catharines Journal*, *Thorold Post*, *Welland Telegraph* and *Tribune*; copy of the by-laws of Livingstone Lodge, list of the committee of arrangements at laying of corner stone; copy of address to D.D.G.M. McConachie, and a list of the grand officers who officiated.

The stone was then lowered to its place and properly adjusted, and after the proper officers handed the D.D.G.M. the water and corn in goblets, he

spread them over the stone, (which was also strewn with flowers), the chaplain read an appropriate prayer, and the ceremony of laying the corner stone came to an end, with the following declaration by the Grand Master: "In the name of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows and the Grand Lodge of Ontario, I pronounce the first stone of this building, intended as a lodge room for Livingstone Lodge No. 130, of Thorold, to be laid in regular form and order."

Past D.D.G.M. J. B. McIntyre was then called upon to deliver a closing address, which he did in his usual eloquent manner. He alluded to the marked progress made by Livingstone Lodge and the self-evident prosperity before it, and to the advancement of the Order at large, the good work it had accomplished in the past, and glorious future yet before it. He also gave a few statistics of its present extent and numbers, and closed with a brilliant peroration, in which he noted its extension to the far off shores of Europe, the golden sands of Australia, and to the distant lands of California and South America, all bound together in the mystic links of friendship, love and truth.

The procession was then reformed as at first and marched back to Hendershot's Hall, changing front as they entered. After which the Lodge was closed in due form, and the ceremony came to a successful termination.

We may add that during the procession and the ceremony attendant upon laying the corner stone, the main street was lined by an immense concourse of people, anxious to see the event of the day and a ceremony which had to them, at least, the recommendation of novelty. The ladies, who are always on hand at most celebrations, were present in large numbers to grace the proceedings by their presence.

The members of Livingstone Lodge in the evening held a peach festival on behalf of the building fund of the Lodge, which was well attended.

COMMUNICATED.

DUES AND BENEFITS.

The following scheme for the re-adjustment of the fees has been under the consideration of a special committee representing the several Lodges of Toronto and Yorkville, and has been very favorably received:—

If four-fifteenths of the dues are to be applied to the Widows' and Orphans' Fund, \$1.60, which is four-fifteenths of \$6.00, is the annual cost of a risk of \$134.73 at the youngest age, 21. The same amount would carry a risk at age 40 of only \$73.64; at age 50, \$1.60 a year would carry a risk of only \$48.74.

But in view of the unequal arrangement for the different ages, it would be more advisable to take a less proportion of the dues—say one-fifth, or \$1.20. This will carry a risk of \$100.00 at age 21, and take from the Initiation Fee a proper amount at the different ages to meet the increasing cost of the increasing ages; that amount is here shown.

\* At age 21 \$1.20,\* or, more correctly, \$1.18-75 is the net annual cost of a risk of \$100.

The General Benefit Fund is not an increasing liability with age, except the burial portion of it, consequently there is no necessity for taking more from the older members than from the younger for that purpose.

One hundred dollars would not be anything like sufficient to purchase an annuity of \$40 a year, but that sum might be more than doubled in a life-time by profits. Besides, all members who die do not leave widows or any other liability.

ANNUITIES.

AGE.	\$ c.	Present Cash Value of a Temporary Annuity of \$40 a year for Ten Years.	Cash Value of a Temporary Annuity of \$40 a year for Fifteen Years.	
			\$	\$ c.
35	300 10		394 88	569 40
40	298 34		390 02	537 32
45	294 38		381 09	498 24
50	287 91		367 76	453 04
55	278 42		349 03	403 08
60	264 42		322 38	349 42
65	244 65		287 53	293 88
70	218 70			239 32
75				187 96

It is considered that ten years will be about the average time which an annuity will be required to be paid, so that the first column will best illustrate the amount required at the death of each brother.

These values, and those in the other column, are computed from the Actuaries' Table of Mortality and five per cent. interest.

It must be remembered that when a member dies the Annuity Fund for the benefit of his widow must be on hand, and he leaves such a liability in addition to the Reserve Fund. By this system the solvency of a Lodge can be determined at any time.

In deducting the amount which is to be added to the Widows and Orphans' Fund from the Initiation Fee, it will be found that the Initiation Fee is too low at the middle ages, most so at age 40.

In order to correct this error, let us assume a certain liability at the death of each member and the amount required to meet this liability at the different ages.

