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A DEED WITHOUT A NAME.

ABOUT thirty years since I was at New Orleans. I was there in the fulfillment of my duties as assistant surgeon of Her Majesty's ship *Tiger*, which was stationed there. During our stay I felt myself at liberty to land, and amuse myself like other strangers in the brilliant and lively capital of the South. At least, it was so considered in those days, before strategic reasons assigned the pre-eminence to the then obscure town of Richmond, in Virginia.

Aware, however, of the passionate and quarrelsome character of the white and half-caste population of the city—there was, of course, no temptation to mingle with its black one, three or four times as numerous—and having a very rational surgical dislike to the contact of bowie-knife or revolver, I kept as far aloof as I could from the sort of people with whom an unaccredited stranger was likely to make acquaintance.

I was late, however, on one particular, memorable evening. It was Christmas Eve. I remember well, and I had been to a party with an English merchant, resident in New Orleans, whose acquaintance I made accidentally. But, notwithstanding the profuse and even splendid hospitality tendered to me, I had preserved all my wonted sobriety.

It would have been dark night when I left my friend's house if there had not been a very bright moon that made every

object almost as distinct as by day in Europe, when I set forth on my journey to the harbor.

A considerable portion of the city lay between me and the quayside where I knew I could easily procure a boat for my ship. And it so happened that on this route my host had mentioned to me resided some of the wealthiest, most beautiful, and yet most contemned portion of the female creole population. It was a very usual circumstance, he assured me, for the fathers of half-caste girls to leave them, not merely incompetencies, but considerable fortunes, with a view of preserving them from the temptations to which their frequently extraordinary loveliness exposed them. But the fervid passions of the African race, fed by the glowing sun and the baneful social prejudices which existed against them, had in the end constituted these poor creatures a kind of class apart. They inhabited a line of very fine and even magnificent villas, in a sort of suburb apart from the main city. And through this I was to pass.

Proceeding along the line of moonlit wall bordering the road I had to traverse, and shaping to myself various little fanciful legends of the supposed sultry-brown sorceresses of that locality, I was quite delighted, I remember, to perceive an old-fashioned sedan chair placed before the entrance of one of these paradises.

A sedan chair, though an article by no

means gone into such antiquated disuse in New Orleans as in Europe—where men, it is to be hoped, have grown to be considered too good to act as beasts of burden to other men—was, nevertheless, sufficiently uncommon there to excite a stranger's observation. Moreover, the thought occurred to me that one of these famous half-caste beauties might probably be the occupant, returning from some midnight revel. Or else was—is such luck possible?—going out in all the glory of dress and decoration to one. I saw that two black men, in a bright orange livery, were bustling about the machine, but whether they were removing or setting in the poles for movement I could not determine at the distance I was when I first saw it.

I hastened my steps, anxious to ascertain. As I did so I observed that I was in my turn noticed. One of the black porters seemed to make some remarks to the other. This other disappeared immediately afterward into the garden at the open gate, and it struck me in an inexplicable but perfectly distinct manner that he went to say inside that a stranger approached.

Far from checking my ardor of curiosity, this conviction quickened my pace. I arrived so fast, that, passing along the wall of the villa before which the sedan was placed, I very plainly heard these words pronounced in imperious, but at the same time liquidly flowing and harmonious accents :

"What matter? A man who is tipsy is not so rare a sight in New Orleans.

"Take Mr. Massingberd to the sedan—take him home to his respected mother. He is not fit to remain under even so despised a roof."

"*Oui, oui, mademoiselle!*" I heard in reply, in negro French, sounding very like "Wooley, wooley."

"A man who is tipsy," I exclaimed to myself, in great disappointment. "But perhaps I may see the owner of that fine tragic voice—who knows? It is worth waiting the chance at all events."

A little reflection might probably have suggested to me the impropriety of lingering about a strange house, solely with the view to gratify curiosity respecting its owners. But at this moment the same rich, commanding tone ejaculated, "Henri!

Louis! come to the assistance of your fellow. You see plainly he cannot bring this disgraceful inebriate along without your help." And I thought I should not have long to play the indiscreet listener, when the accents of utter, irredeemable scorn in which the words were pronounced still more vividly arrested my attention and awakened my interest.

I determined to wait and see the end of the adventure, and halted outside the gate. Everything seemed right and above board. Nobody cared who was looking on. The two black slaves, uniformed as lackeys, appeared, making their way from a fine white marble portal, which I perceived on glancing into the garden, with the drunken man between them.

In good truth, I never did see any creature so helplessly drunk as this one. He made not the slightest effort to assist himself. He was borne rather than led along by his negro supporters. I perceived that his feet only grazed the gravel of the walk without planting themselves at all to assist the motion. I saw that his head hung helplessly forward on his chest, and yet occasionally swayed right back over his shoulders, as if it had lost all power of holding in its proper position.

But my attention, as was natural, was caught at the same moment, and concentrated on the figure of the angry woman who apparently directed the movement. She emerged, in an attitude of the most imperious command I had ever witnessed, even in a stage *Lady Macbeth*, on the threshold of the villa; and the splendidly clear moonlight falling upon and lighting up her countenance, revealed to me features at once so marvellously beautiful in their expression that my gaze became riveted as by a spell and my heart seemed to leap out toward her as to something it long had sought. Her features, her form, were indelibly stamped on my memory. My mind seemed to have taken in the brief glance afforded me an airy but ineffaceable photograph of all the features. It was very brief. Was it love at first sight?

The magnetic attraction the eye exercises when fixed on another appeared to compel the glance of the mysterious mistress of the mansion toward me. I then heard her give a slight, stifled shriek, in which it was doubtful to me whether terror

or anguish—at the disgraceful exposure, I concluded—was predominant, and she retreated into the perch of her residence, closing a massive door, with a startling clang, after her.

I had little time to consider how justly my prying into such a state of affairs might excite indignation. The two black footmen, supporting the drunken man, had reached the garden gate. The moment after they emerged, dragging rather than leading their helpless charge between them, and brushing past me without noticing me, apparently in the anxious attention they were bestowing on their burden. One of them opened the door of the sedan, and both together thrust the powerless creature in. The door of the conveyance was then closed with a slam. The two fellows ran into the shafts, lifted it, and set off at a rapid pace, which certainly marked both extraordinary strength and great desire to finish up their job.

You may, however, imagine the state of mind I was left in—the unobserved spectator of the scene—when I tell you that, as the helpless object was carried by me, I felt as convinced as of my own living existence that it was—a *corpse!*

I was a surgeon, it is to be remembered. And now the stiffened, motionless limbs, the loosened neck, the general abandonment of the whole frame, and, above all, the ghastly, utterly bloodless countenance, visible under the hat, though drawn down over the eyes, startled my experience with this strangely horrible conviction. It was no drunkard—it was a dead man—the Creole beauty had cast from under her roof, and which the liveried black slaves were probably carrying to some place of murderous concealment—perhaps to cast into the river—for I perceived, though petrified into inaction at the moment, that the sedan was continuing on the route I must myself follow to reach the water-side.

What was I to do? Stop the machine—excite the fears and resentment of two powerful negroes engaged in what they themselves must know to be unlawful work, even if they were merely the instruments of a superior authority, and who were probably armed?

It would be to provoke my own immediate destruction. The horrible severity of the laws against the blacks in all that

related to preserving the safety of their white lords and owners would assuredly drive these negroes to any act of desperation to save themselves from the consequences of detection. And I saw plainly enough, in the white pallor of the dead man's complexion that he was of unmixed race. Besides, my heart sank within me as I thought of the lovely face of the girl—she was no more—from whose house they had come, and the deep impression it had made on me. I could not bring myself to believe her guilty of so frightful a crime without further proof, and determined to follow as stealthily and unobservedly as I might, and take quiet notice of what was done with the body.

Accordingly, I crossed to the other side of the road as soon as I had sufficiently rallied from my amazement to move, which was in as deep a shadow as the moonlight was brilliant on the side of the Creole lady's villa. Under this cover I trusted to be able to advance, keeping the ugly, upright coffin, rather than sedan, as I now considered it, in view. And so, for a considerable distance I was enabled to do; and I had soon reason to congratulate myself on the precaution. I noticed that the hind bearer looked repeatedly back, as if he dreaded some espionage, and was prepared to resent it. But I was already involved in the gloom, and after a few glances the darkey seemed satisfied, for he altogether withdrew his white, rolling eyes from my line of advance.

My plans, however, continued abortive in all respects, save that I kept the suspected conveyance in sight. I did not encounter a single other living individual on the way—a circumstance I thought unusual, even at that deepest hour of the night, in such a dissipated city. But so it happened.

All of a sudden my ideas sustained a singular crossing. Far from making toward the river or some lonely place of concealment for their ghastly deposit, the sedan-bearers turned into the most fashionable portion of what is called "White Orleans," meaning where the principal white inhabitants of the city—the wealthy merchants, and owners of the neighboring cotton plantations and rice fields—had their town residences. Meanwhile, conscious of all the danger of being discovered as a spy,



and coming upon no assistance, I kept considerably in the rear of the sedan.

At last, to my great satisfaction, I saw that the negroes halted with their burden before a very large and handsome house, which I concluded must belong to some wealthy planter family.

Ensconcing myself in a distant doorway, I watched what ensued. To my increased satisfaction, and yet surprise, one of the bearers then opened the sedan door, and appeared to exchange some observation with the person inside. He put his black woolly head in, as if to peer more distinctly. He then emerged with a large door-key in his hand, and, with a sigh of immense relief I concluded he had received instructions to open the house door and admit—only an inebriated master; and what followed seemed to confirm the notion. It is true the assistance of both the bearers was again requisite to conduct the miserable proprietor into his residence. But it seemed to me that he did now make some intoxicated effort to aid himself. His hat fell off, and I persuaded myself that I saw him stoop to pick it up, though he nearly fell to the pavement with one of his supporters in the attempt. However that might be, the mansion door opened to the master-key, supplied, as I supposed, by my revived defunct, and the group of three staggered in.

I watched on, however, with an uneasy feeling I could no longer satisfactorily account for to myself until the negroes reappeared. They seemed no otherwise concerned than as men who were rid of a troublesome charge, involving no particular responsibility. They were laughing and gibbering together as if they had earned and received some good reward, and it did not strike me any longer as anything suspicious that they snatched up their poles almost immediately after, and set off at a rattling "empty" rate on their return with the vehicle. They passed me at this swift pace, without noticing me in the obscurity I had selected, and, at length convinced that my adventure was over, and that I had no further reason for apprehension or interference, I resumed my own proper route to the quays.

I regained my ship after some difficulty in procuring a boat, and, tumbling into my berth, enjoyed so sound a sleep after my revels and fatigue of walking that I did not

wake till the morning that followed was pretty far spent.

Later in the day, we all were enjoying our Christmas dinner with our captain, and endeavoring to make ourselves as jolly as we could, when one of the seamen on duty came down to say that a lady, "who seemed a very grand one," had come on board, with two black servants, and wished particularly to speak with the commander.

Captain Mortimer was not himself much pleased at being disturbed at such a moment, but he was a gallant man.

"Perhaps some planter's lady who wants to see the ship. A curious day to choose. Suppose I must go," he muttered, and magnanimously let go his knife and fork, and mounted on deck.

I was hungry, and as I had a slice of roast beef already helped on my plate, I am not so sure I should have spared any attention to the circumstance, though I was rather vaguely struck, too, by the words, "lady and black servants," only, just as I was about to raise the first morsel to my mouth, I caught the sound of the strange arrival's voice, speaking to the captain on the top of the champion stairs, and strangely was I struck by it.

Nothing to be wondered at, certainly, when I state that it was the identical voice I had overheard in the garden on the previous night in the Creole quarters, giving directions for the removal of the drunken man, whom I had at first taken to be a dead one.

It was no longer, however, imperious in its accents—just the contrary. Presently the dulcet sounds ceased, and Captain Mortimer rejoined us.

It was easy then to perceive that this good fellow was himself considerably disturbed and flustered. His honest face, bronzed and rusty with sun and wind, was still more deeply flushed than usual; but his eye had in it something of a sparkle of excited feeling and indignation that testified the conversation he had just had was of a nature to kindle emotion in a bosom not easily stirred to a display of such sensibilities.

"Well, sir, what is the matter?" I inquired, with an alarm for which there certainly appeared no reason in the eyes of my messmates, for they stared at me.



"You must go on shore, doctor; you're wanted, and I've promised it. It's an infernal shame, but I am sure you are not the man to let a woman come to all sorts of disgrace and misery unfairly, merely because her skin isn't a pure white. In all other respects she's the handsomest creature I ever clapped eyes on, and I'd go to the north pole to do her a service."

