

DOMINION ODDFELLOW

Official Organ of the Grand Lodges of Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba and the Maritime Provinces

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POST CARD LODGE NOTES.

TORONTO: The euchre party of Rachel Lodge, D. of R., last Monday evening was well attended. All present enjoyed themselves immensely. The game was not "played to a finish," as a pugilist would doubtless express it—and everyone seems to have fought on the brain at the present time! Tasty refreshments were served, followed by an informal dance. RAMBLER.

PETERBORO': Otonabee Lodge will commemorate the anniversary of the resuscitation of the lodge by an entertainment and social evening on Monday, December 2nd. The talented Van Amburg Family has been engaged to provide the programme, which will be of a musical character, varied and high class. A committee has the arrangements in charge and a pleasant evening is ensured to all who attend. The entertainment will be held in the Oddfellows' Hall.

VICTORIA, B.C.: Hereafter Columbia Lodge will meet at 8 p.m. throughout the year, the motion to make the necessary change in the by-laws having been unanimously carried at the last meeting. Visitors are always welcome. At the regular meeting of Peerless Lodge, the Second degree was conferred on two brothers. An excellent team was organized under the able direction of Past Grand Anderson, whose unflagging zeal in this young lodge is heartily appreciated. Degree work will be continued this week. The regular meeting of Acme Lodge was held last Monday evening, when one brother was advanced to the Third Degree.

CHATHAM: Chatham Lodge held a largely attended and successful meeting last Tuesday evening. Much important business of a routine nature was transacted. Western City Lodge held a well attended meeting on Monday evening last. One proposition was received and one will be balloted for next Monday night. Chatham Encampment held their regular meeting last Thursday evening. Two patriarchs received the second degree and one patriarch the third degree. Patriarchs Stephenson and Coburn, of Blenheim, visited Chatham Encampment, and witnessed the excellent work of the Degree Team, which they lavishly eulogized.

GUELPH: The long delayed visit of the Rebekah Degree of Elora, to Beatrice Lodge, of this city, occurred on the 15th inst, about twenty arriving by carryalls a few minutes before 8 o'clock. The Guelph Degree had made every preparation to give them a suitable reception, and a warm cup of coffee was in waiting to regale them after their drive. At 8 o'clock N.G. Sis. Everson took the chair, before a very large attendance of the membership. The initiatory ceremony was put through in a faultless manner, several candidates being in waiting. Following this came a short programme of music, song and story, in which the Elora Degree took an active part. The visitors complimented the Guelph team on the excellence of the work, and it is

likely a return visit will be paid shortly when the Elora people will show their Guelph Sisters what they can do in the same work. An hour was spent in a social manner before the visitors left for home about midnight.

TORONTO: Queen City Lodge met as usual last Monday evening, there being a fairly representative attendance. Bro. Ed. Owens who had been "under the weather" was reported well again. There are now no members under the care of the Sick Committee. The two candidates, Messrs. Montgomery and Johnston, had not got to the doctor, but are expected for initiation next Monday evening. The Entertainment Committee have not reported as yet but have likely matters well in hand. The meeting was brought to a close at an early hour, after which the N.G.'s team defeated that of the V.G. at carpet balls for the third time, the score being 14 to 8.

L., Q.C.

WELLINGTON, B.C.: At Wellington the past week, forty sisters and thirty-seven brothers were initiated at the institution of Laurel Rebekah Lodge, and the following officers installed in their respective chairs: Mrs. Muir, N.G.; Sister Morgan, V.G.; Alice John, recording secretary; Sister Buchanan, permanent secretary; Mrs. Fraser, treasurer; Mrs. Thompson, warden; Sister Casaca, conductor; Sister McMillan, R.S.N.G.; Sister Rodgers, L.S.N.G.; Mrs. McMillan, I.G.; Sister Easton, R.S.V.G.; Sister McDonald, L.S.V.G.; Sister Jones, chaplain; Sister Sharp, organist. The seventy-seven members were initiated by the Victoria team, Colfax Lodge, No. 1, of the Degree of Rebekah. Many compliments were paid them for the able manner in which the beautiful work was performed. After the business the visitors were entertained at a banquet and ball.

KINGSTON: The pleasure and value of the regular meetings of Kingston Lodge are being greatly enhanced to its members by the lately constituted "Good and Welfare" Committee. The business of this Committee is to select subjects for fortnightly discussion in the Lodge; the leading speeches or papers being prepared by two members, after which the subject is thrown open for criticism to the whole Lodge. The idea has caught on and has been the means of increasing Lodge attendance, and also of imparting information to those brothers who cannot look up matters of this kind for themselves. The subjects so far that have come up for discussion were "The Visiting Card" and "Grand Lodge Representation," which were criticised pro and con with considerable vim. The next subject is "Lodge Funds—their Collection and Investment," and as the leading papers are to be presented by two brothers well up in this matter, we are looking forward to a profitable as well as an enjoyable evening. Though the regular business of the Lodge is rather on the dull side, we have two candidates presenting themselves next Friday night to be instructed into the mysteries of the Order of the Three Links. W. C.

TORONTO: Last Friday evening Canada Lodge gave the first euchre party of the present season in the Central Hall. Probably one hundred and fifty persons were present. Twenty-six tables were in use. For one hour and a half play was indulged in, when those having the greatest number of points were found to be Sister Mrs. George Porter and Bro. K. P. Shea. Not wishing to hold anyone up to ignominy or ridicule the names of the tail-enders are purposely withheld. Suffice it to say that throughout the remainder of the evening, the male "star" was to be seen industriously playing marbles, while his feminine "satellite" amused herself with a set of jacks. After light refreshments, dispensed under the direction of Bro. George Cutter, had been enjoyed, dancing was indulged in until half past twelve o'clock. In this connection special mention should be made of the manner in which Bro. A. E. Harding presided at the piano, where his services gave marked satisfaction. Bro. Harding is a musician of exceptional ability, and for an occasion of this kind his efforts could not be excelled. The committee having the entertainment in hand—and it was a great and pleasurable success in every particular—was composed of Brothers John Anderson (chairman), E. J. Richardson (secretary), B. Taylor (treasurer), W. B. Dack, W. Boyce, Geo. Porter, W. Smith and Stuart. OLD 49.

TORONTO: As stated in last week's DOMINION ODDFELLOW the Toronto Lodge opened their meeting on Monday evening sharp on time, put through their business with dispatch, and by half-past eight were ready to receive their friends, and extend to them the warmest of greetings, as well as entertain them with games, songs, readings, etc. A goodly number of our old time friends honoured us with their presence, prominent among whom were, Bro. C. B. Robinson, P.G., Covenant Lodge, A. Coyell, P. G., H. Terry, P.G., Canada Lodge, Bros. P.G. Campbell and Stokes, Prospect Lodge, Bros. Jury and P.G. Gorrie rendered several selections which were heartily received and encoored. The officers were pleased to have amongst them again Bro. G. M. Clark, P.G., who has recently returned to the city, and will in future be permanently located here. We know we can count on both his attendance and hearty co-operation in everything that tends to the good of the lodge or the welfare of the Order. After spending an enjoyable hour or two in a sociable way, the Noble Grand requested all to retire to the dining hall where light refreshments were provided by the committee having charge of the entertainment. As is the case in all gatherings of this nature in connection with the Order, all the brethren entered heartily into the spirit of the meeting and helped to make it in every way a complete success. Two propositions were received, and the officers who have been endeavoring to perfect themselves in the work of the Initiatory Degree will have an opportunity at our next meeting of showing what degree of proficiency they have been able to attain. I trust this is only a foretaste of what we may expect during the coming season. 71.

THE OLD THANKSGIVING DAYS.

ERNEST W. SHURTLIFF.

Sitting silent by the window, while the evening's fading beam
Turns to lonely gray, the winter's silvered sky,
Not a voice to break the reverie of thought's
too pensive dream,
Not a footstep—only memory and I.
From the past the veil seems lifted, and I am a
child once more;

On the hearth again the old-time fagots
blaze.
Hush! again I hear the voice of the guests
about the door,
In the greetings of the old Thanksgiving Days.

All the air outside is frosty, and in gusts the
blithe winds blow,
And I hear the distant sleigh-bells faintly ring;
And against the rime-touched windows comes
the purring, stirring snow.

Like the brushing of a passing angel's wing.
But within, O, see the faces that are smiling
'round the board,
How they shine with love, and gratitude, and
praise!

Hushed the voices are a moment for the thank-
ing of the Lord,
In the blessings of the old Thanksgiving Days.

There were all the joyful kinsfolk gathered in
that smiling host,
Aged sire and laughing children, sweet and
fair,

Sorrow haunted not that banquet with her
poor, unwelcome ghost,
Peace and gladness were the unseen angels
there,

O, the stories, and the music, and the friendly,
blithesome jest!

O, the laughter and the merry, merry plays!
Was there ever more of heaven in a happy
mortal's breast,

Than was with us in the old Thanksgiving
Days?

That was years ago, and curfews for the loved
have rung since then.

As to-night I watch the dawning evening star,
In my dreams I see the mansions Christ pre-
pared in heaven for men—

It is there to-night the absent kindred are—
It is there their feast is ready, and I hold the
fancy dear.

That they often turn to earth their loving
gaze,

And perhaps they, too, are dreaming, as they
see me sitting here.

Of the sweetness of the old Thanksgiving
Days.

EWEN M'QUARRIE.

BY R. A. B.

Fifty years and more ago, the old farm house stood on the banks of the West River. As you came along by what was then the main road between Pictou and Colchester, you saw it down in the hollow just after you had passed the spot where the old oak tree stood, and where to-day the little hostelry of Durham village stands. If you were traveling westward it lay on your left hand. It was not a very pretentious building, but was cosy and clean, in appearance and reality. It was built on a little knoll rising some twenty feet above the surrounding intervals or meadow land. A little crater like hollow in this knoll, showing where the cellar was, is all that you can now see of the place. It was a "braw" house, however, in the times we speak of. Long and low, like all the farm houses built by the Highlanders of that region, it was as snug-looking a place as one could see between the Ten Mile Brook and Pictou. It was, of course, built of frame, and was shingled from the sills to the roof tree. Both the house and the neighboring barn were whitewashed every year, and the pure color contrasted well with the deep green of the grass, and the lighter hue of the foliage of the group of elms that grew about the place, and shaded it from the burning heat of July and August. A hundred feet from the doorway, and full in sight, the little West River babbled on its way to the Harbour and Strait. The opposite bank was steep and abrupt, and was crowded with a dense growth of spruce. When first Angus Sutherland and I saw the place, we allowed it was as pretty a spot as

in our long two days tramp we had seen. It was on a cool September evening and the sun was just setting behind Mount Thorn, and all the way from the Green Hill, right around by the valley head to Patrick's Mountain in the north west, the woods were full of autumn's glory, the rock maples being decked in gorgeous colouring. The quietness of the scene lent to it an added impressiveness, for the only sounds we could hear were the cawing of some rooks, the rush of the water, and the tinkle of a few cow bells whose bearers were pasturing on the hill slopes around us. We were right glad, however, to find our way to the farm house, and to find old Ewen McQuarrie at home to welcome us, and tell us to sleep soundly for the night before discussing business matters.

Our business was not of a very weighty character. We had heard of Ewen and his place, and had made up our minds to try to induce him to let us board with him whilst we had to spend the fall and most of the winter in the valley. The fact is we were both of us aspirants for the ministry, and were there to become students in as primitive a seminary as probably was ever organized.

The Synod of Acadia in these days was weak and poor, but its members had a high conception of the kind of education a Presbyterian minister should have, and that conception they were resolved to realize if possible. Some half a dozen young men were willing to give themselves to the work of the ministry, but to send them to Scotland was impossible. The Kirk Synod did that with their men, and not a few of them failed to return; but the Antiburghers wanted to have their students under their own eye. So as the two most scholarly men of their Church lived, the one in Pictou and the other on the Green Hill, they resolved to start their first Hall in a little country school house that stood in a clump of spruce and hemlock trees, about a quarter of a mile along the road from Ewen McQuarrie's house, and about a mile from the Durham church. This last was a plain, barn-like building, and its minister was a famous preacher in Gaelic, with which language everybody in that country side was more or less familiar. Angus and myself understood enough of it to go along, but were wholly unqualified to preach in it. We were natives of Cumberland County, where the bulk of the folk are English, and Methodists at that, and all the Gaelic we heard was round our own fire sides. But to return to Ewen. After making some objections to the effect that he thought it hardly fair to his sister, who kept house for him, to give her so much extra bother, he consented, upon her averment that our company would be cheering on the long winter nights, to receive us as boarders for the three or four months of the session.

Ewen, we speedily found, was a bit of a character. He had been left a widower without family when still a man under thirty years of age, and had never remarried, so that after thirty years of single life, he did not differ greatly in his notions from any old bachelor, excepting that he was not so "crusty" as such characters generally are. He had accumulated, not so much by farming as by investments in shipping, a very decent fortune, and preferred to live here in the healthy solitude of the country, rather than amidst the stir of some large town. Having for some five years led a seafaring life, his mind had been broadened by what he had seen of the world, and he was less conservative and critical than many Celtic natures are. Having plenty of leisure time during the winter, he felt considerable interest in our work as students, and being well grounded in the Shorter and Larger Catechisms, he could take his part in many of the impromptu discussions that arose, when on a cold night we would gather around the big open fire place (stoves were scarcely known then) where the logs blazed merrily. I think I see the group still. Flora McQuarrie busily spinning, Angus and I conning our books in a rather listless fashion, and Ewen of the white locks, as his neighbors called him, sitting there right in front of the glow telling yarns of his cruising days, or oftener debating some "kittle" point with us budding theologues.

