

THE DOMINION ODD FELLOWS

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

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POST CARD LODGE NOTES

TORONTO: Broadview Lodge will celebrate its third anniversary, on December 16th, by giving a concert and dance. An active committee have the matter in hand, and the event will no doubt be widely patronized by members of the fraternity.

GUELPH: Reliance Lodge had a good attendance last Monday night, and a spirited meeting. The sick visiting committee gave an excellent report, and were commended for their diligence. A visiting brother from Berlin gave a neat little address and the session closed.

PETERBOROUGH: The excellent degree team of Lindsay Lodge, No. 100, with their friends, purpose visiting Peterborough on Thanksgiving evening, Nov. 21st. Cheap fares are being arranged, good for three or four days. A pleasant and profitable time is anticipated.

TORONTO: Any visiting brothers in the city, together with their lady friends, should make it a point to attend Canada Lodge's euchre party to-morrow evening. Tickets of admission may be secured by resident brothers on application to any member of the lodge. It is necessary that these should be in the hands of those seeking admittance, as great care is this year to be exercised in this respect.

OLD 49.

GUELPH: Progress Lodge had the best attended meeting of the term last week, N.G. McCrae in the chair. The initiatory degree was conferred on one candidate, and one application for membership proposed. The matter of commemorating the 21st anniversary of Progress Lodge in March was talked of, and a letter was received from the Georgetown lodge inviting the initiatory team to confer the degree in that town. A visiting brother from Ashford, Pa., gave a neat little address and the session adjourned.

TORONTO: Business other than routine was not in evidence in Queen City Lodge last Monday evening, and this was soon disposed of, after which Bro. Jas. Munro put the team through a practice in the initiatory degree. The meeting closing early, a friendly game of carpet balls was indulged in, the N. G. and V. G. choosing sides, the result, as on a former occasion, being a decided victory for the Noble Grand, score 13 to 6, making a total score in two games of 26 to 9. The off-side evidently require some practice. There will be an initiation next Monday evening.

L., Q.C.

INGERSOLL: At the regular meeting of the Samaritan Lodge, J. C. Ireland, P.G., one of the oldest and most active members of the society, was presented with a Past Grand's jewel, as a recognition of his valuable services. W. J. Berry made the presentation in behalf of the Lodge, while J. P. Leake read the accompanying address. Mr. Ireland in a short speech expressed his appreciation of the gift and honour that had been bestowed upon him, and said that the

gift would always remain dear to him as a fond remembrance of Samaritan Lodge, and of their brotherly love, when far away in his new home in Chicago, where he intends going shortly. Addresses were made by other members present.

BELLEVILLE: At Mizpah Lodge on Monday night last the resignation of Dr. Walker, as physician, was received and accepted. The Doctor has been very faithful in the discharge of his duties and we are all sorry to see him go. He leaves in a short time for California, for the benefit of his health. Dr. Yeomans was elected to succeed him. Bro. W. R. Coggeshall, of Germania Lodge, No. 184, Waterloo, was present and gave a short account of his travels. To give the reader an idea if Bro. Coggeshall visits many lodges in his travels, I may state that the visiting card which he had was completely filled, being the first to come to the notice of this lodge in that way. Mizpah Lodge is having a very prosperous term.

O.

ST. THOMAS: Edna Lodge, No. 14, D. of R., celebrated its seventh anniversary last Monday night by a concert in the Odd Fellows' Hall. The entertainment was a success in every way, there being a good audience, and a splendid programme. Bro. T. W. Crothers presided in his usual happy way, and, in his opening address, spoke appreciatively of the Order. The programme was taken part in by Mrs. Vicary, Miss Baekus, Mrs. Hindley, Miss Hannon, the Misses Jones, Mrs. P. R. Williams, Miss Vansickle of Alma College, Miss Day, Miss Stover and Miss McBride. The committee is to be congratulated, the only fault in the programme being that, although of the usual length, the audience seemed to think it too short, a very good fault indeed. Mesdames Beal, Brown, Scott, Stanfield and Shaw were the Committee of Arrangements.

ELORA: On Thursday night last, after lodge work was through, a deputation proceeded to the residence of Bro. H. Clarke, P.G., and presented him and Mrs. Clarke with a handsomely illuminated address as a token of the regard held by the members towards Bro. Clarke for the interest taken by him in the work of the Lodge, and for the handsome present made by both to the lodge for use in the work. The address, which was very artistically engrossed and illuminated, was presented on behalf of the Lodge by N.G. Nairn in a neat speech, which was duly acknowledged by Bro. Clarke. Past Grands Springer, Well, A. Clark and Bro. Epps were also present. After the presentation a social hour was spent. No. 231 has several prospective candidates in view, and expects to put in some good, hard, profitable work during the remainder of the term.

TORONTO: The meetings of The Toronto Lodge are increasing lately both in attendance and interest, which may be attributed to two causes, first, the promptness with which the routine work is done, and, secondly, to the fact of the lodge having appointed a captain to instruct their officers in the floor work of the Initia-

tory Degree. Bro. McGuire, P.G., who was the unanimous choice of the members, is a very energetic and painstaking officer, and, under his able guidance, they should, and no doubt will, give a good account of themselves in the near future. We also have appointed a committee for the purpose of preparing a programme of readings, songs, etc., for the amusement and instruction of the members on those evenings that are not fully taken up with ordinary business. Next Monday evening will be an off night with the brothers, and the committee have arranged for games, etc., and will be pleased to see any brothers that can make it convenient to give us a call.

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TORONTO: Although the attendance at Covenant Lodge on Tuesday evening was not large, a pleasant time was spent by those present. The sick were reported as doing well. Bro. J. B. Carter is still in the hospital waiting for another operation. He continues in good spirits and hopeful. The Secretary was instructed to notify a number of brethren who are twelve months in arrears. The following brethren were reported as entitled to a veteran jewel, having been connected with the lodge for twenty-five years or more, viz.: Wm. Allen, H. Blain, R. Bond, J. B. Carter, J. Callihan, T. Colby, T. Claxton, C. W. Davis, John Dawe, John Greig, Wm. Gibson, J. T. Hornibrook, H. W. Murdock, Dr. L. McFarlane, Walter McGibbon, Alex. Purse, D. Sylvester, S. Thompson, G. I. Simpson, C. Unwin and J. W. Wingfield. A committee was appointed, consisting of Broes. W. B. Robinson, and Godding, to consider and report on "ways and means" in connection with the proposed presentations. Several of the brethren named have always taken a lively interest in Covenant Lodge, while others during many years were its staunch friends, though for some time past they have been irregular in their attendance.

R. B. C.

The Odd Fellows' lodge is a school where the highest culture of which the human nature is capable is being constantly taught. To be faithful, to be just, to be charitable are the rudimentary lessons. To practice friendship, to bestow love, to attain the highest standard of true manhood is the aim of our institution.

The following gem, from one of our exchanges, should be cut out and pasted in every man's hat as a reminder of his duty when he desires to speak ill of any woman. Remember this: "Beware how you speak of a woman's character. Think how many years she has been building it, of the toils and privations endured, of the wounds received, and let no unspicious follow her actions. The purity of woman is the salvation of the race, the hope of future greatness and the redemption of man. Wipe out the purity and man sinks beneath the wave Despair with not a star to guide his life into a channel of safety. Think, then, before you speak, and remember that any hog can root up the fairest flower that ever grew, so the vilest man can ruin the purest character."

OCTOBER.

On hills of green, in faded splendour drest,
Over the river and the skies of gold,
The weary Summer sinketh down to rest :
And Autumn comes her beauty to unfold.

O'er valleys green, and o'er the pine-clad heights,
A faded glory lingers lovingly,
And in the woods, in which no song delights,
The weary Summer sinketh down to die.

The drooping flowers sing farewells in despair—
' Good-bye, sweet Summer, from thy labours
cease.'—
And she replies, while glory fills the air,
' If Life be Love and Duty, Death is Peace.'
—*R. M. M., in U. P. Magazine*

MR. HARLOWE'S LESSON.

'Helen.'
'Yes, dear.'
'Will you come up stairs immediately !'
'Certainly.'

And Helen Harlowe dropped her towel and hastily laid down the silver she was wiping, for when her husband spoke in that tone some one had to hurry.

'You'd better not try to make me any more shirts. This one is enough to drive a man crazy. Just look at it !'

'Why, what's the matter with it, Horace?' asked Mrs. Harlowe, mildly.

'Matter? Why, everything is the matter. Do look at these sleeves, they're a mile too long. Neck is big enough for a twenty-inch collar instead of a fifteen. Too high in the back and too low in front. Guess you thought I was a delicate specimen of humanity, by the size of these wristbands.' And Mr. Harlowe derisively held up to view a neatly finished wristband, looking about the right size for an ordinary man. 'I repeat it, Mrs. Harlowe, don't try to make me any more shirts. This is the third time I have been called on to endure such martyrdom. If you can neither make a decent shirt yourself, nor get any one to teach you, I'll go buy me one; yes, I will.'

And Mr. Harlowe slammed the dressing-room door as he went in search of another, and, let us hope, less offending garment.

Mrs. Harlowe picked up the much despised shirt, and spreading it out on the bed deliberately proceeded to look it over, and, if possible, ascertain just wherein it failed in its requirements. As shirts go, it was a neatly finished and proper looking garment enough. Certainly it had cost her much time and thought.

When she had assumed the care of her husband's wardrobe a few months since she had found a dilapidated state of affairs prevailing. Not only were shirts much worn and frayed, but worst of all they were conspicuous by their absence.

Although Mr. Harlowe could not truthfully be said to have "not a shirt to his back," still the ones he did possess were but a poor apology for the round dozen with which tradition endows a man.

Mrs. Harlowe had straightway set herself at work to repair the deficiency. At first there were some mistakes made, but now she fondly hoped to suit her husband. Poor thing! she had yet to learn that a "prophet is not without honor save in his own country and among his own people." Which being interpreted means that a husband's praise is quite frequently very sparing when it is his wife that is concerned, and criticism grows to be his almost second nature.

Mrs. Harlowe has been finding out things during her short married life. Among them she had found out that her husband had a temper. A fine thing to carry to the world's work if a reasonable one. A fine thing to help with all the trials of business, but a very poor thing to bring home to a tired wife, and to join in the discussion of matrimonial affairs.

Mr. Harlowe had a very disagreeable way of presupposing one's inferiority, and especially so was it the case with his wife. Whether he really thought so or not, the effect was the same on Mrs. Harlowe, and therefore she was exceedingly sensitive on the subject, and inclined to almost doubt her own ability.

Still, when the two traits joined hands as in the present case, her combativeness was roused. Ordinarily she was of fairly even disposition, not one of the women to fly into a passion or dissolve in tears because her liege lord expressed a contrary opinion.