"Why, what do they want with me, Captain Mortimer? Haven't they doctors enough in New Orleans without me holding up my rush light to their lamps?" I replied, not much enlightened by what I had heard, and rendered still more anxious by it.

"Plenty of doctors; but all of them—the white fellows, I mean, and they won't let any others join in the case—so cursedly prejudiced and set against all right and justice, that the poor young lady has come to beg of me, hearing that we have a doctor aboard, to let him attend the inquest and all that, on her behalf."

"The inquest!—the poor young lady! Captain Mortimer, what can you mean?" I now inquired, turning as pale—so one of the middies told me afterward—as the table-cloth, and a deuced sight paler, for it wasn't the cleanest in the world.

"To be sure you don't know. I'll tell you then, and I wish I could in the eloquent way that poor young creature has explained it all to me. It has regularly heaved up my heart on her side; it has, the unjust wretches!" pursued Captain Mortimer, with a warmth that did his manly and chivalrous feelings great credit. "Now, just you hear, doctor," he continued. "She's one of the quadroon or Creole, or whatever they call them, girls of this city; left a regular heiress by her father, with lots of black slaves and a town and country house and—and everything a lady could want, and still she was not to be considered good enough for one of these conceited Yankee fellows that call themselves pure whites, though they are mostly as yellow as a goose's forefoot! But one of them, it seemed, of the first planter families of the place had courted her; and what had happened besides I don't quite know, but it seems it was all under solemn promise of marriage. But the blackguard fellow went with the general notions of his countrymen in that

respect, it seemed, and only gammoned her with it—or else it was to soothe the feelings of his mother and other relatives, who insisted on his marrying another young lady, of the proper complexion, I suppose—no mixture at all. But, anyway, he had taken up with the idea, and had agreed to marry another party. And then just because the cheating rascal came to take leave of her, and made himself so drunk and fuddled to get over the remorse and shame of his own conduct, and keep up his dirty resolution that he was forced to be taken home and put to bed by her servants, and was found dead in the morning—"

"Dead! Captain Mortimer, did you say *dead*?"

"Dead as a door-nail, I am told. So dead that they are going to open him and see what he died of; for the stupid old mother and the new sweetheart will have it that he has been drugged and poisoned by Miss Sinclair, the Creole young lady. And it is to see fair play for her from the doctors that are ordered to examine the body for the inquest, and because she can't possibly expect justice from any native-born medical white of the place, and the coronor will allow no others at the examination, that she has come to beg of me to let my ship's doctor attend for her at what she calls the—the *au-topsy* I think, in these outlandish parts. And I've promised, doctor, and you're the man!"

And the worthy Captain gave me an enlivening slap on the shoulder, probably struck with my stupid and aghast look. I remembered my adventure of the previous night. After all it was a *corpse* I had seen borne out of the Creole villa, and if so, certainly the body of a murdered man.

"I am ready to see the lady, Captain Mortimer," I replied, "and if she still desires my services after seeing me I shall be ready to tender them."

We found the Creole lady seated on a pile of cordage at the taffrail leaning thoughtfully on one hand the elbow supported on her knee. Her black footmen stood one on each side of her. There was a hot feverish glow all over her complexion, almost as if she was in the glare of a ruddy flame.

For the rest, a single glance at the

group satisfied me of their identity with the personages of my previous night's fearful preregrination. And, in return, the moment Miss Sinclair's eyes fell upon me I could perceive that she recognized me.

Immensely to my astonishment, nevertheless, if startled at all, she was pleasingly so, at the observation.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, rising with Southern vivacity and grace, who could have dreamed of such good fortune. All this morning I have been revolving the possibility of discovering, by advertisement, or otherwise, so important a witness as the stranger whom I discerned accidentally loitering about my doors at the very moment when I expelled the wretched drunkard from under my insulted roof. And you are he to whom I look for so great an additional service. How fortunate?"

I looked at the speaker, infinitely more confused than I had expected to find her.

"I was indeed the person, Miss Sinclair," I replied, hesitatingly, "but I really do not see of what possible service I can be to you in the emergency. I certainly should greatly prefer—"

I paused, abashed—almost dismayed by the piercing scrutiny of the gaze now fixed upon me, the expression of which was, perhaps, not unmingled with scorn.

"Are you afraid to interfere on behalf of one of my persecuted race? You—an Englishman! I have never heard your countrymen accused of a want of sympathy with it. What should induce you to refuse?" she exclaimed.

I was rather piqued at the implied doubt of my courage.

"No mademoiselle," I replied, warmly, "I am not afraid to appear in any just cause; but I am a surgeon, thoroughly competent, of course, to distinguish between a dead man and a drunken man. I should therefore recommend you, on my part," I continued, enthralled and subdued to pity by the strange, terrified look she gave me as I uttered these words, "if you depend so much, or at all, upon my evidence as to the state of the unfortunate person who was borne out of your gates last night—"

"His name is Massingberd. Let us call him fearlessly by his proper name; no con-

cealment is necessary or attempted. His right name, I mean, *was* Massingberd. Do you mean to say, sir," she added, "that you consider he was dead when he left my house? He was no more so, I assure you than in the sense we attach on both sides of the Atlantic, to the expression, 'dead drunk.' I could easily prove this fact by the evidence of my slaves if the law did not refuse to receive the evidence of slaves in every case relating to a master's death."

"I should recommend you, mademoiselle," I said, emphatically and truthfully, for my heart pleaded for her, criminal though she might be, "to go on board any vessel that may be leaving this port at once, and to trust no further, either to the justice or mercy of the friends or fellow citizens of the defunct."

"What! and leave my reputation in the hands of my bitterest enemies? Entail the forfeiture of my property—probably the destruction of my faithful and attached slaves in some villainous outbreak of a Lynch-rowdy mob—when I am innocent of the crime laid to my charge—perfectly innocent? No, never!"

Miss Sinclair spoke with such vehemence and dignity of defiance that I was suddenly struck with the hopeful notion that, after all, she might be innocent. What if the man had died of his furious draught? That would account for his being dead when I saw him, without supposing that his justly-exasperated hostess had poisoned him.

"In that case I do most willingly consent," I replied.

And I felt so strange an impulse of compassion, not to name the thralldom in which her beauty had cast me, such an intense interest in the fate of this beautiful and unfortunate victim of an evil social position—so I now considered her—that I could have borne much more than the sneers and disapprobation of any number of my professional brethren in her cause.

It was accordingly arranged that I should proceed to the residence of the defunct to assist at the examination which was to take place in a few hours afterward. Miss Sinclair informed me she had already demanded as a right to have a medical man present on her behalf, and the coroner, having some sense of justice, had not refused the application, though he

conditioned that the doctor should be a white one. All, therefore, seemed now agreed upon.

Miss Sinclair thanked me with most fascinating expressions of gratitude and reliance for my consent. Moreover, she intimated a hope that at the conclusion of the inquest I would honor her with a call, that she might evince her sense of obligation in any manner that might seem to me fit to recompense so great a service. And she accompanied the remark with a glance from her splendid eyes that set my heart in a flutter. One thing was certain. She herself appeared to entertain no doubt of the result of the investigation, if fairly conducted.

So, at least, I thought until almost the moment when she prepared to take her departure to return to the city. Some circumstances then occurred that struck me a little in another light again. Miss Sinclair had politely declined Captain Mortimer's offer to take her ashore, alleging she had a boat of her own in waiting. But she also begged my accompaniment—that she might feel certain I was landed, she said, and on the way to the important scene of action; but when I placed myself beside her, followed by the negroes, in the little river cutter she had arrived in, apparently, I found it was a police boat, and that she was by no means at liberty to have taken my advice as to an evasion to some ship about to sail in the harbor.

"Do you speak French?" she observed to me in that language as we glided out into the muddy course of the father of waters under the walls of New Orleans.

I replied, with some hesitation, that I thought I did a little—not much, perhaps. I had never resided any length of time where they spoke the language.

"German?"

"Yes, I spoke German."

I took my degree, you remember, at Leyden.

"That is better still. These fellows will be sure not to understand German."

"But we have nothing to say," I remarked, "which these good people may not hear, I think; and attempts at concealment of the fact might occasion suspicion."

"Nothing—nothing at all," she observed, but she added, with an extraordinarily penetrating and emphatic accent that

seemed to send some undefined but most terrible suspicion though my very marrow, "Excepting this, perhaps; their suspicions are all of poison, which will be found in the stomach, if anywhere. So do not let them, if you can possibly help it, deform and lacerate the heart with their hideous knives. I cannot forget that it loved me once—beat only for me once. Now it is stilled forever. Don't let the horrid scalpel come near it.

It was a strange request, and so I felt it.

"There will be no idea, I should say, mademoiselle, of any such interference, provided it shall be found whole and uninjured," I replied rather coldly, no doubt.

"Oh, there is no doubt of that. It was hard and sound as marble while he lived, and when he died," she answered, passionately, "I only desire it to remain so, too, until the day of judgment."

She even clasped her hands in the earnestness of this last request. Tears rushed like diamonds to her magnificent eyes. I was greatly affected and I promised that I would, at all events, do my best to prevent any desecration of the organ for whose inavailability she so anxiously stipulated. She was apparently comforted, and by this time we had reached the shore. We landed; and Miss Sinclair handed me her card, on the back of which was pencilled the directions to the late Vallandigham Massingberd's, in the city.

"You will return to me as soon as possible with intelligence that will suffice to dismiss these gentlemen, who announce their intention of continuing my guests until the conclusion of the inquest," she said, with a tart smile. "I cannot say they are very welcome guests, but I assure you *you* shall be."

Another of those entralling, overpowering looks. I felt confused and longed to be away—out of the sphere of the spells of the enchantress. It did not strike me as at all strange to learn shortly after that Miss Sinclair's Christian name—if it might be called so—was Calypso.

The instructions about the heart, so constantly and energetically reiterated, continued to haunt me long after I had parted with the lady and her convoy on the Grand Quay—until, in fact, the time arrived when I was to present myself at



the house of the defunct New Orleans Lothario. I took care to be punctual. I was haunted nevertheless with a renewed conviction of danger and menace in the precaution urged upon me, while I must confess that the beauty and fascination of Miss Sinclair made me most ardently desire and resolve to do all I possibly could to be of service to her in any way my conscience could permit—in the way, in fact, she had impressed upon me so earnestly.

I was received at the late Vallandingham Massingberd's house with great urbanity by the coroner and his jury, who were there assembled to await the results of the *post mortem* examination which had been ordered. Three other medical men were also in waiting for me to commence our conjoint operations. They, too, demeaned themselves politely enough, the senior of them—one Dr. Delisier—remarking to me:

"You shall be able to report in England that we conduct these affairs in a calm, judicial spirit, Doctor Hurst. You shall handle the knife yourself on the occasion. There will be no possibility of advantage taken, I should then imagine, though all our feelings are certainly much roused at so dreadful an event."

I assented, and accepted the offer, but with many misgivings. The coroner and his jury viewed the body, and we then prepared to make the examination. There were no marks of external violence visible, but I noticed, though none of my colleagues saw it, a small speck, no bigger than a pin's head—but certainly no larger, right over the heart!

How I went through with the investigation I know not, but I succeeded somehow. No traces of poison were found in the stomach, and I induced my colleagues not to touch the heart, persuading them that the death must have been natural; and our report was drawn up in those terms.

Shortly afterward, the jury returned a verdict of "Death from natural causes." There were expressions of dissatisfaction, certainly, as to no poison having been found, and some hints that it was from lack of skill and diligence on the part of the medical men.

I hastened with good news to Miss Sinclair's house, and also with the coroner's

order for her release from the police authorities. I asked to see her on my arrival, communicating the result of the inquest to the police-sergeant on duty. I asked to see her alone, and I was informed that she was so, in the veranda of her house, merely kept in view by this official from a saloon in which were also the two black footmen. These latter I found lying on the matted floor, absolutely powerless, excepting that they were howling frightfully with terror. But I found Miss Sinclair herself apparently perfectly calm and composed, prattling with a favorite macaw, and teasing it with a knob of sugar.

Underneath the veranda there was a room with a fountain in it, beautifully ornamented with colored tiles, interspersed with patches of the most brilliant and odorous flowers. It was a charming spot. The house itself was fitted up with the greatest elegance and expense—a fairy palace. I felt that I came to announce to Calypso Sinclair a more terrible fate than the scaffold.

My face must have been an augury of some disastrous news, for she immediately gave a slight shriek—a shriek similar to the one I had heard her give when she observed me the previous night in the disposal of the body—stified, but replete with agony.

"They have discovered all then?" she hissed, rather than said; "and you have come to announce destruction to me."