More than once during these wintry days the old farm house became a college indeed, for when the schoolhouse, being rickety, became unbearably cold, professor and students would adjourn to Ewen's big kitchen, and there continue our work. On such occasions Ewen was a patient and sometimes puzzled listener, once

venturing to ask me when the class was dismissed: Did we learn theology by delving among bones, and forgetting that the folk about us had bread, and wanted not mouldy but fresh bread?

Occasionally at the Durham church we were favored by having a strange minister preach, more especially at a communion season. When this happened we were always on the lookout for a criticism from Ewen. He was, if frank, always fair in his judgments, and we generally conceded that, in a word or two, he could hit off the weaknesses of a preacher better than even our preceptors could. "Spiced ginger-bread" was his comment when a somewhat ornate orator had finished. "Yelloquence," was another word he sometimes used. Some seven miles away there was a minister who used to work very hard when in the pulpit, and we never heard his method more curtly described than by Ewen, who said: "When that man through you're tired and he's tired." In Colchester, one of the ministers was somewhat fond of parading his linguistic gifts in the pulpit, but he never did it at Durham again after Ewen thanked him, when the service was over, for the few admirable English selections he had introduced during his sermon.

Altogether during two winters at the Hall, we found in Ewen an entertaining and instructive host. When at the commencement of the third session we returned, we were saddened to find that the old man had been stricken with cancer. His mind was as clear as ever, but the anguish he endured in body rendered him able to see us but seldom. Still, though we could not stay at his house, we contrived to spend each Friday afternoon with him, and he liked and looked forward to our visits.

When strong and well he had always conducted family worship himself, but now he seemed pleased to hear either Angus or myself pray with and for him. As February was drawing to a close his strength failed rapidly, and one afternoon he sent for us to come and see him. We found him walking far along "the Valley of the Shadow," and evidently not afraid. He said scarce anything but asked us to read to him. By turns we read and prayed, and as the wintry sun was throwing its evening beams over the snow-clad fields and ice-bound river he began to repeat brokenly, in Gaelic, snatches from the Psalms. Soon the quavering voice was hushed and he fell asleep, and as Angus and I came softly from the room, we looked sadly at each other, and he said: "A true and righteous soul has passed. He is blessed, for they that are pure in heart shall see God."

Poet (to farmer): See what a beautiful prospect is unfolded in yonder billowy fields; and, hark! the voice of the plowman! Farmer: Yes; he's been a cussin' of that mule since daylight; and it's one of them German mules that used to pull a beer wagon and he can't understand a word of it! —Atlanta Constitution.

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WHERE HE DREW THE LINE.

The man who sold windmills adjusted his chair at a new angle, crossed his feet on the railing of the balcony, locked his hands over the top of his head, and began:

"Curious fellows, those Wayback farmers are; droll chaps to deal with, too; cute and sharp at a bargain. Most of them know a good thing when they see it, so I took a good many orders; but once in a while I come across a conservative old hayseed whose eyes are closed to anything modern. One of that sort helped me to a good laugh the other day, and I might as well pass it on.

"He was a genial, white-headed old fellow, who owned several fine farms, with prime orchards and meadows, barns and fences in apple-pie order, and dwellings serene in comfort.

"He listened closely while I expatiated on the excellence of our make of machines; then taking a fresh supply of Cavendish, he squared himself in his chair, with his hands in his pockets, and held forth in this fashion:

"'Waal, stranger,' he said, 'your machine may be all right; but now see here. I settled here in the airy fifties, broke the trail for the last few miles, blazin' the trees as we came along. I had a fair start, good health, a yoke o' cattle, a cow, an axe, with one bit an' three coppers in my pocket. I built a log house with a shake ruff an' a puncheon floor, an' a cow-shed of poplar poles ruffed with sod. I worked hard, up airy an' down late, clearin' up land by degrees, an' diggin' a livin' out o' the sile by main strength, an' no favors except the blessin' o' the Almighty. The Lord's been good to me. He's gi'n me housen an' barns; He's gi'n me horses an' cattle; He's gi'n me sheep an' swine, an' feathered fowl o' many kinds. An' now, stranger, after all that, I can't be so meen as to ask Him to pump water for 'em.'

"And then," continued the storyteller, "he brought his hand down on his knee with a whack that fairly echoed through the house. Of course I couldn't urge him to purchase after that expression of his sentiments, and I left him. Independent, wasn't he?"

Then the windmill man chuckled, as if he enjoyed the memory of the scene he had just described; and his hearers enjoyed his story so much that when he left he was richer by three or four orders.—"Editor's Drawer," in *Harper's Magazine* for November.

A CHINESE DESCRIPTION OF A

The *Francais Quotidien* quotes an amusing legend of the Chinese notion of a pianoforte:

"The people of the West are in the habit of keeping in their homes a singular

animal. It has four feet, sometimes only three, and it can be made to sing at pleasure. Men and women and occasionally quite young children, have only to sit down in front of it and tap on its teeth, now and again treading on its tail, and immediately it commences to sing. Its song is louder than a bird's but not so harmonious. Despite the terrible development of its jaws, and its habit of showing an alarming array of teeth, it never bites. There is no necessity to chain it up, for it will not run away."

WHERE STEVENSON LIVED IN EXILE.

Three miles behind Apia, on a rising plateau that stands some 700 feet above the ocean level, lie the house and grounds of Vaillima. "I have chosen the land to be my land, the people to be my people, to live and die with," said Mr. Stevenson in his speech to the Samoan chiefs, and his great lonely house beneath Vaca Mountain, the fruit of so much love, thought and patient labor, will never lose the world's interest nor fail to be a spot of pious pilgrimage so long as his books endure and his exile be unforgotten. For Stevenson was an exile; he knew he would never see his native land again when the steamer carried him down the Thames; he knew he had turned his back forever on the Old World, which had come to mean no more to him than shattered health, shattered hopes, a life of gray invalidism, tragic to recall. Whatever the future held in store for him, he knew it would be no worse than what he was leaving, that living death of the sick room, the horror of which he never dared put to paper. I can remember the few minutes allowed him each day in the open air when the thin sunshine of South England permitted; his despairing face, the bitterness of the soul, too big for words when this little liberty was perforce refused him. I recall him saying: "I do not ask for health, but I will go anywhere, live anywhere where I can enjoy the ordinary existence of a human being." I used to remind him of that when at times his Samoan exile lay heavily upon him and his eyes turned longingly to home and to those friends he would never see again.—*Lloyd Osbourne, in October Scribner's.*

CHILDREN WHO SUFFER

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TORONTO ENCAMPMENTS' RECEPTION TO THE D.G.P.D.

Toronto Encampment was at its best on Thursday last evening, when a hearty welcome was extended to the new D.D.G.P., W. Brunswick Robinson. The members of Rehoboth Encampment were also present in large numbers to join in honouring the incoming official. Before adjourning to the board room for refreshments, one brother was admitted to the Patriarchal Degree, and some routine business was rapidly pushed through by Chief Patriarch Post. The committee on new by-laws reported their task completed, and the by-laws ready for distribution. The board room had been tastefully decorated for the occasion and the tables were bountifully covered with good things provided by Caterer Cutter. The retiring D.D.G.P. Blackett Robinson efficiently discharged the duties of the chair. The usual toasts were suitably proposed. "The Sovereign Grand Lodge" elicited a long and stirring response from P.G.M. Hornbrook. Grand Marshal Colby and Major Unitt responded for the "Grand Encampment," both brothers making good speeches. "The Guest of the Evening, Bro. W. Brunswick Robinson, D.D.G.M.," was received with loud applause, and the Patriarch responded in such a manner as testified to his fitness for the high position to which he has been elected. The Vice-Chairman, Chief Patriarch Post, proposed "Rehoboth Encampment," and James Munro, Chief Patriarch of Rehoboth, replied in a modest speech. P.C.P. Graham also responded for this Encampment, and, in sitting down, moved a vote of thanks to Patriarch Blackett Robinson for his valued services as D.D.G.P. during the year. The chairman then referred to the near departure of Bro. Dr. Washington from the city to take up his residence in Atlanta, Ga., saying that for so true an Odd Fellow and Patriarch the members of the Order in the city could have nothing but the best of good wishes for their friend's health, happiness and prosperity in his new field of labor. Dr. Washington responded in happy terms, and the meeting broke up, singing a verse of "Auld Lang Syne." Thanks are due to the brothers who favoured us with vocal and instrumental music. PILGRIM.

SMITH'S FALLS.

I.O.O.F. BAND ENTERTAINMENT.

The entertainment given at Smith's Falls last week will long remain green in the memory of all, when others, of a higher class perhaps, will be forgotten. There were avalanches of fun and enjoyment, the only drawback being the crowded state of the Town Hall and the high temperature.

The mayor occupied the chair, and made the customary speech, his subject being the Odd Fellows and their objects.

The programme was varied, and every number seemed to catch the popular taste. After a selection by the band, Miss Fanny Robinson gave a solo, which was warmly applauded, followed by a reading by J. T. Rooke. Then there was a quartette by Mrs. Craig, Miss Cullen, W. W. Foster and T. G. Macalister, which was very amusing and excited the ribilities of all. Miss B. Williams gave a recitation, "The Saving of St. Michael's," which brought into fine relief her tragic powers. Miss

F. Robinson and Harry A. Lavell appeared in a duet, "The Music Lesson," which kept the audience in roars of laughter. P. H. Stitt, W. Steele and the Chief gave an instrumental selection, followed by a recitation by Miss Williams. H. A. Lavell gave a solo, and for an encore he gave one which fairly captured the boys.

After another piece by the band, the debate came on. It was supposed to be a burlesque affair; but, amid much that was extremely ludicrous, there was a strong vein of sound argument and solid sense. All of the debaters were in great feather, and apparently had made considerable preparation. The subject was: "Country vs. Town—Which Produces the Better Man?" Mr. Craig, the leader for the hayseeds, started at the garden of Eden, and gradually worked down the ages. He showed that the noted reformers, inventors and poets were from the country. Scientists such as Tyndall, Huxley, explorers such as Stanley, historians such as Macaulay and Froude, inventors such as Morse and Edison, educators such as Ryerson, Principal Grant, John Knox, Wesley, Spurgeon and Talmage were all country boys. In our own town the doctors, clergymen, businessmen, and the present Council, with one exception, had all been reared in the country. After this, it was the general conclusion that the town boys' name would be Dennis.

J. Sim Gould, the leader on the side of the town boys, said that he had not looked up authorities, but believed many of the historic characters mentioned by the previous speaker were not country boys at all. He then commenced with Cæsar, the Roman emperor, and wound up with Wellington, as town boys, showing their influence in making history, and in shaping the destinies of mankind. At the five minutes he was rung down without finishing his argument.

Mr. A. Ross was next called for the country boys. He explored the fields of nature, and in rounded periods and eloquent language showed the position of the farmer as being above all professional men, as without him they would have nothing to eat and nothing to go to law about. George Washington was a country boy, and when he cut down the tree with his little hatchet, he could not tell a lie about it. The distinctive fact about a country boy was that he could not tell a lie. Wm. Tell and Abraham Lincoln were country boys—and here he was rung down, much to the regret of the audience.

S. N. Percival dilated on the privileges country boys had in the schools and colleges in town. If they had been kept at the plough handles, they would never have amounted to anything; but after coming into town they got the burs and rough corners knocked off, and then could aspire to something.

Milt. W. Everts, for the country boys, claimed that physical vigour went alongside of mental vigour, and this, combined with self-restraint, was why the country boys excelled the town boys when brought into competition. Fresh air was a great thing, and the only sniff of fresh air the Smith's Falls boys got was when they went on an expedition to the new post-office. (Well done, Milt!) The wrecks at colleges were generally town boys.

Stewart Gilroy contended that it did not matter where a boy was born; it was his education and associations that made the man. Shakespeare probably never would have been heard of had he lived in the country. Attending the theatre at Stratford gave his genius its bent. Longfellow, the poet; Stephenson, the engineer, and Angelo and Raphael, the painters, were town boys. Turning his attention to the speakers who preceded, he said one claimed that almost the entire Council was composed of country boys, and what was the result? The rate had gone up to 24½ mills. This hit was received with tremendous cheers.

The leaders Gould and Craig were allowed three minutes each to sum up.

A jury consisting of Principal Houston, Dr. Easton and W. M. Keith had been selected, and without consultation they unanimously returned a verdict in favour of the hayseeds.

Six hundred people made up the audience, and the band will net a nice profit from the entertainment. A series of the same class are to be given during the winter.

OUR SIGNS AND TOKENS.

The signs and tokens of fraternal societies speak a universal language, and act as a passport to the attention and support of the initiated in all parts of the world. They cannot be lost so long as memory retains its power. Let the possessor of them be expatriated, ship-wrecked, or imprisoned; let him be stripped of everything he has got in the world; still these credentials remain, and are available for use as circumstances require. The good effects which they have produced are established by the most incontestable facts of history. They have stayed the uplifted hand of the destroyer; they have softened the asperities of the tyrant; they have mitigated the horrors of captivity; they have subdued the rancour of malevolence, and broken down the barrier of political animosity and sectarian alienation. On the field of battle, in the solitudes of the uncultivated forest, or in the busy haunts of the crowded city, they have made men of the most hostile feelings, the most distant regions, and the most diversified conditions, rush to the aid of each other, and feel special joy and satisfaction that they have been able to afford relief to a brother in distress.—*The Lodge Record.*

GETTING NEW MEMBERS.