If \$6.00 is the proper amount for general or level purposes we should consider the amount of liability incurred by the death of each member and the increase of the Initiation Fee, to meet the greater probability of dying as age advances. Suppose we assume that \$100.00 will meet a widow and orphan's claim, and take \$1.20 a year from the dues at all ages. Now, to put the older members on an equality with the youngest, add the reserve shown on the first col., and to meet the funeral benefit claim let us assume \$25†

\* The dues are payable quarterly, and sometimes not till the end of the year, and for that reason \$1.28 should be applied to the Widows' and Orphans' Fund instead of \$1.20 as proposed, making 32 cents each quarter.

† It is expected that the \$25 will be increased to \$40, the amount required by profits.

as the proper amount, we should add to the Initiation Fee, in addition to the other reserve, one-fourth of the amount to meet this increasing liability.

So that the Initiation Fee is made up as follows : \$6 to meet a general or level

that shown on first table. These added together make the Initiation Fee rates shown here.

If the Widows' and Orphans' Fund was to be met from the dues, the amount taken from the dues should be increased according to the age at entry, as follows :

COST OF INITIATION.

NEW RATES.		OLD RATES.	DIFFERENCE.
AGE.	\$ c.	\$ c.	\$ c.
21	6 00	6 00	
22	6 64	6 00	64
23	7 31	6 00	1 31
24	8 00	6 00	2 00
25	8 73	6 00	2 73
26	9 48	6 00	3 48
27	10 26	6 00	4 26
28	11 07	6 00	5 07
29	11 91	6 00	5 91
30	12 79	6 00	6 79
31	13 70	6 50	7 20
32	14 64	7 00	7 64
33	15 62	7 50	8 12
34	16 64	8 00	8 64
35	17 70	8 50	9 20
36	18 80	9 50	9 30
37	19 95	10 50	9 45
38	21 14	11 50	9 64
39	22 38	12 50	9 88
40	23 67	13 50	10 17
41	25 01	15 50	9 51
42	26 41	17 50	8 91
43	27 87	19 50	8 37
44	29 37	21 50	7 83
45	30 93	23 50	7 43
46	32 52	26 50	6 02
47	34 16	29 50	4 66
48	35 85	32 50	3 35
49	37 56	35 50	2 06
50	39 32	38 50	82
51	41 10	43 50	
60	58 61	88 50	

AGE AT ENTRY.	\$ c.
21	1 20
25	1 32
30	1 53
35	1 80
40	2 17
45	2 67
50	3 35

This is theoretically equivalent to the other plan, but is not the best way.

This plan would increase the dues as follows :

If this principle was applied, the Initiation Rates might be reduced as follows, the contingency of death being provided for by the dues :

AGE.	DUES.
21	\$6 00
25	6 12
30	6 33
35	6 60
40	6 97
45	7 47
50	8 15

This plan is arithmetically correct, but would not be most practicable. Men could join easily and would leave more readily, benefitting the Lodge but very little. The gains or extra profits which we calculate on would not be realized. Besides \$6.00 in dues is as much as members like to pay each year.

AGE.	INITIATION
21	\$6 00
25	6 53
30	7 36
35	8 34
40	9 54
45	10 98
50	12 67

Devised and computed by  
Yours fraternally,  
A. MCGREGOR,  
Covenant Lodge, Toronto.

liability and the reserve on \$100.00, commencing at age 21, and the reserve on \$25.00, which is equal to one-fourth of

DUES AND BENEFITS.

DEAR SIR AND BRO. :

In your July issue I find a communication on the subject of dues and benefits, advocating a revision of the W. & O. Fund in order to place it on a sound financial basis. The subject is one of vital interest to the Order, as upon the soundness of its benefit system depends its capability of meeting its pecuniary engagements to the sick and afflicted.

It would be well, however, in discussing this matter to divest it as far as possible of all business technicalities, and present our views in a shape in which they can be readily understood by all our brethren. But I fear the communication to which I have referred is scarcely fitted to reach this

end. Whether the fault be with the printer or the writer I cannot say, but it is certain that the ideas in the paper present themselves in somewhat of a confused condition; and though doubtless perfectly plain to persons acquainted with life insurance are scarcely so clear to the average reader.

I am not acquainted with the writer, but I judge from the article that he is either directly connected with insurance, or, or at all events, has made that subject a study. But life insurance deals simply with the question of mortality; and consequently an expert in insurance, viewing Odd Fellowship in its beneficiary aspect, is very apt to fall into the mistake of looking at the W. & O.