"I have discovered all," I replied, as calmly as I could. "The long, sharp, crochet-needle pierced the heart, and withdrawn from the wound with only one fell drop on the surface. Murderess of matchless subtlety and cruelty, I have discovered all! No one else knows aught. My conscience alone, besides your own, is the repository of your crime. And this circumstance it is that has constituted me at once your accuser, your judge, and the executioner of the sentence you have so justly incurred. Calypso Sinclair, you are by religion a Catholic—have been reared in that faith—and this is the judgment, the sentence, I pronounce—a sentence I am impelled to give you in pity—I might have named a warmer feeling—for your youth and for the social prejudices heaped up against you. Enter into a nunnery, part with all this glitter of worldly enjoy-

ment and wealth, and spend the rest of your years a repentant vestal, or I denounce the dreadful crime you have committed to the exasperated justice of your white countrymen of this city. Should that fail—to the vengeance of the infuriated mob, and you are lost.”

“Who will believe you?” returned Miss Sinclair, turning a very strange look round upon me, and I perceived then that her complexion was of a fearfully livid hue.

“The evidence will always remain until the pierced heart has crumbled to dust,” I replied.

“Things of that kind do not last very long in the soil of New Orleans,” she answered me, with a smile of delirious defiance.

“And, therefore, I shall grant you only a space of ten days to make your choice. Either you enter a nunnery, there to repent at your leisure of the barbarous destruction of one of the handsomest young men I have ever seen—”

“Yes,” she interrupted me, eagerly; “he was handsome, was he not? It is no disgrace to have loved him.”

“One of the handsomest young men,” I continued, with angry emphasis, “I have ever seen; or,” I resumed, irritated beyond measure at this unnatural form of defiance, “I denounce you, as I have said, to the wrath of the populace of New Orleans.”

“Well, then, my choice is made. You shall not be put to the inconvenience and discomfort of betraying a surgical confidence, doctor,” Miss Sinclair now replied, perceiving I was in earnest, but concluding

with these strange words, “Lola and I will just divide this knob of sugar between us, and then we—Calypso Sinclair and Mexican Lola—will decide for our nunnery.”

And with a loud laugh, which, as it were, still rings in my ears, she broke the knob of sugar into several little fragments with a crush of her slender fingers beyond, I should have thought, their strength, and fed the bird some of these from her left hand, while with the right she supplied what seemed to be her own fantastic relish.

I gazed on in silence, amazed at the farce in the midst of so dark a tragedy. On a sudden the bird gave a cry which I could plainly distinguish from the usual scream of the macaw. It more resembled a human shriek in the grasp of some bitter agony. It then gave a wild flutter with its wings and fell dead on the tessellated floor.

“Good heavens! what means this?” I exclaimed.

“I am gone, too, that is all, doctor—and not to a nunnery. The sugar is, in reality, one of the deadliest poisons of my mother’s native Africa. Bury me with my macaw, since, I suppose, I must not share the grave of Vallandigham Massingberd—Miss Clara is entitled to that honor, in white eyes—and this is the only favor I ask of white hands from this time forward forever.”

Even as she spoke these words she was seized with strong convulsions, and before assistance could arrive, Calypso Sinclair was dead.

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### THE DEVIL’S CHAIN.

**S**COUR the homes and haunts of men,  
 Thronged city and dotted plain,  
 Over the mountain, down the glen,  
 Scour the land and scour the main,  
 And gather links for the Devil’s Chain.

CHORUS.—Drink, drink!

Drain, drain!

Another link

For the Devil’s Chain!

For the Devil a wondrous chain shall wear,  
 Of twisted bodies strong and fair,  
 Arm to leg and leg to arm,  
 Linked together quick and warm,  
 Of bad and good, of high and low,  
 A chain for His Majesty down below :  
     Long, unending,  
     Ever descending  
     Out of the light  
     Into the night !

CHORUS.—Drink, drink !  
     Drain, drain !  
     Another link  
     For the Devil's Chain !

Ho for the boroughs ! ho for the fields !  
 Under the hedges, across the wealds,  
 To the Shepherd wandering over the down,  
 To the toiling crowds of the factory town :  
 Here in the grimy thronging street,  
 Here in the student's lone retreat ;  
 Gather the master, gather the man,  
 Gather them all as fast as you can,  
 To be linked together quick and warm,  
 Arm to leg and leg to arm.

CHORUS.— -Drink, Drink !  
     Drain, drain !  
     Another link  
     For the Devil's chain !

King and courtier, priest and nun,  
 Daughter, father, mother, son,  
 Doctor, patient, judge and crier,  
 Farmer, yokel, lord, and squire—  
 Weave them all in the Devil's Chain,  
 For ever and ever tight in the strain !

CHORUS.—Drink, drink !  
     Drain, drain !  
     Another link  
     In the Devil's Chain !



Labor and sorrow, trust and truth,  
 Vigor and weakness, age and youth,  
 Beauty and ugliness, wealth and worth—  
 All the best and the worst of earth—  
 Poison it, ruin it, kill it with drink,  
 And bring it to me for another link.

CHORUS.—Drink, drink !  
 Drain, drain !  
 Another link  
 For the Devil's Chain !

Jolly eve, ghastly morrow,  
 Sorrows drowned to bring new sorrow,  
 Bars thronged, prisons crammed,  
 Racy chorus, shriek of damned.

CHORUS.—Oh, drink, drink !  
 Drain, drain !  
 Another link  
 For the Devil's Chain !

—EDWARD JENKINS.

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### OUR DUTIES TOWARD EACH OTHER.

ONE of the most beautiful features of our Order is its social character and influences. Its peculiar obligations and duties, its lessons of fraternity and love, open a wide and rich field for exploration, study and meditation. Odd-Fellowship in the midst of a dark and selfish world—in the midst of corruption, penury and social imperfection—marches forth, scattering everywhere a healing influence, and proclaims a border charity, and more active benevolence. She descends into the humblest places of human society, among artizans and laborers, and comforts and soothes, and encourages them. She ascends also into the highest places of the earth, and steps with authority in the executive hall and senatorial chamber, and preaches to the rich and great the duty of fraternity, equality and humanity. Under her influence, social inequality disappears, prejudice is disarmed, evil passions are subdued, and Friendship, Love and Truth, are installed among our objects of reverence and worship. The widow is encour-

aged by HER voice of hope, and is made strong, and enters bravely the great battle of life, knowing that ever near and around her and her little ones is an ever-present and efficient friend.

Odd-Fellowship inculcates the duty of Brotherly Love.

If we look at the Order of Odd-Fellows merely as a "mutual insurance society," we shall not see a tithe of its real beauties. It is true, mutual relief is one of its distinguishing features, and one which we highly prize. But this is altogether a secondary consideration; brotherly love is the principle which gives our Order its vitality and force. It is this which gives a charm to our lodge meetings—which makes the members diligent and prompt in their fraternal offices, and makes them willing to bear one another's burdens.

But the sentiment of brotherly love involves other duties, and among them is that of forbearance. Brothers will not be hasty and passionate in their dealings or

intercourse with each other. If an Odd-Fellow is offended or esteems himself injured by a brother, he will not hastily condemn, nor allow himself to exercise a spirit of revenge. He will remember that a soft answer turneth away wrath, and that reconciliation and love are better than revenge and hate.

Should we have reason to think that a brother is losing the sense of his obligations, and is falling from honor and rectitude, it is our duty to treat him with charity and forbearance. We know not what unfortunate circumstance may have pressed upon him, we know not what unseen causes may have forced him into a course of seeming dishonesty. We say seeming dishonesty, for, on investigation, it may appear that nothing dishonorable or mean was ever intended. Even if the brother really offended against good morals and virtue, we are still to be forbearing and charitable, until all efforts to reclaim him prove unavailing. When a brother sins, the first thing to be done is to expostulate with him, move him, entreat him, and, if possible, save him. It is a part of the office of Odd-Fellowship to heal and restore, and we are false to our obligations if we allow a brother to fall into vice, and

be cut off from our communion without making an attempt to save him.

Let us then, brethren, exercise forbearance toward each other, and remember that charity is the brightest of all the graces as it is the first and most imperative of all the duties of our society. But it is not only toward each other that we are to exercise the virtues of charity and forbearance, but to all mankind—to all who need our sympathy, our kindness and our assistance. And in a world so full of suffering as this, we are never at loss to find an ample field for the exercise of these graces. In every corner of cities, towns and villages do we see honest poverty struggling with the most adverse circumstances—everywhere do we tread in the midst of indescribable misery—everywhere open before us the dwellings of hungry poverty, where oppressed and suffering virtue hides herself and weeps. Here is a field, brethren, for the exercise of our charities. And let us not stop to inquire whether these objects of charity have legal claims upon us. It is enough for Odd-Fellows to know that they are suffering and needy. We have no patience with a man, who, calling him an Odd-Fellow, can look with indifference upon suffering in any quarter.

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### BRO. JONES' ILLNESS.

HE was "grunting around" for two or three days before he would give up. Mrs. Jones advised him to take pills or quinine, but he said he guessed he'd be all right as soon as the weather changed again. On the third morning he had a high fever and couldn't stand up.

Mrs. Jones seemed delighted. He hadn't been sick before for thirteen years, and she had a splendid stock of herbs and powders and liquids in the pantry.

"Now, just give right up, John Washington," she replied, as he groaned and sighed, declared that he'd get up and go down town as usual if it killed him. "There, let me turn your pillow over, hang your clothes in the closet, and then I'll run and make you some toast."

He had to submit. She darkened the bed-room, put a clean spread on the bed, and a grand smile covered her face as she sailed into the kitchen.

"Sarah Jane, you go and fan your father with a newspaper and keep the flies off'n him while I get the poor man something to eat. Your father is a very sick man, Sarah Jane, and I can't say that you won't be fatherless next week at this time!"

Sarah went in and Mrs. Jones rushed from the stove to the pantry. She toasted four large slices of bread, broke three eggs into hot water got down a pint glass of jelly, sent for half a pound of crackers, and in about half an hour she had the sick man's breakfast ready.

"I don't care what all the doctors in the land say," she remarked, as she drew three chairs within his reach and loaded them down with the provisions. "I know that people can't be sick without something on their stomach."

He tasted the toast, sipped at the tea,

groaned, growled, and sighed, and she pleaded :

"Now, John, do try and eat something. I know just how bad you feel, and I know you haven't any appetite, but do try."

"O thunder !" he groaned, as his stomach rebelled against the food.

"Poor man ! poor, dear man !" she sighed as she placed her hand on his head. "John Washington, if you should die this would be a sad house ! I don't believe I could stand up under the blow over three weeks, and I know the children would give right up !"

"Hadn't we better have a doctor ?" he inquired, becoming frightened.

"Not now, John—not until we see that I can't do any good. I know those doctors to a T. They'll come here and dose and make a great bill, and you'd probably die just the same."

She carried out the food, put on a kettle of water, got out a clean towel, and as she entered the bed-room with a dish of warm water in her hand she said :

"Now, then, I must wash your feet and cut your toe-nails."

She sat beside the bed, took his foot in her lap, and that sweet smile on her face proved that his illness would be a gain to her of a pound of flesh per day.

"My soul ! but I'm glad I thought to wash your feet !" she exclaimed, as she rubbed them with the wet towel. "I wouldn't have had any of the neighbors come in and see these feet for all we are worth."

She wanted to scrape the soles with an old case knife, but he wouldn't permit it. She, however, got out the shears and had a good time cutting his toe-nails and digging under them. She worked industriously for half an hour, and then held the last foot off and looked at it admiringly, and said :

"There ! I'll take my dying oath that you have got the cleanest feet in this town."

He half admitted that he felt better, and, greatly encouraged, she sent Sarah Jane out to pull some horseradish leaves. These were trimmed, laid on the stove, rolled in her hand, and she went back to Mr. Jones and said :

"Now, then, we'll put on the drafts."

She put a leaf on the sole of each foot,

tied clean cloths over them, hunted up clean socks and worried them on over the cloths, and, as she tucked the spread down, she asked :

"Now, John Washington, don't you feel better—a little better ?"

"Oh, I dunno !" he groaned, turning over.

She turned over his pillow, put a damp cloth on his forehead, counted his pulse and whispered :

"See if you can catch a little sleep while I go and wash the dishes."

When she went out Sarah Jane had her brother William harnessed to a chair and was driving him around the kitchen for her horse.

"What ! didn't I tell you that your father was dangerously ill ?" exclaimed the mother, as she boxed her ears. "It would be a pretty story to go out that you children were playing horse when your father lay dying !"