The time was when the intrinsic merits of the Order were sufficient to draw men to it, but although the merits of Oddfellowship have not in the least iota decreased, it has now become a well settled fact that it is necessary to do a little personal work in order to greatly increase our membership and the attendance at Lodge meetings. Within a few years new fraternal organizations have sprung up by scores like mushrooms in the night, and are claiming the attention of thousands who have been drawn to them. These have been secured by personal solicitation, paid agents having scoured the country from one end to the other for recruits.

In fraternal affairs as well as in business life, we are governed by circumstances. The business man who hustles for trade, is the one that succeeds. The mere announcement that he has established an office or store is not sufficient to bring him trade or business, he must go after it. He must advertise his wares, and in every way possible induce people to come to his place of business and tender their patronage; otherwise he will get sadly left and sooner or later disaster and failure will come, and his more energetic rivals will laugh as they contemplate his downfall.

If we desire to increase our membership, we must make a personal effort, go out among our acquaintances and make the merits of our Order better known, and bring into the fold good men and true. Sitting still and making no effort, or even praying that increased prosperity and success will come to the Order, will accomplish nothing. We must be up and doing—go after the turkey—if we desire to keep pace with other organizations in the fraternal world, and maintain the proud position we have heretofore and now successfully hold: that of the largest and best fraternal organization in the world.—*Statesman.*

ENCAMPMENT ODDFELLOWSHIP.

Whilst we have not one word of condemnation for any fraternal organization which has for its prime object the betterment of the conditions of mankind, we unhesitatingly affirm that no society based upon lines of reciprocal relief and friendly offices in times of misfortune and distress has done so much for its membership and for mankind in general as has the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. The encampment might almost be termed a necessary adjunct to the subordinate lodge, adding, as it does, new and interesting chapters to the lesson of humane and kindly benefaction; it is the sequel to the preceding degrees. He who crosses the threshold of Oddfellowship should not rest contented until he has fully acquaint-

ed himself with the objects of every degree of this great brotherhood. Instead of going outside of the Order and uniting with associations which are yet in the experimental stage, and which promise the maximum of benefits for the minimum of dues, it is better to enroll your name on the patriarchal roster, and anchor yourself with the fraternity that has stood the test of time and which we believe will remain firmly entrenched in the hearts of men when thrones, kingdoms and principalities shall have ceased to exist.—*California Odd Fellow.*

SETTLED, IS IT?

Some of the more zealous than discreet friends of the open-door code for Rebekah lodge are shouting themselves hoarse over the non-repeal of the law at the last session of the Sovereign Grand Lodge and proclaiming it a grand triumph for their side. For instance, the *Triple Link* the that distinguished body has settled for all time the new code. To this assumption the editor of the *Owosso Odd Fellow*, Hon. George M. Dewey, replies, with much force, in these words: "But it seems to us that Bro. Jewell forgets that one year is not 'all time.' By its own action the Sovereign Grand Lodge proposes to overhaul the entire Rebekah laws, work and usages at its next session, and has appointed a committee to map out the work." These words are well put by Bro. Dewey. There are few things more uncertain in the fraternal world than the Rebekah code. The difference in opinion on the Rebekah laws were never so marked on any other subject before the sovereign body, and we predict that the session at Dallas will show that the Rebekah code is by no means "settled for all time," if settled at all. If settled why did the parent body appoint a committee to report on the subject at the next session? Perhaps our good brother Jewell can tell.—*Bro. Joseph Kidder, New Hampshire.*

TALK TO YOUR FRIENDS.

Do you ever talk with friends, who are not members, on the subject of Oddfellowship? If not, it is high time you were making a beginning. Some of you have been taught to believe that it is wrong to solicit members, and on this account you remain silent as an oyster. We do not believe in indiscriminate drumming for recruits, but where you have a friend, who has the qualifications to make a good Odd Fellow, it is not only your privilege but your duty to talk freely with him on the subject. The benefits of the Order should not be monopolized by the present membership, but extended to good men wherever found. They cannot be expected to press their way to the threshold without any invitation or encouragement whatever. Be more earnest in your efforts to increase our membership.—*Texas Odd Fellow.*

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Presentation Addresses Designed and Engrossed

FAMILY READING.

IN THE HEART OF THE WOODS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Such beautiful things in the heart of the woods
Flowers, and ferns, and the soft, green moss!
Such love of the birds in the solitudes,
Where the swift wings glance and the tree-tops toss.

Spaces of silence, swept with song
Which nobody hears but the God above;
Spaces where myriad creatures throng,
Sunning themselves in his guiding love.

Such safety and peace in the heart of the woods,
Far from the cities dust and din,
Where passion nor hate of man intrudes,
Nor fashion, nor folly has entered in!
Deeper than hunter's trail hath gone
Glimmers the tarn where the wild deer drink;
And fearless and free comes the gentle fawn
To peep at herself o'er the grassy brink.

Such pledge of love in the heart of the woods!
For the maker of all things keeps the least,
And over the tiny floweret broods
With care that for ages has never ceased;
If he cares for this, will he not for thee,
Thee, whoever thou art, to-day?
Child of an infinite Father, see,
And safe in such gentlest keeping stay.

PULPIT, PRESS AND PLATFORM.

Evangelical Messenger: The men that move the world are the ones who do not let the world move them

Golden Rule: To preach about Christ is to present a bill of fare; to preach Christ is to spread a feast.

Joseph Cook: A church silent on the question of temperance discredits itself as much as a church silent on the question of dishonesty.

F. W. Farrar, D.D.: Men are, and ever will be, what their wives and sisters, and above all, their mothers, tend to make them, by influence which begins with the cradle and ends only with the grave.

D. L. Moody: Study how to use the Bible so as to walk "with God" in close communion; also, so as to gain a working knowledge of Scripture for leading others to Christ. An old minister used to say that the cries of neglected texts were always sounding in his ears, asking why he did not show how important they were.

Mid Continent: The injunction of the apostle is, "Preach the Word." That was the apostolic practice, and upon it the divine blessing rested. The Word is the instrument for the accomplishment of the task to which the ministry is set. More preaching of the Word and less fine sermonising would greatly enhance the usefulness of present day ministers.

Tennessee Methodist: The Sunday newspaper is one of the supreme evils of this age. It is colossal in the sweep of its influence for wrong. It stabs our Holy Sabbath—one of the bulwarks of our civilization. The contents of the average Sunday paper are such as render it wholly unfit to enter the homes of refined, decent people. That it should be patronized in any way whatsoever by Christian people is a surprise and a shame.

G. C. Lorimer, D.D.: Once having tasted of His grace the soul is never willing to be parted from its Lord. And as the years roll on, and the shadows lengthen, the cry, "Abide with me," becomes more pathetically intense. Blessed the man, as the mists gather around

his feet and the sun is going down, who still yearns for this company? Blessed is he who, from past experience, knows that if Christ be with him, even the chills of death shall never extinguish the heart flame!

J. Munro Gibson, D.D.: Test Christ by every means, and then, if you do believe in Christ, believe heartily. Christianity might not again build cathedrals, but it would make a noble manhood and womanhood, raise temples of brotherly co-operation, and create a Europe that would be like the garden of the Lord for beauty and amity. These things would be accomplished by and through the men and women whose beliefs had struck down to the very roots of their natures. Christianity

was now in the wilderness. There was no Sabbath rest, no Sabbath land; the great leaders were going or gone; nothing seemed much nearer solution; Christendom was divided; men were worldly minded; and all the world's vaunted progress seemed as much an optical delusion as ever it had been. The times were thunderous, there was much to make the heart quake; but men need not despair, for Christ was abroad—Christ, who had felt the down draught of every human difficulty, had got as near to sinning as He could get, and knew how near a weak man might get to God. The church's safety lay in getting a new vision of this Christ, in following His leadership and believing in Him against all odds.

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B - Best.
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BANKRUPTCY

—of the physical being is the result of drawing incessantly upon the reserve capital of nerve force. The wear, tear and strain of modern life are concentrated upon the nervous system. The young men of our day become sufferers from nervous debility or exhaustion, nervous prostration or weakness. This may be the result of too much mental worry and excitement, or the result of bad practices and excesses, or pernicious habits, contracted in youth, through ignorance. They feel irritable, weak and nervous with such distressing symptoms as headache, dizziness, shooting pains in head or chest, sometimes indigestion. The middle-aged men, as well, suffer from exhaustion, loss of manly power, low spirits, impaired memory, and many derangements of mind and body. The ill-used brain is morbidly wide awake when the overworked business man attempts to find rest in bed.

The physicians and specialists of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute devote their best energies to reclaiming and restoring such unfortunates to health and happiness. They have written a book of 168 pages, treating of these maladies and setting forth a rational means of home-treatment for their cure. It is sent *securely sealed, in plain envelope*, on receipt of ten cents for postage.

Address **WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION**, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE APPLE AS MEDICINE.

The apple is such a common fruit that very few persons are familiar with its remarkably efficacious medicinal properties. Everybody ought to know that the very best thing they can do is to eat apples just before retiring for the night. Persons uninitiated in the mysteries of the fruit are liable to throw up their hands in horror at the visions of dyspepsia which such a suggestion may summon up; but no harm can come to even a delicate system by the eating of ripe and juicy apples just before going to bed. The apple is an excellent brain food, because it has more phosphoric acid in easily digested shape than other fruits. It excites the action of the liver, promotes sound and healthy sleep, and thoroughly disinfects the mouth. This is not all. The apple helps the kidney secretions and prevents calculus growths, while it obviates indigestion and is one of the best preventives known of diseases of the throat. Everybody should be familiar with such knowledge.—Dr. Searles, in Bulletin of Pharmacy.

Crossed in love—A great many social barriers.

He who runs in debt generally finds the only way out is to crawl out.

HEALTH AND HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Poorly ventilated kitchens make poor cooks, by destroying the sense of taste and smell.

Use a wire frame for boiling potatoes, and see how much of vexation it saves and how satisfactory the result.

By rubbing with a flannel dipped in whiting the brown discoloration may be taken off cups which have been used for baking.

In making steamed custards, constant stirring is necessary after putting in the thickening ingredients to get a smooth, creamy result.

Glass vessels may be purified from bad smells with charcoal. Scour off the grossest impurities with sand, and then rinse out with the charcoal.

There is often a weary struggle to loosen the top of a glass can of fruit. There need be no trouble if the can is quickly inverted and the head plunged into a kettle of very hot water. The same treatment will suffice to start the obdurate glass stopper of a perfumery bottle. The principle is to swell the neck of the article, so that the cover will move readily in it. This is best done by the method described.

Glycerine is one of the most useful and misunderstood of everyday assistants. It must not be applied to the skin undiluted or it will cause it to become red and hard, but if rubbed well into the skin while wet it has a softening and whitening effect. It will prevent and cure chapped hands; two or three drops will often stop the baby's stomach-ache. It will allay the thirst of a fever patient and soothe an irritable cough by moistening the dryness of the throat. Equal parts of bay rum and glycerine applied to the face after shaving makes a man rise up and call the woman who provided it blessed. Applied to shoes, glycerine is a great preservative of the leather and effectually keeps out the water and prevents wet feet.

Cream Pie.—Make with a light, flaky under-crust. Take one coffee cup of thick, sweet cream, one-half cup of pulverized sugar, one tablespoon of flour, one egg; flavor with lemon extract; bake until you are sure the crust is brown and hard, so that it will not absorb the custard.

Raised Graham Muffins.—Mix two cups of graham, one of cornmeal and one of white flour with one tablespoonful of sugar, one-half a tablespoonful of molasses and enough warm water to make a soft batter. Dissolve one-half a yeast cake in water; add it with one quarter of a teaspoonful of soda to the batter, and let it rise over night. In the morning mould with a very little flour into biscuits and bake in a rather quick oven.

Bread Pudding.—A new recipe for bread pudding is one worth adding to the housekeeper's notebook. Soak one pint of fine crumbs in a pint of milk until soft, add three table-spoons of cocoa dissolved in a little water, three well beaten eggs, a half cup of granulated sugar, and another pint of milk. Set the pudding dish in a pan of hot water and bake one hour. Whipped cream flavored with vanilla is very good with this pudding, or a sauce made from a scant cup of sugar, a table-spoon of cornstarch, and a cup of water may be used. Cook the ingredients in a double boiler ten minutes, and just before serving add an ounce of butter and a half teaspoonful of vanilla.

People who never think of anybody but themselves are always little, no matter how big they feel.

WHAT HOT WATER WILL DO.

According to a prominent New York physician, it

Will cure dyspepsia, if taken before breakfast;

Ward of chills, when one comes in from the cold;

Stop a cold if taken early in the stage;

Relieve a nervous headache;

Give instant relief to tired and inflamed eyes;

Prove efficacious for sprains and bruises;

Frequently stop the flow of blood from a wound;

It is a sovereign remedy for sleeplessness;

Cause wrinkles to flee and backaches to vanish.

FRIENDLY ADVICE.

IS THE MEANS OF RENEWED HEALTH TO A SUFFERER.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Succeed Where Doctors Had Failed for Thirty Years—The Sufferer One of Northumberland Co's Best Known Men.

From the Trenton Advocate.

Mr. John Frost's case is a most remarkable one. He is one of the best known residents in the county of Northumberland, being a retired farmer of most ample means, and having financial dealings with hundreds through out the townships. We have known him intimately for over ten years. From him we gleaned the following facts in February last:—"I was born in England and at twelve years of age arrived in Canada with my parents, who settled in Prince Edward county and remained there for three years. We then moved to Rawdon township in the neighbouring county of Hastings. For thirty years I was a resident of Rawdon, three years I resided in Seymour township and I am at present, and have been for the past ten years, a resident of Murray township. For thirty years I have been a martyr to rheumatism. During that time I have been treated by scores of doctors and found partial relief from but one. I have during the same period tried



Getting into my Rig was Agonizing.

innumerable remedies, but all failed to cure me. Scarcely a month passes that I am not laid up and frequently I am confined to bed six or eight weeks, unable to move hand or foot and suffering untold agonies. Two well known doctors told me one time that I would have to have an arm taken off to save my life. I tell you I have been a great sufferer in my time and I would give anything to find relief. My business causes me a great deal of driving and getting in and out of my rig is agony."