Nevertheless, she was as nearly out of temper as she had ever been, and as she folded away the shirt she folded with it certain resolutions it were well Mr. Horace Harlowe did not know of. She was sure her husband's shirts were all right, and just what course to pursue she could not tell.

'O dear!' she sighed, 'if his mother had made them they would have been perfect, and he would have praised them to the skies. Yet I am certain he loves me, and I know he hasn't the slightest idea how terribly he makes me feel. But I'll think a way out of it yet, see if I don't.'

And Mrs. Harlowe went back to her silver, and if she rubbed the knives with unnecessary vigor, why it was all the better for the knives, and perhaps for the irate Mr. Harlowe, too.

But the more she tried to think her way out of the difficulty the more exasperated she became, and the little cloud of ill-fitting shirt bid fair to cover the whole matrimonial horizon. At last a happy thought seemed to strike her.

'Why hadn't I thought of Mabel before!' she exclaimed. 'If any one can help me out of this, she can.'

Hastily dressing, she left orders for Mr. Harlowe's dinner, in case she should not be home in time, and hurried out to

catch the morning train to Elmwood, where lived her friend, Mable Winthrop.

Rushing through the archway leading to the Central Station, she nearly knocked over a tall young lady who was coming towards her with equal rapidity. Turning for the usual apology, she recognized the friend she was seeking, who exclaimed:

'Well, Helen, I should think you were running from fate. What is the matter?'

'I'm only hurrying to meet you, my dear,' quietly answered our friend. 'I'm more than glad to have met you, too, for if I had gone to Elmwood I should have been obliged to be away at dinner, and my husband especially likes me to be there then, if possible.'

'You poor dear, what a tyrant. Does he expect you to always sit behind the tear-pan? Don't I wish I had a chance to teach him a lesson on the rights of women, and his wife in particular.'

And Mabel Winthrop laughed merrily as she imagined herself training her friend's husband.

'But if you are so anxious to be at home and under the eye of the awful Horace, let's sit down here in this quiet corner and talk over affairs, for I am very certain some new home problem is the cause of that little pucker between your eyes.'

And Mabel critically surveyed Helen's face as she flushed a little under her searching eyes.

'Oh, it's nothing very serious. Just a little matter that puzzles me, and I am going to look to your quick wit to think out a course to pursue.'

'Well, you certainly look as if it did puzzle you. I should think you were trying to solve a problem in Euclid.'

'Indeed 'twould be far easier, I fancy,' answered Mrs. Harlowe.

The friendship of these two had been of long duration, and was the result largely of different natures; for while Mabel looked on the droll side of everything, and never doubted her own ability in finding a happy solution of every difficulty, Helen was more easily discouraged by things that go wrong. She grew to fear her own judgment in decisive steps, and at the present time she felt sure that Mabel would see just what to do, and could easily tell her how to do it.

'As I said before, it's nothing, really. But if you were fortunate enough to have a husband, and had made him three sets of shirts, to have each in turn called worse than the preceding one, what would you do?'

'Well, I don't know as I can pass judgment without knowing more about the particulars of the case, Helen. How did you get your pattern, and did you really try your very best?'

'To the first question I will say that I had Mr. H.'s tailor cut him a pattern from his measures. To the second you don't deserve an answer.'

'I don't believe your hubby is any more particular than most men, is he?'

'Particular than most men! What do you know about men or their opinions on shirts, anyway, Mabel Winthrop?'

'Enough to show you how to teach this one a lesson, I guess. You have been a long time finding out your husband's faults. I had about decided that you had married a paragon of manly virtues, when, lo and behold, he must be fitted to ashirt, and most breaks his little wifey's heart so he does!' and Mabel laughed in her merry contagious way till even Helen's features had relaxed into a smile.

'I should hate a paragon of manly virtues, and I think if Horace has a good wholesome lesson now it may open his eyes to the fault-finding way he has fallen into, for really it is only thoughtlessness.'

So will wifely charity seek to cover up the multitude of her husband's sins.

'Well Helen, my dear, if you are really in earnest we will join hands and raise a conspiracy for the cause of woman's rights and the sake of shirts.'

For some time longer did the friends talk, and evidently they came to some satisfactory conclusion, for there was many a laugh as they laid their plans against the unsuspecting Mr. Harlowe.

When Mrs. Harlowe took her car for home the little wrinkle between her eyes had disappeared and in its place she wore a smile of amusement.

For a short time matters ran along smoothly at the Harlowes, no mention of shirts ruffling the surface of the domestic calm, Mrs. Harlowe not feeling it necessary to treat her husband like a Pariah because he had lost his temper over a shirt.

One morning at the breakfast table, when the coffee had been unusually good and the steak done to a turn, Mrs. Harlowe remarked to her husband:

'I am so sorry about your shirts, Horace; really I don't feel as if I could make you any more; I am not competent, I guess. How would it do to ask your mother to make you some?'

And Mrs. Harlowe looked at her husband with every appearance of anxiety.

'My dear wife, you have come to a very sensible conclusion at last. I have always told you that shirt making required a very superior ability. Mother will be sure to make something fit to wear. Could you get the cloth ready so that I could take it in on my way to the store this morning?'

'Yes, indeed,' answered Mrs. Harlowe as she hastened up stairs to hide a smile.

Mr. Harlowe left a large bundle at his mother's home that morning with a still

larger bundle of directions and suggestions and if Mrs. Harlowe the elder had not been pretty well instructed she would have requested him to depart unto his wife, bundle and all. As it was she told him she would try and have the shirts ready in a week, and with that he was forced to be content.

In the course of time the shirts came home, and Mr. H. was as proud as a peacock. He could hardly stop to eat his supper, and hurried his wife to come and see his mother's shirts!

Mrs. Harlowe purposely lingered about the dining-room, and when at last she came up stairs, she found her husband arrayed in his new garment and proudly surveying himself in the glass.

'I tell you, Helen, these shirts are just fine! Did you ever see a better fit? craning his neck to get a better view.

'They do seem to fit very well,' said his wife. 'Just examine the sewing, will you? Perhaps your mother's eyes are ailing.'

'No need of that. Why anybody can see they are beautifully made; just beautifully made?'

'Then they really suit you, my dear! You would be perfectly satisfied to have their maker do your shirts for all time? And Mrs. Harlowe smiled sweetly at her husband.

'Of course, what could a man want when a shirt fits well and is well made?'

'Then, my dear husband, it becomes my painful duty to tell you that the shirt you are so proudly displaying is the same one you expended so much ire upon when last you tried it on. It has not been touched or altered, and is the work solely and entirely of your poor inefficient wife. The bundle lay untouched upon your mother's table until she sent it home.'

And Mr. Harlowe had his lesson. Let us hope he profited thereby.

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OTTAWA.

THE DOMINION ODD FELLOW having brought the questions of a "permanent location" and "reduction of representatives" again before the membership, it might be well to have them discussed by the different districts committee.

There appears to be a feeling among the advocates of reduction that lodges that elect their J.P.G. as representative do so to give him a little picnic. Why such an opinion should prevail is not shown; it can only be surmised, therefore, that those who give utterance to it have come in contact with the chief chairs of the Grand Lodge or Grand Encampment. They certainly could not imbibe such erroneous ideas under the shadow of the principal chair of a subordinate lodge. Four hundred representatives under the present mileage would draw the same amount as two hundred and fifty under the old system.

Our lodges must all have a voice on the floor of the Grand Lodge and be in touch with every movement in that august body.

We may not be able to point out the great good your representative accomplished at each session, nor can we point out the injurious or extravagant ideas resisted by the Grand Lodge through the presence of your representative; but, depend upon it, there are times in the history of all grand bodies—as with individuals—when the powers of resistance cannot be too strong or too evenly distributed throughout the entire jurisdiction.

We are told that we would save hundreds of dollars by this reduction and that the work would be as well, yes better performed.

We may calculate the dollars saved and the amount of the clerical work performed—and this is something if we were a mere beneficial society; but our minds having been disabused of this latter point at our initiation, we are led to believe that the losses by such a change would be simply incalculable. We cannot measure by dollars and cents the good accomplished by this annual diffusion of fraternal regards and interchange of ideas from representative men from every lodge of this jurisdiction.

That man must be both parsimonious and cynical that fails to recognize the immense and lasting benefits that flow through the veils of Oddfellowship as a direct result of representatives from all our lodges meeting in annual session.

THE DOMINION ODD FELLOW qualifies the following extract as "very sensible," and we believe that it is and that it is also applicable to grand as well as subordinate lodges. "It is my presence and your presence, my kind advice and yours, and the harmony of our united efforts that gives strength and stability to our

order." This is quite true and the Grand Lodge requires the advice and presence of representative men from every lodge in our jurisdiction. Thus will we become mutually interested in the welfare of each other, our fraternal spirit will be strengthened and expanded, our local ideas made more comprehensive; in a word, the sphere of our affection will be enlarged, drawing within its orbit a more generous sympathy for the welfare of our sister lodges.

The Sovereign Grand Lodge stands in an entirely different light—having the judicial rather than the fraternal feature most prominent. A session every two years would amply meet all requirements of the Order and with its present membership result in a saving of nearly twenty thousand dollars per annum. Having all due regard for the importance of its functions, we believe its membership might be reduced by at least fifty.

This would result in a sessional saving of nearly eight thousand dollars and of over thirteen thousand dollars when trips like that of 1892 are taken.

LODGE NOTES.

J. B. Manson, N. G., of Carleton Lodge, is able to be at work, though far from being as well as his friends desire.

The membership of this district learned with regret of the bereavement of Past Grand Gamble (of Manotick Lodge) and his family by the death of their young daughter, a bright and promising child.

Carleton Lodge will hold a "book social" on the evening of their anniversary.

Rockliffe Lodge held their third annual concert and ball on the evening of the first inst. J. R. Reid, P.G.M., made a very acceptable chairman. A most enjoyable evening was spent. It is pleasing to know that it was a financial, as well as a social, success.

We had a visit last week from Brother S. Oberndorffer, of Kingston. His many friends in Ottawa were glad to see him looking so well.

Ottawa Lodge will celebrate their fifteenth anniversary on the 26th inst. A good time is anticipated.

The D.D.G.M. has called his committee to meet on the 11th inst. The winter's work will then commence.

A. W. C.

THREE MONTHS—THE PARTING SIGN.

He was a bearded man and his breath was redolent with cloves and gin. Once upon a time he had endeavoured to train his hair into a pompadour, and partially succeeded; but only partially, for one-half stood up like undying Truth, while

the rest pointed in all directions of the marine compass. He wore a winning smile and evidently intended to captivate His Honour with a glance. But His Honour wasn't to be captivated and the prisoner soon found it out.

Then he started off on a new track. Lying down his hat softly, he slowly elevated his right hand to his ear and bowed three times solemnly. Then he laid his left hand on his stomach and his right hand on his head, and began working them circularly.

His Honour put on his glasses and looked down solemnly at the prisoner. That individual stepped backward three paces, three more to the left, and back again, describing a triangle. In a low voice he whispered:

"Brother, do you recognize the hailing sign?"