The children subsided, and as the mother piled the dishes together and carefully scraped the crumbs from each plate on to a platter she couldn't help wondering how she would look in crapes. Her husband was well known, belonged to the Odd-Fellows and a debating society, and of course everybody would turn out to the funeral. She would have lots of sympathy, and the head man of the Odd-Fellows would see that the funeral passed off all right. She wouldn't never marry again, of course, though it would be hard for her to bring up two small children and settle her husband's business and earn her own support. She would be the "Widow Jones," and if she smiled at all it must be a faint smile, and if she talked she must have a handkerchief ready to wipe the tears from her eyes.

As the last dish was wiped her revery was broken by a howl from William, who had fallen over a log in the backyard.

"What ! howling like that when your dear father is dying !" she exclaimed as she shook him right and left.

He subsided and she sent Sarah Jane down to the market after some lean mutton to make the invalid a nice broth.

"The poor man !" she sighed, as she started for the bedroom. She reached it to find him out of bed and dressed and ready to go down town. The horseradish drafts were hanging on the bedstead, the



pillow was on the floor, and the spread—  
her best—was in a heap under the bed.

"Why, John Washington!" she ex-  
claimed raising her hands.

"I'm going down town," he replied in  
a determined tone.

"And ain't you going to have a fit of

sickness?"

"No, hanged if I will!"

And the poor woman sat down and  
cried. All those herbs and powders and  
liquids must remain on the shelves, and  
she might not have a chance to cut his  
toe nails for a whole year.

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### THE RIVER PATH.

NO bird-song floated down the hill,  
The tangled bank below was still ;  
No rustle from the birchen stem,  
No ripple from the water's hem.

The dusk of twilight round us grew,  
We felt the falling of the dew ;  
For from us, ere the day was done,  
The wooded hills shut out the sun.

But on the river's farther side  
We saw the hill-tops glorified—  
A tender glow, exceeding fair,  
A dream of day without its glare.

With us the damp, the chill, the gloom ;  
With them the sunset's rosy bloom ;  
While dark, through willowy vistas seen,  
The river rolled in shade between.

From out the darkness where we trod,  
We gazed upon those hills of God,  
Whose light seemed not of morn or sun ;  
We spake not, but our thought was one.

We paused, as if from that bright shore  
Beckoned our dear ones gone before,  
And stilled our beating hearts to hear  
The voices lost to mortal ear !

Sudden our pathway turned from night ;  
The hills swung open to the light ;  
Through their green gates the sunshine showed,  
A long slant splendor downward flowed.

Down glade and dell and bank it rolled ;  
It bridged the shaded stream with gold ;  
And borne on piers of mist allied  
The shadowy with the sunlit side !

"So," prayed we, "when our feet draw near  
The river dark with mortal fear,  
And the night cometh, chill with dew,  
O Father, let thy light break through !  
So let the hills of doubt divide,  
To bridge with faith the sunless tide !  
So let the eyes that fail on earth  
On thy eternal hills look forth,  
And in thy beckoning angels know  
The dear ones whom we loved below !"

and  
and  
his

THE  
*Canadian Journal*  of *Odd-Fellowship.*

CL. T. CAMPBELL, Editor.

STRATFORD, ONTARIO, APRIL, 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 object in our estimation, being thoroughly worthy the encouragement of this R. W. Grand Body.”

AN ODD-FELLOWS' HOME.

ON one or two occasions in the past, the advisability of providing a home for aged and infirm Odd-Fellows, has been brought before the Grand Lodge of Ontario; but, from lack of time at our annual sessions, the matter has never received any extended discussion. While no one, so far as we know, has questioned the advantages that would accrue, both to individual members and the Order at large, from a Home of this kind, opinion has varied as to the immediate necessity for it, as well as the practicability of its establishment. But we are inclined to think that the matter is one of sufficient importance to justify—if not immediate action—at least careful and thorough consideration, and the most ample discussion.

In many other jurisdictions in the United States, the Odd-Fellows have endeavored, through the means of Asylums, Hospitals, Homes and Schools, to carry out the benevolent principles of the Order more fully than can be done by our

subordinate lodges through the benefit system. In Ontario nothing has yet been done, though our membership, reaching close to 12,000, would seem to indicate that we were in a condition both to need and to effectually establish something of the kind. Our Provincial educational system, so thorough and so liberal, leaves comparatively little room for a school. But there are a number of our brothers either old and infirm, or permanently disabled, who would appreciate a home where they could have good accommodation, good care and nursing, and the active sympathy of the Fraternity. There are brothers who have now grown old, and are retired from business, who have achieved an independence, and are quite able to pay all their own expenses. But, being unmarried and without any intimate relations upon whose friendship they can depend, need and desire that kind of attention in their declining years which money cannot procure. If there was an Odd-Fellows' Home

in the country, so constructed and managed as to be attractive, many of this class would prefer to make it their residence—if they could be allowed to secure rooms, furnish them to their own taste, and pay the necessary expenses of attendance.

Then there are others, in greater number probably, who have worked hard through their lives, but from some unavoidable calamity or unforeseen circumstances, are reduced to poverty in their old age. And, again, those not necessarily old, who have become disabled by sickness and calamity, and need the constant attendance of physician and nurse, which their circumstances will not allow them to procure. These all have a claim on our fraternal sympathy. The lodges to which they belong are morally bound to give them support; to do which requires an expenditure far in excess of the regular weekly benefits. And we know that the lodges do strive to meet their obligations to the best of their ability in this respect. But for want of suitable accommodations, and the proper machinery, the health and comfort supplied to the distressed, bears no just proportion to the large outlay required.

As the Order increases in membership, and as the members grow older, the demands upon the lodges on account of protracted sickness and feeble old age, will increase with four-fold rapidity. And through the instrumentality of a properly-organized home, the expenditure which, under the present system imperfectly supports ten members, will easily support fifty.

“How is the money to be obtained?” This, together with other details of a suitable scheme, would appropriately form the subject of deliberation for a Grand Lodge Committee of experienced brethren. The Grand Lodge cannot assess its subordinates for the benefit of any scheme of this description. But there is nothing to prevent subordinates voluntarily giving as much as they please. And we have no doubt both lodges and subordinates would respond liberally, if the matter were put before them in a proper shape.

We recommend this subject to the consideration of our readers; and trust that some of them will be prepared to bring it before the Grand Lodge at its next session in a manner that will secure the active co-operation of the entire Fraternity.

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### THE FIFTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY.

ON Wednesday, the 26th of April, the members of the Order will celebrate, with appropriate ceremonies, the 57th anniversary of the establishment of Odd-Fellowship on American soil. It will be the privilege of every lodge to adopt such mode of celebration as may seem to it most expedient—whether in the form of a sermon, a lecture, a concert, a ball, a social, or whatever else may be desired. But with whatever plan may be adopted it will be expected that the brethren will make

use of the “Anniversary Ceremony,” provided by the G.L.U.S. in 1874, and which should be in the possession of every lodge and encampment.

As there will doubtless be a desire at this time for information as to the strength and standing of the Order, we have collected for our readers the statistics up to the latest date—December 1874. This, at least, is the latest date for which complete figures can be obtained. At that time the several States and Provinces with



their membership in lodges and encampments stood as follows: (Those marked \* have no Grand Lodge, those marked † no Grand Encampment, while in those ‡ the returns were not complete.)

State or Province.	Lodges.	Memb'rs	Enc'p'ts.	Memb'rs
Alabama	33	1,157	7	158
* Arizona	1	<i>a</i>		
† ‡ Arkansas	43	1,430	11	114
† ‡ British Columbia	5	408		
California	217	18,007	55	3,004
† ‡ Chili, S. A.	5	154		
Colorado	19	918	7	241
Connecticut	41	4,966	18	1,601
Delaware	33	2,593	7	385
District Columbia	13	2,167	4	626
† ‡ Dakota	6	227	3	16
† Florida	7	230	1	48
Georgia	41	2,078	12	445
* Idaho	6	<i>b</i>		
Illinois	496	25,195	147	4,798
Indiana	456	24,730	130	5,382
Iowa	271	14,441	66	2,372
Kansas	120	4,530	28	771
Kentucky	205	10,301	50	2,458
Louisiana	24	1,079	6	187
Lower Prov. B.N.A.	16	1,169	2	60
Maine	42	5,473	18	1,818
* † Manitoba	2	48	1	20
Maryland	103	13,138	27	2,040
Massachusetts	118	19,262	38	5,660
Michigan	225	12,136	61	2,244
Minnesota	41	2,234	14	392
Mississippi	52	1,825	16	310
Missouri	285	12,615	69	238
Montana	5	171		
Nebraska	52	2,065	6	2,078
Nevada	25	1,943	7	<i>c</i>
New Hampshire	41	5,646	21	1,921
New Jersey	158	15,427	46	2,630
New Mexico	1	36		
New York	410	38,429	81	5,356
North Carolina	47	1,556	13	236
Ohio	561	44,343	170	11,233
Ontario	121	9,236	25	1,261
† ‡ Oregon	61	2,590	6	255
Pennsylvania	844	96,844	226	15,674
* Peru	2	75		
* † Quebec	4	359	1	36
Rhode Island	38	5,091	16	1,436
* † Sandwich Islands	1	83	1	27
South Carolina	16	957	5	247
Switzerland	4	147		
Tennessee	142	4,684	34	779
Texas	168	5,061	61	1,103
† Utah	5	268	1	<i>c</i>
Vermont	16	1,092	7	321
Virginia	45	3,221	17	712
West Virginia	72	4,484	26	881
Wisconsin	220	12,051	59	2,063
Wyoming	8	331	2	40
* Washington	6	<i>b</i>	1	
German Empire	29	1,658	5	204
‡ Australia	42	2,343		

*a* reports to California.

*b* reports to Oregon.

*c* reports to Grand Encampment of California.

The totals are given by G. Sec. Ridgley for the year ending December, 1874, as follows—exclusive of Australia and the German Empire:—

Grand Lodges.....	46
Grand Encampments.....	38
Subordinate Lodges.....	5,987
Subordinate Encampments.....	1,630
Lodge members.....	438,701
Encampment Members.....	83,445
Rebekah Lodges.....	632
Relief by Lodges.....	\$1,374,742 54
Relief by Encampments.....	158,708 36
Relief by Rebekah Lodges.....	4,542 51
Total Relief.....	1,537,993 41
Revenue of Lodges.....	4,006,331 26
Revenue of Encampments.....	465,985 01
Revenue of Rebekah Lodges.....	38,664 22
Total Revenue.....	4,510,980 49

By taking a number of years together, a better idea of the extent of our benevolent work can be obtained. For this purpose, then, we will take the last ten years, and we find that the pecuniary relief extended by Odd-Fellowship has been as follows.

Relief of Brothers.....	\$8,692,066 20
Relief of Widowed Families.....	1,542,511 42
Burying the Dead.....	2,040,637 72
Educating the Orphan.....	200,842 08

Total Relief.....\$12,476,056 42

These statistics, showing the great increase of the Order from April 26th, 1819, to December 28th, 1874, will have to be enlarged still more to represent the present condition. Judging by the progress of previous years, at least 10 per cent will have to be added to represent our numerical strength as well as our benevolent work at the present date—giving an exhibit that may be highly gratifying as well as creditable to the Fraternity.

The evidences given in the large array of figures above quoted of the strength of Odd-Fellowship as well as of the successful manner in which it accomplishes the benevolent work it has undertaken, will be encouraging to the brethren. Particularly

will this be the case in the smaller lodges. Though weak themselves, and unable from their circumstances to make any great exhibition of good works done, the brethren in those places will have the satisfaction of knowing that they belong to a Society whose influence for good is felt in every

part of the land. Though individually they may be able to do but little, the body to which they belong is bestowing its charities with a lavish hand. Every day that passes sees an outlay of over \$4,500; every moment Odd-Fellowship is giving at least \$75 for the relief of distress.

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## ODD NOTES.

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**D**UES AND BENEFITS. — The March number of the *Companion* has an able article on "Dues and Benefits," the writer of which has evidently read carefully an article on the same subject in the CANADIAN JOURNAL for January, 1875. As his graduated table of dues is very similar to ours, we give it our hearty approval. A number of lodges in Ontario have adopted this plan; and the Grand Lodge has incorporated the same principle in the "Model Code" of By-laws which it recommends to its Subordinates.

**A**N ODD-FELLOWS' HOME.—At the last semi-annual session of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, the most important subject considered was the report of a committee appointed at the previous session, to consider the matter of establishing a home for aged Odd-Fellows, widows and orphans. The report was elaborate, and eloquently favored such an institution, which was cordially received by the Body, with no material dissent, but it was laid over for final action, till the annual meeting in August. Bro. Shillaber, of Boston, writing to a contemporary in advocacy of this Home says: "It is in such institutions as this that the *Charity* of our Order is apparent. Benefits are not charities; they come as matters of right; but where provisions like this contemplated are made, then the whole merit of charity reveals itself, and the promised blessing for such is secured to the giver.

