

# DOMINION ODD FELLOW

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## POST CARD LODGE NOTES.

**GUELPH:** Progress Lodge had a large attendance last night, Bro. McCrae, N.G., in the chair. One candidate received the three degrees, the work being conducted in an interesting manner.

**MADOC:** The I.O.O.F. band serenaded the Odd Fellows a few nights ago and besides being the recipients of a \$10 cheque and an invitation to an oyster supper, they were complimented very highly on the progress during the last six months.

**LINDSAY:** At a special meeting of Guiding Star Encampment, No. 22, held recently, the following officers were elected: J. W. Anderson, C.P.; W. G. Chestnut, S.W.; J. S. Henderson, H.P.; J. W. Walton, J.W.; John McLean, Scribe; Eli Williamson, Treas. This Encampment is on the boom, having initiated fifteen members in the last six months.

**PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE:** The Odd Fellows of this place have sold their building site opposite the post-office for \$6,000 to a local agent for an unknown party. This is one of the best sites in town, and it is reported that the new owner will next spring erect a fine business block thereon. The Odd Fellows have sold the lot at a good advance, and will likely build shortly on some site not quite so large and valuable.

**TORONTO:** The Toronto Lodge, No. 71, met as usual last Monday night, Bro. Muir was reported as being much better, and Bro. A. E. Borouges, as being laid up. This being the second night of nominations a few more names were added to the list. One proposition for membership was reported and balloted for, accepted, and the candidate initiated. Bros. Terry, of Canada Lodge, and Clapp addressed the og e.

**WINNIPEG:** The latest addition to Winnipeg journals is a neatly printed publication entitled *The Triple Link*, a monthly journal devoted to the interests of the Order in the Canadian Northwest. The first number is just out Mr. R. H. Shank, Grand Secretary, being the Editor, and Mr. B. D. Deering, business agent It is stated in the salutatory to be the intention of the management to donate 25 per cent. of the profits to the Odd Fellows' home fund. (We have not yet seen the initial number of T. L.—Ed D. O.)

**PALMERSTON, Dec. 15:** Card of Condolence. To Bro. W. A. Reynolds—Dear Sir and Bro.,—At the last regular meeting of Gordon Lodge, No. 247, I.O.O.F., it was resolved that the sympathy and condolence of our lodge be extended to you in this sad visitation of Providence which you have been called upon to suffer by the death of your beloved brother. We accord to you our sincere wish that our Heavenly Father will cheer and sustain you by His power, with the tenderest feeling of brotherhood. We, on behalf of our lodge, tender you our sympathy. Yours fraternally, in F. L. and T., Geo. Merrick, N.G.; Wm. Edwards, Thos. Edwards, Committee.

**TORONTO:** There were no additional nominations last Monday evening in Queen City Lodge, so the list remains the same as set forth last week. Candidate Williams was balloted for and declared entitled to membership—he makes the fourth outstanding for initiation. The At-Home Committee met at the close of the lodge when sub-committees were appointed to look after talent, refreshments, decorations and printing. The 27th January is the date for the event. Bro. A. F. Mills, of Port Arthur, favored the members with a few remarks. Election of officers for the ensuing term will take place next Monday evening. L., Q. C.

**CHATHAM:** On Thursday evening of last week the election of officers of Chatham Encampment for the ensuing half-year took place, Chief Patriarch Wm. Smith presiding. The election, together with a desire to see the new paraphernalia and scenery, accounts for the large crowd present. Among the assembled patriarchs were two whose faces are not often seen in the Encampment since they entered the arena of municipal politics. These were Aldermen Rutherford and Stone. After routine business the following officers were elected: Walter Anderson, C.P., (by acclamation); A. Kelly, S.W.; Frank Gonne, J.W.; D. Walker, H.P.; W. W. Mitchell, Scribe; A. M. Lafferty, F.S.; John Turner, Treas.; Wm. Carswell, Trustee; John McCorvie, W. W. Mitchell, W. A. Anderson, F.C. Wm. Tuttle, the retiring Chief Patriarch, has been a most efficient and impartial presiding officer. His successor, Walter Anderson, is the youngest member who has ever been elected Chief Patriarch in Chatham Encampment. He, like his predecessor, is a most enthusiastic Odd Fellow. After the election the degree staff, with Capt. Potter in charge, exemplified the first degree.

**BRANTFORD:** Gore Lodge had a crowded house on Monday night last, the most important business being the nomination of officers and a lively time is expected on election night as several good candidates are already in the field for Noble Grand. Those on the sick list were reported doing well. The special committee reported the deal with the Knights of Pythias having been closed satisfactory and they will take possession on January 1st, but have kindly offered Gore Lodge the use of the room for a few nights until the new hall is finished. The hall committee report the work being pushed forward as speedily as possible and expect to have it ready some time in January next. Grand Master Thomas Woodyatt visited Hamilton District on Tuesday evening and reports having received a very warm reception at the hands of the Hamilton brethren. Harmony Lodge had a very good meeting last night. Bro. E. M. Buck, N.G., presiding, several committees reported progress. This being first night of nomination, the following members were nominated: For N.G., Bro. A. H. Grant; V.G., Bro. Fred Buck and James Frazer; R.S., Bros. James Tutt and J. R. Neilson; Treas., S. M. Thomson. After routine business was transacted the lodge closed. HARMONY.

## OBJECTIONS.

An objection to Odd Fellows and kindred orders is sometimes made on the ground that its charities and beneficences are confined to the immediate membership, that they are too exclusive and that persons do not wish to have the objects of their charity selected for them. There might be something in this objection if well founded but it is a mistake. The lesson of our degrees are comprehensive as the human race, and as in the parable of the Good Samaritan, we are taught to relieve suffering and distressed wherever found. Through all the different degrees and branches of the Order, we learn that although a man may not be of our particular race, or creed, we are all members of one family, and bound by ties of common humanity to minister to his needs in his hour of trial or affliction. True, the immediate members of the Order are the first objects of fraternal care when taken by disease or disasters, but this is not "charity" but theirs of right for which they have paid in advance, but no true Odd Fellow will send away hungry or naked any one deserving Christian charity. The beautiful story of the good Samaritan, at once the greatest lesson of our Order, and whose example all Odd Fellows are taught and enjoined to emulate, shows that not he alone is our brother who is a member of our family, our lodge or our church, but that tenderness and mercy are due to all our fellow men. Whenever there is pain too soothe, want to relieve, or tears to dry, there should be found those who are pledged to acts of mercy and bound by the links of our Order.—I. O. O. F. World.

## DO THESE THINGS.

Do you know of a brother who is sick? If so, endeavor to call on him and see if he requires anything. This is a part of your work as well as that of the relief committee.

Do you know of a brother who is in distress? If you do, and it is in your power, do what you can to allay his suffering.

Do you know of a brother who is out of work? If so, and you can place him in a position, do it; or do what you can to assist him to procure work.

It is by doing these things, brothers, that the Order has gained the standard it has, and as long as they are continued so long will the flag of true Oddfellowship be seen upon our ramparts.

## CHRISTMAS.

BY HANNAH ISOBEL GRAHAM.

Christmas, Christmas, ancient and hoary,  
Crowned with bright holly and jewelled with snow,  
Day of all days, when the great King of glory  
Came to our earth in the sweet long ago.

Glorious Christmas! angels have sung of thee,  
Prophets and kings have thy advent foretold;  
Sages admire and archangel heraldry  
Prostrate themselves at thy shrine as of old.

Beautiful morn, when the star of the Orient  
Woke with the song of the seraphs above,  
Writing in letters of gold on the firmament,  
God's wondrous plan of redemption and love.

Christmas! Christmas! word of sweet memories,  
Voiced by all ages again and again,  
Night when God's angels appeared to earth's  
weary ones

Whispering of peace and good-will toward men.

Time honoured festival, gladly we welcome thee,  
Blithely we'll carol thy praise as of yore,  
Till we meet the loved friends who keep the kings  
birthday

And gather around Him on yonder shore.

Seaforth, Ont.

AN UNEXPECTED CHRISTMAS  
GIFT.

Mrs. Wells sat alone in her library waiting the return of her husband. She made a handsome picture as she reclined in the depth of an easy chair. Everything about Mrs. Wells was handsome from her tall, graceful figure and well out features to the dainty gloved hand which rested on the arm of the chair. She had just returned from rather a trying shopping expedition and had not yet removed her wraps. The rich fur had slipped back from her shoulders, her cheek rested in its soft warmth, a few bundles lay upon the table where they had been placed by her attendant, the fire burned low, lights and shadows played at hide and seek amid the quaint rich furniture and the shades of evening rested over all.

"There is something delightful about going home after an afternoon shopping," an acquaintance had remarked to Mrs. Wells a short time before as they chatted together in the street car. She thought of it now as she watched the glow of the fire and with it came

"A feeling of sadness and longing,  
That is not akin to pain,  
But resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles rain."

She was only half conscious of this and did not try to analyze it. The firelight as it lit up her face showed marks of discontent which her friends never saw and of which she herself was ignorant. There was a restless expression in the deep blue of her eyes, as they wandered from one object to another in the room.

Outside the wind whistled mournfully and Mrs. Wells drew her wraps closer about her as if she felt its chill. Listlessly she commenced unwrapping the parcels that lay on the table. They were Christmas gifts for friends and this was Christmas eve. She wondered vaguely why it did not bring her more pleasure to give.

She knew for every present given she would receive one in return and she almost wished she was a child again and that something might come as a surprise.

She arose, went to the window and looked out on the world of snow.

"Christmas eve," she said aloud and then softly repeated those sweet lines from Holland's "Christmas Eve."

"There's a song in the air,  
There's a star in the sky,  
There's a mother's deep prayer,  
And a baby's low cry,  
And the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing,  
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king."

Under the shadow of the sumptuous mansion was a little cottage house. In it lived a widow with an only child. Death had but a few months before robbed her of her husband. With heroic courage she had striven to support herself and child. Many a night had Mrs. Wells watched from her window the mother as she rocked her little one to sleep.

To-night she wondered vaguely if Holland's poem meant more to her neighbor than to herself as she repeated the words. "A mother's deep prayer and a baby's low cry."

Then she became conscious that something unusual was going on in the little home below. There was the same bright light streaming from the window, but in place of the pleasant picture she saw dark forms flitting to and fro. She watched them for some time and then opened the window and leaned out. Two women came out of the cottage. They were talking in low tones. "Whatever will become of the poor little motherless thing," one of them was saying.

They moved on. Mrs. Wells closed her window, drew the blinds and resumed her place by the fire. Until now she had never known how warm a place the mother and child had held in her heart. But her reflections were interrupted by the entrance of her husband and she was called back to the old gay life.

It was not until late that night, when friends had gone and the great house was still, that again she looked from her window on the little cottage. Now the bright light was gone and only the dull glow of the funeral tapers streamed out on the white world.

"A baby's low cry"—did some one speak the words? Mrs. Wells started suddenly, a thought came to her. She would go over, it was just a step and she was not afraid.

She slipped silently along the great hall, noiselessly opened the door, and glided out under the winter sky. Swiftly she sped across the snow and tapped at the cottage door. A woman's voice bade her enter. Three women were in the room.

"Let me see the baby," she said. They led her to a corner of the room, where in a plain but spotless cradle a fair child

slumbered. Reverently she bent over it and lifted the dimpled hand. The little fingers closed over her own and a sweet smile played about the tiny mouth but the child slept.

Mr. Wells had finished his newspaper and was wondering where his "beautiful Ellen," as he called her, had gone; when the door opened and she stood before him more beautiful than ever. There was a new light in the blue eyes and a sweeter expression around her delicate lips. In her arms she held a queer shaped bundle and to her husband's smiling inquiry she answered that it was her Christmas gift.

"My unexpected Christmas gift," she added, and then in an almost frightened tone as he held out his hands to take it, "Oh! you must not touch it."

"Will it break?" he asked.

Mrs. Wells laughed, one of her clear musical laughs, and then proceeded to unroll her bundle.

"Isn't it the sweetest Christmas gift?" she exclaimed, as she held it out for his astonished gaze.

"You will let me keep it?" she asked when she had finished her story.