Knowing his story to be true and anxious that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills should have a severe test, we prevailed on Mr. Frost, much against his will, to give them a trial. He got six boxes and commenced to use them. At the start he smiled at our confidence in the pills. We saw him after he had used the first box and he admitted some relief and said he believed there was something in the remedy. He continued their use and by the time he had finished the six boxes he was as sound and proud a man as could be found in five counties. A couple of months have passed since the cure was effected and we deferred giving a history of the case in order that we could see for a certainty that the cure was permanent. We see him several times a week actively attending to his business and at all times loud in his praise of Pink Pills. All who know Mr. Frost know that his word is as good as his bond. Yesterday we said to him, "Now, Mr. Frost, do you really feel that you are cured of rheumatism? Do you feel any twinges of the old trouble at all?" He replied, "I am cured. The Pink Pills have thoroughly routed the disease out of my system and I feel a new man. The use of the pills has given me new life and I am telling everyone I meet about the cure." Such is the case, and having known Mr. Frost for years the sufferer he was, and seeing him now active, and almost youthful again, the rapid change from suffering to health seems almost a miracle. However, we are not at all surprised, for on all sides we hear of cures effected by the use of Pink Pills. The druggists remark their rapid sale and the satisfaction they give their customers.

The Dominion Odd Fellow.

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE GRAND LODGES OF ONTARIO, QUEBEC, MANITOBA AND THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

A weekly journal, double royal size, sixteen pages, devoted to the promotion of Odd-fellowship and principles embodied in its motto: "Friendship. Love and Truth."

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The Dominion Odd Fellow.

Editor: C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, P.G., P.C.F.

Special Contributors:

J. B. KING, G. SEC., ONTARIO, and F. C. WILLSON, P.G.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, NOV. 21, 1895.

The Grand Lodge of Sweden was instituted July 8th, 1895.

The invested funds of subordinate lodges of Iowa is \$817,420.98.

In the institution of Rebekah lodges Iowa is champion of the world.

Sixty lodges and Encampments meet in the new temple in Philadelphia.

It is not a bad idea to name lodges after the town or city in which they are located.

During the past year the jurisdiction of Iowa lost, by death, five Past Grand Masters.

Bro. J. B. King, Grand Secretary of Ontario, has had a relapse, and is again confined to his bed.

Among recent visitors at the office of Grand Secretary Nicholson, of Philadelphia, was the widow of Horn R. Kneass, who was Grand Sire in 1847-9.

J. S. Gill, a wealthy Vermont manufacturer, has offered to the Odd Fellows of that State property valued at \$20,000, to be converted into an Odd Fellows' Home.

An encampment desiring to petition subordinate lodges for aid must first obtain permission from both the Grand Patriarch and the Grand Master of the jurisdiction.

The Iowa Encampment branch has only been fairly prosperous, the Grand Scribe's report showing a gain of five Encampments and a loss of seventy-eight members.

A Grand Master has no power to consolidate two subordinates in his jurisdiction unless his Grand Lodge has legislated to that effect and has given him the necessary authority.

The visit of the D.D.G.M. and members of the District to East Toronto took

place on Tuesday evening, but we are unable to give a report in this issue. It must keep until next week.

The Rebekah ritual, Patriarchs Militant ritual, and the ceremony for dedicating halls are to be revised. In the latter the Rebekah department will be represented in the building of the altar.

In the jurisdiction of Missouri candidates for advancement must have committed to memory not only the unwritten work but the obligation as well. The latter is really of more importance than the former.

The impression made on the mind of the novice when he first enters a lodge of Odd Fellows is one never to be forgotten; and if the officers are at all qualified for the parts they have to perform, it always lifts him nearer to a realization of the immortal character he is destined by his Creator sooner or later to assume.

In connection with the recent visit of Grand Sire Stebbins to Buffalo the *National Odd Fellow* says: The Grand Sire is a tall, fine looking old man, with gray hair. He wore a broad-brimmed black soft felt hat with a gold cord around it, and look like an ideal Grand Sire and Commander-in-Chief of the Patriarchs Militant Army.

THE UNAFFILIATED.

In the larger towns and cities there are to be found many Odd Fellows, members in good standing, of lodges in other parts of the country. Among these, too, are to be found the usual proportion of what would be workers, were they at home, or able to take an active part in the local work of the Order.

The conditions under which a transfer of membership to the local lodge may be affected are such that it is only under certain circumstances that it is at all likely to be taken advantage of. In the case of a brother who is at all advanced in years, our system of each lodge carrying the whole risk of the benefit contract, necessitates so large an admission fee, or increase in dues as to practically amount to prohibition.

With few exceptions it is only the young and enthusiastic who place cards with the local lodge.

The tendency is to gradually drift away and finally drop out—suspended N. P. D. or by expiry of a withdrawal card,—and thus many good Odd Fellows are lost to the Order.

It is true, too, that the selection against the lodge (to use an insurance phrase) is most manifest. As a rule it is not the most desirable risks that continue to remit to their own lodge. But, except those held by membership in the local

Encampments or Rebekah Lodges, it is the member who is an Odd Fellow for pocket purposes, who is most persistent in remitting dues to his distant lodge.

How best to reach the unaffiliated brothers in large towns and cities is therefore a question worthy of some attention.

The local Encampments and Rebekah Lodges may do much to retain these brothers in the Order. They form a large constituency among whom to seek material for patriarchs and D. of R. members. Something more, however, seems to be required, for only a small proportion appear to be reached in this way. In Toronto, for instance, it is estimated that there are nearly as many resident Odd Fellows members of outside lodges as of city lodges. There are two Encampments and two D. of R. Lodges, but only a small proportion of the membership of either has been drawn from the unaffiliated.

Why not form a local association of unaffiliated members, giving such association certain rights and privileges under proper legislation by our Grand Lodge.

For example: Representation on the relief board, in cities where such exist.

Representation on anniversary committees, and other joint committees where action by the Order as a body is desired.

The right to employ a physician to attend brothers whose lodges make provision for medical attendance as suggested in these columns last week.

We submit the above as a suggestion and invite a discussion of the question in these columns. We believe it is a question that merits careful consideration and hope some of our readers will take the matter up.

PRESENTATION TO JAS. C. IRELAND.

AN INGERSOLL ODD FELLOW HONOURED.

An interesting event took place at the regular meeting of Samaritan Lodge, No. 35, Ingersoll, on Thursday night of last week. After the business of the evening had been concluded, Bro. Jas. C. Ireland, P.G., was called to the front and presented with a very handsome and costly Past Grand's jewel, which was procured from Bro. H. Richardson, jeweler, the presentation being accompanied by the following address:

Dear Sir and Brother,—Your brethren of Samaritan Lodge sincerely regret your departure from Ingersoll, as it causes a severance which has been cemented by fraternal friendship and brotherly love. Your departure from amongst us will be sorely felt by every member of the Lodge, and it will be a difficult matter to find a successor who will fill the various positions you have held amongst us as efficiently and acceptably as you have done, among which we may mention your place in the band, and the very important office of captain and director of the degree team.

Trusting you will ever keep green in your memory the old associations of Samaritan Lodge, and the many hours we have spent so pleasantly together, we ask you to accept this jewel, denoting your rank amongst us, and trust you will value it more as a token of our good-will toward you and yours than for its intrinsic worth. May you ever be actuated by the true principles of our beloved Order, and may you, your esteemed wife and family, be long spared to live together in happiness and comfort, wherever your lot may be cast, is the earnest wish of your brother Odd Fellows, and may we subscribe ourselves, yours in friendship, love and truth.

Signed in behalf
of the Lodge.

(J. M. CURRY, N.G.,
F. P. LEAKE,
K. T. AGAR,
W. J. BERRY.

Although coming unexpectedly upon him Bro. Ireland acknowledged the token of esteem and good fellowship in a few appropriate words, thanking the brethren for their kindness, and affirming that what he had done had been from a sense of duty, and with the best interests of the Order at heart. Bros. Jas. McIntyre, P. G., W. K. Sumner, F. P. Leake, P. G., W. J. Berry, P. G., J. W. Armstrong, P. G., H. Rowland, P. G., and H. W. Green, P. G., each made short addresses warmly testifying to the high esteem in which Bro. Ireland is held both as an Odd Fellow and a citizen, and expressing their regret at his intended departure.

Bro. Ireland, who has been in Chicago for some weeks, has decided to make the Windy City his home, and returned to Ingersoll a few days ago to wind up his affairs here. He has been a resident of our town nearly all his life, and has been a favourite with all whom he came in contact with. Possessing a natural musical ability, he has always been at the head of any movement having for its object the advancement of that art. He has been closely identified with the various bands that have been organized in our town for the past two decades, and was mainly instrumental in the establishment of the present excellent Odd Fellow's band some ten years ago, and, in conjunction with Bro. J. H. Murray, has been its leader and instructor ever since. At social gatherings his services have been in great demand, and were always cheerfully given.

As an Odd Fellow, that same whole-souled enthusiasm which is characteristic of his nature has been manifested ever since his initiation several years ago. He has occupied every position from the lowest to the highest in the gift of the Lodge, and has been the efficient captain of the degree team for several terms, and from which position his removal from Ingersoll has rendered it necessary to resign.

While regretting his departure from our midst we are glad to know that he is improving his position by so doing. Judging from his past record we are confident that Bro. Ireland will work his way to the front in his new home.

BRANTFORD.

BRO. SMITH'S BURIAL.

The funeral of the late Bro. G. S. Smith, for many years superintendent at the Waterous foundry, took place on Wednesday afternoon. There was a very large attendance of citizens anxious to pay a last tribute of respect to one who was universally esteemed. The Oddfellows turned out in a body with Bro. J. Muirhead as marshal, and the Waterous employees were also in attendance, the company having thoughtfully closed the works for the afternoon in order to allow the hands to participate in the obsequies of a fellow-comrade who was always highly thought of by them. Each of the men wore the white badge of the sick benefit association. Rev. Dr. Ross was the officiating minister, and Noble Grand Jennings and Chaplain Finlayson of the I.O.O.F. conducted the beautiful ritual of that Order. The pall-bearers consisted of brother Odd Fellows as follows: A. Cox, R. Park, A. H. Mellish, G. Greenless, J. Page and A. Ball. At the close of the service at the cemetery the Odd Fellows filed past the grave and each dropped in a spray of evergreen, emblematical of eternal life.

Thus was laid to rest a sterling man, and one who at all times and under all circumstances worthily filled the duties of home and citizenship.

Bro. Smith was one of the veterans of Gore Lodge, having passed the quarter of a century mark some two or three years ago.

PRUDENCE LODGE—DEGREE OF REBEKAH.

A meeting of this lodge was held last Friday evening, Noble Grand Sister Pattison in the chair. The weather being very wet, the attendance was rather small. The report of the Grand lodge proceedings was read, and showed the work to be in a flourishing condition. As the new hall is fast approaching completion, we are expecting a rare treat when the opening takes place. The faithful workers of the lodge should be rewarded for their zeal in this work. A large number of members is expected to turn out next meeting night.

GORE LODGE, NO. 34.

Gore Lodge had a short session on Monday night, only routine business being transacted. Bro. R. Walker, of Guelph, was reported as having been kicked by a horse, and Bro. Hagey, of Lynden Lodge, on the sick list. At the close of the meeting word was received of the death of Bro. G. S. Smith, which sad event occurred at his residence on Wellington street about 9.30 p.m.

HARMONY LODGE, NO. 115.

The night was fine, the way was pleasant, and a goodly company of pilgrims with three-link pins on their breasts could

be seen wending their way to the Heyd block, opposite the post office, and mounting the stairs, were seen entering the door on the left, which leads to the present hall of Harmony, where Noble Grand Bro. Buck, assisted by his staff of officers, very soon had the lodge opened, and the stream of business flowing smoothly and serene. During the evening the report received from the visiting committee showed that there were still a large number of brothers in the city on the sick list, but none seriously ill and all were convalescent. The brothers are all on tiptoe of excitement about getting into their new hall, which is expected to be fully ready for occupation very early in the new year. Some amusement was caused when the noble grand innocently called on a certain brother who had been absent from several meetings to make a few remarks, and it was observed that the brother very blushing rose to respond; it was also remarked that if there was no rice in his hair and no old shoes in his pocket there was some there very lately, and the brothers in one voice wished Bro. and Mrs. W—— every success in life's journey.

This brother was not alone, however, for Bro. Sovereign, of Waterford Lodge, was called on to give an account of similar doings in which he was playing a prominent part.

Bro. M. Truesdale has again been distinguishing himself as a window-dresser. He has one of the four windows in Mr. Grant's mammoth store very tastily and neatly arranged with Japanese goods, some of them beautifully embroidered in silk. But it is the manner in which they are displayed that makes the whole display so attractive.

The co-operative store has gone out of business and sold the stock, etc., to the present manager. Such was the announcement in the press a few days ago. It looked a very simple paragraph and apparently of little interest, but to many of our brothers in Brantford it had a very significant meaning, as many of them were shareholders in the enterprise and are interested in some cases to quite an amount, the result being that the hard-earned savings of years have disappeared.

HARMONY.

Brantford, Nov. 24th, 1895.