There is more danger of giving and doing too little than too much; it is rarely that we hear of a serious excess in giving; and the new calls that must present themselves as the Order increases, and brotherly love becomes more a fact than a sentiment, will tend to test and better those who engage in its work, and broaden them into the standard of brotherhood which the Order contemplates. The principles of Odd-Fellowship are not mere superficialities, but deep, practical, vital; and everything to realize, benefit and bless is embraced within its scope."

**M**ASONIC GRAND LODGE OF ONTARIO.—There has been a Masonic Grand Lodge of Ontario formed and regularly incorporated under Act of Parliament, which is now, so we see it stated in the press, the legal Masonic representative body in Ontario, there having been no Grand Lodge of Ontario previously formed. Among the advantages of the Grand Lodge are said to be the following: "A brother during illness receives \$3 per week, and should death occur, the widow or orphans, if any, receive \$400, besides the regular annual allowance. Besides, it has rid itself of what is called a cumbersome and useless piece of machinery, the Board of General Purposes, and also accomplished many other improvements which will be highly appreciated by the members. The Grand Lodge is now issuing charters and establishing lodges where they are required, and has before it a wide field of usefulness

—the fees for the final charter being \$20 and the dues to the Grand Lodge 25 cents per year for each member." This mutual benefit system is the Odd-Fellows' plan ;

and we are pleased to see our Masonic friends recognizing the superiority of our practical modes of benevolence and charity.

### BOOK NOTICES.

**ODD-FELLOWS' BANNER.**—The *Banner*, published in Bloomfield, Iowa, has entered on a new and important stage—having been enlarged and beautified. The publishers, Bros. Glenn and King, seem determined to make their paper a credit to Iowa, and we have no doubt they will succeed.

**THE CHRISTIAN UNION.**—This is a religious paper of liberal tendencies. Its most attractive features are in the editorials and sermons of Rev. H. W. Beecher, who has the chief control. In addition, however, it has contributions from many other eminent American writers. It is published by H. M. Cleveland, 27 Park Place, N.Y.

**LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.**—The numbers of *The Living Age* for the weeks ending March 11th and 18th, have the following noteworthy contents:—On the Border Territory between the Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms, by Prof. T. H. Huxley; on National Education as a National Duty, by Prof. Max Muller; Dutch Guiana, Parts II. and III. by W. Gifford Palgrave; Professor Tyndall on the Air and Organic Life; Cardinal Manning on the Pope and Magna Charter; Self Esteem and Self Estimation; Host and Hostesses; Modern English Prose; Mazarin; George Eliot's Heroines; the conclusion of "Her Dearest Foe," by Mrs. Alexander, author of "The Wooing O't;" and instalments of the powerful story of "The Dilemma." Choice poetry and miscellany complete the numbers. For fifty-two such numbers of sixty-four large pages each, (or more than 3000 pages a year) the subscription-price (\$8) is low, or still better, for \$10.50 any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies is sent with the *The Living Age* for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Gay, Boston, are the publishers.

**THE SANITARIAN.**—This is the title of a monthly journal devoted to the prevention of disease. People generally have less knowledge of hygiene than of almost any other subject; while, at the same time, there is no subject in which we are all so deeply interested. The various departments of the *Sanitarian* ably discuss all matters within the scope of the magazine. It is edited by A. N. Bell, M.D., and published by McDivitt, Campbell & Co., 79 Nassau-st., N.Y., at \$3.00 per annum.

**LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.**—The first article in the March number is a continuation of the valuable series of papers on "The Century—its Fruits and its Festival," and treats of "Past Expositions." The article in question embraces a number of engravings of exhibition buildings, including those of Paris and Vienna. "Sketches of India," handsomely illustrated, are continued. Rebecca Harding Davis contributes a striking description of our "Life-Saving Stations." "The Eutaw Flag," by Robert Wilson, is a highly interesting story of the American Revolution. Lady Blanche Murphy's article on "Convent Life and Work," gives the reader an inside glance at convent life, and describes the good work performed by the Nuns and Sisters of Charity. The serial, "The Atonement of Leam Dundas," by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, is continued, and deepens in interest. The second of "Letters from South Africa," by Lady Barker, gives an entertaining account of a voyage along a portion of the coast of Africa and visit to the towns on the route. "The Songs of Mirza-Schaffy," by Auber Forestier, and "Charles Kingsley: a Reminiscence," are highly attractive papers. The foregoing, with the usual "Monthly Gossip," and "Notices of New Books," comprise the contents of a very excellent number.



## COMMUNICATED.

### WHERE THE MONEY GOES TO.

TALKING the other day with a worthy brother on my favorite hobby—a Sovereign Grand Lodge for Canada—the money question came to the surface, as it usually does these hard times, no matter what subject you may be discussing.

“Well,” said my brother, “I do not think the G.L.U.S. makes much out of Ontario, for all the money received for representative tax, and more, is paid back to our representatives in the way of mileage and per diem.”

“Quite true,” was my answer. “Nor do I think that our representatives make anything by the speculation, for I am satisfied that their trip costs them much more than they receive from the Grand Lodge. But I do not see how that makes it any better for us. To take \$300 out of the Odd-Fellows of this province, and give it to four of our brethren, at the same time compelling them to spend it all and a great deal more in some of the American cities, does not appear to me of any special advantage to the Institution in Ontario. But the entire financial arrangements of the G.L.U.S. are very extravagant and unbusiness-like. Whatever benefit might accrue from our being connected with such a supreme body, bears a very inadequate relation to the cost. It would seem to be like some missionary enterprises of which I have heard, where for every 25 cents that go to the heathen, a dollar is needed to pay the carriage.”

Here my friend began to look rather grave; for he greatly admires that august body the G.L.U.S., while I, alas! have a marked depression on that part of my cranium where the bump of veneration should be. And to be told that the eminent jurists, senators, financiers, etc., comprising the Supreme Council of the Order were extravagant and careless, was something more than he could stand. And he gave me distinctly to understand that I did not know what I was talking

about; he knew better; he could give proofs of their careful attention to the funds.

“Did they not, for example, prohibit our own Grand Lodge selling our digest because it infringed their copyright? That showed how carefully they guarded their pecuniary affairs.”

“Yes,” I said. “After allowing all the publishers of text-books and manuals in the States to make use of the copyrighted forms without let or hindrance for years, they did come down on poor Ontario the moment we unwittingly violated the law, and punished us to the tune of several hundred dollars. Very singular that they never discovered the law was broken until we were in a position to pass under the rod. Notwithstanding, it does not make me think any more highly of the financial transactions of the G. L. U. S. And I have no objections, at my first leisure hour, to analyze the expenditures of that body for your benefit; and if the editor of the JOURNAL does not object to a little mild criticism of the powers that be, he may let me spread it on his pages for the benefit of some others.”

So, Mr. Editor, in accordance with my promise to this brother, I have to ask you for a little space this month, while I go through the figures of the report of the Treasurer of the G.L.U.S., as appearing in the JOURNAL for 1875.

The receipts of the G. L. U. S. for the year 1874-75, derived from representative tax and the sale of supplies, amounted to \$37,932.66. The disbursements amounted to \$43,593.98, being an excess of expenses over receipts to the amount of \$5,661.32. Fortunately the Grand Lodge had a good surplus accumulated during past years, so that it was not left actually in debt. I might also note that the interest accruing on part of said surplus amounted to about \$1,500, thus reducing the actual deficit to a little over \$4,000.

Where did all this money go to? The largest item of expenditure was for mileage and per diem, amounting to \$19,



955.70, an average of about \$137.62½ for each member. The Grand Lodge met on Monday morning, and adjourned on Saturday morning, having been in session—not very long sessions at that—for, say five days and a half. Nevertheless they voted themselves \$6 a day for seven days. They also voted themselves ten cents a mile for travelling expenses, though the railroads only charged about five. Now, I am not finding fault with the representatives for paying themselves out of the general fund thus liberally. No doubt they spent it all and more before they got home; and it is only natural for us to seek to remunerate ourselves for our trouble on all occasions, even though our "trouble" should be more pleasure than work. But when we examine carefully the proceedings of that session, analyze the work done, or, more strictly speaking not done, the reports of committees, etc., and attempt to calculate the possible value to the Fraternity of what for the majority of the representatives must have been a mere pleasure excursion, we may not unjustly conclude that a system which involves the expenditure of so much for so little needs reforming.

One class of people, however, are benefited to a slight extent by the G.L.U.S., and that is the printers. The printing bill for 1874-75 only figured up \$13,784.36. Nearly \$5,000 of this were for supplies, from which the Grand Lodge no doubt derives a good revenue—considerably over 100 per cent. In the matter of dealing in supplies the Supreme Body does its business profitably. If it did not spend so profusely in other directions it is just possible it might be able to do with a little smaller profit on supplies, which would not be a bad thing for young lodges.

The largest part of the printing bill—about \$6,000—was devoted to paying for the printing of the lower case of proceedings. I have not heard that the party who had this job became insolvent; and I do not think he did. Still this printing might have been much higher if it had not been attended to properly. And to prevent any extravagance, there was a committee on printing, whose sessions cost the Grand Lodge, \$309.30 more.

The next big item is to be found in the office of Grand Secretary. The distinguished brother who fills the position

drew \$4,000 from the funds of the G. L. U. S. for his services in the year 1874-75—\$3,000 as secretary, and \$1,000 as historiographer. Then he has an assistant at \$2,000; and a sub-assistant at \$1,100; while the expenses of the office, rent, etc., figured up some \$715. The office of Grand Secretary—leaving out the historiographer—thus costs the Order very near \$7,000 per year. No doubt there is considerable work done in that office; but whether it is worth \$7,000 a year might be a question. There were 84 Grand Bodies and 73 Subordinaes under the control of the G.L.U.S. last year—about 150 constituent bodies which would be in correspondence with the Grand Secretary's office. Our Grand Secretary has more than that to attend to, and some of them doubtless give him considerable trouble. But there would be some difficulty in getting our Grand Lodge to pay him \$1,000—not to say \$7,000. I presume, however, that salaries attached to the office of the Greater Grand Secretary are intended to be in proportion to the dignity of the position, and not to the amount of work done.

So much for the main items. A glance over the smaller figures will show some peculiarities worth noting.

The Grand Treasurer receives for his valuable services, \$500—said valuable services consisting, so far as I can discover, in paying out 274 orders, and handling about \$60,000, enough to enable a man to carry on a small banking and broking business very comfortably.

Another Brother received \$1,000 for services rendered in revising the secret work and preparing five copies of diagrams. In addition, the committee on revision took for expenses, \$124.50.

I notice \$31 for subscriptions to various Odd-Fellows' publications. I do not see the CANADIAN JOURNAL in the list, but I have no doubt it will be remembered next year. I hope so.

Joseph Schweitzer got \$5 for burning some old books. No doubt it was a difficult task; perhaps the books were so mouldy they would not burn, and he had to expend \$5 worth of wind to blow the fire.

One peculiarity about the payments to officials is, that the salaried officers all draw extra pay when the Grand Lodge

meets. For example, the Grand Secretary and his assistant get their \$5,000 for services rendered through the year, but during the session they get their \$6 a day also, amounting to \$84 for the two. Then the Grand Messenger, who is, I suppose, a sort of porter for the Grand Secretary, gets his salary of \$1,100 a year, but when the Grand Lodge met he drew pay for ten days—\$60. Trifles these, no doubt. But trifles that indicate both extravagance and carelessness on the part of those who control the finances of the G. L. U. S.

These figures will serve to give some idea of where our money goes. Disburse-

ments to the extent of near \$44,000 in one year, and all that the Grand Lodge has to show for it, as available assets, so far as can be picked out of the report, exclusive of the supplies, is one box for flag and banner, one carpet bag to carry the secrets, one warehouse truck, and some back numbers of Odd-Fellows' papers.

No wonder that Brethren whose ideas of expenditures are drawn from the G. L. U. S., should hesitate at the thought of having a Sovereign Grand Lodge of Canada, and wonder where the money would come from to run the machine.

CANADENSIS.