And Mr. Wells as he bent over his fair wife could but answer, "Yes."—*F. L. L.*

## IT'S A SECRET

that many women owe their beauty to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The reason—beauty of form and face, as well as grace, radiate from the common centre—health. The best bodily condition results from good food, fresh air, and exercise, coupled with the judicious use of the "Prescription." In maidenhood, womanhood, and motherhood it's a supporting tonic that's peculiarly adapted to her needs, regulating, strengthening and curing the derangements of the sex.

If there be headache, pain in the back, bearing-down sensations, or general debility, or if there be nervous disturbances, nervous prostration and sleeplessness, the "Prescription" reaches the origin of the trouble and corrects it. It dispels aches and pains, corrects displacements and cures catarrhal inflammation of the lining membranes. Once used, it is always in favor.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation, indigestion, biliousness, headaches and kindred ailments.

Lelande, the unbelieving astronomer, said that "he had swept the heavens and found no God." Moleschott, an eminent physiologist and materialist, uttered his conviction in the phrase, "No thought without phosphorus." John Fiske says that these "perhaps are the silliest remarks that ever appeared in print," and we think that Mr. Fiske is right.

**THE ORIGIN OF CHRISTMAS.**

Long before the Christian era the 25th of December was religiously observed by the "sun-worshippers." On that day is about the first perceptible return of the sun to the northern hemisphere. His return would drive away the frosts and snows, warm up the frozen earth, and clothe the earth in beauty and luxury. The people looked upon the sun as a god, an intelligence, withdrawing to the south just long enough to let the people see what their home, the world, would be without his presence. His return on the 25th of December they hailed with delight. They rejoiced. They sent presents to their friends. They held their religious feasts, with music, mirth and dancing. Sometimes to great excess these feasts are carried. When Christ came, and His doctrine was preached among the "sun worshippers," many were converted to Christianity. To break off their old habits was very difficult. When the 25th of December came it brought the "sun feast." There was the enticement to go and mingle in it. The Christian leaders were not slow to see what the influence would be, so they gave the day a Christian significance. They met in their meeting-houses. They gave presents to each other. They talked of Christ, the spiritual Sun, who had come to give light to and warm the spiritual world. He was the "light of the world." "The people which sat in darkness saw a great light," and "light had sprung up." "The light shineth in darkness, but the darkness comprehendeth it not." "The worlds were made by Him." Therefore the sun was made by Him. The "sun-worshippers" "worshipped the creature more than the Creator," but the Christians worshiped the "Creator, who is blessed for evermore."

The superiority of this over that was soon made visible, and the masses were released from idolatry. It mattered not whether the 25th of December was the birthday of Christ or not, the effect was the same.—*Central Christian Advocate.*

**DOWNRIGHT HONESTY.**

"What this age wants is a revival of downright honesty," says Moody. It is the adjective that makes this statement remarkable. It intimates, we think, that though most people would consider themselves honest in the main, there are times and circumstances when deviations from the straight course and the candid statement of the matter might be tolerated.

There is in the minds of many people, though there ought not to be, a difference between honesty and "downright" honesty. A man who would not take another's silver dollar might deceive "a lit-

tle" for the sake of selling a bill of goods. A person who would not confess to a deliberate lie might deceive in being "not at home" or "so glad to see you!" as a matter of social convenience.

The difference between honesty and "downright" honesty is not visible; the tender conscience recognizes no difference. Men in business, in society, in sports, in religious work, can find no degrees of honesty, because God provides for no such thing.—*Young Men's Era.*

**THE WORD "WIFE."**

What do you think the beautiful word "wife" comes from? The great value of the Saxon words is, that they mean something. Wife means "weaver." You must either be housewives or housemoths, remember that. In the deep sense you must either weave men's fortunes and embroider them, or feed upon and bring them to decay. Wherever a true wife comes, home is always around her. The stars may be over her head, the glow-worm in the night's cold grass may be the fire at her feet; but home is where she is, and, for a noble woman, it stretches far around her, better than houses ceiled with cedar, shedding its quiet life for those who else are homeless. This, I believe, is woman's true place and power.—*Ruskin.*

Plant truth in youth; shield, water, cultivate and care for it; when resting on the downward path you will enjoy its shade.

Trouble due to not taking a receipt illustrates the difference between knowing and doing, as everyone knows the importance of taking a receipt.

If you talk be sure you know what you are talking about or you will be like the man who remarked that "that is the time you hit the head on the nail."

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The diseases of thinness are scrofula in children, consumption in grown people, poverty of blood in either. They thrive on leanness. Fat is the best means of overcoming them. Everybody knows cod-liver oil makes the healthiest fat.

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DISEASED  
AND WEAK MEN.  
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YOUNG or MIDDLE-AGED MEN—You may have been the Victim of Self Abuse when young. Later Excess or exposure to blood diseases may have completed the work. You feel the symptoms stealing over you. You dread the future results. You know you are not a man mentally and sexually. Why not be cured in time and avoid the sad experience of other wrecks of these diseases. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT WILL CURE YOU AFTER ALL ELSE FAILS.

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## OTTAWA.

The courteous (1) manner in which my last letter was received by "ye editor" was very marked.

It is unusual to give space to criticise, and refuse the letter. However, this is a point over which contributors have no control.

The District Committee paid an official visit to Rockliffe Lodge on the 10th inst., the following members being present: F. Hamon, D.D.G.M.; Geo. Bell, Sec.; D. C. F. Gallagher; John Smith, P.G.; T. H. Morgan, P.G.; A. W. Cameron, P.G.; John Baldwin, P.G.; N. Gammon, P.G.; Chas. Elkie, P.G. The speakers appointed by the Committee were P.G.'s Gallagher, Morgan and Smith. It is not necessary to add that they acquitted themselves most creditably.

The welcome received from Rockliffe was warm and sincere, Noble Grand Jacques laying it on perhaps a little too thick; the D.D.G.M. responded in a neat speech. A large number of short pithy addresses were made and a most enjoyable evening spent.

On the 19th the Committee paid a visit to Carleton Lodge, the following being present: F. Hamon, D.D.G.M.; Geo. Bell, P.G.; John Smith, P.G.; T. H. Morgan, P.G.; A. W. Cameron, P.G.; John Baldwin, P.G.; N. Gammon, P.G.; Chas. Elkie, P.G.

Noble Grand Manson extended the courtesy of the chair to the D.D.G.M., who, in accepting, made a neat speech in favour of such visits, and in thanking the N.G. he intimated that this was the first time he was so honoured outside his own lodge. A slight disappointment was occasioned by the absence of two members of the Committee, who were to discuss the circular lately issued; there was an excuse for one, owing to the bad condition of the roads between here and Manotick. However, Bro. Gammon was present and Bro. Baldwin and Elkie volunteered to fill in.

Brothers Baldwin and Gamble spoke on behalf of the "Rebekah Branch," both of whom waxed eloquent in their plea for more of "woman's influence" in our Order. Songs were sung by Bro. Guppy and Morgan and Bro. Elkie favoured us with a recitation. Short and pithy addresses were given by a number of others and a vote of thanks tendered the Committee for their visit, which was duly acknowledged by the D.D.G.M.

The Committee are strongly in favour of an "Odd Fellows' Home" for this jurisdiction. The Encampment and Rebekah branches are now considering a favourable report forwarded from Carleton Lodge on this subject.

Manotick Lodge paid Rockliffe a fraternal visit on the 17th inst. They were

welcomed by Noble Grand Jacques, and a large number of the members, as well as members of Carleton and Earncliffe Lodges, two brothers from Dakota, and P. C. P. Bowie, of Outaouais Encampment and Minnehaha Lodge, Winnipeg, were present.

R. Gamble, P.G., acknowledged with thanks the kindly welcome, strongly endorsing the social visits among lodges, and spoke feelingly of the fraternity existing among our members as more personally exemplified during his late bereavement. Past Grands Latimer and McPhee, of Manotick, F. Hamon, D.D.G.M., A. W. Cameron, P.G., John Smith, P.G., Geo. Bowie, P.C.P., N. Gammon, P.G., and Bro. Johnstone, of Dakota, made short addresses. Joseph Manners, P.D. D.G.M., and R. M. Jones favoured us with songs, E. Ripley, V.G., and Bro. Rettaliack contributed recitations. During the evening coffee and cake were served by a committee of Rockliffe Lodge. Rockliffe will pay Manotick Lodge a visit on Jan. 3rd.

Outaouais Encampment elected the following officers at their last meeting:—F. Hamon, Chief Patriarch; Jas. Langley, P.C.P.; Ralph Holcombe, Senior Warden; George Bell, G.S.W., Scribe; A. W. Cameron, P.C.P., Financial Scribe; George Bowie, P.C.P., Treasurer; T. Sheen, Junior Warden; R. Cottom, P.C.P., Junior; A. W. Cameron, P.C.P., Gavin Lindsay, P.C.P., F. Hamon C.P., Trustees.

The Encampment unanimously resolved that it would be in the interest of the Encampment Branch to have this city declared a district, if such system is adopted by the Grand Encampment. They also decided to meet monthly. It is understood that the George Branch Encampment will adopt the same course and Outaouais will meet on the first Friday and George Branch, on the second Friday, of each month. H. T. Cowan, D.D.G.P., laid the question of an "Odd Fellows' Home" before both Encampments speaking eloquently in favor of such a scheme. The Patriarchal Branch will be found in line in this glorious undertaking.

## PATRIARCHS MILITANT.

Grand Sire Stebbins, Commander-in-Chief, having issued orders for a grand cantonment of the entire army during the coming season, it will now be in order for our Department Commander to make an effort to have it held in a locality convenient to Canada if not in it. It is also desirable to have the date fixed and known as early as possible, in order that the chevaliers may have ample time to arrange for their holidays and cantons to complete their organization. Wishing all a very happy and prosperous NEW YEAR.

## A FEW POINTERS.

Here are a few pointers for your lodge:

Give an entertainment to increase your general fund.

Try to recruit your lodge until you have doubled your present membership—if you succeed there is nothing to prevent your doing the same thing again.

Some of your members have been dropped or suspended; try to re-instate them, if you want them back.

Preserve good discipline, yet try to have something to interest the brethren when they are present.

Do not let the public forget that you are alive.

Strive to make your lodge the best in the Order, and the best lodge of any kind in the city.

Have open meetings and invite the general public.

"Never allow ridicule to repress the utterance of your honest convictions."

When you want to purchase anything be sure to patronize, when you can, a brother Odd Fellow.

No matter where your lodge places you, pull. Pull with a will and you will always have help from the true brother.

The Subordinate and Rebekah Lodges of Buffalo are talking of holding a grand fair for the benefit of the Home at Lockport.

Begin lodge promptly on time if a quorum is present. Tedious delays discourage members from coming, and if it becomes a habit it will soon be impossible to obtain a quorum.

Georgetown, a village in Central New York, has a population of only 200 and it supports a Subordinate Lodge of 80 members, also an Encampment, and every member of the Subordinate Lodge is a member of the Encampment. Georgetown also has a very large Rebekah Lodge.

The Order has an ownership in 2,838 pieces of real estate at a cost of \$12,857,468.94, at a present valuation of \$16,521,724.11, making a net increase of \$4,714,414.06 by the investments. In addition to this it has invested in homes not less than \$1,000,000, with a landed possession of not less than 3,800 acres.

An application will be made at the next session of the Legislative Assembly for a special Act of the Legislature incorporating "The Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows" for Manitoba, with powers of incorporation of subordinate lodges, and with all such powers as are usual and necessary for such a fraternal body.

The Grand Encampment of Utah met in Salt Lake on the 27th of last month. The Grand Scribe's reports are only brought up to the 31st of last March, at which time there were sixteen encampments in the jurisdiction, with a membership of 288. The general condition of the encampment branch is reported much better than at the last session.



**ABOUT OFFICES AND OFFICERS.**

The following from the *Triple Link* is as good as it is true:—

Now that we are nearing the end of a term, and new men are to assume the official positions in the Subordinate lodges, seems an appropriate time to indulge a few reflections concerning offices and officers.

Of course the duties of the several officers of a lodge are defined in detail in the Constitution, but unfortunately a very large per cent. never take the trouble to read the same and therefore remain in ignorance of the very things they obligate themselves to do. The first and most important things for the officer elect is to thoroughly familiarize himself with what is expected of him—or rather with what he pledges himself to perform as an officer at the time of installation.