His Honour nodded and turned over a leaf on the docket. The man at the bar then tapped his forehead three times and elevated his arm over his head, saying:

"The signal of distress, brother?"

The court merely bowed.

"It will be all right, then?" cheerily asked the prisoner. "I suppose I can go. And say, brother, can't you advance a brother 50 cents to relieve his immediate necessities?"

His Honour took off his glasses and said: "I recognize your signals, but I cannot for the life of me recollect the Order. So many, you know."

"I am surprised, brother, greatly surprised," remarked the prisoner. "I never knew a candidate who forgot his initiation into the United Order of Benevolent Sons of Good Fellowship of the Temple of Solomon," and he gave the hailing sign with embellishment.

"Ah, yes, I had it mixed up with the Ancient Order of Old Billygoats," exclaimed His Honour. "Do you recognize this sign, brother?" and he dipped his pen in the red ink and held it up.

"It isn't in the Ritual, is it?" asked the prisoner, as he rubbed his head.

"It means that the court has dropped on your little racket," sternly replied His Honour. Then picking up a blotter, he waved it in a circle, and said: "Does this sign seem familiar to you?"

"Don't recollect it," meekly responded the accused.

"Well, as I interpret it, it means that you get three months. Now give the parting sign to the Most Worthy Tiler and Master of the Guard at the door, and pass down," and His Honour waved his pen and blotter together, and the belated society man was hustled down stairs.

There he told the officer that the villain upstairs would be assassinated by the Avenging Angel of the U. O. of B. S. of G. F. of the T. of S., assisted by the Gory-Handed Destroyer of the Brotherhood of the Sons of Rest.

RELATION OF DUES TO BENEFITS.

Among the many questions of interest securing the attention of our lodges in this jurisdiction, the proper relation of dues to benefits is of the highest financial importance.

Experience has proven that our lodges can not continue to pay five dollars per week sick benefits and fifty dollars as a funeral benefit, on the payment of eight dollars per year as dues. Hence many of the older lodges in our jurisdiction have been compelled to reduce the amount of weekly benefits to an amount commensurate with the receipts from dues account.

While the Sovereign Grand Lodge has for many years past warned the Order of the danger resulting from an attempt to pay a larger amount of benefits than the income from dues account warranted, it is a rare occurrence to hear from the lips of those in authority a word of admonition or counsel in connection with a subject of such vital and universal interest. There is altogether too much go-as-you-please Oddfellowship to expect wide-spread success and prosperity.

There are those of our brethren who are imbued with the erroneous opinion that each lodge is the sole judge of the disposition of its funds.

Forgetting that the payment of dues, on the part of the members, and money benefits on the part of the lodge, is in the nature of a mutual contract, many of our lodges make no adequate provision for the prompt payment of their obligations. And it too frequently happens that where a lodge finds its treasury depleted the sick are looked upon as a burden and unreasonable excuses and pretexts are resorted to in order to withhold the payment of benefits—and to worthy brothers.

Records show that this is not an imaginary evil but, although not general, is of such frequency as to demand correction.

Would it not be wise, in localities where lodges are numerous and the membership in a majority of them is small, to consolidate?

It certainly can not be for the best interests of the Order, financially or otherwise, to institute new lodges (promising the payment of larger benefits than the terms of the contract warrant) in localities where numerous lodges exist.

Such institutions create an unhealthy competition and to the disadvantage of the older lodges.

Is not the institution of new lodges in territory already well occupied, a striving after numbers—quantity rather than quality?

Brothers, suggest a remedy.—*Society Recorder.*

THE AIM OF ODDFELLOWSHIP.

It obliterates the differences in education, wealth, station, religion, politics and nationality. It is a promoter of peace and harmony; it cultivates the social grace; it makes friends of strangers and brothers of acquaintances; it softens the asperities of life; it worships at the shrine of piety, and recognizes the omnipotence of God and the immortality of man. It is religious, not sectarian, patriotic, but not partisan. It glows by the fireside radiant with perpetual joy. It glorifies God in worship and in song. It blesses humanity in genial mirth and human sympathies. It is a perennial fountain at which the old may drink and grow strong. It is a daily benediction to its devotees, and, like "a thing of beauty, is a joy forever." It stands like the statue of liberty, a beacon light to the tempest-tossed and way-faring mariner and brother, pointing him the way to the haven of refuge, to the right living and right doing.

Such are our teachings, and if this standard is not attained by the members, the fault is not in Oddfellowship.—*Texas Odd Fellow.*

ODDFELLOWSHIP UNSURPASSED.

Fifteen years ago this week the writer started up the Odd Fellow ladder. We shall never forget the first step. Having waited patiently to arrive at that important age when we could apply for admission, no time was lost in sending in an application. The first thing we did the next morning after our initiation was to visit a jeweler and purchase an Odd Fellows' pin. That little token so enthusiastically donned that day, has always took the very prominent position it held that morning. We are as proud of the Order it represents to-day as in the height of our youthful enthusiasm. We joined the Order for several good reasons and have never regretted the step. The beauty and grandeur of Oddfellowship continued to grow in our mind after we had taken the last degree—the grand decoration of chivalry. Having become a member of most all the Orders of any note, many of them good and ennobling, we are free to say that none surpass the Order of the Three Links so beautifully woven by the grand motto of Friendship, Love and Truth.—*Kansas Rebekah.*

The weakest link in a chain determines the strength of the chain. Fraternity, in the eyes of the profane in any community, is nothing more not less than what the life of the weakest and most erring brother indicates. If you cannot resist the temptation to do something that is not in keeping with the teachings of the lodge, take down your sign. Don't advertise yourself as a member.

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Presentation Addresses Designed and Engraved

FAMILY READING.

FOR WHAT?

I thank Thee for my parents dear,
For all their tender love and care,
For brothers, sisters, playmates dear,
For friends around me everywhere.

I thank Thee for my pleasant home,
For food to eat and clothes to wear,
For all the happy hours that come
From Him who doth my gladness share.

I thank Thee for the summer past,
For all its long and sunny days,
For flowers and birds whose memories last
Within my heart to sing Thy praise.

I thank Thee for the autumn, too—
Its luscious fruits, its glowing skies,
Its forests clothed in varied hue,
Its garners filled with rich supplies.

—Anon.

A ROADSIDE TRAGEDY.

It was a beautiful country road. The houses along the road were only cabins standing back from the road and almost hidden in trees and bushes. The sun was shining brightly and the air was cool.

Right after breakfast we started for a long walk. After climbing the hill we found this road. We had gone but a little way when a little chipmunk ran—not at all swiftly—across the road. He was fat, and did not seem at all frightened. Suddenly a black cat bounded out of the bushes; she ran after the chipmunk, and seemed in thoroughly good humor. We never dreamed of danger for the pretty little chipmunk. But when we saw pussy put her paw on the chipmunk's back and hold it down, we knew that she was trying to kill it. We ran, but pussy picked the chipmunk up as she would a mouse and ran under a stone that covered the ditch. We poked at her until she ran out, and the chipmunk ran feebly up the bank. Pussy saw it and sprang after it. We ran after her, but it was too late; she caught the chipmunk by the throat and gave it a little shake, and the chipmunk was still. How angry we were at pussy, who stood looking at us defiantly! She was not moved by our anger, and seemed utterly indifferent when we called her "cruel" and "a miserably cat." Suddenly it occurred to us that perhaps pussy thought that the chipmunk was a mouse. If so, had we any right to scold her?

Still, we were sad and distressed, and the road did not look as pretty, and when we saw a bird we looked about to see if there was a cat that might catch her.

There was a cottage high up among the rocks, perched almost like a nest on the side of the mountain, where the family were always happy, and lived at peace with all the world. Sad and distressed, we went to them for comfort. We did not tell them of the tragedy on the road, for the squirrels, chipmunks, and birds were their special friends. We talked of the view, and the clouds, and of books, and somebody turned her head, and there

sat two chipmunks listening to us, with their pretty heads turned on one side. They were not startled when we looked at them, for they were in the habit of coming on that piazza. They seemed interested for a time, and then they seemed to speak to each other, for suddenly they ran indoors, where a big fire was burning on the hearth. We looked indoors, and there they sat as if getting warm. Having become warm, or having satisfied their curiosity, they jumped on the chairs, from chairs to table and from table to stair-railing, and then to the pic-

tures, as if they had discovered a new kind of tree. They chattered and laughed, it seemed, by the happy sounds. We forgot all about the little chipmunk in the road until we walked back, and then we saw the same pussy. She ran in the bushes when she saw us. The next day we heard that pussy had lived all summer with a family who had closed their cottage and gone away, leaving pussy homeless. So the reason why pussy killed the chipmunk was because she was hungry.

The family who went away and left pussy homeless were to blame for the death of the chipmunk, not hungry pussy.

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B - Best.
C - Cure for Pain.

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Sporting Life, London, Eng., says: "One 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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Don't accept some substitute said to be "just as good."

The substitute costs the dealer less.

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WHERE IS YOURS?

Address for FREE SAMPLE,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,
No. 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

ORIGIN OF NURSERY RHYMES.

'Three Blind Mice,' is a music book of 1609.

'A Froggie Would A-wooing Go' was licensed in 1650.

'Little Jack Horner' is older than the seventeenth century.

'Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, Where Have You Been?' dates from the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

'Boys and Girls, Come out to Play,' dates from Charles II., as does also 'Lucy Locket Lost Her Pocket.'

'Old Mother Hubbard,' 'Goosey, Goosey Gander,' and, 'Old Mother Goose,' apparently date back to the sixteenth century.

'Cinderella,' 'Jack the Giant Killer,' 'Blue Beard,' and 'Tom Thumb' were given to the world in Paris in 1697. The author was Charles Perrault.

'Humpty-Dumpty' was a bold, bad baron who lived in the days of King John, and was tumbled from power. His history was put up into a riddle, the meaning of which is an egg.

'The Babes in the Wood' was founded on an actual crime committed in Norfolk, near Wayland Wood, in the fifteenth century. An old house in the neighborhood is still pointed out upon a mantelpiece of which is carved the entire history. —*Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

HEALTH AND HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Cornbread.—One and one-half pints of white cornmeal, one tablespoonful of sifted flour, a little salt, and three heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, mixed thoroughly together while dry. Add one tablespoonful of fresh butter and sufficient sweet milk to make a soft dough. Bake immediately in a buttered pan.

Italian Soup without Meat.—Put a tablespoonful of drippings and one-quarter of a pound of salt pork chopped fine into a kettle, when hot add half a small cabbage, one carrot, some small pieces of celery and half a cupful each of string beans and green peas if you have them; now add half a can of tomatoes and about a cupful of any meat or poultry gravy you may have, and sufficient water to make about three pints of soup. Boil gently one hour, then add one potato cut into small pieces and half a cupful of rice. Cook half an hour, season with salt and pepper and serve.