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## THE EMBLEMS OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

### THE FOURTH DIVISION.

#### THE HEART AND HAND.

**N**O one can mingle in society to any extent without noticing how insincerity and hypocrisy abound. We do not see men as they are. "The world is a stage, and all mankind are players." Life appears like a vast masquerade where each one assumes a character that will be most profitable or most pleasing to himself; but which is, after all, only a character—a representation—not a reality. Each one veils his real purposes and appears to be what he is not. Illusion and false appearances surround us. We wander among shadows—too often little else than shadows ourselves. We dream of a true sincerity; and we sometimes hear what sounds like the language of truth; but how often does the whole scene dissolve "like the baseless fabric of a vision," and leave us to cry with the preacher of old, "Vanity of vanities."

Against this state of hollow deceit, the teachings of Odd-Fellowship speak in trumpet tones. They bid us to have courage, and boldly avow ourselves what we are. We feel that we dare not transgress the customs and fashions of society, even though we may think them wrong, for fear of what our neighbors may say. We dare not speak the truth boldly and fearlessly in our business transactions, lest we suffer some immediate pecuniary loss. We dare

not express our opinions unreservedly of men and things, lest we offend some person of influence in society whose countenance and support we are anxious to retain. But Odd-Fellowship makes no allowance for any such paltry notions. Truth is no less a fundamental principle of the Order than Friendship and Charity.

It is quite possible that the man who is perfectly frank and open will not always succeed the best in public life. The crooked politician often mounts the highest and we know well how profitable in business and in society is a certain amount of selfish double-facedness. While falsehood is so prevalent, truth cannot always immediately benefit a man's pocket or place. Yet the honest man is always sure of the esteem even of the dishonest; and he can always be certain of the truth of the statement of one old and experienced: "I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

And because the doctrines of Odd-Fellowship proclaim the necessity of sincerity in speech and act, we teach it to our members, not only in the lectures of our ritual, but also in that expressive emblem, "the heart in a hand," indicative of the man open, frank and free, who has no opinions to conceal, and who is ready to proclaim himself what he really is without fear or favor.

#### THE ARK OF THE COVENANT.

In the old Hebrew economy the ark with its contents—the manna that fed the Israelites, and the budded rod of Aaron,

telling of the love of God ; and the tables of stone on which were inscribed his divine law—had an honorable place in the temple, and was an object of the deepest regard. It symbolized for the children of Abraham two great truths, each one of equal import—the justice of the Almighty and His mercy.

Though especially connected with the religion of a particular race and people, it is none the less significant to us as Odd-Fellows. We also acknowledge a beneficent God, whose justice looks with anger on all sin, while his mercy is ever extended to the repentant sinner. Odd-Fellowship does not undertake to teach any religion in detail, but no man can become or continue to be an Odd-Fellow in sincerity, unless he acknowledges the Supreme Creator and Preserver of men. And the two great attributes of that Deity, without which He could be no Deity worthy of our veneration, are His justice as a God of truth, and his mercy as the Father of all mankind.

This symbol teaches us all the religion we are required as Odd-Fellows to have. Not that we claim this to be all that a man needs ; but we claim that unless a man has this much he is not fit for our Society. And this is the foundation of all religions. It is the one common ground on which men of all creeds can unite. And whoever accepts it in all its fullness, and with all its attendant consequences, will not be far from the true religion. It is only when men blend their own devices and schemes with their interpretations of God's law and God's mercy that false religions arise.

#### THE SERPENT.

The serpent has in all times been an emblem of wisdom. The Hebrew record of the origin of man and the origin of sin,

shows us the spirit of evil exercising his cunning and craft successfully in the form of a serpent. If this were taken as the origin of the symbol it would hardly be one held up for admiration. But it has been adopted in a modified sense to represent that shrewdness and skill in the management of our affairs which are not incompatible with truth. "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves," was the exhortation given by a great teacher to his disciples.

This emblem is a companion one to the "Heart and Hand." While truth should guide us always, we are yet to exercise wisdom in the conduct of affairs. If the end we are seeking at any time is a worthy one, we are not to be indifferent as to the means by which we attain it. We are not to seek it through false and crooked ways ; but we are to adopt those plans which, while honest in themselves, are yet best adapted to the purpose. Our plans may be quite consistent with truth, and yet they may be foolish and inexpedient. There are many things a man can do which are perfectly honest, but at the same time very unwise, because they are not suited to accomplish the purpose in view.

Odd-Fellowship requires a man to care for his own pecuniary interests and those of his family. It does not try to repress that laudable ambition which leads each one to seek pre-eminence in society, in business, or in politics. On the contrary, it encourages it ; for ambition, if guided by truth, is one of the greatest forces of civilization. It only deprecates folly and carelessness in the pursuit of whatever laudable object we have in view. And to each one of us it says : "Be wise as serpents, but be as innocent and pure as doves."

SIRACH.

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### TORONTO CORRESPONDENCE.

TORONTO, March 11, 1876.

THE members of Covenant Lodge, No. 52, gave a grand concert in the O. F. hall, on the evening of the 2nd of March. The hall was filled to its utmost capacity with a very select audience. I may say that as far as O. F. concerts are con-

cerned, I must pronounce it the concert of the season. A new but very pleasing feature was the singing of the O. F. ode. The chair was ably filled by Bro. Dr. S. P. May, who made an excellent speech on "Odd-Fellowship, its uses and objects," after which came a very choice programme of songs, readings, &c. Miss Read's song,



"Should he upbraid?" was rendered in such a pleasing manner that an *encore* was loudly demanded; Bro. John McGregor gave two Irish readings in his usual happy style which kept the audience in roars of laughter; Bro. C. Brown's song deserves special mention; the songs of Bro. Wm. Walmsley were really splendid; the *encore* song, "Here she goes," was received with a great amount of applause. Previous to singing "God save the Queen," Bro. Dr. McFarlane, N. G., tendered a vote of thanks to the ladies and gentlemen for their kind services which had been rendered gratuitously. Thus ended one of the most enjoyable evenings ever spent in connection with Odd-Fellowship. Refreshments were served in the ante-room for the performers. The committee are to be congratulated on the success which has crowned their efforts.

The concert was given in aid of two sick members of the Lodge. The proceeds amounted to \$135.

The following is the programme:

Opening Ode—I. O. O. F.

Chairman's Address—S. P. May, M. D.

Solo—"Should he upbraid?"—Miss Reid.

Duett—"Over the hawthorn hedge,"—Miss Flint and Mrs. Greenfield.

Solo—"The Englishman,"—Mr. G. Manton.  
Reading—Mr. J. McGregor.

Solo—"I'll wander alone,"—Mrs. Morris.

Cornet Solo—Mr. J. F. Anderson.

Song (Guitar accompaniment)—"Do unto others as you'd wish to be done by,"—Mr. W. Walmsley.

Violin Solo—Mr. Colton.

Solo—"Gaily through life I wander,"—Mrs. Morris.

Solo—"If doughty deeds,"—Mr. C. Brown.

Duett—Miss Flint and Miss Greenfield.

Solo—"Sleep 'mid thy beautiful dreams,"—Mr. Beddoe.

Duett—"On, to the field of glory,"—Messrs. Walmsley and Manton.

God Save the Queen.

Yours fraternally,

WM. JEFFERIES, P. G.

[NOTE.—Our Toronto correspondent is very anxious to keep the readers of the JOURNAL posted on all the news of the Order from that locality. But as he is not ubiquitous, he would feel obliged to the brethren in Toronto and vicinity, if they would let him know when anything is to occur, is occurring, or has occurred, so that he can make a note of it.]

## SUPPER AND PRESENTATION AT WYOMING.

DEAR SIR AND BRO.,—A very pleasant and interesting affair took place at the "Wyoming Hotel," in this village, on the evening of Wednesday, March 8th, under the auspices of Model Lodge, No. 147, I. O. O. F., in honor of N. G. Bro. Wm. Strange, who is about to leave this part of the country. Bro. Jacob Rogers, the worthy host of the Wyoming Hotel, upon very short notice, got up a splendid repast, which speaks well for his ability as a caterer. By the hour of 9 o'clock, the brethren assembled together with their better halves and sweethearts to the number of about fifty; and after discussing the many "good things" to the entire satisfaction of the inner man, a short, but very pleasant programme was disposed of, consisting of songs, recitations, &c., by some of the brethren, after which Bro. A. E. Harvey was called to the chair. Having

called the assembly to order, he then read the following

ADDRESS:

To Bro. Wm. Strange, Degree Master and Noble Grand of Model Lodge, No. 147, I. O. O. F.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—In behalf of the officers and members of Model Lodge, I this evening address you.

I can assure you that it is with mingled feelings of regret and pleasure that we refer to the cause of our assembling here; of regret, when we think how short a time you are to remain in our society, and how great a blank will be caused by the absence of your cheerful face and voice from among us; and of pleasure, as it calls to mind the many happy and useful hours we have spent in your company. Be assured, dear brother, that your untiring labors in connection with our lodge, the valuable instruction imparted to us collectively and individually when necessary, and the zeal



you have ever shown to promote our welfare, diffusing correct rules and principles with regard to the working of its different branches, have all been duly appreciated.

And as unavoidable circumstances are about causing you to remove from our midst, we wish to give you a more lasting expression of our appreciation of your services while among us, by presenting you with this Past Grand's Jewel, not so much for its real value, as for a memento of our feelings in sustaining such a loss, and that in future when you wear it you may be reminded that though distance separates us, our hearts are still united for each other's welfare. Hoping that in the new sphere to which you are called, you may there become the radius for diffusing the true principles of our noble Order, around which will revolve a circle of associations which will show to each other, and to the world, that there is more in Odd-Fellowship than a mere name.

A. E. HARVEY, G. G. HARTLEY, and G. R. REID, Committee.

Bro. Strange then arose and made the following

REPLY :

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Brethren,

I assure you that your address has been most favorably received. You are all, no doubt, aware that as a public speaker I am by no means a success, but the somewhat flattering address, also the magnificent P.G. jewel, with which you have presented me, have not failed to accomplish their desired end, viz.: that of making a lasting impression of your esteem upon my mind; and certainly deserves an effort on my part to say at least a word or two.

In reply to your address, Mr. Chairman, also in response to the magnificent token of your united esteem bestowed upon so unworthy an object, permit me to say that it is with the feelings of the deepest regret and reluctance that the ties so fondly formed, cherished, and so strongly knit together between myself and the officers and members of Model Lodge are about to be severed; I am happy to say, however, that it is under favorable, lucrative circumstances. It is with mingled feelings of the deepest sorrow and the highest pleasure that I am with you here to-night; of regret, because I am about to leave so

many of my well-wishers, and more especially those with whom it has been my privilege to become more intimately associated in that society of which I am proud to be a member, and for the establishment of which in this village I have willingly put forth my right foot first. I have also had the honor from you of being called upon to be your first, as also your last presiding officer, as well as your only representative to the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of Ontario, of which I also feel proud to be a member. As to the counsel and advice so willingly given to you by me, I would say that as an Odd-Fellow I have only done my duty, and it always afforded me a great deal of pleasure in offering such as I had at hand, and doing all I could for you individually and collectively. That these acts on my part have been fully appreciated by you, is clearly proven by our assembling together on this occasion under such favorable circumstances.

May you ever be found with the sentiment which your pleasant circumstances to-night indicate. However, I say go on in the good work you have so nobly begun, be choice of the material with which you seek to increase your number; guard well your ballot, be harmonious, work unitedly and with one accord. May you ever be animated by the true spirit of Odd-Fellowship, which is well calculated (ultimately) to lead thousands more to primary truth, and into the paths of virtue and morality. With these principles and your united efforts in full force, I predict for Model Lodge a prosperous and successful future. As she stands to-night I congratulate her officers and members as being second to none in our Dominion for her age. May your lives and conduct afford no reproach to the characters you have assumed by becoming Odd-Fellows. With regard to this beautiful jewel with which you have unitedly presented me, I assure you it will always be worn with the same respect and esteem that it is the instrument of conveying to me, and it will always bring to my mind, the fondest recollection of the past as well as the present and of the associations previously formed, and to the present maintained, but which I reluctantly say are hereafter severed. Nevertheless, I wish you every success, and all imaginable prosperity, and

shall be happy to hear thereof at any time.

I hope however to have the pleasure of meeting with you occasionally in the future, but for the present I beg leave to bid you all a hearty but reluctant farewell.

Bro. Strange then resumed his seat amidst the hearty applause of the audience, after which the jewel was passed around among the company for inspection; it is a very nice affair, consisting of a silver star bearing the emblems of the Order and

attached to a ribbon, and was procured from the jewellery establishment of W. C. Morrison, of Toronto. A very agreeable half hour was then spent in social conversation, when the company dispersed to their several places of abode, well pleased with the evening's entertainment, and fully convinced of real worth and merit of our noble order.

Yours fraternally,

E. C. R.,

Recording Sec., Model Lodge, No. 147.