Not only this but he should also comply with the law requiring him to commit to memory the charges appertaining to his station. It is a very bad sign for the new officer to read his charges. If he begins that way the probability is that he will end that way.

We cannot too strongly urge upon the officers elect the necessity of prompt attendance upon their part if they would expect prompt attendance upon the part of the membership. Every officer should make it a point to not only be in his place every meeting night, but to be in his place on time. Open the lodge promptly on time, despatch business without unnecessary delay, and close on time. We believe it would work well for every lodge to fix upon a time for closing, and when that time comes close.

And remember one more thing. The fact that your brethren have honored you with official position does not mean that they have elevated you to the office of "Boss." A little brief authority makes a fool of some men. Their head suddenly grows to an abnormal size. The brother who holds office in this great Order, from outside guardian to Grand Sire, is the *servant* of the great membership—not a boss; and he upon whom honors have been bestowed who is not more humble, more modest, more courteous by reason of the compliment, simply demonstrates that in his selection his brethren made a mistake.

**OPPOSITION DISARMED.**

As time goes on the unjust and unbrotherly feeling against the eligibility clause in the new Rebekah laws is gradually losing ground, and those who were at first led to believe the law unwise and fraught with danger to the perpetuity of the Rebekah branch of the Order, are now beginning to see the folly of the idea, and are becoming more favorably inclined to the new order of things. Only

one or two fraternal papers were ever hostile to the new law and they have become discreetly silent of late, for the tide of sentiment was so strongly in favor of it, they wisely foresaw they would soon be swallowed up in the maelstrom of progressive thought, and disappear from sight and memory "unwept, unhonored and unsung." The one or two Rebekah assemblies that passed resolutions condemning the new law, and asked the representatives from their respective States to labor for the repeal of the law this fall, are regretting the hastiness of their action, and would undo, if they could, what they now consider was an unwise act. Occasionally a solitary writer who has access to a newspaper column will come to the surface of publicity and show his head long enough to breathe a few words of opposition to the new law, but he soon sinks beneath the wave of popular approval to rise no more.—*The Popular Odd Fellow.*

**A MIGHTY FRATERNAL ARMY.**

The *Statesman* says: More than 4,600,000 persons belong to fraternal organizations in the United States and Canada, the Odd Fellows taking the lead with over 900,000 members followed by the Masons, Knights of Pythias, United Workmen, and thirty other organizations varying in number of members from 14,000 upwards.

In the old country fraternal organizations also have a strong hold on the people, the "Register of Friendly Societies" in Great Britain reporting that the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows has 703,000 members, with a capital of \$40,500,000, and that its juvenile branch has 482,000 members with a capital of \$100,000. There is another Order of Odd Fellows under the general title of Independent, which reports 57,000 members and \$250,000 capital. Besides these there are a number of so-called "unities" of Odd Fellows, with memberships ranging from 5,000 to 20,000. The Ancient Order of Shepherds, one of the very old organizations, reports 25,000 members and \$500,000 capital; the Druids, another ancient fraternity, 4,000 adults and 1,000 juveniles. The Free Gardeners have 60,000 members and \$500,000 capital, and paid out last year \$370,000 in benefits.

In addition to the above there are a large number of co-operative assessment societies, some of which are over 100 years old, showing that after the assertion that after a while the age will grow so old that there will be no one "left to pay the last man" is not tenable, the facts being that the average age of any progressive Order is no higher to-day than it was fifty or a hundred years ago.

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Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets by grocers, labeled thus:  
**JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.**

**SUNDAY READING.**

*CHRISTMAS.*

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,  
But at Christmas it always is young,  
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,  
And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air,  
When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, Old Earth, it is coming to-night!  
On the snowflakes which cover the sod  
The feet of the Christ-child fall gentle and white,  
And the voice of the Christ-child tells out with  
delight,  
That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and  
poor,  
That voice of the Christ-child shall fall,  
And to every blind wanderer opens the door  
Of a hope that he dared not to dream of before,  
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field  
Where the feet of the holiest have trod;  
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed,  
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have  
pealed,  
That mankind are the children of God.  
—Phillips Brooks.

**PULPIT, PRESS AND PLATFORM.**

Dr. John Hall: The best way for a man to get out of a lowly position is to be conspicuously effective in it.

Ram's Horn: Before we give up Christ for the pursuit of riches, hadn't we better ask a millionaire how much money it takes to make one happy?

Rev. F. E. Marsh: But if men will not have God's mercy in love, they must have His might in judgment. He is almighty in grace (Gen. xvii. 1), but He is also almighty to punish (Rev. xv. 3).

Joseph Parker, D.D.: The great fight of life is a contention between the material and the spiritual. Goliath represents the material; he is towering in stature, vast in strength, terrible in aspect. David represents the spiritual; he is simple, trustful, reverent.

Rev. C. L. Williams: "Thou prevailest [precedest] him with the blessings of goodness"—Ps. xxi. 3. Because God has gone before them, men find opportunities in their path and possibilities of happiness open to them. On all sides are evidences of his prevision and of the provision he has made for all emergencies. His grace is far in advance of all human need.

Dr. Wm. M. Taylor: When we think of the tribal inheritance of Judah, still in a large degree retained by the Philistines, we have a striking analogy to the heart of the believer, wherein divers sins and lusts do still contend for the mastery. Each of us has his own giant to fight, and here, too, it must be single combat, with no one to help us but He who went forth with the stripling David.

Rev. F. E. Marsh: Self-will, like the love of money, is a root of evil. Self-will is a blight that will turn the fairest spot on earth into the foulest, as illustrated in Adam by his sin marring his paradise. Self-will is the forerunner of evil, as is seen when Cain

**A - Absolutely.**  
**B - Best.**  
**C - Cure for Pain.**

**FACTS**

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**1 - A Prompt Cure.**  
**2 - A Permanent Cure.**  
**3 - A Perfect Cure.**

**ATHLETICS.**

*Sporting Life, London, Eng., says:*  
"On: of the most excellent remedies for sprains, bruises, strains, over-tension of the ligaments, and other ailments incidental to athletic sports, is: St. Jacobs Oil." The same is said of it by the sporting journals of the States.

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**A PERMANENT CURE. GUARANTEE. A PLEASANT CURE**  
HEAL THE SICK.

**CURE FOR ALL**

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**FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,**  
Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases, it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

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brought a self-conceived sacrifice to God and was rejected in consequence. Self-will is a hot bed where any kind of evil will grow, as is manifested in the lives of the antediluvians.

Rev. James Millar: The other day a friend passed on to me some literature in the interests of the Society for the Prevention of Vivisection. The contentions of the society are that the experiments made upon live animals, without the use of anaesthetics, are unnecessary, are cruel to the subjects, and demoralizing to the experimenter. Will not some one start a kindred society for the protection of men and women in the Chris-

tian church against the operations performed upon them by their fellow Christians? How often the church society meeting is turned into a dissecting room, and some member operated upon with bared nerves and fine sensibilities, while every one present cuts and stabs with a bluntness and thoughtlessness amounting to cruelty, and tears and rasps the feelings of the poor unfortunate, with less than half of the mercy that is credited to the vivisectionists. Our Lord has written the constitution for such a society in a sentence, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." And all the arguments of the other society will apply literally.

## NOW.

Feller what shirks an' is lazy  
Aint no use livin' I vow!  
But I tell yer who is the daisy—  
The feller that does things now.

He's never procrastinatin'  
An' tellin' "why" and "how,"  
When the doin' on't 's what he's hatin';  
He just goes and does it, now.

Ef the cordwood calls for a tussle  
That'll bring the sweat to his brow,  
He gits out his saw with a hustle,  
An' tackles the job right now.

The chap thet talks of ter morrer  
Is crooked somewhere, I 'llow;  
In payin' what he may borror,  
He never gits 'round ter now.

But the feller that starts on the minute—  
The crows don't roost on his plow—  
Ef 't rains he ain't workin' out in it,  
'Cause he gits his hay in now.

Ef yer lookin' for what'll suit yer,  
Yer ken take off yer hat an' bow  
Ter the chap thet's short on the future  
An' ekerly long on now.  
—Frank Batchelder in Life.

"Father" said Robert, "I have long cherished a desire to go on the stage, and have at last decided, with your permission, to—"  
"My son," interrupted the fond parent, "all this world's a stage. Take that hog hanging in the woodshed and go out and dig those potatoes back of the orchard." The engagement lasted a week.

## A HARD-WORKING WOMAN



—sooner or later suffers from backache, nervous, worn-out feelings, or a sense of weight in the abdomen, dragging down sensations and dizziness. It will all come to an end with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for it's woman's special tonic and nerve; it restores her strength, regulates and promotes all the natural functions and makes a new woman of her. Uterine debility, irregularity and inflammation are most often the cause of the extreme nervousness and irritability of some women—the medicine to cure it is the "Prescription" of Dr. Pierce. All the aches, pains and weaknesses of womanhood vanish where it is faithfully employed. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is therefore just the medicine for young girls just entering womanhood and for women at the critical "change of life."

### DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION

CURES THE WORST CASES.

Mr. HOMER CLARK, of No. 208 West 3d Street, Sioux City, Ia., writes: "My wife was troubled with female weakness, and ulcers of the uterus. She had been doctoring with every doctor of any good reputation, and had spent lots of money in hospitals, but to no purpose. She continued to get worse. She was greatly prejudiced against patent medicines, but as a last resort we tried a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. We had seen some of your advertisements, and Mr. Cummings, a west-side druggist, advised us to try a bottle. We tried it with the following results: The first bottle did her so much good that we bought another, and have continued until she has been cured."

MRS. CLARK.

## HEALTH AND HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Chloroform is excellent for carpet bugs.  
A tablespoonful of lime water to a pitcher of milk is very beneficial.

Tumblers that have contained milk should never be washed in hot water, as it clouds the glass permanently.

Velvet that has become crushed may be restored by placing the lining side of the dress over a basin of hot water.

After knives have been cleaned they may be brilliantly polished with charcoal powder. Rub spoons with salt to remove egg stains.

Coffee spots on a damask cloth may be removed by a mixture of warm water, the yolk of an egg and a few drops of wine. After the application the cloth should be washed, when the stain will be found to have disappeared.

To make a really delicate dish out of that coarse vegetable, cabbage, it should be sliced and simmered slowly in milk, enough to cover it, over a slow fire, for two hours. Add a lump of butter and a little nutmeg or mace, as preferred, and serve hot.

For a colds in the head when first felt take from ten to fifteen drops of camphor on a lump of sugar; a very simple remedy, but the most effectual known to medical science. Never take it in water; it precipitates a gum which is an irritant to the stomach and causes vomiting.

Pineapple and Edam cheese should be cut so that the top will fit on again, and thus exclude the air and keep the cheese in good condition. A large piece of another kind of cheese is preserved by wrapping it well in a large square of cheesecloth, dipped and then wrung out of cider vinegar.

Chocolate Marble Cake.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of milk, six eggs, three cups of flour, one teaspoon of baking powder, one teaspoon of vanilla. Take one-third of this mixture and add one-half a cake of chocolate grated. Put a thin layer of the white in the pan, then alternate spoonful of the light and dark mixture; finish with a layer of white.

For Chapped Hands.—Put two ounces of camphor and four ounces of White Rose on any favorite perfume into six ounces of glycerine, and after washing the hands perfectly clean, apply the preparation while they are still wet, and then dry carefully and thoroughly, as if they had only been washed. If this is done several times during the day, one may wash dishes or put coal on the grate, if necessary, without fear of roughening the lovely silk or spoiling the dainty embroideries.

Farina Pudding.—For this pudding there are needed: One quart of milk, four heaping tablespoonfuls of farina previously soaked in a little cold water for one hour, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, two eggs. Scald the milk in the double boiler; stir in the salt, then the soaked farina, and cook steadily three-quarters of an hour. Add the butter; take a cupful of the boiling mixture, and beat into the whipped eggs. Put back into the saucepan, stir for two minutes and pour into a deep open dish. Serve with cream and sugar.

## A BROAD-MINDED DOCTOR.

RELATES SOME EXPERIENCE IN HIS OWN PRACTICE.

Believes in Recommending Any Medicine That he Knows Will Cure His Patients  
—Thinks Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a Great Discovery.

AKRON, PA., April 24th, '95.

Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.