Fund as the one that requires all the regulation. The fact is, however, that the benefit operations of this Fund are to the general relief outlay only in the proportion of one to nine. Bro. McGregor, the writer of the article under review, falls into this same error; and devotes himself exclusively to a re-modelling of the W. & O. Fund. If I understand him correctly, he proposes that the admission fees should be increased according to age of applicant, at a more rapid rate than is customary in most Lodges, and a certain portion of that increase added to the W. & O. Fund. The explanations and figures are somewhat complex; but on a careful analysis of the scheme this seems to be the object sought. As far as the individual member is concerned, therefore, there would be no difference in principle, only in degree, from our present plan. According to the present fees in the Toronto Lodge—and the comparisons in the article are founded on these alone—an applicant at 21 pays \$6; at 35, \$8.50; at 40, \$13.50; at 45, \$23.50, etc. By Bro. McGregor's plan the admission fee would be at 21, \$6; at 30, \$12.79; at 35, \$17.70; at 40, \$23.67; at 45, \$30.93, etc. The only real difference from the present arrangement would be that this increase would be applied to the W. & O. Fund, instead of going into the General Benefit Fund.

Bro. McGregor's theory is correct as far as he goes; the mistake is that he does not go far enough. He says: "The General Benefit Fund is not an increasing liability with age, except the burial portion of it; consequently there is no necessity for taking more from the older members than from the younger for that purpose." This is a serious mistake. In the first place, "the burial portion" of this Fund is no trifling matter. Taking the transactions of the Order for 1874, we find the amount paid for burying the dead, to be nearly \$100,000 in excess of the benefits to widows and orphans. Bro. McGregor admits, I presume, that is "an increasing lia-

bility with age;" though he probably did not think that it was a liability greater than the benefits to widows.

But this is not all. Sick benefits also constitute a "liability increasing with age." Every physician of experience will testify to the fact that up to an advanced age—the older the patient the more lingering his illness. A young man taken sick will either recover or die in a comparatively short period; an old man will do neither. In advanced life there is less power to resist the attack of disease than in youth, but there is greater power of endurance. So that an old man will get sick easier than a young one, and remain sick longer.

This is borne out by the researches of such statisticians as Neison, Finlayson and Radcliffe. Taking the report of the Manchester Unity as tabulated by the latter gentleman, we find the sickness in weeks for one year of life at different ages to be as follows:

AGES.	WEEKS' SICKNESS IN ONE YEAR.
25 15	0.82
35 44	1.19
45 55	1.91
55 65	4.62
65 75	10.24

The figures of Neison and Finlayson, though differing slightly in detail from these, yet bear out the same general principle of advance in years being accompanied with increase of sickness. These figures relating to the working people of Great Britain, are, I am satisfied, far in excess of what may be expected in Canada; but the principle remains as true here as in the older country.

It is a fact, therefore, that not only the Widows' and Orphans' benefit, but almost the entire benefit system of the Order, constitutes a liability increasing with age; and, as a consequence, the proposition of Bro. McGregor is far too limited in its application to meet the real requirements of the case.

Before proceeding to consider the proper remedy for our impending financial difficulties, I may just for a moment note another proposition

made by Bro. McGregor, viz.: "That on attaining the age of 70, a member should be permitted to withdraw his 'reserve and accumulated profits' from the W. & O. Fund, and be no longer a beneficiary so far as that Fund is concerned. This is what insurance people call the 'endowment' plan, very good in its place; but its place is not in our benefit system. The W. & O. Fund being a trust fund, must be applied for the relief of widows and orphans only, and not for old members; besides which the law does not allow non-beneficiary members, except in certain special cases.

And now for the only available, practicable scheme. What are the facts upon which we must find it? They are these: Two persons, A and B, join a Lodge at the same time—the former aged 21, the latter 40. According to the average duration of life, A will live about  $41\frac{1}{2}$  years, B only 28. Supposing dues to be \$6 a year, A will pay into the Lodge funds \$249, and B only \$168. Admitting that B has to pay \$10 more admission fee than A, he will still pay into the Lodge funds during his membership about \$70 less than his younger brother. But both will be entitled to the same funeral benefit and the same Widows' and Orphans' benefit. In justice they should pay into the funds the same amount. But to make A pay an admission of \$6 and B one of \$87—the amount necessary to equalize them—would be manifestly impracticable. The only available plan would be to spread B's amount over a number of years, in other words, make the difference in the annual dues instead of in the admission fee. Thus if A pays \$5 dues per year, B should pay \$8.88.