## PROGRESS OF THE ORDER.

### ONTARIO.

#### AYR.

Wednesday, the 1st of March, will be a memorable day with the brethren in Ayr, for on that day the beautiful hall of Dolman Lodge, No. 174, was dedicated to the advancement of our noble Order. Visiting brethren were there from Galt, Berlin, Brantford, Paris, &c. Bro. Dodimead, D. D. G. M., acted as Grand Master, and Bro. J. Woodyatt as Grand Chaplain. Bros. S. Wilkins, McAuslan, Inksetter and Jaffray acted as Grand Heralds. The ceremony was public and was witnessed by a number of visitors, including a large sprinkling of ladies, all of whom appeared deeply interested by the impressive ceremony. After it was over, Bro. Dodimead gave a few instructive remarks. Bro. Jaffray, of Berlin, gave a magnificent exposition of the principles of our Order. He was followed by Bro. Woodyatt who gave a masterly description of the rise and progress of the work and of the good being done.

It was now getting time to refresh the inner man, and we were all invited to the "Hilburn House," where Bro. Hilburn had such a magnificent spread that the visitors were astonished. However, astonishment did not overcome their appetites, judging by the way the viands disappeared. After tea we repaired to the music hall, where speeches were made by Bros. Angus and Patterson of Paris, Dodimead and Woodyatt of Brantford, and Dr. Bingham of Berlin. Songs were given by Messrs. Wilkins, Jaffray, Tyson, Bickle, Boulton, Hall and Bowman, also by Miss Cameron

and Mrs. Ducker. Instrumental music by the I. O. O. F. band, from Galt, and a "Little German Band." The concert broke up about 11 p.m., when dancing was indulged in till the "wee sma' hours" began to grow big. Every one seemed to enjoy themselves; and I cannot do better in closing than to unite with Burns in saying,

"Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a toon surpasses,  
For honest men and bonnie lassies."

Mair particularly the lassies.—COM.

SIMCOE.

On Thursday, March 16th, being the anniversary of the institution of Simcoe Lodge, No. 161, the members met as usual at the lodge-room, and having gone through the regular order of business and closed the lodge, repaired with a number of invited guests, to Dean's hotel, where mine host had prepared a most excellent repast. The friends and brethren to the number of about 50, did it most ample justice; and after having satisfied the wants of the inner man, several toasts were given and ably responded to. Speeches, songs, readings, recitations and instrumental music was the order of the night, and was continued until shortly after 12 o'clock, when the company dispersed, all well pleased with the whole proceedings.

The correspondent who sends us this account of the first anniversary of Simcoe Lodge says that, "considering the unfavorable circumstances under which the lodge started it is doing very well. We have about 35 members at present and about out of debt."

KINGSVILLE.

Concord Lodge, No. 142, I.O.O.F., of Kingsville, has lately made such progress that the old quarters were found too small and inconvenient for their meetings; and the present N.G. of the Lodge, Mr. J. H. Smart, having erected a fine brick block in the village, arrangements were made with him to fit up a lodge room in the third story for the Order. He has accordingly finished a fine hall for them, 32 feet by 34 feet, with high ceiling, and large windows. The woodwork around the wall, four feet from the floor, and elsewhere in the room, is finely grained, and it is seated with chairs and patent benches. The officers' chairs and platforms are all carpeted and furnished with everything requisite in a well-appointed lodge room, and everything therein presents a bright, cheering aspect, and reflects great credit on the taste of the gentlemen engaged in its arrangement.

Friday, the 3rd ult., was the day appointed for the dedication of this new home of the Order, and invitations having been extended to the brethren of neighboring lodges, that day brought large deputations to the village from Rose Lodge, No. 28, of Amherstburg; Frontier Lodge, No. 45, of Windsor; Beaver Lodge, No. 82, of Ruthven; and Leamington Lodge, No. 140, of Leamington. In all over 100 Odd-Fellows were assembled at the village, and the dedication being public a large number of ladies and gentlemen outside of the Order assembled in the hall to witness the ceremony, which began at half-past three o'clock.

The present Grand Master and P.G.P. of Michigan, Hon. J. N. Ingersoll, of Corunna Lodge, No. 64, officiated as Grand Master, and was assisted by D.D.G.M., J. McNutt, of Ruthven, as Grand Marshal; P.G. and P.C.P., F. Hesse, of Columbus Lodge, No. 125, of Detroit, as Grand Sentinel; Bro. A. J. Collins, of Leamington, as Grand Chaplain; P.G.M., H. McAfee, of Walkerville, as the Herald of the North; P.G. S. McGee, of Amherstburg, as the Herald of the South; P.G. and P.C.P., John Turk, of Windsor, as the Herald of the East; and P.G., George Broadwell, of Kingsville, as the Herald of the West.

After the dedication, a number of ladies, wives of members of the Scarlet Degree,

received the Rebekah Degree.

At half-past six o'clock, about 150 ladies and gentlemen sat down to an Odd-Fellows' dinner, prepared in the large dining-room of the Commercial hotel, by the proprietor, Mr. Ainslie.

At eight o'clock the brethren assembled in the lodge room, and marched in regalia to the Methodist Church, to hear a lecture on Odd-Fellowship, from Grand Master Ingersoll. The church was filled to the doors, and the chair was occupied by P.G. M. McAfee who introduced the lecturer.

The address was highly interesting and instructive, and was duly appreciated by the large audience.

After the lecture the Kingsville Cornet Band turned out and serenaded the Grand Master and other visiting brethren, at the Commercial Hotel. The Grand Master addressed them from the balcony, when they played "Yankee Doodle" and "God Save the Queen."—*Amherstburg Echo*.

KINCARDINE.

DEAR SIR AND BRO.,—A considerable time has elapsed since I wrote you, and knowing that you are interested in anything that pertains to the advancement of our beloved Order, I am happy to state that Penetangore Lodge, No. 172, is advancing steadily but surely in the good work; we now number 70 members, all good and true, who take a lively interest in the principles and work set before them. We have been occupying our new hall since September last, and for room, comfort and convenience, cannot be excelled north of Toronto or Hamilton. Perhaps you may be inclined to believe this vain boasting. Our watchword is to all, come and see us and be satisfied. It is to be admitted that we are only young, but the brothers of Penetangore extend a hearty welcome to all visiting brethren. Already sounds are heard as to the possibility or probability of starting an encampment. A very reliable indication of the interest taken in all that pertains to Odd-Fellowship; and I believe it is destined at no very distant day to be a reality.

Yours in F. L. and T.,

J. R. PECKHAM, P. G.

EMBRO.

We are informed that brethren resident in Embro are agitating the propriety of organizing a lodge in that village.



POINT EDWARD.

The third anniversary of St. Clair Lodge, No. 106, was held in the Odd-Fellows' Hall, Point Edward, on the 28th February. The brethren and their visitors, and friends of both sexes, sat down at 8.30 p.m to an excellent repast spread in the main hall on the ground floor of the building. The tables were abundantly supplied, and the guests did justice to the edibles. Later in the evening, addresses were delivered by Bros. Wiley, Campbell, and Rev. Messrs. Ross and Macdonald, with songs and recitations by a number of the brethren and their friends.

The chair was ably occupied by the worthy N.G. of the lodge, Colonel W. Wiley.

On the Sunday previous, the brethren went to church, and had an interesting and profitable sermon from their chaplain, Bro. Saunders.

St. Clair is one of the progressive lodges, and every succeeding anniversary finds it still further advanced in strength and wealth and influence.

LONDON.

At the first regular meeting of the Board of Directors of the Odd-Fellows' Hall for 1876, the old board was re-elected, and comprises :—Eureka Lodge, No. 30, R. Kirkpatrick, E. R. Robinson and H. G. Abbott ; Forest City Lodge, No. 38, H. E. Buttrey, James Bell and Dr. J. R. Flock ; Dominion Lodge, No. 48, J. J. Dyas, Wm. Joanes and W. H. Howell. The retiring President and Vice-President having declined re-election, the following officers were chosen : President—H. G. Abbott ; Vice-President—Wm. Joanes ; Sec.-Treas.—James Bell (re-elected).

GALT.

Waterloo Lodge, No. 107, Galt, has been surprising itself lately by the rapid increase to its numbers. Quite an interest is being taken in the Order ; ere long they will have to get larger rooms or build a temple for themselves ; last lodge night we were literally packed. The 10th of March being our anniversary, we held a social among ourselves, want of room preventing us from inviting sister lodges. I do not think there is a lodge in the country where subjects are so well ventilated as in Waterloo Lodge.—COM.

THOROLD.

At the regular meeting of Livingstone Lodge, No. 130, I.O.O.F., held on Tuesday evening, the 7th March, Dr. T. Brown was elected and duly installed as Noble Grand of the Lodge. The installation ceremony was conducted by Past Grands Williams and McCaskill,

On Sunday morning, the 12th, the lodge celebrated its second anniversary by marching to the Methodist church, where a practical sermon was preached by Rev. James Preston. At the conclusion of the sermon Mr. Preston made some suitable remarks in relation to Odd-Fellowship, showing how its principles are founded on Scripture, and enjoining its members to carry them into every day practice. A collection for the poor was taken up, which realized \$22.38.

WINDSOR.

A degree lodge has been started in Windsor with the following officers : Jos. S. Edgar, D. M. ; Rev. St. George Caulfield, D. D. M. ; Wm. Blow, First Asst. ; Stephen T. Reeve, Second Asst. ; W. E. Reid, Treas.

CHATHAM.

The brethren of Chatham, we are informed, have determined to establish a library for the benefit of the members of the Order in that town. An excellent idea.

THE PROGRESS IN ONTARIO.

The following is extracted from the returns of the Grand Secretary of Ontario for the six months ending December last, and for the entire year :

MEMBERSHIP.

Total number of Lodges.....	153	
		Term ending
		31st Dec., 1875.
Initiated.....	1,113	2,390
Admitted by Card.....	127	359
Reinstated.....	30	67
<b>Total</b> .....	<b>1,270</b>	<b>2,816</b>
Died.....	44	66
Withdrawn.....	204	451
Suspended.....	584	879
Expelled.....	9	23
<b>Total</b> .....	<b>841</b>	<b>1,419</b>
Net increase.....		1,397
Membership per last report.....		9,236
<b>Present actual membership.....</b>		<b>10,633</b>



RELIEF.

Number of brothers to whom were paid Sick Benefits.....	446	915
Number of widowed families relieved.....	97	181
Amount paid for sick benefits.....	\$ 5,290 50	\$10,606 62
Amount paid for relief of widows.....	1,692 10	3,179 60
Amount paid for charity.....	692 08	1,773 16
Amount paid for burying the dead.....	1,449 88	2,538 38
<b>Total relief.....</b>		<b>\$18,097 76</b>
Current expenses (as reported by Lodges)....	\$22,581 63	\$45,024 30
Total receipts of Subordinate Lodges.....	50,605 15	99,744 77
Number of weeks' sickness for which benefits were paid.....	1,776 2-7	3,519 2-7
Number of degrees conferred.....	3,453	7,524
Number of rejections...	160	305
Average paid to each Brother who received relief.....		\$11 60
Average per member of total membership.....		99¢
Per centage of relief to receipts....		18.14
Per centage of expenses to receipts.		46.04
Death rate.....	1 in 161	1-16
General fund of Subordinate Lodges.	\$129,999 99	
W. & O. " " " "		50,274 57
<b>Total funds.....</b>	<b>\$180,274 56</b>	
As shown last year.....	144,406 47	
<b>Increase.....</b>	<b>\$ 35,868 09</b>	

Shannonville Lodge, No. 118, has surrendered its charter and effects to the Grand Lodge, owing to the fact that many of its members had left the village, leaving not enough members to successfully work the Lodge.

Wardsville Lodge, No. 60, and Constellation Lodge, No. 85, have not yet reported, but for which this statement would have been issued sooner, it having been delayed with the hope that these delinquents would have sent in their returns. If the officers of these lodges could really understand the inconvenience their delay causes, I am confident they would be more prompt.

The following new lodges have been instituted since the last session of the Grand Lodge, viz.:

- Alliston Lodge, No. 171, Alliston, August 2nd, 1875.
- Penetangore Lodge, No. 172, Kincardine, Sept. 7th.
- Emerald Lodge, No. 173, Dunnville, Sept. 29th.
- Dolman Lodge, No. 174, Ayr, Oct. 15th.