GENTLEMEN,—While it is entirely contrary to the custom of the medical profession to endorse or recommend any of the so-called

proprietary preparations, I shall, nevertheless, give you an account of some of my wonderful experiences with your preparation, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for 'Pale People. The fact is well known that medical practitioners do not, as a rule, recognize, much less use, preparations of this kind, consequently the body of them have no definite knowledge of their virtue or lack of it, but soundly condemn them all without a trial. Such a course is manifestly absurd and unjust, and I, for one, propose to give my patients the best treatment known to me, for the particular disease with which they are suffering, no matter what it is, where or how obtained. I



J. D. Allright, M.D.

was first brought to prescribe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills about two years ago, after having seen some remarkable results from their use. Reuben Hoover, now of Reading, Pa., was a prominent contractor and builder. While superintending the work of erecting a large building during cold weather he contracted what was thought to be sciatica, he having first noticed it one evening in not being able to raise from his bed. After the usual treatment for this disease he failed to improve, but on the contrary grew rapidly worse, the case developing into hemiplegia, or partial paralysis of the entire right side of the body. Electricity, tonics and massage, etc., were all given a trial, but nothing gave any benefit and the paralysis continued. In despair he was compelled to hear his physician announce that his case was hopeless. About that time his wife noticed one of your advertisements and concluded to try your Pink Pills.

He had given up hope and it required a deal of begging on the part of his wife to persuade him to take them regularly.

He, however, did as she desired, and if great appearances indicate health in this man, one would think he was better than before his paralysis.

"Why," says he, "I began to improve in two days, and in four or five weeks I was entirely well and at work."

Having seen these results I concluded that such a remedy is surely worth a trial at the hands of any physician, and consequently when a short time later I was called upon to treat a lady suffering from palpitation of the heart and great nervous prostration, after the usual remedies failed to relieve, I ordered Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The result was simply astonishing. Her attacks became less frequent and also less in severity, until by their use for a period of only two months, she was the picture of health, rosy-checked and bright-eyed, as well as ever, and she has continued so until to-day, more than one year since she took any medicine. I have found these pills a specific for chorea, or, as more commonly known, St. Vitus' dance, as beneficial results has in all cases marked their use. As a spring tonic any one who, from overwork or nervous strain during a long winter has become pale and languid, the Pink Pills will do wonders in brightening the countenance and in buoying the spirits, bringing roses to the pallid lips and renewing the fountain of youth.

Yours respectfully,

J. D. ALLRIGHT, M.D.

"O, mother, what do you think?" remarked the high school girl; "our minister has an amanuensis." "You don't say," replied the old lady with much concern. "Is he doctrin fer it?"—Pittsburg Chronicle.



## 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 Brotherhood 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, DEC. 26, 1895

General Smith, of Illinois—in respect of whom we published an article last week by Past Grand Sire Campbell—has filled his responsible position as Grand Scribe for twenty-one consecutive years.

First-class fraternal papers always give credit for copied articles, second-class papers mark them "Ex.," and the others—well, they steal, brothers, steal, steal with care, steal the brain work of the other editaire. They use, no doubt, steel scissors.

It is a curious fact that, although it is easy enough to get the brothers to join the auxiliary organizations, where the sisters are in control, they can not be induced—only a few of them—to attend the meetings regularly. Perhaps if the officers would wear bloom—well, of course, the costume might be attractive.

The annual election of officers in our fraternal lodges is one of the most important happenings of the entire year. See to it that capable brothers are placed in the chairs and your lodges will prosper. Put incompetent brothers in and the excuse for not attending, "there is nothing going on," will become "one grand sweet song."

"My good brother," said a Rebekah, "have you ever stopped to think how much money is wasted each year for tobacco and rum?" "Well, really," replied the brother, "I haven't, for it's been taking all my time to figure out how many poor families could be supported off the price of the extra cloth women put in their sleeves."

Brothers, send us the news. Have you had an ice cream social lately, an oyster supper, have you painted the cemetery fence, or has your Noble Grand "done and gone" and got married? You surely can find something to write about, and we have to depend upon you to furnish the items. Try your hand at it, even if you don't write but three lines.

The members of every lodge should do all in their power to keep down and discourage gossip. A highly respectable citizen and grand man of this community in years gone by, who was a leading Odd Fellow and Mason, whenever he heard anyone censuring another was wont to remark: "If you cannot say anything good about a person, don't say anything at all."

We regret to learn that Mrs. Ross, wife of the Grand Secretary of the S.G.L., who was injured by a fall at Atlantic City last September, has not yet fully recovered from the accident. In response to an enquiry from this office, Bro. Ross writes: "Am glad to say that Mrs. Ross is improving, though her progress to complete recovery is slow. She walks a little on crutches, but cannot leave her room."

The *Fraternal News* remarks: "We are sad and dejected. We have made a mistake, but we acknowledge it. We sent a kind-hearted brother a bill, and he became real mad and ordered his paper stopped. He only owed us for four years, and now we know that he would sooner owe us all his life than to cheat us out of the amount due. He was so mad that he forgot to send a check with the order to stop, and we do not know what to do. If we stop his paper the *News* will go up, and if we do not stop it he will keep mad and forget to settle."

We have received, from Bro. M. D. Dawson, Grand Scribe, a neatly-bound copy of the Journal of Proceedings of the Grand Encampment, Session of 1895. Bro. Dawson has embellished the Journal with photogravures of some sixteen Past Grand Patriarchs, which, together with the general well gotten-up appearance of the Journal, makes it a valuable record, more particularly to Patriarchs who enjoyed the personal friendship of those who in years past held sway over that Grand body, many of whose acts will be pleasantly recalled by a look at their shadows. We congratulate Bro. Dawson on the completeness of his Journal.

Before our next issue the great New Year's Day concert in Massey Hall will have been held. The excellence of the talent—every artist being a star—demands that there should be a crowded house on each occasion, and from the appearance of the plan, as we go to press, there is every indication that such will be the case. The popular price of twenty-five cents has been maintained throughout the entire hall, with no extra charge for reserving seats. The efforts of the committee should be rewarded for the enterprise they have shown. This is one of the best means of giving publicity to our Order. Let every Odd Fellow lend a hand.

## ELECTIONS.

Again are the members of the various lodges required to select the officers who shall guide the destinies of the lodge for the next term. Again we urge brothers to exercise care and sound judgment in making that selection. A mistake now in placing the helm in incompetent or careless hands, cannot, except in the case of flagrant abuse, be rectified until the end of the term.

The honor of passing through the chairs of a lodge should be not only the reward of service—a recognition of earnest and continuous work on behalf of the Order—but should also testify to the ability and acquirements of the brother so honored. The position of presiding officer in an Odd Fellows' lodge is too important a one to be given to any brother whose attainments do not qualify him to fully comprehend and properly discharge the duties pertaining to that office. There are many in our vast brotherhood who unfortunately have not had the opportunity of acquiring the education and business training that are essential qualifications (or at least ought to be) for such a position. There are brothers, too, who may be even scholarly in their attainments, who nevertheless possess no executive abilities whatever. Such a brother in the principal chair is practically powerless in any emergency, and his floundering when attempting to stem the current of a warm discussion are positively painful.

It is difficult sometimes, indeed often, to decide between two candidates—both seem to be equal in ability and merit—in such cases personal popularity decides the matter. There is a danger, however, of this same personal popularity causing too much weight in the matter of votes. The less popular brother may be, and very often is, the best fitted for the position. Firmness of purpose, and a certain amount of positiveness, are essential to success in a presiding officer. These qualities, however, do not always lead to popularity; not infrequently, it is quite the reverse. We need not point out, however, the folly of voting against a candidate simply because his views are not always in accord with yours, or the worse than folly, of opposing a brother's election because he may have previously defeated you in a discussion, or some plan of your own which you wished the lodge to adopt.

The struggle is nearly always for the V.G. chair. This is as it should be. The reasons should be grave and potent beyond question, that would justify a lodge in defeating a V.G. for the principal chair by electing a P.G. No question of personal likes and dislikes, merely, will do in such a case. If, however, the V.G. has been found to be unfit for the position, so that the standing and progress of the lodge will be materially affected and retarded by

the further elevation of the V.G., then and only then, does some such course become the duty of the members of the lodge.

One of the most effective ways, perhaps, of judging of the abilities of a brother to fill an efficient position in a lodge, is to closely observe how the brother discharges his duties in committee work. For this, if for no other reason, it is not wise to invariably place a P.G. as chairman of a committee.

Briefly, then, in choosing between the candidates, we say to every brother, vote for that one which, in your judgment, is the *best qualified* to fill the position, irrespective of whether he is, personally, the most congenial to you.

### HAMILTON.

#### VISIT OF THE GRAND MASTER.

Bro. Thomas Woodyatt, of Brantford, Grand Master of Ontario, arrived in the city last evening on an official visit to the brethren of the Order in this city. After registering at the Royal hotel, Grand Master Woodyatt was met by Bro. W. Amor, D.D.G.M., and members of the District Committee and escorted to the Odd Fellows' Hall on John street North, where grand honors were accorded him in Victoria Lodge, No. 64, that lodge being in session. Bro. S. M. Thomson, P. G., Harmony Lodge, No. 115, Brantford, accompanied the Grand Master.

In addition to a large number of the members of Victoria Lodge, there were many members from all the city lodges present, together with members from the other lodges in the District. There were also present Bro. James Wilkinson, V.G., Hyde Park Lodge, No. 722, Chicago, who is a native of Hamilton. In addition to routine business the visitors were made participants in and witnesses of two very interesting ceremonies, namely, the presentation of a veteran's jewel to Bro. John Watt, who has been a member of the Order for 25 years; and the conferring of the initiatory degree by the officers of Unity Lodge, No. 47. After short speeches by the Grand Master and others the entire party adjourned to Newport's, where a banquet prepared in this caterer's best style was prepared.

Bro. Wm. Amor, D.D.G.M., occupied the chair, and the visitors occupied places at his left hand. Mayor Stewart and Aldermen Hall and Reid, arriving later in the evening, were also given places of honor at the head of the table. Bro. Dr. James Anderson occupied the vice-chair. The ample menu having been disposed of, the following toast list was opened:

Queen and Royal Family—God Save the Queen.

Grand Master and Grand Lodge of Ontario—Responded to by Grand Master Woodyatt.

Grand Encampment of Ontario—Responded to by George Ross, G.H.P.

Canada Our Country—Responded to by Bro. Stuart Livingston.

Army, Navy and Volunteers—Responded to by Capt. Reid. Song, Tommy Atkins, by Mayor Stewart.

Learned Professions—Responded to by Dr. Anderson and Stuart Livingston. Dr. Anderson sang Ould Ireland, You're My Darlin'.

The Mayor and Corporation—Responded to by Mayor Stewart, Aldermen Hall and Reid. Song, A Bunch of English Roses, M. Rymal.

At this stage the toast list was taken in charge by the Vice-chairman, Dr. Anderson, and the following additional toasts were disposed of:

District No. 9—Responded to by W. Amor, D.D.G.M. and T. McDougall, P.G., District Secretary. Song by David Moore, P.G.

Our Visiting Brothers—Responded to by Bro. Thomson, Brantford, and Bro. Wilkinson, Chicago. Song by George Mathieson, P.G.

The City Lodges—Responded to by the Noble Grands of the local lodges.

The Ladies—Speech and impromptu poem by David Moore, P.G.

The toasts of The Press and Our Host wound up the list and received due attention.

The speeches of the Grand Master were eloquent and appropriate to the occasion. He referred feelingly to his long connection with the Order, and pointed with pride to its growth in this city and throughout the Province. One of the most important questions to be considered in the near future by the brethren was the establishment of an Odd Fellows' home, and Grand Master Woodyatt declared himself in favor of the project. He also favored the presentation of jewels to veteran Odd Fellows.

In response to the toast of the Mayor and Corporation, Mayor Stewart made a stirring speech, in which, with good taste, he refrained from any reference to the coming mayoralty contest. The speech of Stuart Livingston gave evidence of familiarity with his subject and elicited much applause.

The following brethren comprised the Committee of Arrangements: Abner Fraser, P.G.P.; W. Brooks, P. G.; Henry Tyson, P.G.; R. J. Harper, P.G.; Wm. Mittson, P.G.; James Burton, chairman; W. R. Webb, Secretary.—*Hamilton Spectator.*

The man who creates most trouble in his own lodge, and who is the greatest fault-finder at Grand Lodge, is usually the man who is least noted for work calculated to build up the Order or promote its fraternity.