But this only bears on the funeral and widows' benefits—how about the sick benefits? Taking Radcliffe's tables we will find that A will probably be sick 74 weeks and B 118. Thus, if a Lodge pays \$2 per week for benefits, A will draw out for this purpose \$148 to B's \$236. In other words A will pay into the funds about \$100 more than he will be likely to receive

for sick benefits, while B will receive about \$70 more than he pays. The amount of sickness in Canada does not nearly approach the above figures; but though the figures would be smaller their relation would be the same.

So that, having in view the General Benefit Fund as well as the W. & O. Fund, it is necessary to an equitable system that the payments of members should be so graded that the older shall pay as much as the younger. I have already shown that it would be practically impossible to accomplish this by grading the admission fee; and the only other method is to grade the annual payments according to age, after the manner of insurance companies.

In 1875, the Grand Lodge of Ontario adopted a model code of by-laws, which it recommends to its Subordinates. In this model code it is enacted that the admission fee shall be the same for all ages; but that the yearly dues shall be graded according to the age of the member at the time of his admission. A table of quarterly dues accompanies this by-law. This table is so arranged that the increase of each year bears a definite and simple relation to the year preceding, and is also divisible by four without fractions for the convenience of quarterly payments. Of course, as a natural result of this arrangement, the table is not literally accurate; but it varies only a few cents more or less from an accurate table. For example, in the model code the payment of one admitted at 32 is \$7.32; it should be \$7.40; at 40, \$8.68, it should be \$8.88, and so on. But this slight variation is more than counterbalanced by the greater simplicity of the table in the model code. The by-law and the table are as follows:

"Every person hereafter admitted into this Lodge, shall pay into its funds—at or before the close of each quarterly term—according to his age at the time of admission, at the rate following, that is to say:—At the age of 21, \$6 per year; from 22 to 35

inclusive, an additional 12c. for each year; from 35 to 40 inclusive, an additional 20c. for each year; from 41 to 45 inclusive, an additional 28c. for each year; and from 46 to 50 inclusive, an additional 36c. for each year."

TABLE OF QUARTERLY DUES.

AGE WHEN ADMITTED.	YEARLY RATE.	QUARTER'S DUES.
21	\$ 6.00	\$ 1.50
22	6.12	1.53
23	6.24	1.56
24	6.36	1.59
25	6.48	1.62
26	6.60	1.65
27	6.72	1.68
28	6.84	1.71
29	6.96	1.74
30	7.08	1.77
31	7.20	1.80
32	7.32	1.82
33	7.44	1.86
34	7.56	1.89
35	7.68	1.92
36	7.88	1.97
37	8.08	2.02
38	8.28	2.07
39	8.48	2.12
40	8.68	2.17
41	8.96	2.24
42	9.24	2.31
43	9.52	2.38
44	9.80	2.45
45	10.08	2.52
46	10.44	2.61
47	10.80	2.70
48	11.16	2.79
49	11.52	2.88
50	11.88	2.97

This, I submit, is the only available scheme for placing our financial affairs on a sound basis that has yet been

presented to the Order in Ontario. And I am pleased to find that it is coming into favor with the Lodges. In my position as Chairman of the Committee on Laws of Subordinates for several years past, I have had the opportunity of reading the By-laws of nearly every Lodge in Ontario. And I find that a large number have adopted this scheme. Avon Lodge, No. 41, an old and influential Lodge, has worked on this plan for some years, and the testimony of those who manage its finances is strongly in its favor. I hope soon to hear that all our Lodges have adopted this scheme, in its general principle, if not in detail. And I do not hesitate to say that our success in the future, if we are to continue as a mutual benefit society will depend on a reorganization of our dues and benefits on a sounder basis than that on which they have hitherto rested. It should be done by the Grand Lodge, but as the general law has entrusted it to Subordinates alone, we can only urge on them the necessity of taking individual action.

Of course, a question may arise as to whether or not the amounts in the table above quoted are sufficient to meet an average sick benefit of \$250 and a Funeral and W. & O. Benefit of \$80 each, as recommended in the model code. I think the question can be safely answered in the affirmative. But as I have already spun out this communication to an excessive length, I cannot enter on that subject, but may take it up at some future time.

Fraternally yours,  
 CL. T. CAMPBELL.

ON OUR TABLE.

THE New Age.  
 The Heart and Hand.  
 The Hebrew Leader.  
 The Odd-Fellows' Banner.

The Hertz und Hand.  
 The Eastern Chronicle.  
 The Guardian.  
 The Pen and Plow.