- Lorne Lodge, No. 175, West Lorne, Oct. 23rd.
- Donsee Lodge, No. 176, Widdler, Nov. 24th.
- Montana Lodge, No. 177, Wroxeter, Nov. 24th.
- Wellington Square Lodge, No. 178, Wellington Square, Dec. 6th.
- Madoc Lodge, No. 179, Madoc, Jan. 10th, 1876.
- Owen Sound Lodge, No. 180, Owen Sound, Jan. 20th.
- Ark Lodge, No. 181, Springfield, Jan. 27th.
- Tecumseh Lodge, No. 182, Otterville, Feb. 10th.
- Teeswater Lodge, No. 183, Teeswater, Feb. 23rd.
- Degree Lodge, No. 8, Windsor, Feb. 15th.

MANITOBA.

Reports from the Prairie Province are to the effect that the Order is progressing steadily and surely, if not very rapidly. Lodge No. 1 has about 70 members in good standing. No. 2, not a year old, has about twenty-five, but the indications are that it will soon commence growing faster. The encampment has some twenty members. The officers for the current term are as under:

D. D. G. SIRE—Lister Hayward.

HARMONY ENCAMPMENT, NO. 1.—A. McMicken, C. P.; J. R. Cameron, H. P.; W. J. Watson, S. W.; J. H. Emslie, Scribe; C. D. Anderson, Treas; M. Davis, J. W.

MANITOBA LODGE, NO. 1.—J. R. Cameron, N. G.; H. McDougal, V. G.; S. E. West, R. S.; J. S. Ramsay, P. S.; C. D. Anderson, Treas.

NORTH STAR LODGE, NO. 2.—P. Heiminck, N. G.; A. McMicken, V. G.; D. B. Murray, P. S.; C. Campbell, R. S.; W. J. Watson, Treas.

CALIFORNIA.

The General Relief Committee of San Francisco does a large amount of business. The benefits, donations, etc., granted by it for the six months ending January 9, 1876, amounted to \$5,123.68. The Employment Bureau, which is a sub-committee, obtained employment for 186 persons during the six months. The Relief Committee established the Bureau on September 22, 1874. Since it began operations there have been 392 applications for employment by members of the Order, and nearly all have been furnished with work.

## RHODE ISLAND.

The annual session of the R. W. Grand Encampment of this State met Wednesday morning, March 1. Grand Scribe John F. Driscoll presented the following returns from the subordinate Encampments for the year ending Dec. 31st, 1875 :

Number of Encampments.....	17
" exalted.....	196
" admitted by card.....	15
" withdrawn by card.....	18
" dropped.....	33
" expelled.....	1
" deceased.....	22
" members.....	1,573

## SUMMARY.

Number of members per last report.....	1,436
" exalted during the year.....	196
" admitted by card.....	15
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>1,647</b>
From which deduct,	
Withdrawn by card.....	18
Dropped.....	33
Expelled.....	1
Deceased.....	22
	74
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>1,573</b>
Now in membership.....	1,573

## RELIEF.

Number of Patriarchs relieved.....	64
Number of Patriarchs buried.....	22
Amount paid for relief of Patriarchs...\$	943 37
Amount paid for burying the dead....	560 00
Amount of donations.....	47
<b>Total relief.....</b>	<b>\$1,502 84</b>
Receipts of subordinates.....	\$10,485 47
Average age of Patriarchs.....	38
Average sick Patriarchs.....	33
Average age of deceased Patriarchs.....	25½
Number of weeks sickness for which sick benefits were paid.....	221

The Grand Encampment then proceeded to the election of officers with the following result:—Grand Patriarch, Miles B. Lawson; Grand High Priest, Ralph Jolley; Grand Senior Warden, Fred. A. Arnold; Grand Scribe, John F. Driscoll; Grand Treas., Daniel Horton; Grand Junior Warden, Thomas Sayles; Grand Rep., Wm. S. Johnson.

After the transaction of other important business the Grand Encampment adjourned.

At the annual session of the Grand Lodge there was a large representation, there being between 200 and 300 Past Grands present.

The Grand Secretary presented the return of the Subordinate Lodges for the

term ending Dec. 31, 1875, as follows :

Number of Lodges.....	39
" initiated.....	589
" admitted by card.....	59
" reinstated.....	20
" withdrawn by card.....	52
" dropped for non-payment of dues	231
" expelled.....	10
" deceased.....	53
" rejected.....	95
" of members.....	5,413

## SUMMARY.

Number of members last report.....	5,091
" initiated during the year.....	589
" admitted by card.....	59
" reinstated.....	20
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>5,759</b>

From which deduct

Withdrawn by card.....	52
Dropped.....	231
Expelled.....	10
Deceased.....	53

**Total.....** 346

Now in membership.....5,413

## RELIEF.

Number of brothers relieved.....	410
" transient brothers relieved.....	16
" brothers buried.....	53
" widowed families relieved.....	20

## AMOUNT PAID FOR RELIEF.

Amount paid for relief of brothers...\$	11,606 54
" " transient	
Brothers..	715 66
" " widowed	
families..	311 00
" " orphans..	10 00
" burying the dead.....	2,482 00
" watching.....	2,216 30
" donations.....	1,260 21

**Total relief.....**\$18,601 71

Average age of members.....	39
" sick members.....	30
" deceased members..	28 1-2
Number of weeks' sickness for which benefits were paid.....	1,984
Receipts of Subordinate Lodges.....	\$66,839 84

It will be seen by the above report that there has been a large gain in the Order during the past six months.

Grand Treasurer Daniel Horton's report was an interesting document, inasmuch as it placed the Grand Lodge on a good financial basis. The funds of the Grand Lodge are securely invested, and it is clear from indebtedness.

The following are the officers elected: Grand Master, Gilbert F. Robbins; Deputy Grand Master, Lindsay Anderson;

Grand Warden, M. W. Morton ; Grand Secretary, John F. Driscoll ; Grand Treas., Daniel Horton ; Grand Chaplain, A. D. Nickerson ; Grand Representative, H. E. Dodge.—*Record.*

BALTIMORE.

Advices from Baltimore say that by authority of the G. L. U. S. that body has received from the Grand Lodge of Maryland for a nominal sum, a perpetual lease of a vacant lot adjoining the Odd-Fellow's Building in Baltimore, on which to erect a fire proof vault and office for the Grand Secretary. The work on the new building was commenced on the 6th March and will progress as fast as possible. The building is to occupy the entire lot, having a front on Orange avenue of 29 feet and extending 32 feet to the present office, a hall to extend through the centre. On the east side will be the fire-proof vault, a room about 9 by 26 feet, in which the library and valuable papers will be placed, and on the west side the private office of the Grand Corresponding and Recording Secretary. The height from floor to ceiling will be thirteen feet. The office will have modern conveniences connected with it and will greatly conduce to the comfort and facilitate the business of the Grand Secretary, who hopes to occupy the new apartments within three months from now. It is considered only a question of time, when the block bounded by Gay, Fayette, Holiday and Orange avenue, fronting the City Hall, will be condemned, and an open square take the place of the present buildings. When the ordinance to that effect is passed and executed, as it is believed must be done before many months, the new building will front on an open square; and doubtless the Grand Lodge will deem it advisable to carry the building up to correspond with the main edifice fronting on Gay street. The addition can be made at little expense, the projected building being constructed with a view to a second story. The business office will continue as at present, and the vault and store rooms now in use will be occupied for the storage and packing of supplies as heretofore. Additional room to transact the business was indispensable, as the accumulation of books and papers prevented anything like a systematic arrangement of them. Several

months will be occupied in getting things in shape, but it is believed that when once arranged any book or document required will be available at a moment's notice.

MASSACHUSETTS.

The Grand Lodge convened Thursday, Feb. 3rd, at the Odd-Fellows' Hall, Boston, being the regular semi-annual session. All the grand officers and a very large representation from Subordinate Lodges under this jurisdiction were present.

From the report of the Grand Secretary we make the following extracts : The number of Subordinate Lodges in the State is 128, with a membership of 21,053. During the past six months three new Lodges have been instituted, and the net gain in membership is about 500 ; number of brothers relieved, 718 ; number of widowed families relieved, 65 ; number buried, 108 ; and there have been about 4,000 weeks' benefits paid, and the amount paid for benefits about \$20,000 ; for burying the dead about \$5,000 have been paid ; and the total amount paid for relief the past six months has been about \$30,000, the revenue during the same time having been \$91,424.66.

There are also in this State twenty-five Lodges of the Daughters of Rebekah with a membership of 2,791. Their receipts have been about \$5,000, and the amount paid for relief about \$2,000.

From the report of the Grand Treasurer it appears that the finances of the Grand Lodge are in good condition.

Seventy-six new members were admitted and instructed.

MICHIGAN.

The Grand Encampment of Michigan convened in the Odd-Fellows' Temple, at Jackson, on February 9th. The session of that Body was of great interest to the Patriarchal branch in the Jurisdiction. A large amount of business was transacted, and quite a large number of P. C. P.s received the Grand Encampment Degree. The attendance was decidedly the largest of any previous meeting. The increased membership and number of Encampments organized has exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine of the Order.

The following officers were elected and



installed for the present year :

O. W. Oviatt, St. Joseph, G.P.; George H. Shearer, Bay City, G.H.P.; Norman Bailey, Hastings, G.W.; E. H. Whitney, Lansing, G. Scribe; R. H. Morrison, Sturgis, G. Treas.; Charles Palmer, Jackson, G. J. W.; Fayette S. Day, Allegan, G. Rep.

Seventeen new Encampments were instituted by Grand Patriarch F. S. Day during the year.

The next session of the Grand Encampment will be held at the city of Owosso, on the second Wednesday of February, 1877.

On Tuesday evening, February 14th, the Grand Lodge met in the city of Grand Rapids. Nearly all the Grand Officers were present and a large number of delegates and representatives, numbering about five hundred.

The Grand Lodge was called to order by the M.W.G.M. George Dean, of Detroit, and opened in due form. The past official degrees were conferred upon about 300 P. G.'s, after which the Grand Master submitted his report.

The report was a very able one, and showed during his term of office much good work has been done. There have been twenty-four lodges instituted during

the year, and eleven Rebecca Degree Lodges.

### CHILI.

The Grand Lodge of Chili, was instituted Nov. 18th, at Valparaiso, by C. A. Logan, D.D.G. Sire, who also instituted Southern Watch Encampment No. 1, at the same place on the same evening, with fifteen charter members.

P.G. Sire Logan reports the institution of Andes Lodge, No. 7, on the 20th December. This lodge is composed of native Chilenos who speak English, and although for the present it will work in the English language, it will, as soon as the Spanish translation is finished, work in the latter language. This lodge takes hold of the Spanish element, and is the first step towards bringing Spanish America under the dominion of Odd-Fellowship.

As P.G. Sire Logan had obtained leave of absence, and was about to return for a time to the United States, his Chilean brethren gave him a grand ovation on the 5th of January, the evening of the installation of officers in Leavenworth Lodge, No. 5. An interesting feature of the occasion was the presentation to the distinguished brother of a massive gold medal, and an appropriate address.

### LODGE CARDS.

We will insert Lodge cards in the following manner, for one year, for \$3.00, and send a copy of the JOURNAL to the Lodge. Secretaries will please notify us when corrections in names of officers are to be made.

#### ONTARIO.

**D**OMINION LODGE, No. 48, LONDON, meets every Wednesday evening. H. J. Boyd, N. G.; Geo. Heron, R. S.

**M**APLE LEAF LODGE, No. 57, ORANGEVILLE, meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Travelling brothers invited to attend.

**S**T. THOMAS LODGE, No. 76, meets every Wednesday evening at 7.30, in the Odd-Fellows' Hall, Victoria Block, Talbot st., St. Thomas. Visiting Brothers cordially invited. A. Murray, N. G.; F. Lindsay, V. G.; L. Ferguson, R. S.

**L**UCAN LODGE, No. 70, LUCAN, meets every Tuesday evening. Sylvanus Gibson, N. G.; Chas. 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. I. J. Davis, P. G., N. G.; E. Worthington, Secy.

**R**ELIANCE LODGE, No. 89, GUELPH, meets every Monday evening. Jas. H. McGregor, M. D., N. G.; Wm. Bourne, R. S.

**G**RAND RIVER LODGE, No. 91, PARIS, meets every Thursday evening. Thos. Walker N. G.; T. Armstrong, R. S.

**N**ITH LODGE, No. 96, NEW HAMBURG, meets every Thursday evening. Otto Pressprich, N. G.; B. Tauber, R. S.

**G**OLDEN STAR LODGE, No. 101, BRAMPTON, meets every Thursday evening. H. Endacott, N. G.; John Reynolds, R. S.

**H**ARMONY LODGE, No. 115, BRANTFORD. The officers are: Josh. T. Johnston, N. G.; John Dodimead, Sec'y.

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

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