Tripe Stewed with Celery.—Cut one pound of tripe into strips two and a half inches long, and half an inch wide. Cut one small onion into very thin slices and put in a saucepan with one tablespoonful of beef drippings, cook but do not brown; when onions are soft add the tripe, boil ten minutes, then add one cupful of strained tomatoes, salt and pepper; boil quickly for ten minutes, then simmer gently half an hour. Now add a few pieces of celery cut about an inch long, boil gently another half hour; serve in hot dish with grated cheese sprinkled over the top if you like.

Salmon Timbales.—Put half a cupful of cream or milk into a saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of fine bread crumbs, add salt, cayenne, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley and a few drops of onion juice; when hot add one and one-half cupfuls of cold boiled salmon or canned salmon, mashed very fine; when boiling add the beaten yolks of three eggs; take from the fire and stir in carefully the whites of the eggs well beaten, fill greased timbale cups two-thirds full, set the cups in a pan of hot water and bake twenty minutes. Turn out on hot plates and serve at once with Hollandaise sauce.

Guides in Choosing Meats.—Beef when young has a fine open grain and a good red color, and the fat should be white, for when more or less yellow the meat is seldom of the best. Beef, of which the fat is hard and skinny and the lean meat a deep red with coarse fibers, is of an inferior quality, and when the meat is old it can be told by a line of horny texture running through the meat ribs. Mutton must be chosen by the firmness and fineness of the grain, its color, and the firm white fat. Lamb that was killed too long can be discovered by examination of the veins in the neck. These are bluish when the meat is fresh, but green when it is stale. In the hindquarter, the point to examine is the knuckle, which is not firm when the meat is not perfectly fresh. Venison, when young, will have clear and bright fat which should be of considerable thickness. Partridges have yellow legs and dark-colored bills when young. Quail are greatly improved by wrapping them in very fat larding bacon before cooking.

HINTS FOR THE TABLE.

Rapid eating is slow suicide.

Plenty of time should be taken.

Fish and oysters are easily digested.

An hour or two of rest should be taken after the meal.

Mere gratification of the appetite is very likely to shorten life.

Dinner should be of a lighter nature in summer than in winter.

A quart of wheat contains more nutriment than a bushel of cucumbers.

There is a happy mean between eating everything and being squeamish.

CONSUMPTION CONQUERED.

A F. E. ISLAND LADY RESTORED TO HEALTH.

Attacked with a Hacking Cough, Loss of Appetite and General Feeling of Lassitude—Pink Pills Restored Her Health After Doctor's Failed.

From the Charlottetown Patriot.

Times without number have we read of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but generally the testimonial telling the tale had laid the scene in some of the other provinces. This time, however, the matter is brought directly home, and the testimony comes from a much respected and Christian woman. Mrs. Sarah Strickland, now residing in the suburbs of Charlottetown, has been married many years, and blessed with a large family and although never enjoying a robust constitution had, until a year ago, been in comparatively good health. About that time she began to feel "run down," her blood became thin and a general feeling of lassitude took possession of both her mind and body. Her family, and, friends viewed with alarm the gradual development of her illness, and when a cough—at first inappreciable, but afterwards almost constant, especially at nights—set in, doctors were summoned and everything that loving, tender care and medical skill could do was resorted to in order to save the affectionate wife and mother, whose days appeared to be



Joking their Mother on her Appetite.

numbered. Her appetite was almost completely gone. Food was partaken of without relish, and Mrs. Strickland was unable to do even the ordinary, lighter work of the household. She became greatly emaciated and in order to partake of even the most dainty nourishment a stimulant had at first to be administered. While this gloom hung over the home and the mother sorrowfully thought of how soon she would have to say farewell to her young family, she was induced by a friend to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Though utterly discouraged, and almost disgusted with medicine, she yielded more in a friendly way than in a hopeful spirit. After using the pills for a short time a gleam of hope, a wish to get well again took possession of her and the treatment was cheerfully continued.

It was no false feeling but a genuine effort nature was making to reassert itself, and before many boxes were used the family were joking their mother on her appetite, her disappearing cough and the fright she had given them. The use of the Pink Pills was continued for some time longer and now Mrs. Strickland's elastic step and general, excellent health, would lead you to imagine that you were gazing upon a different woman, not one who had been snatched from the very jaws of death. She was never in better health and spirits, and no matter what others say she is firm in her belief that Pink Pills saved her life and restored her to her wonted health and strength.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unailing cure for all troubles resulting from poverty of the blood or shattered nerves, and where given a fair trial they never fail in cases like that above related. Sold by all dealers, or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. See that the registered trade mark is on all packages.

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 Oddfellowship and principles embodied in its motto: "Friendship, Love and Truth."

Having a large and rapidly increasing circulation, it offers special inducements to advertisers, circulating as it does among the most intelligent class of the community. No advertisements inserted offensive to pure taste or good morals.

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6 Jordan St., Toronto, Canada.

The Dominion Odd Fellow.

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

Special Contributors:

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

TORONTO, THURSDAY, NOV. 14, 1895.

The California Odd Fellows' Home, opened a short time ago, has thirty-seven inmates, all of whom are delighted with their surroundings.

Industry, frugality and honesty, will make a foundation for the character of a young man that will surely bring wealth, honor and happiness in his old age in nearly every case.

The *Three Links* has discovered that a brother with a wooden leg is not in good standing even though his dues are paid. We might add that in this case his *standing* does not affect his benefits.

The newspaper man learns not to expect any thanks for the many pleasant things he may say about other people, but to gain undying enmity if he mildly criticises even their most glaring faults.

Oddfellowship inspires morality and truthfulness; it encourages true manhood; it cultivates a passion for all that is noble and benevolent. It frowns on dishonesty and selfishness; it watches the conduct of its members and makes men better and happier.

The following from an unknown source should be the motto of every lodge of our Order:

United with one heart and mind,
Our aim and object one;
The friends we are of all mankind,
The enemies of none.

The editor who speaks of the "Rebekahs and their homely husbands" is all right, but if the compositor gets it "homely Rebekahs and their husbands," the unfortunate editor may as well seek rest in the last emblem mentioned by the Priest of the Third Degree.

Bro. Kidder, Grand Secretary of New Hampshire, says: The outlook for the Order is very promising. For thirty-five years there has been an annual gain in members of some three hundred, and the

increase will not fall behind this year. Present membership about 13,000 without the Rebekahs.

Congratulations continue to pour in from those who are elated at the action of the Sovereign Grand Lodge in the exclusion of saloon-keepers and gamblers. The Order has taken advanced ground in morality, and cannot now be criticised by the most exacting. In our rejoicing let us not forget to work.

Human sympathy flows in two cold currents, two narrow streams. It must nourish the elements of truth, purity and righteousness, and thus aid in the salvation of the world. The current must broaden, its healing waters must make verdant many a desert waste, make happy many a barren home. This is the mission of Oddfellowship.

The *California Odd Fellow* truthfully says that "Oddfellowship is no single or isolated idea, which regards humanity in one aspect alone, and seeks to promote the welfare of man in one direction only. But it is a complex system, which respects alike the social, the moral, and the physical man. It contemplates man, not as an isolated fragment of creation, all of whose interests are centered in himself, but it looks upon him in his true position as a member of a common race."

The *National Odd Fellow*, of Buffalo, New York, is in the habit of taking a hand in local politics. A recent issue contains the names of thirteen brothers who are candidates for various political offices, all of whom are subscribers. The editor says: "The names of those who are not subscribers will not be added to the list below, for the reason that we cannot afford to pay out money to printers to help along the canvass of a man who is too poor to pay \$1.50 a year for his Order's organ."

Grand Secretary King has an enquiry from Dallas, Texas, respecting the standing of Charles Didrich, supposed to be an Odd Fellow, who received a blow on the head from the effects of which he died. The party who committed the assault is under arrest; but whether punishment will follow the murderous act remains to be seen. Is not Dallas the meeting place for the Sovereign Grand Lodge of 1896? Any one knowing anything of deceased would do a kind act by communicating with the Grand Secretary, so that he may write the brethren in Dallas.

It has been arranged that the D.D. G.M. of Toronto District, No. 19, Bro. John Ball, P.G., accompanied by the District Committee, will pay an official visit to East Toronto Lodge, on Tuesday evening next, Nov. 19th. A good programme

will be provided, and those who go there this year may feel assured that they will have, not only a good time, as they always have had at East Toronto, but also hear something of interest regarding the Order we all love. Special care is being taken this year to make these District visits, not only interesting, but profitable and productive of good to those who take part in them.

Dallas, Texas, is a great city for bonfires, but we trust the brethren may find a less expensive way of entertaining the Sovereign Grand Lodge than that suggested by the *Texas Odd Fellow* in the following:

Dallas is a great city, and never does anything by halves. In 1880, when the state grand lodge met there, they burned the court house to show their appreciation of the visit. In 1890, when we met there again, they had a finer and much larger building and they burned that. Looking into the future and anticipating a visit from the Sovereign Grand Lodge, they erected one of the most handsome and costly court houses in the South. Look out for them when the sovereign body meets there in September, 1896.

Much of the peace and prosperity of a lodge depends upon the election of officers. It may be fun to have a great deal of competition for the office of Vice Grand, that office naturally being the stepping stone to the Noble Grand's chair but it is a poor policy to place too many names in nomination. A great many members cannot take defeat without a feeling that insult has been heaped upon them. They and their friends will not consider that one person only can be elected to that office at a time, but insist that they have been slighted. Select one good man, who is capable of filling the chairs and reward him for his interest in the Order by nominating and electing him. None will feel slighted if they are not nominated, many will if they are defeated at election.

It should be a duty of every Odd Fellow to cultivate the acquaintance of his brother in the Order, and sister, too, for that matter, says an exchange, and strive to add to his personal comfort and happiness by friendly intercourse. How often it happens that brethren meet together in a lodge room, witness the work, and take part in the routine business of the evening, and then depart, almost without opening their mouths to any one. What interest can there be in such a meeting? How can any one be expected to attend under such circumstances? Is it any wonder that in such cases the attendance constantly diminishes, and all interest is lost? The fact is, we are altogether too reticent in the lodge room, too restrained. There should be more freedom of thought and speech among the members. The lodge room is our fraternal room, and of all the places in the world, aside from the family circle, it should be made the most entertaining and enjoyable.

MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

The by-laws and regulations of the various lodges throughout the jurisdiction respecting benefits are about as varied as they well can be. It is hard to find any two of them exactly similar; and in no particular is there greater variety found than in the matter of medical attendance.

Some lodges make no provision whatever beyond the appointment of a physician to act as an examiner of applicants for membership. The fee for these examinations is usually one dollar, and it is a notorious fact that in too many of such instances the medical examination is carelessly performed, becoming sometimes a mere matter of form. It is very safe to say that the lodge that provides free medical attendance in case of sickness, and employs a lodge physician for that purpose, will secure much better attention in the matter of examination of applicants. A physician so employed is in more direct touch with his fellow-members, and naturally feels a livelier interest in the welfare and progress of the lodge.