### AN EXPLANATION.

In a late issue of the DOMINION ODD FELLOW, Grand Representative Blackeby asks me to explain the meaning of a report of the Committee on Foreign Relations in the S. G. L. some years ago. The report reads as follows:

"A Grand Lodge can neither order nor permit its subordinate lodges to form a mutual assurance association against sickness, and assess their members for the payment of benefits. Associations for this purpose must be on the basis of voluntary contributions."

There ought not to be much doubt as to the meaning of this report. It says in effect that a Grand Lodge cannot even permit its subordinates to organize an association for insurance against sickness, to which all their members should be compelled to contribute. Associations for this purpose, it further says—that is for the purpose of mutual assurance—must be on the basis of voluntary contributions; that is to say, the voluntary contributions of the individuals who voluntarily unite for that purpose. This report of the Committee, I may say, was not intended to lay down any new law; it simply gave the substance of law existing. The point at issue there was still more definitely decided by Grand Sire Busbee, and will be found on page 12,791, Journal of 1892 decisions numbered 49, 50, and 51.

Cl. T. C.

### DISTRICT VISIT TO LAKEVIEW LODGE.

On Friday evening last District Deputy Grand Master Ball, accompanied by a goodly number of the District Committee, visited Lakeview Lodge. After routine business was disposed of, the gavel was placed in the hands of the D.D.G.M., and a candidate was announced in waiting to be initiated. An initiatory staff was at once formed under the captaincy of P.D.D. Graham and the initiatory work was put on in an excellent manner. The principal chairs were filled as follows:—

Bros. Post, P.G., Jr. P.G.; D.D.G.M. Ball, P.G., N.G.; Russell, P.G., V.G.; Dr. Bowie, P.G., Con.; Hawk, P.G., War.; Willson, P.G., R.S.S.; Large, P.G., L.S.S.; Cumings, P.G., I.G.; J. Munro, P.G., O.S. Con.; Steel, P.G., R.S.N.G.; Bloomberg, P.G., L.S.N.G.; Brookes, P.G., R.S.V.G.; Sara, P.G., L.S.V.G.; Morrison, P.G., S.B. 1; Scaman, P.G., S.B. 2; T. Steel, S.B. 3; Campbell, P.G., S.B. 4.

The man who tries to please everybody pleases nobody.

The only way to break up cliques in lodges, if there be any such in lodges, is to attend the meetings and out vote them. There are twice as many "stay-aways" as there are regular attendants. Members who do not show themselves in the lodge rooms should not find fault with the work done by those who do.

## CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.

Peace and good will from God above,  
 And holy joy  
 And happiness and perfect love  
 Without alloy—  
 Be thine this blessed morn  
 On which the Prince of Peace was born.

May angel choruses strain  
 In joyful strain  
 God's loving gift, and then pronounce  
 In glad refrain,  
 The name of Christ, the King,  
 While all the courts of heaven ring.

And may their song find echo sweet  
 Within thy breast,  
 While His dear name thy lips repeat,  
 And if oppress'd  
 By any foe within,  
 Rejoice! for He shall save from sin

Montreal, Que.

"IVY GREEN."

## THE LEGEND OF POINT MANITOU.

In the wilds of the North lies the Lake of Warpaint—O-Noméning. Far it stretches between beautiful hills clothed with the absolutely perfect forest, where the dark, clustered spires of the evergreens, rising like solemn cathedrals amid the leafy seas of hardwood foliage, cast a profound aspect of mystery and peace. Between it and the Pole there is no habitation of man. There go forward only the silent lives of the creatures of God.

A large-built, red-bearded descendant of the Norsemen, in a white flannel yachting-suit and English drawl, went there one week in summer.

Rising earlier in the morning than was his wont, and looking out from the upper window of the last settler's dwelling in the wilds, he saw nothing at first, beyond a hundred yards, except a blue-gray pall of mist. As his glance ranged along it, a bright gleam caught his eyes. In one place the sun had broken the gray pall and revealed, as in a mirror framed by white edges, the headland of a noble cape, whose long lines could be discerned darkly through the cloud. Around the head of the cape the whiteness of the broken mist was dazzling. It glorified the revealed fragment of rocks and pines and gave the cape a majesty as of a vision. This was Point Manitou.

That night, in the mountains, far away from the settlements camped upon a neck of land between twin lakes of marvellous beauty, the camper and two friends who were with him, covered themselves for sleep, while on the door end of the tent the firelight made quick-moving shadows. The little dog Cheegwis, prowling around, also silhouetted his shadow on it. At the feet of the hunters, the Indian guides lay, just drawing their coarse blanket around their heads. The red-bearded Norseman addressed one:—

"Canard Blanc, why is the cape called Point Manitou?"

The Indian drew the blanket from his head and sat up.

"We others call it the Point of the Windigo," he answered in broken French.

A Windigo! The Norseman was a member of the Folklore Club. He glanced keenly at the Indian, whose faded clothes, his felt hat, his lumberman's oaths, of the day journey, it seemed after all were but a superficial European veneer. Externally an ashen-faced, miserable peasant, there had suddenly been roused to view the child of Nature, the heir of romance. How many thousand years was it since these people came over the Pacific from Asia, from the fringes of hoary and picturesque civilizations?

"In the times before the Catholics, proceeded the Algonquin, "as I have heard from my father, who heard it from the old men, there was a race of Windigos in these parts, who ate the Algonquins. They were not men but like men in appearance, only twice as tall as the tallest men—twice as tall as thee and large in proportion. They were very black, fearfully strong, fearfully fierce, fearfully swift of foot, and able to see in the night, and their whole business was to roam, roam, roam without resting, up and down the woods by day, and by night for, Algonquins to live upon, whom they ate. There are none now, for since the people became Catholics the Windigos lost their power over them, and, as for me, it is my belief that they have all died of hunger in the woods, for want of Algonquins to eat. At any rate we do not hear of any of them living any more. They belong to the time past."

His solemnity and eagerness, and the piercing blackness of his wide-open eyes, with which the Canard Blanc stated his conviction were carefully noted by the party, who had all risen and were sitting up to listen.

A crash in the forest—one of the many mysterious sounds of night—startled their ears, but did not disturb the Indian nor tempt Cheegwis to bark.

"In those days this region was, as now, the hunting ground of the Algonquins and our people were often scattered, seeking game. There was a man who was hunting alone up by Lake Kiamika, in the West, when he saw the track of a Windigo on the shore of the lake at the break of day. He knew it by its great footprint and was afraid, for who could escape a Windigo? When you saw the track of one you were doomed: it was certain to catch you alone in the deep woods within a year. The Algonquin at once determined to try to escape by going to the Lake of Warpaint where he knew that some of our people were assembled, having come up to get paint for the war with the Iroquois; and he lost not a moment in taking his canoe on his head to make the first portage.

"No sooner had he got a little into the woods than he saw another track of the Windigo, fresh, turned towards him, and then he knew it had scented him during the night and was out seeking him. He saw, close by, the ashes of its fire, made of four pine trees, where it had warmed itself. He was afraid, but was a brave man and knew how to save himself if there was a way; besides he was the swiftest runner among the nation. So, with his canoe on his head, he ran across the rest of the portage like a deer that has heard a wolf. His arrows and hatchet were no use against the Windigo.

"At the end of that portage there was a little lake, quite long and narrow, covered with waterlily leaves, and the crossing was the narrow way, and a swamp was at each end. It was very silent—not a bird, not a deer, not a wild duck, only a muskrat, nibbling the water grasses, flopped under the water. Only a fishhawk whistled above him. Only a stick broke in the forest, about the length of tree behind him, and by a glance over his shoulder he saw the Windigo. It was creeping up to him as swiftly as a dog runs. At first you might have taken it for a great black tree, its body was of that size and tallness and its arms stretched out; moonlight came out of its eyes. The Algonquin leaped into his canoe and began the death-chant, but pushed the paddle with all his force. Now, Windigos having no canoes were unable to go on the water, so this one immediately began running around the shore of the lake to catch the man on the other side. The Algonquin, alone on the little lake, paddling for his life, heard the crashing of the bushes as the spirit ran around. The lake was so narrow that as he paddled across he saw the length of it gave him some chance; besides there was the swamp the Windigo had to cross at the lower end. The portage from there was very long to the next lake, and a dangerous rapid of over half a mile which no man had ever passed fell beside it. The Algonquin ran for his life, but when about half the portage was passed he knew by the loud crashing of the forest that the Windigo was close behind. So he cried, "Shall I die by the rapid or die by Windigo?" and jumping down to the shore with one leap, pushed his canoe into the rapids, singing the death-chant, the Windigo crashing along on the shore keeping pace with him, expecting every moment to pick up his body and eat it. However, he did not succeed, owing to the skill of the man, who got through safely after all. Now the next lake was very much more difficult to get around than the other, though larger, for there were four creeks for Windigo to pass. Out of the lower end goes the River of the Algonquin, which has a fall of twenty feet, over which no man had ever passed alive. There was a portage possible only on the south side, on account of high rocks. The man made all haste to reach the portage as soon as possible. As he made the turn of the river approaching it he saw what he was afraid of—Windigo sitting at the portage landing waiting for him just above the smooth of the fall. Its face was striped with red warpaint, and it gave a terrible shout which could be heard above the shouts of the water. The Algonquin thought himself lost, but he drove his canoe at the middle of the fall, shouting back, 'I will die by the river, I will not die by you,' and went over singing the song of a warrior. Windigo ran down to the foot of the fall and stretched out his black arm to pick up the body. But the Algonquin was very lucky that time, too. The fall was divided in the middle by a great smooth



rock up to nearly the top. So the canoe slipped down it sideways into the white water and by the greatness of that man's skill he was not upset.

"After that he paddled and portaged all the way to the Lake of Warpaint without seeing any more of the Windigo. He knew very well that it would not give him up, but there was a party of people at the lake who were camped beyond the Narrows.

"When he arrived at the lake it was after sunset. By the time he had paddled to the middle night had fallen, a storm rose, the waves beat, and as autumn was well advanced the wind and frost were piercing to the point of death. He was making for the head of the cape, and as he was exhausted it was his intention to land there, leave his canoe in the bushes, and walk down the length of the Point, through the woods, until he came to the Algonquin camp at the Narrows. At that time there was a great pine at the very end of the Point on the height of the precipice, which pine lasted there until a few years ago, and had pictures cut on it of Windigo and the Algonquin in his canoe. The warrior saw from a distance, as he approached paddling, that there was a fire on the Point under the pine-tree. As he came nearer and nearer he saw some one at the fire. At length as he arrived a little way from the shore, he saw it was the great Windigo who had made the fire, and by its light could see him walking round and round the pine-tree warming himself and waiting for the man to land. To save himself from being eaten the Algonquin had to stay out in the middle of the lake in his canoe all night in the midst of the cold storm. But whoever sees a Windigo must die. The Algonquin soon died. This is why the cape was called Point Windigo and why the pictures were cut on the pine. In the times of the Catholics the name was changed to Point Maitou."

The Canard Blanc, in the abrupt Indian manner, covered his head again with his blanket and lay down to sleep. Another loud crash in the forest sent a shudder through the strangers. They silently dropped back on their couch of spruce twigs, and the shadow of Cheegwis, taking another prow around the tent, was seen upon the door, distinctly outlined in every hair.

ALCHEMIST.