TORONTO: Broadview held its usual meeting on Monday evening, N.G. Pendrith in the chair. A large amount of business was disposed of. Committees reported that arrangements were well on the way for the competition with Wilton Lodge in February; also, for a Church Parade and "At Home" in December. One candidate was initiated in Broadview's usual good style. Competitions in the Ritual are now the order of the day, which keeps up the interest of the members, and everything promises well for a successful winter's work. G. S. L.

ENGLAND.

O England, mother of us all,
Thy children's hearts across the sea,
In weal or woe, what'er befall,
Are still with thee.
Thy joys and griefs, thy hopes and fears,
Thy storied past, thy coming years,
Are theirs to share,
As when they trod thy daisied sod,
And watched the lark soar up to God,
In happy English air.

Hamilton.

J. H. LONG.

WILL THERE BE AN ANGLO-AMERICAN WAR?

All honest Canadians must agree that war with the United States is not such a remote possibility as many of us fondly imagine. Within recent years the United States has stood in the way of the British foreign office in every move on the diplomatic chess board, ready to take sides with the enemies of the Empire, it matters not what the merits of the questions at issue may be. This constant policy of interference in Britain's foreign relations, the tone of studied insult and menace continually assumed by the American press and politicians cannot be borne too long by any great nation and an explosion may come at any moment. From just such seeds spring the bitter harvest of war, which is ripening faster than many of us are inclined to believe. The Monroe doctrine ignores the fact that Great Britain is a power on the American continent and it is so extended and embellished that it includes the whole of the western hemisphere. New York editors and the cheap politicians that rule the destinies of the great Republic are sitting up at nights watching this precious Monroe doctrine and dying to breakfast on a Britisher. The American who discovers that Britain's declaration of war with Ashanti is a violation of the Monroe doctrine can be elected president. The ignorant masses are being goaded into fury against Great Britain, on account of fancied national insults. It was just such forces that caused the rupture in 1812, and later on fired the first gun in the American civil war. The politician was the Iago of both tragedies. And here let me point out to those who seek to lull us into fancied security by telling us that only the American politicians and not the American people are hostile to Great Britain, that their arguments are founded on false premises. For the very reason that every American is a politician from the President down to the meanest rag-picker. Even the tramps are politicians; for example, General Coxe's army. In Great Britain the middle classes are composed chiefly of manufacturers, artisans, and shop-keepers. They meddle very rarely in politics, and all they desire is to be left alone in the pursuit of a living and what happiness fortune bestows upon them. They have all the hard-headed, practical common-sense of their race and abhor shams and buncombe. In the United States this class is composed of politicians. To deny this is to ignore the McKinley bill. If you say the American politicians long for war with Great Britain, then in that class must be included the great majority of the American people. War with England must be a popular idea or it would not be exploited so much by politicians of note such as Col. Robert Ingersoll, General Lougtreel, and Senator Chandler. If men with such responsibilities and influence raised such a cry in any European country it would not take Great Britain very long to put her house in order for war. Surely the Russians are as responsible for their acts as the French or Russians, and it is not wise for us to ignore such outspoken menaces.

I would like also to point out that the United States Government has been building ships of war and turning out guns and ammunition with feverish haste for some months, and we are told that the gun factories are running occasionally night and day. Since 1892 an army of fifteen thousand men, withdrawn from the territories, has been quietly concentrated within a couple of days march of the Canadian frontier. Let us ask ourselves the question: Who are these guns and bullets intended for? Why is the American Army gathered so near our borders? The Americans are a shrewd people. Can it be that they covet our mines of gold, silver, iron, and nickel, our vast prairies, our fisheries and our forests. The prize would well repay a short campaign. Besides they are well aware of our defenceless condition, more real than apparent. We have a magnificent militia force largely on paper, except the city corps, about five thousand strong. Our soldiers are supplied with arms and equipment half a century behind the age. They are starved in the

matter of pay and no encouragement is given our citizen soldiers by the authorities. In case of an invasion courage and men would not be wanting. The Canadian is a born soldier and can learn his drill and take his place in the ranks quicker than the recruits of any other nation. But what use can our men, their courage, and their military instincts be if they have no arms? One half of our defenders would have to arm themselves with shotguns, scythes, and pitch-forks in case of an invasion. Drill, preparatory to taking the field itself, would occupy a month, and thousands of valuable lives would be thrown away before we had any army. We have neither depots of stores nor magazines scattered over the country. A foolish policy has kept everything at Ottawa, and it would take a month to ship the necessary ammunition from that city alone. The idea of a transport service has never been dreamt of at headquarters and there is not, as General Herbert pointed out, a spare gun wheel nearer than Woolwich.

I ask is not such a state of affairs criminal, a crime against our country? Our politicians, both parties are equally guilty, would sooner squander a million dollars with contractors to build a railway to the pole than a dollar on the militia. Mr. Dickey's administration gives promise of better things. He should realize that any efforts towards putting Canada in a state of defence will have the support of the Canadian people, for we cannot choose to ignore the war clouds, however small, gathering to the south of us. It is surely the duty of the Government to see that we have the means of defending our homes and maintaining our connection with the Mother Country. Is not the present state of affairs a breach of the compact entered into at confederation? Did we not undertake to organize and maintain a militia capable of defending our frontiers until aid could reach us from England? Has that promise been kept? Ask any militiaman and he who should know will say emphatically, "No." Is it keeping faith with the British capitalists who have invested in our securities if we are left open to invasion, and liable to be obliterated as a people? The conquest and annexation of Canada would wipe their investments out of existence.

Sir, you can do no greater service to your country than to point out the imminent danger of a war with the United States and the duty incumbent upon us to provide for an impending catastrophe which we all pray may be averted.—
The Work.

AN AUTOGRAPH OF BROWNING'S.

The year 's at the spring
And day 's at the noon;
Morning 's at seven;
The hill-side 's dew-pearled;
The lark 's on the wing;
The snail 's on the thorn;
God 's in his heaven—
All 's right with the world!

(Song from *Pippa passes*, 1841.)

Robert Browning

June 28. 1888.

AN OCEAN VOYAGE.

A fast ship has disadvantages. Its powerful engines make the whole vessel throb and quiver so that attention is distracted from anything else and a novel is too hard. And in a head wind the ship is forced along over the seas with leaps and falls that are sickening. Moreover not only are the discomforts of the sea increased but its principal pleasure—making new acquaintances—is made almost impossible. When there are six hundred passengers and but a six days' voyage, it is obvious that there cannot be much freedom of intercourse. The ship has become a small town full of strangers. Here the advantage of the slow ship is in both directions, for while it lengthens the voyage it also usually carries much fewer passengers. It is easy to conceive of their being too few passengers. We had twenty-two, which was enough; and a voyage of twelve days, which was on the whole enough too.

Yet it was truly a pleasure trip. We had fine weather, a good ship and agreeable company. We saw the usual sights: vessels hull up and hull down; fishing boats anchored on the banks and rolling almost gunwale under, though the sea was smooth. The thought of these devoted men spending the summer there rolling about at anchor and riding out the storms, affected our imaginations strongly for we could not separate such doings from the idea of sea-sickness. We saw many whales rolling at their ease in the Arctic current, and, if it is true that these beasts can live for 400 years, it would be almost possible that they have been doing so ever since they shied at the caravels of Columbus. They were not a variety valued by whalers, and if man will not kill them they may live out their time, for it must be hard for anything else to hurt them. We saw plenty of porpoises, too, close alongside the ship, leaping out of the water in flying curves. Here is probably another feature wanting to the fast ships. The gulls have given up trying to follow them and it is not likely that the young porpoises can keep up with them, so as to race alongside as they did with us. We had gulls flying about us most of the way, and petrels always skimming the waves in our wake. We had birds of our own too; shore birds that roosted in the rigging and flew about in and out of the hatchways, perhaps picking up food from the cattle's fodder.

We carried cattle and horses. The cattle got along best. The horse is too delicate an animal to travel well. Several of ours suffered from some affection of the lungs and died in spite of enormous mustard plasters. On the first occasion I wondered how they would sling the unmanageable carcass for hoisting out of the hold, but the process was simple. A rope with a hook on the end was hooked on itself round the neck and the body was drawn up in that melancholy way, but with the most favourable presentation to the hatchway. It was then lowered to the deck, loosed and shoved over, and its requiem was written in the log:—"One of —'s horses died, lung fever, and was dumped."

Some of the horses were going to England; the rest were intended chiefly for the Paris omnibuses. They were in charge of a big Belgian, with the identical heavy face one sees in the old Flemish pictures, and a German, and a youth from some part of France whose tongue never ceased. These three conversed together in French. Passengers who understood that they could speak French tried sometimes to join in these conversations, but only at the beginning of the voyage. If one reflects for a moment upon the mysteries of a conversation in English between a Fleming, a German, and say only a Cockney, talking horse, it will seem that the passengers might have been less cast down than they were.

The sea sights and our cargo were features of great interest, in a life so closely circumscribed as ours. The ocean itself seems small at sea. The extent of our outlook over the water to the horizon, as seen from the highest deck, cannot have been more than eight miles in each direction.

With our ship keeping an apparently unchanging position in the middle of this small circle of sea, we were bound to take interest in one another. Indeed all the passengers had an interest of some kind attaching to them, from the curly headed little boy of two years, who was being taken to England by a couple of maiden aunts and who was usually in the charge of somebody else while his aunts read their books in peace, to the oldest passenger, a blind man to whom we always spoke in our loudest tones. This unfortunate person was not one of those marvels of perception that the thought of blindness usually brings before the mind, but a stout,

elderly man who had but recently become blind, and who had not acquired any of the blind man's skill. Nevertheless he was going over alone, and the passengers had indignation at his wife who was supposed to have allowed him to do so. He had said that she did not like the sea. I am not sure that this was sufficient ground for denouncing her, but we did and found in it a good deal of moral satisfaction. A young lady passenger who had been writing a letter from his dictation to his wife—addressed as his "dear Maria"—said she had wanted much to add, as a postscript, "Maria, you make me tired," and sign her name to it.

This young lady came from Chicago and had not seen the sea before, but was seeing it now with all the American veneration for what is old and established. Good weather and bad weather were equally in her line, and I suspected that if we should have to take to the boats she would still regard it as a happy experience. When we met our gale in the channel, accompanied by drifts of rain that swept the deck of females, she appeared in a capacious waterproof and indiarubber top boots, with the second officer's sou-wester on her head, and perched herself in one of the boats to enjoy the scene.

It was worth looking at too. The channel was full of ships plunging heavily in the waves and tan-sailed fishing boats ducking about between, amidst pictorial effects of cloud and rain and wind.

This wind, set down in the log as a "mod. gale," but which the natural man would call a howling tempest, and which, in fact, we afterwards heard had caused much loss of life on the windward coast of England, did us the service of clearing away the fog which would, in the channel where ships form a constant procession, have been a source of danger and delay.

As we had neared the Scilly Islands, and the cattle began to low, thick weather descended upon us and the captain seemed to have given up sleep altogether.

The position of Captain on a liner does not impress one as a life of delight. He has little to do but to be responsible, and, though men take responsibility gladly for the sake of what they can accomplish by its means, in this case there is no accomplishment. When a Captain has brought his ship safe to shore he is but an unprofitable servant who has done what it was his duty to do, but should an accident happen—and most accidents come from circumstances too much outside of his control for him to live in expectation of being able always to keep them off. There seemed room for doubt if the captain himself found his own very successful career a choice one. He made an allusion to "that confounded Marryatt," and "the number of lads he has sent to sea," that gave a hint of disillusionment. I doubt if any of the officers found the sea as charming as we did. One of the passengers had a story about a skipper who came into money and proceeded to enjoy life ashore from the standpoint of one who was freed from going to sea. One of his voluptuous contrivances was to be waked up in the middle of the night by a man in dripping oil skins who said, "The bow sprit is carried away, sir, and the first mate wants you up on deck at once." To which it was his delight to reply in deliberate tones, "Will you please tell the first mate, with my compliments, to go to H—." The passenger tried this story on the first officer and it enjoyed great success. The first officer was promenading the deck in oil skins at the time. Every time he came back to our end of his beat he exploded again, and went off shaking his dripping head and saying "That is solid truth."

It is time to get to the end of this voyage, which was longer drawn out in its end than one would have expected. It seems a small thing to run up the channel and slip round the corner into the Thames, but the south coast of England is more than 300 miles long—more than a 24 hours run for a slow ship—and the port of London is not such a good port that one can slip into it from any direction. We spent half a day in running straight out into the North Sea, past dangerous looking shoals and sands. Margate was out of sight and the pilot still looking straight out to sea with his binoculars picking up fresh buoys, when I gave up hopes of seeing the turn and went below to pack. It was night when we steamed up the river full speed and reached Tilbury. Friends came out on the tender to welcome some of our passengers, and the first audible words we heard on our arrival were bawled out in irritated tones by the husband of a retiring Englishwoman among our passengers, "Where have you been all day. I have been here since twelve o'clock and haven't had any dinner."

W. A. L.

THE FAIR REBEKAHS.**Officers of the Provincial Convention
DEGREE OF REBEKAH.**

President.....	SISTER ELIZABETH LEE Kingston.
Vice-President.....	SISTER L. E. RYAN Toronto.
Secretary.....	SISTER MAGGIE WADDELL St. Thomas.
Treasurer.....	SISTER DODSON Chatham.
Warden.....	SISTER KATE ROBERTSON Collingwood.
Inside Guard.....	SISTER HAMON Ottawa.
Outside Guard.....	SISTER MILLAR Deseronto.
Chaplain.....	SISTER BASCOM Galt.