The usual method of paying the lodge physician is by a *per capita* tax of one dollar per member per year, some paying this amount upon their entire membership, and some only upon such members as may be resident in the city or town wherein the lodge is situated.

It is just here that we desire to again call attention to the injustice done the brother who is not fortunate enough to find employment at home and is compelled to seek it elsewhere, finding it perhaps in a strange city where his only friends are the members of a sister lodge.

The expense of providing the free medical attendance in his own lodge is paid from the general funds of the lodge, and not *y* assessment. Therefore he is contributing his proportionate share for a benefit in which he is unable to participate.

Suppose the brother falls sick (many of them do, as evidenced by the reports of city Relief Boards), he is able to draw his allowance per week for sick benefits; but is obliged to provide his own doctor, and this expense will come to more than he receives; whereas, had he been at home, his doctor would have been paid by the lodge, and his family receive the weekly allowance in lieu of the wages his illness prevents him from earning.

Now, this is a condition of things that is as needless as it is regrettable. The remedy is obvious and easy. Every lodge can meet this difficulty by providing in its by-laws (as some lodges do now) that, provided the brother places himself in communication with the nearest lodge, he may receive the attention of the physician of that lodge, his lodge paying to that lodge the *per capita* tax for that service.

Here, again, the lack of uniformity of regulations retards progress. In cities where Relief Boards have the care of the brothers of outside lodges, such Board should have a regularly-appointed physician, just the same as a lodge; and it would be very easy to secure the services of a good doctor, if the lodges made provision for his remuneration after the manner suggested. We called attention to this matter some months ago; but it would appear we failed to awaken the interest that the importance of the question merits. The matter is well worthy the consideration of the lodges and of the Grand Lodge. The payment of a certain amount per week for sick benefits is obligatory, and why not make the provision for free medical attendance upon all within a fixed radius equally so?

Would not this be a matter that the several District Committees might take up and consider with a view of making recommendations to the Grand Lodge?

QUERY BOX.

1. Should the officers of the Subordinate Lodges wear jewels representing their office?

A.—Yes. White's Digest, Sec. 1042 and 1258.

2. If such are not worn, are they clothed in regalia sufficient to legally discharge their duties?

A.—No. See above Sections, White's Digest.

3. Are there any jewels that can be worn in lieu of regalia; if so, by whom?

A.—Not in the transaction of lodge business.

4. Is it not proper that a Noble Grand should wear a P. G.'s collar when working his way in as a visitor?

A.—Certainly not.

A BROTHER BEREAVED.

It is with the deepest sympathy for our afflicted Bro. C. W. Willmott that we announce the death of his eldest son, Redpath, which sad event took place at the General Hospital on Tuesday afternoon. The young man was taken down with typhoid, and, owing to the affection of his father, he was removed to the Toronto General Hospital. But medical skill was of no avail, and our Brother Charlie and his wife are in great sorrow.

Brothers Burton, Sheppard, Kent and others, of Albert Lodge, did all in their power for the sufferer; and, when death had claimed him, Albert Lodge at once took steps for the burial, which took place on Wednesday afternoon at 3.30.

The remains rest in the Odd Fellow's plot in the meantime.

If any man should scoff for a moment at the work Oddfellowship is doing and would visit some of the lodges—notably

Albert Lodge, No. 194—and learn, the visits made to the bedside of the sick, the comfort and cheer shown to the family, and the attention paid to the last sad rites, when death has come, his scoffing would be turned to praise for the noble work done.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

There are few conditions of life that so greatly tend to embitter one's experience as being entirely destitute of friends. One of the saddest objects in life is a friendless man. In the last days of Benedict Arnold it is said that Talleyrand, knowing him to be an American, asked him for a letter of introduction to some of his friends in the United States. He exclaimed in bitterness: "I am the only man in the New World who can raise his hands to Heaven and say, I have not a single friend in all America."

True friendship is rare, as everything of real value usually is. Said Robert Burns, bitterly: "Your friends are like ghosts. Everybody talks about them; few or none have ever seen them. I never found one whom I could trust."

On the other hand what a treasure is a true friend—sympathizing with us in adversity, rejoicing with us in prosperity, overlooking our faults and loving us in spite of them.

How admirable is the old classical story of Damon and Pythias, in which one friend dies for another—which is presented in spectacular show, and upon which the grand brotherhood of the Knights of Pythias is founded. And the friendship of David and Jonathan, "whose souls were knit together like the soul of one man," and whose matchless love finds exemplification in the "Friendship, Love and Truth" of Oddfellowship.

There are occasions when we need friendship—in sickness, sorrow and old age. The strong man tossing on the bed of affliction is pacified by the cooling hand of friendship bathing his burning brow, and nursing him back from the unfathomable abyss of the dark river to life and sunshine; to the aged, whose companions of earlier days are all gone, and with whom the young cannot heartily sympathize, a touch of friendship is beyond price.

It is here that the grand and beautiful work of Oddfellowship is seen. Its membership united as one family, no man of them is friendless, himself being faithful. Family ties may fall away, companions reaped by the sickle of time and the war-worn veteran stand all alone, like Napoleon in the ghastly moonlight upon the fateful field of Waterloo, his glory all departed, yet is the faithful brother not forsaken, protected by the glorious banner of Friendship, Love and Truth.—O. F. *Siftings*.

MILKING-TIME.

October's twilight settles on the vale,
 And now the kine wend upward from the marsh,
 Scanning the distance for the maid and pail,
 Obedient to the call, heard 'twixt the harsh
 Complaints of a shy cornercrack in the grass
 The long and green, lush grass of swampy soil,
 That sweeps the laden adders as they pass
 A rotten relic of the settler's toil,
 That lies, unused, as prone as he who felled to spoil.

"Coo-boss ! Coo-boss !" The same familiar call
 That lured their dams along the devious trail
 (Like a faint echo, calling—calling all
 The sylvan sprites to seek it but to fail)
 At eventide the stragglers coaxes home ;
 And, ever whisking white or dappled flanks,
 At their own pace the laggards slowly come
 In single file and now in broken ranks,
 Each chewing still the cud erst grazed from sunny banks.

"Coo-boss ! Coo-boss !" And step by step are seen
 The briar-bush, the willow by the pool,
 The startled frog, the windmill blank and lean,
 The spreading elm, whose branches kept them cool
 In August noons till sultry hours were flown ;
 And then the horses in the paddock crott,
 And shaggy Shep, approaching with a bone ;
 Above the sty a row of snouts aloft,
 And in the dairy Phoebe churning, singing soft.

"Coo-boss ! Coo-boss !" Now here's the barnyard gate,
 Wide open to admit them, fragrant hay
 Protruding from the loft—a tempting bait ;
 The brimming trough they sought at break of day ;
 A glimpse of comfort in the empty stalls,
 And there the milkmaid, waiting whom she hails,
 With bare, plump arms. "Coo-boss !" again she calls.
 A look of yearning o'er the orchard rails,
 And soon the rich, white milk is frothing in the pails.
 Toronto. WILLIAM T. JAMES.

DELEND A EST—FUDGE.

In *The Week* of October 25th, a communication appears, the main contention of which is that inevitable destiny is leading Britain and the United States "to a life and death struggle." The writer lifts up a prophetic voice to forewarn the Mother Country, and to bid her abstain—as the great duty of the present hour—from paying any more compliments to American visitors. One hardly knows whether to be angry or amused at these Cassandra strains, but at any rate they should not appear in *THE WEEK* without the writer's name being appended to them. There are Jingos in the States, but they always proclaim their names with their little drum-beat. The redoubtable Mr. Finerty is ready at a moment's notice to march on the "base, bloody, brutal Saxon," but, meanwhile, he manages to keep himself safely ensconced under the star-spangled banner. Mr. Rossa is always ready to drink any amount of beer when he cannot get whiskey, at other people's expense, in token of his unslaked thirst for English gore. And the Honourable William E. Chandler, Senator from New Hampshire, is ready whenever there is a prospect of getting a few Irish votes, to "welcome the inevitable fight" and prophesy its "sure result." Not one of these gentlemen, however, hides his light under a bushel. The most modest of them would be disgusted if his speech were reported with his name suppressed. If we have men of the same stripe in Canada, by all means let them come out in the open. I am quite sure that they are not to be found among our Senators, M.P.'s, M.P.P.'s, or other representative circles. Hitherto, the great point which we have been able to make with our kin across the line is that they alone have the patent for producing the Jingo, and we frankly acknowledge that Britain shares with them the responsibility for the article. The penal laws of England against Roman Catholics and her former harsh treatment of Ireland are not forgotten, in spite of the fact that a totally different policy has been pursued for sixty years. It will take a generation or two yet, before the old era is covered by the new. Meanwhile, there is the Irish-American vote, and it is folly to suppose that politicians will not angle for it, and that blatherskites will not pander to it, especially if there is the smallest likelihood of getting glory or grog thereby. That there should be Jingos in the States, then, is the most natural thing in the world ; doubly so, when it is remembered that the great majority of such a crew are cowards, and that the most arrant coward can crow when he counts twelve to one, and that he knows to be the proportion which the population of the United States bears to that

of Canada. But if a Senator metaphorically trails his coat in the mud, a hundred miles or so distant from us, why should we go out of our way to tread upon it, and so put ourselves on the same level with the blockhead ? If a news paper man, in the safe seclusion of a little printing office, declares that "the American eagle can swallow the Canadian beaver and ask for more," why on earth is it necessary for us to shout back "Come and try" ; and why, oh why, should *THE WEEK* give even an unintentional quasi-endorsement to such schoolboy antics, by putting them in unsigned black and white, as if they in any way represented its attitude ? I do not want the newspaper man or any of his readers to "come and try." He might get hurt, poor fellow ; or, if he could shoot better than I, and especially if he outnumbered me a dozen to one, I might get hurt. In either case, the result would be deplorable, in the eyes of wives and children and a sorrowing country. How much better that he should continue to shed nothing worse than ink, and that we should attend to our own business !

But, we are told, "the Americans see the issue clearly. England's hour of trial is coming," with more of the same stuff. And why is this to be thus ? Because, forsooth, of commercial rivalry. "The rivalry of trade knows no religion." It may not, it probably does not, in the smallest village of the land, or between town and town, or between rival manufacturers, farmers, bankers, railroads. Yet, we manage to get along without cutting each other's throats. The principle of competition, in trade or in anything else, is not inconsistent with religion. It is the principle which is the condition of and the spur to improvement. Let the best win, we all say, and England says it most fearlessly. Wherever her flag flies she unites all nations to compete with her on absolutely equal terms. By and by, Canada and the United States may learn to imitate her wisdom. Then, and not till then, shall England's commercial supremacy be threatened. Should it pass from her then, however, she will be content, for it will be for the good of the world.