### THE TRAMP'S CHRISTMAS EVE.\*

"To h—l with Christmas. What's Christmas to me? If you were as cold and hungry as I am, and had no boots, and slept in the station you'd say that too." Such was the growl which an elderly-looking, half-starved tramp uttered as he walked up the street on Christmas Eve. The words were muttered to himself because he was alone, but he meant them for the crowd. He saw all the people whom he passed smiling and happy. The shops as usual were all lit up, and there were all the bustle and hurry which characterize that festive season visible in their bright faces. Young laughter rang out in the frosty air, and above all in the sky twinkled the bright stars as brightly as if they were intended to add to the illumination. The tramp was a pretty seedy specimen. He wore a coat which once had been fairly decent. He had no overcoat. His hat was shocking and his boots had holes. As he walked along he shivered every now and then, and it was plain he moved with pain. At first glance he was not different to the ordinary specimens of his tribe. A second examination would have shown that perhaps in some bygone day he had been something better. His face had not quite lost its expression of respectability. If a ruffian, he was not a truculent ruffian—he was a very unpicturesque one at all events. The passers-by, if they thought it worth while to be curious, said, "Poor devil," and then forgot all about him. The big constable at the crossing of

\* This record has been furnished by one of the Tramp fraternity. It is founded on facts known to the writer and communicated to the editor. If the tone of the contribution appears to be too morbid, or for any reason unsuited to a time when among ordinary people peace and happiness reign supreme, our readers may for that very reason be led to an acquaintance with the sorrows of a terribly large proportion of their fellows who are not ordinary people, and who feel their troubles all the more keenly because they see more clearly than usual at such a season what they have lost and what they are hopeless of regaining. Optimism where it ignores the gospel of despair may be pushed too far.

the streets kept him in sight as a natural foe. So altogether the man might be excused for not feeling exactly in a frame of mind suited to the season. When he uttered the words above quoted it was fairly early in the evening. He felt in his pocket for the hundredth time to see he had not lost a ten cent piece he had found earlier in the evening. When he saw it he stooped and picked it up as a hawk would a chicken. He had also in his pocket a meal ticket or two received from the secretary of his national society, so he was sure of a meal and a bed. Ugh! such a bed! His soul sickened when he thought of what he had to face. What should he do? How could he escape it? He and misery had been for long companions, but this evening when everybody seemed so jolly his wretchedness came home to him more than usual. He turned and went back down the street. It led to a black and turbid river, over which it crossed by a bridge. He reached it. The bridge was all lit up on both sides, and crowds were crossing and recrossing. The tramp stopped in the middle, looked over the parapet, and saw below the dark river with blocks of half frozen slush and ice sluggishly floating down. He shuddered, looked back at the bridge with its brilliant lamps and its moving throngs of passengers. The contrast seemed to paralyze his movement. "Too soon," he muttered, and turned up the street again. As he looked up the street he had come down and saw the long line of illumination his heart failed him. He turned off into a quieter road and plodded on. Soon he came into a region where the lights shone through the window. Door bells were being rung and parcels being delivered. Every now and then a burst of music came either through a half-opened door or through the closed and curtained windows. Suddenly he stops. "What is that? My God, that is the very tune." He puts his fingers in his ears and hastens on. The evening gets colder, the wind is getting up, the stars commence to be clouded over, and specks of snow shine in the rarer gas lights. "It is too cold here, let me get back to the crowd." He turns once more and by another road finds his way back to the street where we first saw him. He passes a stand where they sell hot coffee. He has resisted bar-rooms and taverns. From long experience he knows how short a time hot whisky or grog keeps you hot. But hot coffee is different, and he buys a cup which he pays for out of his ten cent piece. Lingeringly he drinks it and he gets his change. Now he knows his bed is out of the question, but the coffee has warmed him up. The coffee woman being poor herself has taken a quiet stock of her customer, and saying to herself, "Its Christmas Eve," not only gives him a good extra mug full but adds out of her own good heart a chunk of bread. Slowly he drinks and slowly he eats, but too soon it is done. He puts down the cup and slinks away. The other customers and the coffee woman exchange significant looks, and then they too think no more about him. When he comes back to the main street he looks in at the shop windows. The jewellers make a grand display. He sees within his reach, if he could get at them, the means of warmth and food and rest, but they are not for him. The constable sees the expression of his face and "Move on, now" keeps him going. With aimless steps and spiritless movement he loiters along. All of a sudden he turns down a side street where he knows he can find a "dive" where he can get a drink. This time he is going to take spirits and he gets them. When he goes in it is into an atmosphere reeking with smoke and foul language. He gets one drink, then another, and his money is gone. He comes out into the night air and the poison he has taken acts on an enfeebled mind. He seems to himself to see strange visions. He sees a boy at school, a gentle, patient mother; she disappears, the boy is a man. What was the tune he heard? Where was it he used to hear it long ago? It comes back to him. A young girl sitting on the door-step singing it with careless glee. Where is she tonight? Faces come and go before him. They seem to be calling him on. One of them has a cold scheming under-hand expression. He knows it well. That was the man who ruined him, and has brought him where he is. Now he seems again to call him and to mock him as he mocked him long ago. "D— you, I will make you stop." He grasps at him. Where is he? What is this he has hold of? It is the railing of the bridge. One look around and he sees the crowds have gone; the lamps are flickering in the wind; nobody is near; he looks to heaven; the stars have veiled their faces; a leap on to the parapet followed by a plunge into the icy stream and this was the end of the Tramp's Christmas Eve.

R.

**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 REBEKAH DEGREE.**

Oddfellowship, we are told, is progressive in its character. An instance of this truth is the fact that this great brotherhood was the first of the great fraternities to assign a place for women in its work of benevolence and fraternity. In doing this there was, as there always has been, a battle between the progressive and conservative elements, and the question was discussed for many years in the Grand Lodge of the United States, or what is now the Sovereign Grand Lodge. At the session of 1850 Schuyler Colfax, who afterward became Vice-President of the United States, was appointed on a committee to report on the propriety of instituting a Degree for the wives of Odd Fellows. Two of this committee reported unfavorably on the proposition, and Bro. Colfax submitted a minority report, and after long discussion this minority report was adopted by the Grand Lodge of 1850, and Bro. Colfax appointed chairman of a committee to prepare the Degree. He reported the work of this Degree at the session of 1851, and it was adopted and is to-day substantially as reported by him. Such was the inauguration of the Rebekah Degree and is an addition to the literature of Oddfellowship of which the Order may well feel proud; it is, in fact, an epitome of Oddfellowship in all its parts, and the ladies who receive and appreciate it can form a very good opinion of what Oddfellowship is.

The Degree is named after the wife of one of the Patriarchs. She is introduced to us in the inspired writings in a particularly impressive act of courteous hospitality, symbolical of the teachings of Oddfellowship. Abraham had reached the advanced age of 140 years. Sarah, his wife, had died, and the Patriarch, trusting in God's promise, desired to see his son Isaac married, not to one of the daughters of the land where he dwelt, but to one of his own people. So he called his faithful servant Eleazer and bids him go to Mesopotamia, where his kindred

dwelt, and from there bring the future wife of Isaac. Eleazer starts, and after many days' travel reaches his journey's end, travel-stained and tired, and while resting at the well of Nahor there came out to the well a young woman bearing a pitcher. Eleazer asked her the privilege of drinking from her pitcher. The woman saw that he was wearied and fatigued with a long journey, a stranger in a strange land, and with the true courtesy that springs from the promptings of a kind heart, she let down the pitcher, drew the water, and presenting it to him said, "Drink, my lord and I will also draw water for the camels." Eleazer explained to her who he was and on what errand he had come. She invited him to tarry that night at her father's house; he accepted the hospitality, and during the evening he put in so strong a plea for Rebekah to become the wife of Isaac that she consented, and her relations agreed to the marriage. Rebekah accompanied Eleazer the next morning on his return journey, and in due time arrived at the tent of Abraham, was married to Isaac, and he loved her. She became the honored mother of Esau and Jacob, each the head of a mighty nation. Such is the short and simple story of Rebekah as presented by the inspired writer.

**A REMINISCENCE OF THE WAR.**

Bad as was the condition of some Southern negroes before the war, there were thousands of kind masters who were served by their slaves through love rather than by fear, slaves who had received kindly treatment preferred to remain "marse's nigger" rather than be free men, and many touching examples of fidelity are related. One William L. Williams reports the following incident:

I saw a pathetic instance at Greensboro of a negro's fidelity. About ten miles from the town I saw a grave with a marble slab at its head. Seated near it was an old negro with a bunch of flowers, which he was placing upon the mound. I stopped my horse and spoke to him: "Whose grave is that, uncle?" I asked.

"Marse Tom's, boss. I'm his nigger."

"Oh, no, you are no man's nigger now. Didn't you ever know that you were free?"

"Dunno duffin' 'bout dat sah. I see Marse Tom's nigger, sah, an' he's waitin' foh me suah up dar. Dese han's done tote him frum dat place dey call Shiloh, an' he died while I wah a totin' 'im; jest closed his eyes an' went to sleep, an' when I comes ter cross de ribber ob Johdan he jest hol' out his han's and he tells de angel at de gate who I be, an' he let me in. I dreamed 'bout it las' night, boss."

I was interested in the old fellow, and wanted to hear his story. The slab at

the grave told me it was that of "Col. Tom Winn, killed at the battle of Shiloh," and I questioned the faithful old negro further:

"How old are you, uncle?"

"Mos' a hundred, I reckon, sah."

"Were you in the war?"

"Went wif Marse Tom, sah, I see his nigger, an' he's in heaben. I see jest a waitin' till dese old bones, weary wid trabellin' ober the road, 'll take me to de ribber, where Marse Tom'll help his ole nigger ober."

"Were you with him when he was killed?"

I was right dar, boss. Done pick 'im up an' toted 'im to that place dey call Corinth; den I foun' a train got to de place dey call Chattanooga; de nex' day we wah in Atlanta. Marse Tom den in glory. Dis heah nigger lef' to ten' to his body. Dey buried 'im when I got 'im heah, an' dis nigger jes' lef' to ten' his grave an' keep de flowers hyah."

I found upon inquiry that the story was true. For a quarter of a century the faithful negro has done nothing but attend the grave of his young master, whose body he brought from northern Mississippi to central Georgia.

The foregoing narrative affords one of the most striking instances of friendship, fidelity and unwavering faith that has ever come under our notice. It equals the story of David and Jonathan, so familiar to all Odd Fellows. May we not profit by it?—Joseph Kidder.

**HIS CHURCH AFFILIATIONS.**

This story is told by a minister of the Episcopal church, travelling south, who met a citizen who claimed that he also was an Episcopalian.

"To what parish do you belong?" I inquired.

"There ain't nuthin' of that sort in this part of the country that I ever heard of," he replied.

"But who confirmed you?" said I.

"Nobody," he said.

"But didn't you tell me you were an Episcopalian?" I asked in astonishment.

"Oh, yes," said the old man: "I'll tell ye how it is. Last spring I went down to New Orleans visitin', and while I was there I went to church, and it happened to be an Episcopalian one, and among other things I heard 'em say that they'd left undone them things they'd oughter done; and done them things they hadn't oughter done; and I said to myself, 'That's just my fix' too,' and since then I've always considered myself an Episcopalian."

"Well," said I, as I shook the old man's hand, "If your ideas of an Episcopalian are correct, we are the largest denomination in the world."

## THE BEST MEMBERS.

While the discussion as to who are the best members of a lodge may give room for much discussion, but when simmered down they will be found to be divided into three classes.

First, the member who is punctual, regular in his attendance and ready to take any part assigned to him.

Second, the brother who, true to his obligation, look after the sick and those in distress, and attends their every wish.

Third, the brother who is anxious to see the Order increase, who takes pride in bringing good men into the Order. It is also he who constitutes one of the financiers of the lodge, urges economy, but is liberal when it is necessary to spend a little money which will prove an investment to the lodge.

Without some one to represent all three of these important factors a lodge will become dormant. It takes a certain amount of push to create enthusiasm and then an interest is created which will increase.

It is not the best member who may attend lodge regularly, and by his harangues and lack of knowledge assume to control a lodge. He who will tire out and disgust those present, is not a good member, but perhaps he in most instances don't realize what a bore he is. In some instances his aim is good but judgment poor. Such members should be informed in a quiet way of their faults, and then if they insist on a like proceeding they should be promptly "sat upon."

It is not the good member who fails to sympathize and assist the sick and distressed. It is not the good member who will allow his brother to be slandered or who will gossip. It is not the good member who will allow his temper to dispose of good nature on a slight pretence or on an imaginary grievance. It is not a good member who will violate an obligation either as an Odd Fellow or a private citizen. It is the good member who will visit the sick, encourage and assist those in distress. He will, if in the right, protect the good name of a brother; be free from silly tales concerning the actions of others; he will reason before he gets angry, and endeavor to make his word as good as a bond, and every time he will add more admiring friends.