**THE WIFE THAT PAID HER
HUSBAND'S DUES.**

One would scarcely suppose that it would become necessary for a wife to pay a husband's dues, as certainly no Odd Fellow who prizes the institution and has a regard for the welfare of his family would overlook this important business.

There are members, who, from sheer neglect, do not pay their dues. They wish to remain Odd Fellows and keep their standing good, yet it is a poor way to manifest it by letting quarter after quarter pass until they become a year or more in arrears. Such members need a guardian, and who is more competent than the wife? There are some women who are conscious of these things, and know what is depending upon good standing of their husbands in the lodge.

I know of a lady whose husband is an Odd Fellow—only in name, however. He is a good enough man in his way, a clever neighbor and a good citizen, taking the world easy and carelessly; living just so-and-so, not thinking of to-morrow. He is sober, steady and industrious; but one of those singular souls who never accumulate anything. It seems strange that there are such men.

He has a wife who is a real woman—the very reverse of her husband in the way of business. She loves him dearly and is all a wife should be. She is frugal and industrious and aids her husband to the full extent of her power to raise a large and almost helpless family of children. Like a sensible woman, as she is, she loves Oddfellowship, and urges her husband to attend his lodge, and occasionally succeeds in her efforts. One day a note was left for her husband which she had the curiosity to read. She was astonished to find that it was a notice from the secretary that her husband was in arrears for dues for one year, and unless he paid up within four weeks he would be dropped from the roll of membership. The poor woman was mortified, and when he came home she almost scolded him for his neglect. The good easy man promised to pay it up and not allow himself to

again owe so much, but in a day or two it was all forgotten by him. Not so with his watchful wife. She knew his failings and called upon the lodge secretary herself, and finding the amount still unpaid, thereupon paid it herself out of her own savings and has continued to do so ever since. I have often wished that she was the Odd Fellow instead of her husband.—*Colorado Odd Fellow.*

THE TRUTH WELL TOLD.

No man in the world has a greater opportunity to display his noble nature, his kind and generous heart, his high aspirations, or his true manhood than a faithful, devoted, conscientious and loyal Odd Fellow. While some of our zealous Christian friends are bitter in opposing the work of our benevolent and fraternal society, yet the true Odd Fellow realizes his duty to God, fellow-men and his lodge.

The first duty of an Odd Fellow is obedience to the laws of the land, and loyalty to the Government and institutions. While there are some who may object to the ceremonies that take place in the hall of the Order, yet no man can say that they were out of place. When the hand of sickness has laid a man low, and nothing has been earned for months, is it an un-Christian act to bring food and raiment to God's poor? No. The writer believes in Christianity that will minister to a man's temporal wants as well as spiritual wants, and the true Odd Fellow that discharges this duty would receive the approbation of Him who said: "Visit the sick, care for the dying, help the widow and orphan, and love one another." An Odd Fellow has many duties to perform that makes him a noble man, and brings him into closer relationship to his Master.

Friendship, Love and Truth are the principles upon which this Order is founded, and the noble way the members of the Order have acted in relieving the wants of suffering humanity, and caring for their sick and dead, the devotion they have shown to the widow and the orphan, and the many thousands of dollars they have spent, is evidence enough to any intelligent man that the object of fraternal orders is to protect the sick and see that they have protection in time of need. If ingratitude and selfishness did not fill the whole nature of so many men and women, and the education of self was not the whole aim of man, the true mission of the fraternal orders of our land would be better understood and more appreciated. Too many are so ignorant that they will never see but one side of a question, yet in this free land the fraternal orders have and will distribute many thousands of dollars to relieve the wants of men of all denominations. Our duty is not hampered by a creed, but the welfare of man is the principle consideration thought of by the true Odd Fellow.—*Odd Fellows' Register.*

**HOW TO MAINTAIN A PROSPEROUS
LODGE.**

A subject which has always been a debatable one, without hope of a final settlement, is the one of how an interest can be kept up in the work of lodges and good attendance secured. The ways suggested have been legion and are yet capable of being added to. But, in all our reading and hearing, we have not noticed any reference to what it is probable is a very potent force in preventing the desired results. If we notice the work of a newly started lodge, which is prosperous, we find that all the brothers are united and zealous in the one purpose of adding to the membership; emulous that the work shall be done creditably; anxious for the good name and character of the lodge. Harmony, forbearance, willingness to work, and in honor preferring others without any apparent feeling of jealousy, prevail, and prosperity is the reward. As long as such conditions can be maintained, so long will the results follow. A change is produced in this prosperous lodge. What were the causes which aided it? Of course it cannot be definitely asserted until the acts are known, but it can be safely said that meanness of one member towards another, or towards a proposed candidate, too little forbearance for an erring brother, too much self-assertion on the part of a member which inevitably causes an entire disregard of the opinions and feelings of others, a showing of palpable partiality towards members, and many other such things which are constantly occurring in old lodges, but rarely in new ones, are what influences members to become disgusted and lukewarm, and lose all interest in attending meetings. Fair and impartial action, however severe, will be approved even by the subject, but if enmity, spleen or disrespect is shown they are easily perceived and react to the lodge's loss. It requires as much tact, forbearance and consideration to keep a lodge harmonious as it does for a man and wife to live happily in this world. Let such actions prevail, and the problem will be solved to every one's satisfaction.—*I.O.O.F. Guest.*

**PRINCESS TELEPHONE
—2191—**

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A MEMORABLE SESSION.

FIRST MEETING OF THE SOVEREIGN GRAND LODGE AFTER THE CIVIL WAR.

It was eminently fitting that the survivors of the great Civil War should strew with evergreen and flowers the graves of the dead who laid down their lives on the battlefield that the country might live; it is also well that a day has been set apart for that purpose, and that the citizens generally take part in the exercises of the day. Memorial Day calls to mind vivid recollections of the four years' struggle from '61 to '65, but no event incidental thereto is of more interest to the Order as showing the love of one brother towards another, and one section of the country towards another, as Odd Fellows, than that from the pen of Rev. G. W. Darne, a Representative from Virginia at the memorable session of the Grand Lodge of United States in 1865, when, for the first time since the commencement of the war, nearly every jurisdiction was represented. The marked feature of the session, he says, was the presence on the floor of the hall of sixteen representatives from six Grand Jurisdictions, and eight seats virtually, but not personally, occupied by the representatives of four others, all of which jurisdictions had been unrepresented in the four years preceding this session. The reason was that those ten jurisdictions were within the bounds of the Confederacy, between which and the United States war had existed, and these ten jurisdictions could not attend by their delegates, and could receive no communication from the grand body. The minds of the two civic sections were influenced against each other. When the war was ended, the question with us in the South was; how stands the heart of the twenty-nine jurisdictions in the United States towards the jurisdictions in the crushed Confederacy? The citizens in the former Confederacy were subjugated, impoverished and depressed by the result of the war, whilst for the same cause the victors were rich and jubilant. Such was the civil appearance, but what was the fraternal reality? The Grand Lodge knew that we were too poor to pay our tax, and too proud to beg, even if the door of return should be opened. We knew nothing about the matter, and had no expectations. We waited to see if the mother desired the return of her children.

Unexpectedly, a proclamation from the Grand Sire was sent to us, assuring us that the civil relations of political factors had not disturbed the fraternal relations of the Odd Fellow fraternity—that our jurisdictions were still members of the Grand Lodge, that our seats had been kept open for us, that our civil past was no barrier, and our poverty no hindrance to our return—that our debts were can-

celled, and we were desired to come back, without money and without stipulations—come again to our old home, where would be found no elder brother to darken with cold looks and jealousies our hearty reception as brothers beloved. We went, saw, and found that all the Grand Sire had allowed us to infer from his proclamation was strictly true. In the lodge or out of it, there was not, so far as I saw or heard, a word or look reflecting on our evil past. Yea, the four years that had then just passed, with all its acts and feelings of bitterness, appeared to have been washed in the leathern waters, so that nothing remained on the blank page but the heart of brother, which nothing can efface. These sixteen representatives, who were seen sitting there as brothers, free and equal, considering what had passed, was the event which marked the session of the Grand Lodge of the United States, and made it thereby memorable.

Those sixteen members from Southern States, which had recently been for four years in deadly hostility to the States from which the other eighty-four members came, having entered and seated themselves as others, without introduction, without apologies, and without promises for the future—requiring no rescinding resolutions—shows the wisdom of the Grand Lodge, in her legislation during the civil conflict, and her bearing on her heart the memory of her children who were separated from her, and for whom she could do nothing. The bonds of affection are far stronger than those of civil relation, and can do more in assuaging the unruly passions, ameliorating the miseries of man, and healing the sores which have been caused by strife. The force of this was seen by the pulpit and the press on that day, who called attention to the expected meeting of this, the first national assembly since the war, and with eagerness made known the fact of the reunion—rather the return of the jurisdictions which were enclosed in the Confederate States—and their hearty reception and welcome as of brethren long forcibly absent, but for whose safe return earnest prayers had been offered. So important was this meeting of the Grand Lodge of the United States, that the President of the United States accepted an invitation to be present at one of the public exercises, but was hindered by business of great importance confining him to the seat of government.

Another fact bearing on this matter may be mentioned. The city of Baltimore saw the bearing of this first decided step in the restoration of amity and reunion among all sections of our country—though in feeling divided, yet politically and in interest one—by the restoration to union of all the Grand Jurisdictions of our Order, as exciting and powerful, through its widespread membership in

both sections, as was that of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. The corporation of the city made clear their view of the probable good of this session of the Grand Lodge of the United States to this country, by inviting the whole Grand Lodge membership to partake of the hospitalities of the city; and the merchants and business men of the city gave us one of the richest banquets probably ever seen.

Thus was the session of 1865 placed before the outside world as an eventful meeting, and to be noted on the calendar of humanity as an omen of happier days and a healer of the wounds which had been inflicted on our people. And within, as seen without, the Grand Lodge has shown a forbearance and wisdom that united the whole body more firmly together, and increased the respect of those not of our fold for us as a body, bears good will to men. For she had disappeared, during the absence of the representatives of the Southern Grand Jurisdictions, all action upon proposed amendments to the constitution; at the removal of all disability to their return, had canceled all preceding obligations against those jurisdictions, and now took notes payable at ability for dues and supplies now arising, recognized the cards issued by the Southern Grand Lodges during the war, and the high-toned Odd Fellow, Grand Sire Isaac M. Veitch, appointed the members of the Southern jurisdictions on committees, as he did those of other jurisdictions, and among them the two representatives of the Grand Lodge of Virginia, and was cordially sustained by all in so doing.

The reunion or restoration was complete in will and act, and that session—rather that day, September 18th, 1865—will long be remembered as a marked day in the history of the Sovereign Grand Lodge. By the act that day the fraternity was thrown out of its quiet and humble position, and thrown into a prominence before unknown to her, and is now viewed as a mighty brotherhood, whose principles inculcate peace and good will to man. And I trust the luster of her future will never be dimmed by unwise legislation or our principles violated by the unworthy action of our members.—*Bundle of Sticks.*

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GRAND LODGE DIRECTORY

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LODGE DIRECTORY.

NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES.

EDMONTON. Friendship Lodge, No. 7, meets every Wednesday in the Masonic Hall at 8:00 p.m. Visiting Brethren cordially invited. Officers—Geo. T. Bragg, N. G.; Wm. R. West, V. G.; W. H. Clark, Secretary; Thos. Houston, Treasurer.

MEDICINE HAT. Medicine Hat Lodge, No. 3, meets every Thursday at 8 o'clock, p.m., Calton Hall. Officers—W. Cousins, N. G.; T. Perritt, V. G.; J. Cook, R. S.; T. W. Ireland, P. S.; J. J. Reynolds, P. G.

PROVINCE OF MANITOBA.

BRANDON. Brandon City Lodge, No. 6, Friday, 8 o'clock. Lodge-room, Fleming Block, Rosser Ave. Officers—E. G. Daniels, J. P. G.; Geo. Aske, N. G.; Fred. Lambert, V. G.; E. Wiswell, R. S.; J. F. Howard, P. S.; J. A. Russell, T.

NEEPAWA. Neepawa Lodge, No. 16, Monday evening at 8 o'clock, Odd Fellows' Hall. In Hitchings & Bemrose's Block. Officers—Joseph Yates, N. G.; W. G. Harrison, V. G.; W. F. Young, R. S.; R. D. Young, P. S.; C. M. Bemrose, P. G.; Treas.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE. Portage Lodge, No. 3, Tuesday evening, Odd Fellows Hall, Saskatchewan Ave. Officers—W. A. Crisp, N. G.; J. Hewitson, V. G.; P. McPherson, R. S.; J. Dehmond, P. G.; P. S. M. B. Snider, P. G.; Treas., P. O. Box 455.

MORDEN. Nelson Lodge, No. 9, Friday evening. Officers—H. B. Brown, N. G.; Wm. Henderson, V. G.; S. M. Battram, R. S.; E. G. Chubb, P. S.; Harry Meikle, P. G., T.

WINNIPEG. Manitoba Lodge, No. 1, Friday evening 8 o'clock, in Odd Fellows' Hall, corner Princess St. and McDermott Ave. Officers—Geo. T. Bragg, N. G.; Wm. R. West, V. G.; J. W. Baker, P. G.; R. S. H. C. Dumas, P. S.; J. R. Alexander, P. G.; Treas.

WINNIPEG. North Star Lodge, No. 2, Tuesday evening in Friendship Hall, McIntyre Block. Officers—D. H. Dingman, N. G.; J. R. McNabb, V. G.; R. L. Elliott, R. S.; John Simpson, P. G.; P. S.; John Krzinger, Treas.