War between the British Empire and the United States ! Whoever among us utters a word to invite so stupendous a saturnalia of folly and crime, let him be—I utter the word solemnly—Anathema ! All would suffer, but Canada would suffer most of all. She could not be conquered, but she could easily be overwhelmed for a time. She could not be held, thanks to the spirit of her sons, thanks to her union with Great Britain, and thanks too to the conscience of the American people, who would—on the first opportunity given to them—hurl from power the political party that was guilty of so deadly a sin against all the hopes of the future. I admit that there is a possibility of an American political party betraying the country into a war with Britain, before the sober sense of the American people had time to assert itself. That is one of the reasons why I am unalterably opposed to annexation. For if we were part of the Union, then—in spite of ourselves—we would have to fight against the Mother Country. But, while we live our own life, and no one can deny that we are entitled to do so, we are absolutely safe from so unspeakable a disgrace. There is no possibility of war on the side of Britain or on the side of Canada, because in both countries the Executive is dependent on Parliament, and Parliament would promptly vote out of power any Government that was suspected of taking the first step to overt war. This being so, our interests, our dignity, and our Christianity all alike demand that the provocation shall never come from us. Whatever others say or do we must keep our senses.

I am almost ashamed of having to admit a possibility on the other side. It is to take Fenians, fillibusters, and fire-eaters serious for a moment. Let us understand clearly that these gentry are not the American people. It is understood in the States as in Britain that it is on the whole safest to allow fools speak out their folly. Hence it is that in London, orators declaim against the Queen, and that in the States—where the democracy is territorial—socialists are allowed to denounce property in land. It gives them relief and nobody is hurt. But, though the possibility is infinitesimal, it is there, and while it is we must hold our own, and—instead of aggravating the disorders in our neighbour's household—seek always the things that make for peace and for his good as well as our own.

My vision of the future is not that of a relentless death struggle between a supposed Rome and a new Carthage. Nations are governed now by ideas, not by traditions of militarism or the spirit of a commercialism which found its

advantage in the impoverishment of its customers. The dominant ideas after all are Christian. Blood, too, is thicker than water. I believe that the child is born who will see a moral reunion of the English-speaking race, commercial union based on free trade, a common tribunal and a common citizenship, if not more.—G. M. Grant, in *The Week*.

POETRY AND PATRIOTISM.

When the Frenchman who cheered the Iron Duke in the theatre at Paris, was asked indignantly why he shouted for a general who had beaten the legions of France, he replied, "*mais, il nous a toujours battus en gentilhomme.*" Probably there never was such a Frenchman, but the story is a good one, and the moral appended is of wide application. For instance, the remarkable thing about our American cousins and their conquests is that once the fighting is over there is no crowing. As is well known, they have always been victorious over the English, the Mexicans, the Indians, the "rebels," and never met with a single reverse; but no American newspaper, orator, or other methods of publication ever refers to these things. Their shrinking, sensitive delicacy about mentioning their own triumphs at Bunker Hill and Fourth of July celebrations almost amounts to defect in the national character. In the hour of victory they are silent. They have always beaten *en gentilshommes*.

Still one sees occasionally in their journals something which possibly might be construed into mild self-assertion. In the Century for September, to give one instance, there is a poem of a distinguished gentleman of Irish extraction, describing a sea-fight between an American frigate and two English ships in the war of 1812. How the fight came about, is not explained. It takes two to make a quarrel, and the Britishers did not haul down their flag as soon as the American hove in sight, as was the invariable custom of the King's navy in those good old days. Possibly the *Cyane* and her consort were emboldened by the fact that they were two to one, and possessed together nearly two-thirds as many men and guns as the American ship. At any rate, they gave battle, with the usual result, that they were beaten, one at a time. The fact is tersely put by Mr. Roche in language which leaves nothing to be desired in the way of energy and polish:

"And the lime-juice dogs lay there like logs
With never a growl in their throats."

This gem of expression also displays Mr. Roche's learning, for lime-juice was introduced into the dietary of the navy in 1795, to the great improvement of the general health. Only full quotation of the original would do justice to Mr. Roche's poem, but I cannot resist the temptation to lard my plain prose with another literary delicacy:

"The slow *Cyane* came up too late;
No need had we to stir;
Her decks we swept with fire, and kept
The flies from troubling her."

So it stands printed for all men to see in the good old, respectable Presbyterian Century for September; and it must be confessed that seldom indeed does this staid family journal rise to such brilliant and giddy heights. I have ventured to put in italics, the finest line of all:

... and kept
The flies from troubling her.

How fine! Is there not some popular phrase racy of the soil or the gutter, about there being "no flies" on a person? I fancy I have heard something of the kind somewhere. I am not certain, but it sounds like a compliment; and if so, I hasten to assure Mr. Roche that there are no flies upon him or his poetry. He must accept his due. The genius necessary to transplant this flower of speech from the gutter to the family magazine constitutes a class by itself. Mr. Roche may well feel proud of his achievement.

This is not the only poem the world owes to the genius of Mr. Roche, and more are to come. He has written a book, which we may feel confident will exhibit the same marks of culture and power as the poem referred to, and the same indubitable signs of direct intellectual descent from that lucid thinker, the famous Sir Boyle, the father of all the Roches. Many books of poems are printed, and read but by the author and (possibly) his friends; because they are too serious. But seriousness is not Mr. Roche's fault. His Irish

vivacity carries him away. Though dealing with battle, murder and sudden death, he rivals the *Bab Ballads* in comic effect. He has not lived in vain. No one has, who in this age of dulness is able to add his quota to the gaiety of nations.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE FAD.

The home of what is called Christian Science is in Boston, and there the cult has many adherents. Sometimes the high priests and priestesses of the profession give afternoon discourses, admission one dollar, and crowds of people who have time and curiosity on their hands, and it may be said credulity too, attend and listen open-mouthed to their jargon. Should one venture a question dictated by common sense, he is at once astonished by having a douche of verbiage poured over him, in which, as a rule, there is neither rhyme nor reason, while the devotees who sit by scowl upon him with the true look of spiritual pride upon their countenances.

A friend of mine was once persuaded to seek out the strange doctrine of the so-called Christian Scientists on behalf of his wife who was far from well. An interview with one of the professors of "healing" convinced him, however, that "Christian Science" was chiefly superstitious ignorance, combined with the power to keep on talking without sense or reason. He took down, in shorthand, part of what the "healer" said to him. He was able to do this conveniently because the said "healer" kept his eyes closed.

"Christian Science heals by the truth directed against error and sin and the pride of human reason. What we have to do is to give a sincere healing in the spirit of Christ that shall turn out error, because all sickness is the working of error in the human heart. There is really no sickness but the human heart and mind under the domination of sin. Tell your wife to throw away all human reason and trust only to the truth as it is given to her, for we believe in one God, one Holy Ghost, one baptism and healing by Christian Science. Oh, my brother, throw away all human wisdom and seek to have divine wisdom in your heart, for, as the apostle says, the fashion of this world passes away. Do not think there is any sickness or evil but sin and you will conquer the appearance of sickness by the power of faith. I will now (pulling out watch) give your wife a sincere healing in faith and truth."

Then he kept silence for about ten minutes with his eyes closed. After this he said that the fee was \$1, and that my friend's wife—who was at a distance—would no doubt "feel the benefit," and could be "healed" at perhaps six interviews. But the unbelieving experimenter never went again.

He subsequently received the following letter from the "healer" which I transcribe verbatim. It must be remembered that this somewhat illiterate man had received a diploma from the Boston headquarters of the cult as to his fitness for the position he held. The letter is as follows:

Dear Brother in Christ,—your letter to hand and I am highly impressed with your thoughts. In regards to your wife views upon christian science she bears as much if not more on the side of material sense as she does on the side of the spiritual or else she would give anything that speaks the work *god* in a true conception the benefit of her human doubt tell your wife that no man can seek another's error and then try to destroy it with the truth the bible says judge not man by his error the error must be presented to me before I can offer to destroy otherwise I would be hunting after error *jesus* said to the woman where is thy accusers they had fled he said neither do I accuse you goe thy way sin no more and in no case do he hunt for a case to heal but they called after he had passed by when he turned to them what did he say thy faith hath made thee howl tell your wife if she put more trust in *god* to heal she could not doubt my treatment to heal and could not have so much faith that material sense could heal mater has no power it is amagenary in human sense this is what is deceiven hur after all the time she tried medicine or material she hates to give up and trust in christ to heal when he said these things shall man do and greater things shall he do for through man will I heal man and these signs will follow him that believes he shall heale the sick cast out demons raise the dead the dead faith the only death for life is eternal when man is conscious that *god* is his. life and god cannot die it is necessary for your wife to seek insted of warring with the understanding if she seeks the truth will make hur free. I gave you my terms per week I am ready to treat hur case give hur to understand that it is necessary for hur to uncover her sins to be healed and the demonstrator that has power through christ to desern the malady spiritual to destroy it any other would be no higher than hur own human sense and that is not C. S. you cannot get the truth while you fight against it *god* by Brother in truth

Yours C—

The foregoing is a literal copy made by myself from the original. It shows more conclusively than mere hearsay, the class of people endeavouring to take into their unsuitable hands the task of healing the sick. There is about it more over an unpleasant suggestion of Stiggins-like inquisition into private domestic affairs which would prove far from desirable in practice.

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 HANON Ottawa.
Outside Guard.....	SISTER MILLAR Deseronto.
Chaplain.....	SISTER BASCOM Galt.

**"BECKY" ON THE REBEKAH'S
DOINGS.**

I don't suppose there is a Rebekah Lodge that can boast of more Past-Grand Masters, "Past this and Past that," than Olive Branch Lodge; and the remark has more than once been made in my hearing that no wonder our lodge gets along so well with so much talent and so many shining lights of the Order to lend their assistance and help in the good work. But when you come to look into the matter the truth must be told that as helpers in the active work of the lodge they don't amount to a "row of shucks," and we get more work out of a few earnest, hard working brothers than the whole lot of titled dignitaries, with a string of letters attached to their names. It's a hard confession to have to make, but it is a true one. We want their assistance and would like to see them visit once in a while, if only for appearance sake; and I do trust that any that read these few lines will give the matter their serious consideration, and if the cap fits wear it, or come to our next meeting and confess your shortcomings and then turn to and help us to fulfil all the obligations imposed upon us; bearing in mind that the welfare of Olive Branch Lodge, and the success of the Rebekah branch of the Order, rests just as much on your shoulders as on your poor sisters'. Don't act like the noble red man who leaves all the work for his squaw. Brothers, we are willing to aid you in looking after your sick and in any way help on the good work of the Subordinate Lodges; and it is only but fair that you should encourage us by attending our meetings. Come to think of it, there are also a few sisters that we don't see very often! I wonder if they have forgotten that solemn obligation they assumed when joining our lodge. Think it over, sisters; and then ask yourselves, "What have I, as a Rebekah, neglected to do?"