The good member will attend lodge as often as he can and no task will be a burden. He will show to the world the true principles of the Order and through his influence the world will see the beauties of the Order he represents and his name will be an honor.—*Colorado Odd Fellow.*

To encourage proficiency in the unwritten work the Idaho Rebekah Assembly requires every nominee for office to exemplify the work before the Assembly.

## DO NOT WRONG THE LODGE.

Do not wrong the lodge by presenting a petition for membership of one whom you do not believe will make a creditable member, even though you do think "he is about as good as some others we have." That is not sufficient justification for recommending such a person. It is our duty to consider, first, the welfare of the lodge, and guard it against the intrusion of improper characters. One bad man can create a vast amount of trouble in a lodge and so seriously cripple it that it will require years of hard and faithful work to recover.

Do not wrong the lodge by remaining silent when a brother has presented the petition of one you know to be unworthy. Do not let the investigation committee remain ignorant of the facts in your possession until it is too late, and then, after he is admitted, ask "Why in the world did you take that fellow in?"

Do not fail to vote on the petition of an unworthy applicant, or voting, vote to admit such a one to the serious injury of the lodge, in order that you may boast that you "never cast a black-ball." That is a very foolish boast, and usually, he who makes it is only boasting of the fact that he has failed to do his duty.

When one has been admitted whom

you think is unfit for membership, do not go to any of the brothers and tell them. "If you are going to make a business of taking in such men as he, I don't want to stay in."—*Talisman.*

An Irish invalid returning from a health journey, remarked that he had come back another man altogether, and was quite himself again.

In youth one is surprised that he knows so much. When he has reached matured life he is surprised that there are so many things that he doesn't know.

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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. Dragg, N. G.; Wm. R. West, V. G.; W. H. Clark, Secretary; Thos. Houston, Treasurer. P. O. Box 100. H. 5

MEDICINE HAT. Medicine Hat Lodge, No. 3, meets every Thursday at 8 o'clock p.m., Calton Hall, Officers—W. Cousins, N. G.; T. Ferrit, V. G.; J. Cook, R. S.; T. W. Ireland, P. S.; F. J. Reynolds, P. G. H 5

PROVINCE OF MANITOBA.

BRANDON. Brandon City Lodge, No. 6, Friday, 8 o'clock Lodge-room, Fleming Block, Ross Ave. Officers—E. G. Daniels, J. P. G.; Geo. Aker, N. G.; Fred. Lambert, V. G.; E. Wiswell, R. S.; J. F. Howard, P. S.; J. A. Russell, T. H 5

NEPEAWA. Nepeawa Lodge, No. 16, Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in Odd Fellows Hall, in Hutchings & Bemrose's Block. Officers—Joseph Yates, N. G.; W. G. Harrison, V. G.; W. F. Young, R. S.; R. D. Young, P. S.; C. D. Bemrose, P. G.; Treas. H 5

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE. Portage Lodge, No. 3, Tuesday evening, Odd Fellows Hall, Saskatchewan Ave. Officers—W. A. Gray, N. G.; J. H. Heuston, V. G.; P. McPherson, R. S.; J. Dudmead, P. G.; M. B. Snider, P. G.; Treas. P. O. Box 453. H 4

MORDEN. Nelson Lodge, No. 9, Friday evening. Officers—H. B. Brown, N. G.; Wm. Henderson, V. G.; S. M. Battram, R. S.; B. C. Chubb, P. S.; Harry Meikle, P. G., T. H 3

WINNIPEG. Manitoba Lodge, No. 1, Friday evening 8 o'clock, in Odd Fellows Hall, corner Princess St. and McDermott Ave. Officers—Chas. May, N. G.; Geo. Clements, V. G.; J. W. Baker, P. G.; R. S.; H. C. Dumas, P. S.; J. R. Alexander, P. G.; Treas. H 5

WINNIPEG. North Star Lodge, No. 2, Tuesday evening in Friendship Hall, McIntyre Block, Officers—O. H. Ding man, N. G.; J. R. McNabb, V. G.; R. L. Elliott, R. S.; John Simpson, P. G.; R. S.; John Erzingar, Treas. H 4

WINNIPEG. Minnehaha Lodge, No. 7, Thursday, 8 o'clock Friendship Hall, Main St. Officers—R. O. Barnwell, N. G.; J. Dagg, V. G.; F. Kenny, R. S.; G. W. VanVuiet, P. S.; John Douglas, P. G., T. H 5

MARITIME PROVINCES.

HALIFAX. Mystic Lodge, No. 18, Thursday evening, Odd Fellows Hall. Officers—Sam J. Porter, N. G.; W. J. Forbes, V. G.; J. A. Laidlaw (P. O. address, 77 Lower Road Halifax), P. G.; R. S.; R. W. Longueuil, P. S.; John H. Sutherland, P. G.; T. C. P. Blithen, J. P. G. H 3

ST. JOHN, N. B. Siloam Lodge, No. 29, Monday night, 10 O. P. Hall, 87 Union St. Officers—Fred A. Wright, N. G.; Thos. M. Crowwell, V. G.; F. S. Manks, R. S.; Arthur G. Blais, P. S.; John Jackson, T. H 4

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.; W. H. Bows, V. G.; Jas. Mathie, P. G.; Secretary, A. W. Denman, Treasurer. H 5

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

COATICOOK. Victoria Lodge, No. 16, meets every alternate Tuesday at 7:30 p.m., over Shurtliff's Hall. Officers—E. W. Akhurst, R. S.; John Hyslop, N. G.; Thos. Grady V. G.; E. A. Akhurst, R. S.; W. E. Clark, P. G.; P. S.; E. E. Wetherill, T. W. E. Clark, P. G.; D. G. G. M. H 5

DANVILLE. Golden Rule Lodge, No. 13, Friday evening, Odd Fellows Hall, McCallum Block. Officers—S. C. Armstrong, N. G.; H. R. Henderson, V. G.; E. A. Mountain, P. G.; S. F. Foster, P. S.; J. E. Andrews, Treas. H 3

LACHUTE. Laurentine Lodge, No. 14, Tuesday p.m., Olivet Hall. Officers—Robt. McArthur, N. G.; Geo. McGregor, V. G.; Robt. Law, R. S.; Alex. Riddell, Treas. H 5

MONTREAL. Mount Royal, No. 1, Monday at 8 p.m., Odd Fellows Hall, 231 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. H 4

MONTREAL. Mizpah, No. 3, Thursday evening, 13 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. H 5

MONTREAL. Duke of Edinburgh, No. 4, Tuesday, 8 p.m. 2204 St. Catharine St. Officers—W. Kennedy, J. P. G.; R. J. Stevenson, N. G.; J. A. McWattie, V. G.; N. Wood, R. S.; J. S. McCallum, P. S.; A. W. Childs, T. H 2

MONTREAL. Beaver Lodge, No. 6, Tuesday, 8 p.m., Unity Hall, 506 Wellington St., Poin. St. Charles. Officers—A. Carmichael, N. G.; Geo. McGowan, V. G.; A. W. Stareley, P. G. (P. O. Box 76, Point St. Charles), R. S.; F. W. Berridge, P. S.; R. H. Livingstone, P. G.; Treas. H 5

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.; V. G.; Leonard R. Kerr, P. O. Box 1980, R. S.; J. Smith, P. S. H 2

MONTREAL. The Excelsior Lodge, No. 12, meets every Tuesday evening at 251 St. James St. Officers—G. M. Brown, N. G.; J. E. Lanktree, V. G.; James M. Salmon, P. O. Box 2366, R. S.; F. W. Milhann, P. S.; A. E. Hinton, T. H 5

QUEBEC. Albion Lodge, No. 2, Wednesday, 8 p.m., Odd Fellows Hall, 14 Avenue St., Esplanade Hill. Officers—A. P. Doldridge, N. G.; Jas. Kelly, V. G.; A. Jno. Teakle, R. S.; 71 St. Augustin St.; H. Hull, P. S.; R. J. Edwards, P. G., T. H 5

RICHMOND. Pioneer Lodge, No. 7, Odd Fellows Hall Tuesday, 8 p.m. Officers—F. Halligan, N. G.; A. E. McLaughlin, V. G.; L. Y. Verrill, P. G.; R. S.; Box 85, Melbourne, P. J.; Wm. Davis, P. S.; G. G. Gymer, P. G. M., T. H 5

MONTREAL. Montreal Encampment, No. 1, at Odd Fellows Hall, 251 St. James street, second and fourth Wednesdays, 8 p.m. Officers—A. E. Alson, C. P. F. Brown, H. P.; Jos. Wilson, Jr., S. W.; Walter Adams, W. J. E. Eaton, R. S.; J. A. Finlayson, P. C. P. P. S.; A. W. Staveley, P. C. P. P. Treas. H 5

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

BRAMPTON. Golden Star, No. 101, Thursday evening, Crawford Building. Officers—E. J. Martin, N. G.; Geo. Pulfer, V. G.; J. J. Manning, R. S.; J. Perry, P. S.; J. Reynolds Treas. H 5

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. McIntosh, R. S.; Jas. W. Tuttle, P. S.; S. M. Thomson, T. P. O. Box 266. H 5

BROCKVILLE. Brooc Lodge, No. 9, Tuesday evening, Odd Fellows Hall. Officers—J. H. C. Todd, N. G.; G. G. Grother, V. G.; C. C. Lyman, P. G.; R. S.; W. H. Cole, P. G. M. P. S.; John Briggs, P. S.; Treas. H 5

BROCKVILLE. St. Lawrence Lodge, No. 137, Thursday, 7:30 p.m. Officers—John W. Pask, N. G.; S. W. Bell, V. G.; W. H. Nutt, P. G.; Box 361, R. S.; H. B. Coates, P. G.; P. S.; W. Wood, P. G., T. H 5

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. Meln tosh, P. S.; A. H. Edwards, Treas. H 4

CHAPLEAU. Missanable Lodge, No. 195, Tuesday, 8 p.m., Odd Fellows Hall. Officers—Archie McLaren, N. G.; J. Doull, V. G.; J. M. Austin, P. G.; R. S.; Chas. Murphy, P. G.; P. S.; J. B. Dexter, P. G.; Treas. H 5

CORNWALL. Oriental Lodge, No. 163, Monday, 8 p.m., in Littlefield Block, Pitt Street. Officers—W. S. Friend, N. G.; Thos. Hope, V. G.; P. B. Binnett, P. G.; Rec. Sec. F. E. Green, P. G.; Per. Sec. J. B. Atchison, Treas. H 5

JAMMING'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. H 4

DICKINSON'S LANDING. Fellowship Lodge, No. 303, second and fourth Tuesdays, at 8 p.m. Odd Fellows Hall. Officers—W. J. Ransom, N. G.; Oliver Raymond, V. G.; H. R. Ransom, R. S.; F. D. McCleverty, P. S.; Dr. Weagant, Treas. H 6

EAST TORONTO. East Toronto Lodge, No. 263, Tuesday evening, in Odd Fellows Hall. Officers—W. J. Tasson, N. G.; J. Hewitt, V. G.; R. G. Beatty, R. S.; F. Nettleton, P. S.; W. H. Givens, Treas. H 5

FERGUS. Fergus Lodge, No. 73, Tuesday evening, 8 o'clock Odd Fellows Hall, Commercial Buildings. Officers—Robt. S. B. H. Perry, P. S.; John Craig, Treas. H 5

FLORENCE. Florence Lodge, No. 196, Monday, at 7:30 p.m., in Oddfellows Hall. Officers—J. J. McGuire, V. G.; D. McDonald, R. S.; Eugene Walker, P. S.; Isaac Unsworth, T. H 5

FOREST. Royal Oak Lodge, No. 108, Monday evening, Lodge Room, King St. Officers—E. J. Flavin, N. G.; S. C. Carroll, N. G.; D. A. Buchanan, R. S.; H. Barron, P. S.; A. F. Steel, Treas. H 5

PORT WILLIAM. Algoma Lodge, No. 267, Thursday, 20 o'clock. Officers—A. McNaughton, N. G.; T. Kenrick, V. G.; T. W. Rutledge, R. S.; P. F. McCallum, P. S.; N. Hamilton, Treas. H 6

QALT. 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 433, R. S.; W. A. Dennis, P. G.; P. S.; A. D. Duce H 5