## PASS HIM ROUND.

*Howard Lodge, No. 58, I.O.O.F.,  
Strathroy, Ont., July 28, 1876.*

EDITOR CANADIAN JOURNAL OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

DEAR SIR,—On May 11 last Frank G. Campbell, of McKeun & Campbell's Opera Troupe, then performing in this place, called on the N.G. of this Lodge stating he was an Odd-Fellow of Washington Lodge, No. 47, I.O.O.F., Kohomo, Indiana, U.S. He was correct in signs, &c., except P.W. On account of non-success in his profession he was in distress, his principal

actress and singer had been taken sick and died, he had no money to pay her funeral expenses, would the Lodge guarantee the expenses, which he would undertake to refund in 10 or 20 days at the farthest. The N.G. after consulting the other officers guaranteed the amount of \$26.50.

Nothing has been heard of the party since. It has been ascertained that there is no such Lodge as he mentioned.

CHARLES GREENAWAY,  
Recording Secretary.

IN this issue we reproduce the article by Bro. A. McGregor on Dues and Benefits, as there were some typographical errors in the former one. We also have a communication from Bro. Dr. Campbell, of Stratford,

D.G.M., on the same question. Every member of the Order should give them his attention as it is an important subject. We invite further correspondence on it.

## LODGE CARDS.

## ONTARIO.

**C**ATARAQUI LODGE, No. 10, KINGSTON, meets every Tuesday evening in the Odd-Fellows' Hall, corner Brock and Wellington streets. W. T. C. Bethel, N.G.; J. Jarvis, M. D., V.G.; J. B. McIver, R. S.

**D**OMINION LODGE, No. 48, LONDON, meets every Wednesday evening. Geo. Wrigley, N.G.; C. F. Ayers, V.G.; Geo. Heron, R.S.

**M**APLE LEAF LODGE, No. 57, ORANGEVILLE, meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Wm. Still, N.G.; Jas. Clow, V.G.; T. Driver, R.S. Travelling brothers invited to attend.

**L**UCAN LODGE, No. 70, LUCAN, meets every Tuesday evening. Jas. P. Atkinson, N.G.; Wm. Shoebottom, V.G.; C. F. Pashley, R.S.

**W**ARRINER LODGE, No. 75, PORT PERRY, meets every Monday night at their hall, Bigelow's Block. A cordial welcome extended to all visiting Brothers. D. Crawford, N.G.; E. Worthington, V.G.; R. Breathwaite, R.S.

**R**ELIANCE LODGE, No. 89, GUELPH, meets every Monday evening. John Colson, N.G.; Wm. Parker, V.G.; Wm. Bourne, R. S.

**G**RAND RIVER LODGE, No. 91, PARIS, meets every Thursday evening. Jas. T. Patton, N.G.; T. Armstrong, V.G.; Wm. Fraser, R.S.

**N**ITH LODGE, No. 96, NEW HAMBURG, meets every Thursday evening. Otta Pressprich, N.G.; R. Beger, V.G.; Bernard Tauber, R.S.

**S**T. THOMAS LODGE, No. 76, meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30 in the Odd-Fellows' Hall, Victoria Block, Talbot street, St. Thomas. Visiting Brothers cordially invited. A. Murray, N.G.; O. C. Jarvis, V.G.; L. Ferguson, R.S.

**G**OLDEN STAR LODGE, No. 101, BRAMPTON, meets every Thursday evening. W. C. Bryant, N.G.; J. H. Beck, V.G.; J. J. Manning, R.S.

**O**LIVE BRANCH LODGE, No. 58, WOODSTOCK, meets at Odd-Fellows' Hall, west of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, every Monday evening. G. Clarkson, N.G.; A. Hall, V.G.; H. W. Hill, R.S.

**H**ARMONY LODGE, No. 115, BRANTFORD. The officers are: J. W. Tutt, N.G.; S. Tomlinson, V.G.; John Dodimead, R.S.

**R**OMELO LODGE, No. 164, STRATFORD, meets every Tuesday evening. D. R. McPherson, N.G.; A. G. U. Coulton, V.G.; G. W. Clement, R.S. Visiting Brothers cordially invited.

**D**OLMAN LODGE, No. 174, AYR, meets every Wednesday evening. Jacob Shoemaker, N.G.; W. D. Watson, V.G.; T. M. Anderson, R.S.

**O**RIENTAL LODGE, No. 163, CORNWALL, meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, in the Odd-Fellows' Hall, Commercial Block. C. M. Ferguson, N.G.; Geo. H. Weagant, V.G.; A. Robin, R.S.

## QUEBEC.

**M**OUNT ROYAL LODGE, No. 1, MONTREAL, meets every Monday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Odd-Fellows' Hall, 295 Notre Dame street, near the French Cathedral. Visiting Brothers cordially invited.