Notwithstanding all the delinquents we have still many good and tried workers in our lodge who put aside all personal likes and dislikes and bear the brunt of the work of the lodge. To give you an

instance, last week our captain notified the staff to appear for drill on Saturday night, rain or shine, as he put it. You know what Saturday was like—a night when, if our staff had consulted their own comforts, they would have stayed in the house. But, no! over two-thirds of them put in an appearance, and the others sent suitable excuses, principally sickness.

We have several of our active workers on the sick list just now, among others Sisters Seels, Dack, Forbes and Gilby, but we hope to have them all with us by our next meeting.

Our "At Home" on the 27th, promises to be one of the best yet. The committee are working hard to make it a big success, and if the members only turn in and give a hand it will be without doubt the event of the season. Bro. Cutter, who, I hear, is making quite a name for himself as a caterer will have charge of the refreshment table. We are also thinking out a couple of other schemes for the winter months, which, if carried out, will prove something out of the ordinary; but will say nothing about them at present.

The Voluntary Relief Committee have decided to hold their meetings on a Tuesday afternoon instead of Monday. Their next meeting will be held at Sister Harper's, 33 Gerrard St. West, Tuesday, 19th, at three o'clock. **BECKY.**

A CRITICISM—REBEKAH DEGREE.

We have often wondered why the woman's Degree was named the Rebekah Degree. Having heard no explanation the inference is that Rebekah furnishes a true illustration of Oddfellowship by the act of giving "a cup of cold water to the thirsty." This act, 'tis true, characterizes her as a good Odd Fellow, and we see no other trait in her life from which to hold her up as a prototype of true womanhood, as a suitable character in Bible history. This was no doubt deemed sufficient in itself to present a phase in human nature that is worthy of emulation. But what we cannot understand—and what we hope to have changed—is that Rebekah should figure so little in the work of the Degree. In the Ritual Rebekah is treated as a secondary character—and in the beautiful floor work of the S. G. L. she is not near so prominent as Ruth. Why is this! So far as we can see Rebekah furnishes no greater evidence of true womanly instinct than Ruth, nor is she entitled to any greater distinction except that her nobility of character was evinced toward a stranger, while that of Ruth was manifest toward her mother-in-law—not a very popular personage as the world is now composed. We are willing to concede that Rebekah is entitled to the largest share of praise, more because she gave herself to a stranger than because she

gave him a cup of water. But what we criticize is that she is not made more prominent in a degree named for her, and simply because she furnishes the most unselfish character of all the women of the Bible. Naomi, Esther, or Miriam rank with Rebekah in the uniform work, while Ruth is greater than either. We object to this. It is subject to just criticism, we think. In all things, Rebekah is the type of the true womanhood that we seek to impress the candidate with, and all the others should be secondary to her. She would scarce be missed from the Lodge. Another noticeable feature is that no quotation from the Bible appears in a Rebekah Lodge that has any reference to her. Ruth can entreat Naomi not to leave her, and the Exodus verses bring Miriam to the front with her songs and dances, each thereby appearing "a bright particular star," greater in magnitude than Rebekah, who is slightly referred to as a self-sacrificing girl who went forth with a stranger. She would be tabooed in good society if she were to do this now-days. It is hoped that the committee who will revise the Ritual may be able to give Rebekah the principal place, and we shall be pleased to learn that the floor work assigns her a like place therein.—*E. R. Shipley in The Triple Link.*

Care of old members in an important matter and should be given careful consideration by every lodge. Look over your roll of membership and single out those who have become lukewarm or apparently lost their interest; appoint a committee to wait on these members and get them to again frequent the meetings of the lodge, and to renew their influence in its interests. It's all right to get new members, but it's better to get old ones to take an interest, because by so doing you secure the attendance and co-operation of what you have, which means a sure increase.

Coughing.

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THE GRAND SIRE AT BUFFALO.

The *Rochester Herald* says: Saturday, November 2nd, was a red letter day with the Patriarchs Militant of Buffalo. For some two months past Canton Persch, No. 26, of that city have been making elaborate preparations to entertain the Grand Sire, J. W. Stebbins, and Major T. W. Shannon, both of this city, whom they had invited to witness the conferring of the Degree of Chivalry in full form by that Canton on eight candidates. It was an official visit of the Grand Sire and the arrangements made in his honour were very elaborate. Accompanied by Major Shannon, the Grand Sire arrived in Buffalo at noon, and was met on alighting from the train by Department Commander, E. C. Schafer and staff and Captain Gen. J. H. Goehles of Canton Persch, and driven in carriages to the Genesee hotel, where a suite of rooms were engaged for each of the visitors. After dinner they were driven to the Odd Fellow's club, where the Daughters of Rebekah tendered a reception, and an address of welcome to the Grand Sire, delivered by Sister Baker, D.D.G.M. In the evening the five Cantons of the city, headed by the Seventy-fifth Regiment Band, marched to the hotel where the line of march was commenced. Six carriages, containing the Rochester visitors, Gen. E. C. Schafer and staff, Grand Representatives Dilcher and Stern, and other distinguished brothers brought up the rear. The streets along the entire line of march were a complete mass of fireworks and sky rockets in all colors.

Arriving at the hall, which was most elaborately decorated, the Cantons formed a crescent with the band in the centre, which, upon the entrance of the Grand Sire, played "Hail to the Chief." The guests of the evening were then escorted to the commodious stage where the drill corps of Canton Persch, under the supervision and command of Captain George J. H. Goehles, conferred the Degree of Chivalry on the candidates in waiting in a manner most pleasing to all, and occasioned a gust of applause at the conclusion of the work. The estimable Captain Goehles is certainly entitled to a great amount of credit, as he has sacrificed a great deal of time and money in bringing the Canton up from the remnant that it was when he took hold of it until now it stands second to none in the State. The Canton gave an exhibition drill which was perfect, after which Gen. E. C. Schafer called the large gathering to order, and the speakers of the evening, which were limited to four, were introduced in the following order: Grand Sire Stebbins, Grand Representative Jacob Dilcher, Major T. W. Shannon and Past Grand Master Stern, after which all sat down to a very elaborate banquet. The Grand

Sire returned home on Sunday morning early, while Major Shannon remained until late that evening, having previously accepted an invitation to dine at the home of Gen. Schafer, where, with some friends, he spent a most delightful time. The Rochester visitors are very loud in their praise at the treatment they received at the hands of the brothers from the windy village on the banks of the Erie canal. The horses are so unaccustomed to any display of fireworks in that town that they became frantic, and the carriage containing the Grand Sire had to be driven through the back streets as the driver could not control them. We would suggest to the drivers an occasional visit to Rochester, where illuminations like that will be seen at almost any time.

PLAIN TALK.

We are taught, as we are admitted into our Order, that Oddfellowship is progressive in its character, and as we advance step by step we learn the truth of this teaching.

No man can reflect upon his admission to the mysteries of our Order, and his advancement through its various degrees without feeling the importance of the task he has assumed. Upon the faithful performance of this task depends his happiness and comfort.

We can enjoy our fraternity only by being fraternal to our fellow-man; by being broad and liberal in our views, of a forgiving spirit, patient and careful searchers after truth—by being progressive.

Every step that is made in the spirit of selfishness or envy is not an advance move, and is not calculated in the long run to benefit those who thus walk or the Order in whose affairs they are playing a part.

The members of our Order have been and still are divided into at least two classes, the few who with their backs to the sunrise worship the past and the many who keep their faces toward the dawn.

The former class is composed of those who make no comparisons of the past and present, but who are continually throwing into the path of the new active members the same obstacles which they have encountered and overcome in the past; retarding the progress of the Order and making the performance of the work imposed upon them a burden which otherwise would be a pleasure.

Those who fail to see any good in anything or any one who think all the good that can be done has been done, or that all those capable of doing good have long since passed away, are among this class. They are present on all occasions and often use their endeavors to break down and smash up everything that was not started "in the days of yore" by their yawning "What's the good of anything!" We

have seen one such Brother in a lodge in our round of visitations, who actually froze the action of the Lodge when the motion to organize a degree team was proposed. There were not a few members present, but the speech made by this brother filled with, "What's the use? We never required a degree team to perform the work in the days gone by," caused the indefinite postponement of action upon the motion.

To say that the lodge made a mistake is useless, but we trust that the matter may be reconsidered at some future time.

Of the other class, of which our lodge have many, we will speak in a future issue. All that we desire to accomplish by the publication of these facts, is to stamp out fogysim, and make the Order more progressive.—*O. F. Star.*

FIVE POINTS OF FELLOWSHIP.

1. When the necessities of a brother calls for my aid and support, I will be ever ready to lend him such assistance to save him from sinking as may not be determined to myself or connections if I find him worthy thereof.

2. Indolence shall not cause my footsteps to halt, nor wrath turn em aside; but forgetting every selfish consideration I will be ever swift of foot to serve, help and execute benevolence to a fellow-creature in distress.

3. When I offer up my ejaculations to Almighty God, a brother's welfare I will remember as my own; for as the voices of babies ascend to the Throne of Grace, so most assuredly will the breathings of a fervent heart.

4. A brother's secrets, delivered to me as such, I will keep as I would my own; betraying that trust might be doing him the greatest injury he could sustain in the mortal life. Nay it would be like the villain of an assassin who lurks in darkness to stab his adversary, when unarmed and least prepared to meet an enemy.

5. A brother's character I will support in his absence as I would in his presence; I will not wrongfully revile him myself, nor will I suffer it to be done by others, if in my power to prevent it.—*Exchange.*

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LODGE DIRECTORY.

NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES.

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

MEDICINE HAT. Medicine Hat Lodge, No. 3, meets every Thursday at 8 o'clock, p.m. in the Masonic Hall. Officers - Wm. Cousins, N. G.; T. Perrit, V. G.; J. Cook, R. S.; T. W. Ireland, P. S.; E. J. Reynolds, P. G.

PROVINCE OF MANITOBA.

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

NEEPAWA. Neepawa Lodge, No. 16, Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in Odd Fellows Hall, in Hutchings & Benson's Block. Officers - Joseph Yates, N. G.; C. W. Harrison, V. G.; W. F. Young, R. S.; R. D. Young, P. S.; C. D. Benrose, P. G.; Treas.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE. Portage Lodge, No. 3, Tuesday evening, Odd Fellows Hall, Saskatchewan Ave. Officers - W. A. Crisp, N. G.; J. Hewison, V. G.; P. M. Pierson, R. S.; J. Doldmead, P. G.; P. S. M. B. Sinder, P. G.; Treas., P. O. Box 455.

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

WINNIPEG. Manitoba Lodge, No. 1, Friday evening 8 o'clock, in Odd Fellows Hall, corner Princess St. and McDermott Ave. Officers - 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.