WINNIPEG. Minnabha Lodge, No. 7, Thursday, 8 o'clock. Friendship Hall, Main St. Officers—R. G. Barwell, N. G.; J. Dagg, V. G.; F. Kenny, R. S.; W. Van Vliet, P. S.; Johnson Douglas, P. G., T.

MARITIME PROVINCES.

HALIFAX. Mystic Lodge, No. 18, Thursday evening, Odd Fellows' Hall. Officers—Sam. J. Porter, N. G.; J. G. Forbes, V. G.; J. A. Laidlaw (P. O. address, 77 Lower Road, Halifax), P. G.; R. S. R. W. Longwell, P. S.; John H. Sutherland, P. G.; T. C. P. Biechen, J. P. G.

ST. JOHN, N. B. Silem Lodge, No. 29, Monday night, 10 P. M. Officers—Fred. A. Wright, N. G.; Thos. M. Cromwell, V. G.; F. S. Manska, R. S.; Arthur G. Blakelee, P. S.; John Jackson, T.

PROVINCE OF BRIT. COLUMBIA

DONALD. Selkirk Lodge, No. 12, meets every Thursday at 8 p.m. Visiting brethren cordially invited. Officers—John Palmer, N. G.; Jas. Mathie, P. G.; Jas. Mathie, P. G.; Secretary: A. W. Dennan, Treasurer.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

COATICKO. Victoria Lodge, No. 16, meets every alternate Tuesday at 7:30 p.m., over Shurtliff's Hall. Officers—E. W. Akhurst, J. P. G.; John Hyatt, N. G.; Thos. Gray, V. G.; E. A. Akhurst, R. S.; W. E. Clark, P. G.; P. S. E. E. Wetherell, T.; W. Clark, P. G.; D. G. M. G.

DANVILLE. Golden Rule Lodge, No. 13, Friday evening, Odd Fellows' Hall, McCallum Block. Officers—N. C. Armstrong, N. G.; H. H. Henderson, V. G.; E. A. Mountain, P. G.; R. S.; F. Foster, P. S.; J. E. Andrews, Treas.

LACHUTE. Laurentian Lodge, No. 14, Tuesday p.m. Oliver Hall. Officers—Robt. McArthur, N. G.; Geo. McGreggor, V. G.; Robt. Law, R. S.; Alex. Riddell, Treas.

MONTREAL. Mount Royal, No. 1, Monday at 8 p.m., Odd Fellows' Hall, 251 St. James St. Officers—Chas. Griffith, P. G.; N. G.; J. Goodfellow, P. G.; V. G.; Chas. Lane, R. S.; S. Roman, P. G.; S. P.; L. Silverman, P. G. M. Treas.

MONTREAL. Mizpah, No. 3, Thursday evening, 13 P. M. Victoria Street. Officers—W. Chambers, N. G.; Jas. B. Campbell, V. G.; A. E. Esdon, R. S.; A. Grant, P. G.; P. S.; W. A. Bell, P. G., T.

MONTREAL. Beaver Lodge, No. 6, Tuesday, 8 p.m., Unit 3 Hall, 596 Wellington St., Point St. Charles. Officers—A. Carmichael, N. G.; Geo. McGowan V. G.; A. W. Starley, V. G.; P. O. Box 76, Point St. Charles), R. S.; F. W. Berridge, P. S.; R. H. Livingstone, P. G., Treas.

MONTREAL. Wellington Lodge, No. 20, meets every Thursday evening in Masonic Chambers, 5 Place D'Armes Square. Officers—Geo. H. King, 84 Knox St., N. G.; P. S.; V. G.; Leonard R. Kerr, P. O. Box 1980, R. S.; J. Smith, T.

MONTREAL. The Excelsior Lodge, No. 12, meets every Tuesday evening at 251 St. James St. Officers—Geo. M. Brown, N. G.; J. E. Lanktree, V. G.; James M. Salmon, P. O. Box 2,366, R. S.; F. W. Milburn, P. S.; A. E. Hinton, T.

QUEBEC. Albion Lodge, No. 2, Wednesday, 8 p.m., Odd Fellows Hall, 14 D'Armes St., Esplanade Hill. Officers—A. P. Doolbridge, N. G.; Jas. Kelly, V. G.; A. Jno Teakie, R. S.; 71 St. Augustin St., H. Hull, P. S.; R. J. Edwards, P. G., T.

RICHMOND. Pioneer Lodge, No. 7, Odd Fellows' Hall G. McLeod, P. G.; J. Verrill, P. G.; Haligan, N. G.; A. E. M. Laughlin, V. G.; L. Verrill, P. G.; R. S.; Box 55, Melbourne, P. S.; Wm. Davis, P. S.; G. G. Gymer, P. G. M., T.

MONTREAL. Montreal Encampment, No. 1, at Odd Fellows Hall, 251 St. James street, second and fourth Wednesday, 8 p.m. Officers—A. E. Alton, C. P.; F. Brown, H. P.; Jos. Wilson, P. G.; Walter Adams, J. W.; J. E. Eaton, R. S.; J. A. Finlayson, P. C. P.; F. S.; A. W. Starley, P. C. P.; Treas.

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

BRAMPTON. Golden Star, No. 101, Thursday evening. Crawford Building. Officers—E. J. Martin, N. G.; Geo. Puffer, V. G.; J. J. Manning, R. S.; J. Perry, P. S.; J. Reynolds, Treas.

BRANTFORD. Harmony Lodge, No. 115, Tuesday, 8 p.m., in hall corner Dalhousie and George Sts., opposite the Post Office. Officers—F. J. Calbeck, N. G.; E. Burk, V. G.; J. G. J. McLeod, P. G.; Jas. W. Tut, P. S.; S. M. Thomson, P. O. Box 266.

BROCKVILLE. Brocks Lodge, No. 9, Tuesday evening, Odd Fellows Hall. Officers—J. H. C. Todd, N. G.; G. Grothier, V. G.; C. C. Lyman, P. G.; R. S.; W. H. Cole, P. G. M. P. S.; John Brices P. S.; Treas.

BROCKVILLE. St. Lawrence Lodge, No. 137, Thursday, 7:30 p.m. Officers—John W. Park, N. G.; S. W. Bell, V. G.; W. H. Nite, P. G.; Box 561, R. S.; H. B. Coates, P. G.; P. S.; W. W. Wood, P. G., T.

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

CARLETON PLACE. Stella Lodge, No. 125, Friday evening in their hall, Taylor's Block. Officers—J. D. Armstrong N. G.; Alex. Weeks, V. G.; N. D. McCallum, R. S.; Dr. M. Hamilton, P. S.; A. H. Edwards, Treas.

CHAPLEAU. Missanabie Lodge, No. 155, Tuesday, 8 p.m. Odd Fellows Hall. Officers—Archib. McLaren, N. G.; J. Dadds, V. G.; J. M. Austin, P. G.; R. S.; Chas. Murphy, P. G.; P. S.; J. B. Dexter, P. G., Treas.

CORNWALL. Oriental Lodge, No. 163, Monday, 8 p.m., in Liddell's Block, Pitt Street. Officers—W. S. Friend, N. G.; Thos. Hope, V. G.; F. Bisset, P. G.; Rec. Sec'y: E. Green, P. G.; Per. Sec'y: J. B. Atchison, Treas.

CUMMING'S BRIDGE. Earncliffe Lodge, No. 283, Wednesday, 8 p.m., Riverside Hall. Officers—W. Jandrow, N. G.; Jas. M. Doran, V. G.; Jno Turnbull, P. G.; R. S.; F. J. Hamon, P. G.; P. S.; B. Sinn, P. G., Treas.

DICKINSON'S LANDING. Fellowship Lodge, No. 303, second and fourth Tuesdays, at 8 p.m., in Odd Fellows' Hall. Officers—W. J. Ranzom, N. G.; Oliver Raymond, V. G.; F. H. Ranzom, R. S.; F. D. McClevery, P. S.; Dr. Weagant, Treas.

EAST TORONTO. East Toronto Lodge, No. 293, Tuesday evening, in Odd Fellows' Hall. Officers—J. Johnston, N. G.; J. Hewitt, V. G.; R. G. Beatty R. S.; F. Nettleton, P. S.; W. H. Griens, Treas.

FERGUS. Fergus Lodge, No. 73, Tuesday evening, 8 o'clock, Odd Fellows' Hall, Commercial Buildings. Officers—Robt. J. McGee, N. G.; Fred. Young, V. G.; Geo. W. Featherstone, R. S.; B. H. Perry, P. S.; John Craig, Treas.

FLORENCE. Florence Lodge, No. 196, Monday, at 7:30 p.m., in Odd Fellows' Hall. Officers—Rev. J. E. Holmes, N. G.; J. J. McGuire, V. G.; D. McDonald, R. S.; Eugene Walker, P. S.; Isaac Unsworth, T.

FOREST. Royal Oak Lodge, No. 108, Monday evening, Lodge-W. King St. Officers—E. J. Barron, N. G.; O. S. Cornell, V. G.; D. A. Buchanan, R. S.; H. Flavin, P. S.; A. F. Steele, Treas.

FORT WILLIAM. Algona Lodge, No. 267, Thursday, 20 o'clock, Officers—A. McNaughtan, N. G.; J. Kenrick, V. G.; T. W. Rutledge, R. S.; P. F. McCallum, P. S.; N. Hamilton, Treas.

GALT. Waterloo Lodge, No. 107, Monday, 8 p.m. Officers—T. G. Wilson, N. G.; J. T. Donaldson, V. G.; A. G. Bruce, P. O. Box 430, R. S.; W. A. Dennis, P. G.; F. S.; F. Hogg, Treas.

GANANOQUE. Gananoque Lodge, No. 114, Monday, 8 p.m. in Odd Fellows' Hall. Officers—J. H. Kay, N. G.; C. R. Cotton, V. G.; Fred. Arthur, R. S.; John Munden, P. G.; P. S.; A. E. Meggs, P. G., Treas.

QUELPH. Reliance Lodge, No. 89, Monday evening, Odd Fellows' Hall, corner Windham and McDonnell Sts. Officers—Wm. Goodwin, V. G.; Bro. Steinhens, V. G.; John Colson, R. S.; S. Law, P. S.; C. E. Horning, T.

HAMILTON. Excelsior Lodge, No. 44, Thursday evening, in Odd Fellows' Hall, John St. Officers—A. Robbins, N. G.; M. Fenton, V. G.; S. Robbins, R. S.; Jos. Tinsley, P. G.; P. S.; E. Schultz, Treas.

HAMILTON. Unity, No. 47, Wednesday, 8 p.m., Odd Fellows' Hall, John St. Officers—W. Anderson, J. P. G.; H. J. Evans, N. G.; Robert Douglas, V. G.; Oliver Beatty, R. S.; A. H. McCandlish, P. S.; Alex. McKay, M. P., P. G., Treas.

HAMILTON. Victoria Lodge, No. 64, alternate Tuesdays in Odd Fellows' Hall, John St. Officers—Frank E. Walker, N. G.; Mark Reid, V. G.; R. F. Richardson, 62 Market St., R. S.; Auner Fraser, P. G.; P. S.; W. R. Davis, T.

HAMILTON. Crescent, No. 104, Friday evening, Odd Fellows' Hall, John St. North. Officers—Jno. F. Bremner, J. P. G.; F. Mitchell, N. G.; S. Aiken, V. G.; Geo. Britton, 173 Emerald St. South, R. S.; R. J. Faulkner, P. G.; 123 Queen St. South, P. S.; F. Clarinbow, P. G., Treas.

HAMILTON. Minerva Lodge, No. 197, alternate Wednesdays, 8 p.m., Odd Fellows' Hall, John St. North. Officers—Robert Turnbull, N. G.; Jas. Houghton, V. G.; John Thompson, K. S., 24 York St.; Wm. Brooks, P. S.; Jas. Ronald, T.

KINCARDINE. Penetangore Lodge, No. 172, Tuesday evening, Odd Fellows' Hall. Officers—Wm. M. Mandy, N. G.; R. A. Rastale, V. G.; R. D. Hall, R. S.; Edward Fox, P. S.; Geo. Swan, Treas.

KINGSTON. Kingston Lodge, No. 59, Friday, 8 p.m., in Odd Fellows' Hall. Officers—W. Cochrane, J. P. G.; E. J. Adams, N. G.; P. Thompson, V. G.; F. W. Aylesworth, 307 Bagot St.; R. S.; R. J. Wilson, P. S.; J. Laturney, P. G., Treas.

KINGSTON. Cataragui Lodge, No. 10, Tuesday, 8 p.m., in Wilkinson's Block, corner Princess and Montreal Streets. Officers—J. Kennedy, J. P. G.; J. R. Donaldson, N. G.; J. Nicholson, V. G.; R. S. Douglas, R. S.; O. V. Bartles, P. S.; W. Newlands, T.

JAMINGTON. Leamington Lodge, No. 140, Thursday, at 8 p.m., in Odd Fellows' Hall. Officers—Walter Staras, N. G.; William Trux, V. G.; W. T. Easton, R. S.; James Neill, P. S.; Jas. Handy, T.

LINDSAY. Lindsay Lodge, No. 100, Monday, 8 p.m. Officers—Robt. Chambers, N. G.; Alex. Fisher, V. G.; J. Henderson, R. S.; E. Williamson, P. S.; G. H. Machie, T.

MIDLAND. Midland Lodge, No. 274, Friday evening at 8 p.m., in the Wallace Block. Officers—Geo. B. Stokess, N. G.; V. G.; J. A. Stoford, Treas.; John Hill, Sec'y.

MOUNT FOREST. Garnet Lodge, No. 139, Tuesday evening, Odd Fellows' Hall, Halsted's Block. Officers—D. L. Stewart, N. G.; G. J. Reid, V. G.; John Curley, R. S.; E. E. Snider, P. S.; John T. Skales, T.