GANANOQUE. Gananoque Lodge, No. 114, Monday, 8 p.m. Odd Fellows Hall. Officers—J. J. Flavin, N. G.; C. R. Cotton, V. G.; Fred Arthur, R. S.; John Munden, P. G.; S. A. E. Meggs, P. G.; Treas. H 5

GUELPH. Reliance Lodge, No. 89, Monday evening, Odd Fellows Hall, cor Windham and Main Sts. Officers—Wm. Goodwin, N. G.; Bro. Siz. hens, V. G.; John Colson, R. S.; S. Law, P. S.; C. E. Horning, T. H 5

HAMILTON. Excelsior Lodge, No. 44, Thursday evening, in Odd Fellows Hall, John St. Officers—P. A. S. Carroll, N. G.; M. Fenton, V. G.; S. Robbins, R. S.; Jos. Tinsley, P. G.; P. S.; E. Schultz, Treas. H 4

HAMILTON. Unity, No. 47, Wednesday, 8 p.m., Odd Fellows Hall, John St. Officers—Wm. Anderson, J. P. G.; H. J. Evans, N. G.; Robt. Douglas, V. G.; Oliver Beatty, R. S.; Alf McCannish, P. S.; Alex. McKay, M. P., P. G.; Treas. H 5

HAMILTON. Victoria Lodge, No. 64, alternate Tuesdays, in Odd Fellows Hall, John St. Officers—Frank E. Walker, N. G.; Mark Reid, V. G.; H. F. Richardson, 62 Market St., R. S.; Abner Fraser, P. G.; P. S.; W. R. Davis, T. H 5

HAMILTON. Crescent, No. 104, Friday evening, Odd Fellows Hall, John St. North. Officers—Jno. E. Bremner, J. P. G.; F. Mitchell, N. G.; S. Aiken, V. G.; Geo. Britton, 17 Elm St., south, R. S.; R. J. Faulkner, P. G.; 123 Queen St. South, P. S.; F. Garthlow, P. G.; Treas. H 4

HAMILTON. Minerva Lodge, No. 197, alternate Wednesday evenings, in 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. H 5

KINCARDINE. Penetangore Lodge, No. 172, Tuesday evening, Odd Fellows Hall. Officers—Wm. M. Mandly, N. G.; R. A. Eastaie, V. G.; R. D. Hall, R. S.; Edward Fox, P. S.; Geo. Swan, Treas. H 5

KINGSTON. Kingston Lodge, No. 59, Friday, 8 p.m., in Odd Fellows Hall. Officers—W. Cochran, J. P. S.; 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. H 5

KINGSTON. Catarqui Lodge, No. 10, Tuesday, 8 p.m., in Wilkison's Block, corner Princess and Montreal Streets. Officers—J. Kennedy, J. P. G.; Donaldson, N. G.; J. Nicholson, V. G.; R. S. Douglas, R. S.; O. E. Barlow, P. S.; W. Newlands, T. H 5

LEAMINGTON. Leamington Lodge, No. 140, Thursday, at 8 p.m., in Odd Fellows Hall. Officers—Walter Storer, N. G.; William Treas, V. G.; W. T. Easton, R. S.; James Neil, P. S.; Jas. Hamby, T. H 4

LINDSAY. Lindsay Lodge, No. 109, Monday, 8 p.m. Officers—Robt. Chamber, N. G.; Alex. Fisher, V. G.; J. H. Anderson, R. S.; E. Williamson, P. S.; G. H. Mathie, T. H 5

MIDLAND. Midland Lodge, No. 274, Friday evening at 8 p.m., in the Wallace Block. Officers—H. O. Stokes, N. G.; V. G.; J. A. Stafford, Treas. H 5

MOUNT FOREST. Garnet Lodge, No. 139, Tuesday evening, in Odd Fellows Hall, Haldes's Block. Officers—D. I. Stewart, N. G.; G. J. Reid, V. G.; John Corley, R. S.; E. Snider, P. S.; John T. Skales, T. H 5

NEW HAMBURG. Nith Lodge, No. 96, Thursday, 8 p.m., in Berger's Block. Officers—Otto E. Presspacher, N. G.; C. J. Fox, V. G.; Alex. Fraser, R. S.; Louis Ritz, P. S.; Wm. Schaff, Treas. H 5

NORTH BAY. North Bay Lodge, No. 271, Tuesday evening in Oddfellows Hall, Ferguson Block. Officers—Geo. E. Pay, N. G.; I. Shaw, V. G.; J. A. Ross, R. S.; E. W. Ross, P. S.; Dr. Carru'hers, Treas. H 5

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

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. Egzman, V.G.; Chas. G. Hulet, R.S.; R. K. Panter P.S.; J. C. Panter, Treas. C2

TORONTO. Prince of Wales Lodge, No. 230, Tuesday night in Odd Fellows Hall, corner Queen and Lisgar 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

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. Hubbard, R.S.; Geo. R. Carson, P.S.; Chas. F. Doty, Treas. G5

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

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

TORONTO. Wilson Lodge, No. 242, Monday, 8 p.m., Prospect Hall, corner Ontario and Prospect Sts. Officers—M. Rosenthal, N.G.; F. A. Bowden, V.G.; E. V. O'Brien, 70 Victoria St., R.S.; H. Hooper, P.S.; T. R. Bain, T. D5

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.; F. W. May, P.G.; P.S.; G. Bell, P.G., T. J5

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

OTTAWA. Carleton, No. 240, 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. MacInnion, R.S.; A. E. Mattice, P.G.; P.S. John Smith, Treas. H5

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

OTTAWA. Rockliffe 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. Hayer, 90 Rosser St., R.S.; W. J. Fairbairn, P.S.; J. K. Pearce, Treas. Visiting brethren always welcome. D5

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

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

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

PARRY SOUND. Parry Sound, No. 189, Monday 8 p.m. Odd Fellows' Hall, James St. Officers—Jos. Bregg, N.G.; Geo. Molyneux, V.G.; S. Moulton, P.S.; Jno. Clark, R.S.; John Galna, T. A5

WINDSOR. Ontario Encampments.

PEKTH. 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. Meighan, P.N.G., T. A5

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

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

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, P.S.; T. McCallum, Treas. G2

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

OTTAWA. George B Encampment meets second and fourth Monday of every month in Odd Fellows' Hall, Bank and Sparks Sts. Officers—R. Johnston, C.P.; P. Hamon, S.W.; James Langley, P.C.P., H.P.; E. T. Holcomb, R.S.; A. W. Cameron, P.C. E., P.S.; G. H. Bowie, P.C.P., Treas.; Thos. G. Sheen, J. W. Visiting Patriarchs welcome. F5

PRESCOTT. Amity Lodge, No. 80, Thursday, 7.30 p.m. Officers—Freeman Scott, N.G.; Wm. J. Wilby, V.G.; J. E. Adams, R.S.; G. S. Wardrop, P.G., P.S.; and Isaac W. Plumb, P.G., Treas. 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. Johnston, C.P.; P. Hamon, S.W.; James Langley, P.C.P., H.P.; E. T. Holcomb, R.S.; A. W. Cameron, P.C. E., P.S.; G. H. Bowie, P.C.P., Treas.; Thos. G. Sheen, J. W. Visiting Patriarchs welcome. G4

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, G. S. Treas. J5

TORONTO. Toronto Encampment, No. 8, 2nd Thursday in month, Odd Fellows' Hall, cor. Yonge and College Sts. Officers—G. E. Post, P.C.P., C.P.; W. Blyth, S.W.; A. G. Allison, P.C.P., H.P.; C. Holmes, R. Scribe; T. Colly, P.C.P., P.S.; Jno. Donogh, P.C.P., Treas.; H. E. Terry, J. Scribe. H4

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

TORONTO. Rehoboth Encampment, fourth Thursday in 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.W.; J. A. Wilson, Scribe; James Robertson, F.S.; J. T. Hornibrook, Treas. J4

RAT PORTAGE. Gold Hill Lodge, No. 291, Thursday, 8 p.m., Gardfield Hall. Officers—H. Barnes, N.G.; W. J. Taylor, V.G.; N. Schuarr, P.G., R.S.; P. H. Clark, P.G., P.S.; Geo. Barnes, P.G., Treas. K4

TORONTO. General Relief Committee meet third Thursday in each month. Officers—Wm. Warty, Pres.; A. W. Finkle, Vice-Pres.; W. J. McCormack, 29 Grosvenor St. Telephone 4637 Sec.; Samuel Thompson, Treas. H4

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

TORONTO. Daughters of Rebekah.

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. Leamon, P.S.; Wm. Brown, Treas.; Wm. Turner, J.P.G. K5

TORONTO. General Relief Committee.

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

TORONTO. General Relief Committee meet third Thursday in each month. Officers—Wm. Warty, Pres.; A. W. Finkle, Vice-Pres.; W. J. McCormack, 29 Grosvenor St. Telephone 4637 Sec.; Samuel Thompson, Treas. H4

SUBURBY. Sudbury Lodge, No. 282, 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Odd Fellows' Hall. Officers—F. N. Kilpatrick, N.G.; David Johns V.G.; N. Doyle, R.S.; G. J. Oliver, P.S.; J. W. Hardy, Treas. K5

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. Scobie, P.N.G.; Sister M. Lennox, N.G.; Sister Mrs. M. Leader, V.G.; Sister Miss P.S.; Sister Mrs. S. Batters, Treas. L3

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

TORONTO. Covenant Lodge, No. 52, Tuesday evening, Odd Fellows' Hall, cor. Yonge and College Sts. Officers—John H. Templeman, P.G.; Geo. P. Dale, N.G.; W. B. Robinson, V.G.; Chas. Woodall, 431 Ontario St., R.S.; Edwin Tull, P.S.; J. B. Carter, T. C5

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 Hayter St.), R.S.; John Anderson, P.S.; W. Menzies, T. E5

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. Macomb, 10 Orford avenue, R.S.; Geo. C. Mortimore, 4 North street, P.S.; Jas. Robertson, T. G5

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. Macomb, 10 Orford avenue, R.S.; Geo. C. Mortimore, 4 North street, P.S.; Jas. Robertson, T. G5

TORONTO. ELIAS ROGERS & COY.

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. Macomb, 10 Orford avenue, R.S.; Geo. C. Mortimore, 4 North street, P.S.; Jas. Robertson, T. G5

TORONTO. ELIAS ROGERS & COY.

TORONTO. The Toronto Lodge, No. 71, Monday, 8 p.m. Odd Fellows' Hall, cor. Brunsvick and College Sts. Officers—E. E. Saurer, 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. ELIAS ROGERS & COY.

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. ELIAS ROGERS & COY.

TORONTO. Albert Lodge, No. 194, Friday, 8 p.m., Odd Fellows' Hall, Queen St. and Denison Ave. Officers—A. G. McFarlane, N.G.; Robt. MacLean, V.G.; R. N. Sheppard, R.S.; R. C. Morrison, P.S.; Harry Sherris, T. H5

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I have smoked every kind of tobacco,  
But the brand that is dearest to me,  
The one I prefer to all others,  
Is the plug that is stamped "T. & B."

I have smoked in my own native island,  
Every kind that the Britisher burns,  
'Cut Cavendish,' 'Golden Leaf,' 'Shag,'  
'Virginia,' 'Birdseye,' and 'Returns,'  
Yes; I've smoked every English tobacco,  
But something I yet have to see  
Is a brand that will fill every longing  
Like the plug that is stamped "T. & B."

I have smoked the West India Havanas,  
The Hindoo Cheroots and Burmese,  
I have smoked 'Hubble-bubbles' and 'Hookahs,'  
Lying stretched on divans at my ease,  
But I never yet found a tobacco,  
In my journeys by land or by sea,  
To compare with that best of all baccays,  
The pure golden leaf, "T. & B."

They say tobacco will shorten  
One's life, and I know that is true,  
For once when I ran short of baccy  
Each awful day lengthened to two;  
But I mean to take heed for the future,  
That no such mishap befalls me,  
And intend to invest my spare dollars,  
In a caddy of choice "T. & B."

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She: Oh, see that scarecrow out there in the field. He: That isn't a scarecrow. She: It must be; see how motionless it is. He: That's the hired man at work.

Clara: What a terrible noise that wagon makes! George: Yes; it's dreadful; isn't it? C: What makes it groan so, George? G: Why, it is filled with green apples.

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