NEW HAMBURG. Nith Lodge, No. 95, Thursday, 8 p.m., Berger's Block. Officers—Otto E. Prosschir, N. G.; C. F. Fox, V. G.; Alex. Fraser, R. S.; Louis Ritz, P. S.; Wm. Schaff Treas.

NORTH BAY. North Bay Lodge, No. 271, Tuesday evening in Odd Fellows' Hall, Ferguson's Block. Officers—Geo. E. Pay, N. G.; L. Shaw, V. G.; J. A. Ross, R. S.; E. W. Ross, P. S.; Dr. Carruthers, Treas.

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

NORWICH Haydn Lodge, No. 152, Friday evening, 8 p.m. sharp, Odd Fellows Hall, Miller's Block. Officers—J. D. Horgaith, N.G.; H. W. Eggman, V.G.; Chas. G. Hulet, R.S.; R. K. Panter P.S.; J. C. Panter, Treas. C2

OKAVILLE Oakville Lodge, No. 132, Monday, 8 p.m., Odd Fellows Hall. Officers—J. C. Ford, J.P.G.; A. J. Conder, N.G.; J. J. Teasdale, V.G.; Chas. B. Husband, R.S.; Geo. R. Carson, P.S.; Chas. F. Doty, Treas. G5

OWEN SOUND Owen Sound Lodge, No. 180, Thursday, 8 p.m., Parker's Block, Poulett St. Officers—A. C. Priest, N.G.; Geo. H. McLaughlin, V.G.; Geo. P. Creighton, P.G.; R.S., P.S.: A. L. Malone, Treas. B5

OTTAWA Ottawa Lodge, No. 224, Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock, in Odd Fellows Hall, corner Bank and Sparks Sts. Officers—Geo. Fraser, N.G.; Wm. Moore, V.G.; Thos. Wood, R.S.; P. W. May, P.G.; F. S. G. Bell, P.G., T. J5

OTTAWA Carleton, No. 246, Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, in Odd Fellows Hall, corner Sparks and Bank Sts. Officers—J. B. Manson, N.G.; J. Carruthers, V.G.; A. T. McKinnon, R.S.; A. E. Mattice, P.G.; P. S. John Smith, Treas. H5

OTTAWA Rockville Lodge, No. 278, meets in Borbridge's Hall, Rideau St., every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. Officers—J. A. M. Jacques, N.G.; A. E. Ripley, V.G.; E. W. Raper, 30 Beamer St., R.S.; W. J. Fairbairn, P.S.; J. K. Pearce, Treas. Visiting brethren always welcome. D5

PARIS Grand River Lodge, No. 91, Thursday evening. Officers—Jas. R. Inkster, N.G.; John Adams, V.G.; Wm. Fraser, R.S.; John Stevenson, P.S.; David Chalmers, T. G6

PARRY SOUND Parry Sound, No. 189, Monday 8 p.m. Odd Fellows Hall, James St. Officers—Jos. Bregg, N.G.; Geo. Mottram, V.G.; S. Moulton, P.S.; Jno. Clark, R.S.; John Galna, T. A5

BERTH Fraternity Lodge, No. 264, Monday evening. Officers—J. D. Bower, N.G.; W. A. Morris, V.G.; F. W. Hall, R.S.; T. A. Wright, P.S.; R. S. Moughn, P.S., T. A5

PETERBOROUGH Peterborough Lodge, No. 111, Thursday, 8 p.m., Odd Fellows Hall, corner George and Hunter Sts. Officers—T. Hooper, N.G.; James McClelland, V.G.; A. McFarlane, R.S.; W. J. Green, P.S.; S. Clegg, T. J4

PETROLEA Friendship Lodge, No. 65, Friday evening. Officers—W. J. Clark, N.G.; D. Rossford, V.G.; J. J. Mathews, R.S.; Geo. Watson, P.S.; John Sinclair, Treas. C5

PORT HOPE Durham, No. 78, Tuesday evening. Officers—H. C. Brundett, N.G.; W. T. Greenaway, V.G.; Walter Williams, R.S.; J. H. Magill, P.G.; P.S.; Hugh Walker, P.G., Treas. J5

PRESCOTT Amity Lodge, No. 80, Thursday, 7.30 p.m. Officers—Freman A. Scott, N.G.; Wm. J. Wiley, V.G.; J. E. Adams, R.S.; G. S. Wardrop, P.G.; P.S.; and Isaac W. Plumb, P.G., Treas. F5

RAT PORTAGE Gold Hill Lodge, No. 261, Thursday, 8 p.m., Garfield Hall. Officers—H. Barnes, N.G.; W. J. Taylor, V.G.; N. Schuur, P.S.; R. S. Clark, P.G.; P.S.; Geo. Barnes, P.G., Treas. K4

NEWFREW Marion Lodge, No. 131, Monday, 8.30 p.m., Stewart's Block. Officers—John Stewart, J.P.G.; E. S. Jory, N.G.; R. Armstrong, V.G.; H. W. Airth, R.S.; James Guthrie, P.S.; James Clark, T. B5

SAULT STE. MARIE Arthur Lodge, No. 281, meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Travelling Brothers cordially welcomed. Officers—James Jackson, N.G.; George Webber, V.G.; Geo. Sutherland, R.S.; Geo. Leaman, P.S.; Wm. Brown, Treas.; Wm. Turner, J.P.G. K5

SMITH'S FALLS Rideau Lodge, No. 241, Monday evening. Odd Fellows Hall, Gilroy's new Block. Officers—R. McGillivray, N.G.; E. A. Anderson, V.G.; H. Sutton, R.S.; G. S. Seebler, P.S.; D. P. Hamilton, P.G.M., Treas. G5

SUDBURY Sudbury Lodge, No. 282, 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Odd Fellows Hall. Officers—T. N. Kilpatrick, N.G.; David Johns V.G.; J. N. Doyle, R.S.; G. J. Oliver, P.S.; J. W. Hardy, Treas. H4

TORONTO Broadview Lodge, Dingman's Hall, corner Broadview avenue and Queen, Monday, at 8 o'clock p.m. Officers—G. T. Fenright, N.G.; A. J. Jackson, V.G.; E. James, R.S.; W. J. Clark, Per. Sec.; T. Parr, Treas. K5

TORONTO Canada Lodge, No. 49, Friday, 8 p.m., Odd Fellows Hall, Cor. Yonge and College Sts. Officers—Jas. A. Morrison, N.G.; G. A. Porter, V.G.; H. E. Terry (19 Hayer St.), R.S.; John Anderson, P.S.; W. Menzies, T. E5

TORONTO Covenant Lodge, No. 52, Tuesday evening, Odd Fellows Hall, cor. Yonge and College Sts. Officers—John Templeman, P.G.; Geo. P. Dake, N.G.; W. B. Robinson, V.G.; Chas. Woodall, 431 Ontario St., R.S.; Edwin Tull, P.S.; J. B. Carter, T. C5

TORONTO Queen City of Ontario Lodge, No. 56, Monday evening, Odd Fellows Hall, cor. Yonge and College Sts. Officers—Chris B. Robinson, N.G.; Geo. A. Kingston, V.G.; A. Maccomb, 10 Orford avenue, R.S.; Geo. C. Mortimore, 4 North street, P.S.; Jas. Robertson, T. G5

TORONTO The Toronto Lodge, 40, 71, Monday, 8 p.m. Odd Fellows Hall, cor. Brunswick and College aves. Officers—E. E. Saunders, N.G.; R. S. Anderson, V.G.; D. B. Cockburn, R.S., 30 Division St.; E. S. Dayman, P.S.; L. H. Pease, Treas. L5

TORONTO Laurel Lodge, No. 110, meets in Odd Fellows Hall, cor. Yonge and College Sts., 2nd and 4th, Mondays of each month. Officers—W. T. Murphy, N.G.; Dr. E. F. Bowie, V.G.; W. L. Brown, R.S.; John W. Watson, P.S.; Chas. Collett, T. E4

TORONTO Albert Lodge, No. 194, Friday, 8 p.m., Odd Fellows Hall, Queen St. and Denison Ave. Officers—A. C. McFarlane, N.G.; R. H. Macleod, V.G.; R. N. Sheppard, R.S.; R. C. Morrison, P.S.; Harry Sherris, T. H5

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

TORONTO Prince of Wales Lodge, No. 230, Tuesday night 1. in Odd Fellows Hall, corner Queen and Liggar Sts. Officers—J. Jamieson, N.G.; F. L. Craig, V.G.; F. Hawke, 150 Macdonell Ave., R.S.; R. Gray, P.S.; R. Johnston, T. D5

TORONTO Prospect Lodge, No. 314, meets every Friday evening in hall, corner Alice and Yonge streets. Officers—J. F. Leader, N.G.; W. F. Bilger, V.G.; N. W. Forsyth, R.S.; 212 Carlton St.; J. S. Robinson, P.S.; — Teegan, Treas. C5

TORONTO Wilton Lodge, No. 242, Monday, 8 p.m., Prescott Hall, corner Ontario and Prospect Sts. Officers—M. Rosenthal, N.G.; F. A. Bowden V.G.; E. W. O'Brien, 10 Victoria St., R.S.; H. Hooper, P.S.; T. R. Bain, T. D5

TORONTO Floral Lodge, No. 252, Monday, 8 p.m., Weeks Hall, cor. Dunn Ave. and Queen St. West. Officers—R. E. Griffith, J.P.G.; Geo. McLean, N.G.; W. C. Ogilvy, V.G.; J. J. Ramsay, R.S.; A. W. Finkle, P.S.; J. W. Isaacs, P.G., Treas. G5

WATERLOO Germania Lodge, No. 184, Thursday evening. Officers—D. McKay Bernis, N.G.; Hy. W. Roos, V.G.; Charles Moogk, Secy.; C. A. Hachnel, Treas. G4

WAUBAUSHENE Georgian Bay Lodge, No. 219, Thursday evening, Odd Fellows Hall. Officers—Rev. J. H. Sheppard, N.G.; A. M. Macdonell, V.G.; P. Stocking, R.S.; J. G. Eise, P.G., Treas.; D. M. Grant, Warden; Hugh Carson, Con. G. H. Cartie, Chaplain. F5

WINDSOR Frontier Lodge, No. 45, Thursday evening, Odd Fellows Hall, Sandwich St. Officers—Theo. Ouellette, N.G.; William Phillips, V.G.; J. R. Thomson, T. J. Bowen, P.S.; Geo. Latchem, R.S.; Dr. Cruickshanks, M.D. D5

Ontario Encampments.

COBOURG Ivy Encampment, No. 64, I.O.O.F., 1st and 3rd Monday of each month, at 8 p.m., Odd Fellows Hall, Colbourn Lodge, No. 136. Officers—Sidney Holbart, Chief Patriarch; Christy Fowler, Sec.

HAMILTON Burlington Encampment, No. 7, 2nd and 4th Mondays in month, Odd Fellows Hall, John St. Officers—Geo. Cooper, C.P.; W. J. Evans, S.W.; J. F. Bremner, H.P.; R. Douglas, J.W.; Geo. Britton, P.S.; H. F. Pearson, F.S.; T. McCallum, Treas. G2

OTTAWA George B Encampment meets second and fourth Monday of each month in Odd Fellows Hall, Bank and Sparks Sts. Officers—R. St. George, C.P.; W. Prenter, H.P.; S. Stratton, S.W.; W. Hogard, Scribe; J. C. Donaldson, P.S.; J. H. St. George, Treas.; A. Simus, J.W. Visiting Patriarchs welcome. F5

OTTAWA Outaouais Encampment No. 53, meets First and Third Fridays of each month, in Odd Fellows Hall, corner Bank and Sparks Streets, at 8 p.m. Officers—R. Cotton, C.P.; F. Hamon, S.W.; James Landry, P.C.P.; H.P.; R. T. Holcomb, R.S.; A. W. Cameron, P.C.P.; P.S.; G. H. Bowie, P.C.P., Treas.; Thos. G. Sheen, J.W. Visiting Patriarchs welcome. G4

TORONTO Toronto Encampment, No. 8, 2nd Thursday in 1. month, Odd Fellows Hall, cor. Yonge and College Sts. Officers—G. E. Post, P.C.P.; W. B. Blight, S.W.; A. G. Allison, P.C.P.; H.P.; G. Holmes, R. Scribe; T. Colby, P.C.P., F.S.; Jno. Donogh, P.C.P., Treas.; H. E. Terry, J.W. L1

TORONTO Rehoboth Encampment, fourth Thursday in 1. month, Odd Fellows Hall, cor. Yonge and College Sts. Officers—James Munro, C.P.; W. J. Graham, H.P.; W. J. Foster, S.W.; E. M. Clapp, J. A. Wilson, Scribe; James Robertson, F.S.; J. T. Hornbrook, Treas. J4

General Belle Committee.

TORONTO GENERAL RELIEF COMMITTEE meet third Thursday in each month. Officers—Wm. Warty, Pres.; A. W. Finkle, Vice-Pres.; W. J. McCormack (25 Grosvenor St. Telephone 4037 Sec.; Samuel Thompson, Treas. H4

Daughters of Rebekah.

TORONTO Olive Branch Lodge, Daughters of Rebekah, 2nd and 4th Thursday in month, Odd Fellows Hall, cor. Yonge and College Sts. Officers—Sister Mrs. E. Seela, P.N.G.; Sister M. Lennox, N.G.; Sister Mrs. M. Leader, V.G.; Sister Miss Ada Lennox (829 Yonge St.), R.S.; Sister Mrs. M. Saunders, P.S.; Sister Mrs. S. Batters, Treas. L3

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