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

WINNIPEG. Minnehaha Lodge, No. 7, Thursday, 8 o'clock, in Friendship Hall, Main St. Officers - R. G. Barnwell, N. G.; J. Dagg, V. G.; F. Kenny, R. S.; G. W. Van Vleet, P. S.; John Douglas, P. G., T.

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. Longwell, P. S.; John H. Sutherland, P. S.; T. C. R. P. Blithen, J. P. G.

ST. JOHN, N. B. Slalom Lodge, No. 29, Monday night, 10 O'P' Hall, 87 Union St. Officers - Fred. A. Wright, N. G.; Thos. McCromwell, V. G.; F. S. Manks, R. S.; Arthur G. Blaksley, P. S.; John Jackson, T.

PROVINCE OF BRIT. COLUMBIA

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

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

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

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

LACUTE. Laurentian Lodge, No. 14, Tuesday p.m., Olivet Hall. Officers - Robt. McArthur, N. G.; Geo. McGregor, V. G.; Robt. Law, R. S.; Alex. Riddell, Treas.

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

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

MONTREAL. Duke of Edinburgh, No. 4, Tuesday, 8 p.m., 3 Victoria St. Officers - W. Kennedy, J. P. G.; J. S. McCallum, P. S.; A. W. Childs, T.

MONTREAL. Beaver Lodge, No. 6, Tuesday, 8 p.m., Union Hall, 56 Wellington St. Poin. St. Charles. Officers - A. Carmichael, N. G.; Geo. McGowan, V. G.; A. W. Starkey, P. G.; (P. O. Box 95, Point St. Charles), R. S.; F. W. Herridge, P. S.; R. H. Livingstone, P. G., Treas.

MONTREAL. Wellington Lodge, No. 26, 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, T.

MONTREAL. The Excelsior Lodge, No. 12, meets every Tuesday evening at 251 St. James St. Officers - Geo. M. Brown, N. G.; T. J. Lanktree, V. G.; James M. Salmon, P. O. Box 2360, R. S.; F. W. Millburn, P. S.; A. E. Hinton, T.

QUEBEC. Allion Lodge, No. 2, Wednesday, 8 p.m., Odd Fellows Hall, 14 D'Autout St. - Esplanade Hill. Officers - A. P. Doolittle, N. G.; Jas. Kelly, V. G.; A. Jno. Teakle, R. S.; 21 St. Augustin St.; H. Hull, P. S.; R. J. Edwards, P. G., T.

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. S.; Wm. Davis, P. G.; G. Gymer, P. G. M., T.

MONTREAL. Montreal Encampment, No. 1, at Odd Fellows Hall, 251 St. James street, second and fourth Wednesday, 8 p.m. Officers - A. E. Abson, C. P.; F. Brown, H. P.; Jos. Wilson, P. S.; Walter Adams, J. W.; J. E. Edwards, R. S.; J. A. Finlayson, C. P.; P. S.; A. W. Stawley, C. P., T.

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

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

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

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

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

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

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

CHAPLEAU. Missanibie Lodge, No. 135, Tuesday, 8 p.m. Odd Fellows Hall. Officers - Archie McLaren, N. G.; J. Doolittle, V. G.; J. M. Austin, P. G.; R. S. Chas. Murphy, P. G. P. S.; B. D. Dexter, P. G., Treas.

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

CUMMING'S BRIDGE. Farmacite Lodge, No. 283, Wednesday 8 p.m. Riverside Hall. Officers - W. Andrew, N. G.; Jas. M. Duran, V. G.; Jno. Turnbull, P. G.; R. S.; F. J. Hanson, P. G.; P. S.; B. Slinn, P. G., Treas.

DICKINSON'S LANDING. Fellowship Lodge, No. 303, Hall. Officers - W. J. Ransom, V. G.; J. G. Armstrong, V. G.; E. H. Ransom, R. S.; F. D. McClevery, P. S.; Dr. Weagan, Treas.

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

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

FLORENCE. Florence Lodge, No. 196, Monday, at 7:30 p.m., in Odd Fellows Hall. Officers - Rev. J. E. Holmes, N. G.; J. J. McGuire, V. G.; D. McDonald, R. S.; Eugene Walker, P. S.; Isaac Unsworth, T.

FOREST. Royal Oak Lodge, No. 108, Monday evening, Lodge-room, King St. Officers - W. J. O. S. Corneil, V. G.; D. A. Buchanan, R. S.; H. Barron, P. S.; A. F. Smith, Treas.

FORT WILLIAM. Algona Lodge, No. 207, Thursday, 20 o'clock. Officers - A. McNaughton, V. G.; Geo. W. Artooth, V. G.; T. W. Rutledge, R. S.; P. F. McCallum, P. S.; N. Hamilton, Treas.

GAIT. 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.; F. Hogg, Treas.

GANANOQUE. Gannanque Lodge, No. 114, Monday, 8 p.m., in Odd Fellows Hall. Officers - J. H. Kerr, N. G.; C. R. A. E. Meggs, P. G., Treas.

GUELPH. Reliance Lodge, No. 89, Monday evening, Odd Fellows Hall, over Wintham and McDunnell Sts. Officers - Wm. Goodwin, N. G.; Bro. Stephens, V. G.; John Colson, R. S.; S. Law, P. S.; C. E. Horning, T.

HAMILTON. Excelsior Lodge, No. 44, Thursday evening, in Odd Fellows Hall. Officers - A. Robbins, V. G.; J. H. Robbins, V. G.; S. Robbins, R. S.; Jos. Tinsley, P. G.; E. Schultz, Treas.

HAMILTON. Unity, No. 47, Wednesday, 8 p.m., Odd Fellows Hall. Officers - Wm. Anderson, J. P. G.; H. J. Evans, N. G.; Robert Douglas, V. G.; Oliver Baxter, R. S.; Alf. McCandlish, P. S.; Alex. McKay, M. P., P. G., Treas.

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

HAMILTON. Crescent, No. 104, Friday evening, Odd Fellows Hall. Officers - John St. Officers - Jno. F. Bremner, J. P. G.; N. G.; S. Aiken, V. G.; Geo. Hinton, R. S.; R. E. Emerald St. South, R. S.; J. F. Faulkner, P. G.; 125 Queen St. South, P. S.; F. Charingholl, P. G., Treas.

HAMILTON. Minerva Lodge, No. 197, alternate Wednesday, 8 p.m., Odd Fellows Hall, John St. Officers - Robert Turnbull, N. G.; Jas. Houghton, V. G.; J. H. Thompson, R. S.; 24 York St.; Wm. Brooks, P. S.; Jas. Ronald, T.

KINCARDINE. Penetangore Lodge, No. 122, Tuesday evening, Odd Fellows Hall. Officers - Wm. M. Mandly, N. G.; R. A. Rastale, V. G.; R. D. Hall, R. S.; Edward Fox, P. S.; Geo. Swan, Treas.

KINGSTON. Kingston Lodge, No. 50, Friday, 8 p.m., in Odd N. G.; P. Thompson, V. G.; F. W. Aylsworth, 307 Bagot St., R. S.; R. J. Wilson, P. S.; J. Laturney, P. G., Treas.

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

LEAMINGTON. Leamington Lodge, No. 140, Thursday, at 8 p.m., in Odd Fellows Hall. Officers - Walter Starrs, N. G.; Wm. Lyman, V. G.; W. T. Easton, R. S.; James Neil, P. S.; Jas. Hamby, T.

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

MIDLAND. Midland Lodge, No. 274, Friday evening at 8 p.m., in the Wallace Block. Officers - E. O. Stokes, N. G.; V. G.; J. A. Steofford, Treas.; John Hill, Secy.

MOUNT FOREST. Garnet Lodge, No. 139, Tuesday evening, Odd Fellows Hall, Halsted Block. Officers - D. L. Stewart, N. G.; G. J. Reid, V. G.; John Corley, R. S.; E. E. Snider, P. S.; John T. Skales, T.

NEW HAMBURG. Nith Lodge, No. 96, Thursday, 8 p.m., in Bergers Block. Officers - Olo. E. Prosenrich, N. G.; J. Fox, V. G.; Alex. Fraser, R. S.; Louis Ritz, P. S.; Wm. Schiff Treas.

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

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

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

OKAVILLE Oakville Lodge, No. 132, Monday, 8 p.m., Odd Fellows Hall, Officers—J. C. Ford, J.P.G.; A. J. Conder, N.G.; J. F. Tensdale, V.G.; Chas. B. Husband, R.S.; Geo. R. Carson, P.S.; Chas. F. Doty, Treas. C5

OWEN SOUND Owen Sound Lodge, No. 180, Thursday, 8 p.m., Parker's Block, Front St. Officers—A. C. Priest, N.G.; Geo. H. McLaughlan, V.G.; Geo. P. Creighton, P.G.; R.S., P.S.: A. E. L. Malone, Treas. C5

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. C5

OTTAWA Carleton, No. 240, Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, in Odd Fellows Hall, corner Sparks and Bank Sts. Officers—B. H. Manson, N.G.; J. Carruthers, V.G.; A. T. Mc-Kinnon, R.S.; A. E. Mattice, P.G.; P. S., John Smith, Treas. C5

OTTAWA Rockfille Lodge, No. 275, meets in Bridge St. Hall, Rideau St., every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. Officers—J. A. M. Jacques, N.G.; A. E. Ripley, V.G.; E. W. Raper, 90 Bessmer St., R.S.; W. J. Fairlaine, P.S.; J. K. Peacor, Treas. Visiting brethren always welcome. C5

PARIS Grand River Lodge, No. 91, Thursday evening. Officers—Jas. R. Inksater, N.G.; John Adams, V.G.; Wm. Fraser, R.S.; John Stevenson, P.S.; David Chalmers, T. C6

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

PERTH 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. Meighen, P.N.G., T. A5

PETERBOROUGH Peterborough Lodge, No. 111, Thursday, 8 p.m., Odd Fellows Hall, corner George and Hunter Sts. Officers—F. Horganth, N.G.; James McCalland, V.G.; A. McFarlane, R.S.; W. J. Green, P.S.; S. Clegg, T. C4

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

PORTH HOPE Durham, No. 78, Tuesday evening. Officers—H. C. Brundett, N.G.; W. T. Greenaway, V.G.; Walter Williams, R.S.; J. H. Magill, P.G.; P. S.: Hugh Walker, P.G., T. C5

PRESCOTT Amity Lodge, No. 80, Thursday, 7.30 p.m. Officers—Freman A. Scott, N.G.; Wm. J. Wiley, V.G.; J. E. Adams, R.S.; G. S. Warrtop, P.G.; P.S.; and Isaac W. Plumb, P.G., Treas. C5

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

RENEW Marion Lodge, No. 131, Monday, 8.30 p.m., Stewart's Block. Officers—John Stewart, J.P.G.; E. N. Guthy, N.G.; R. Armstrong, V.G.; H. W. Airth, R.S.; James Jolyne, P.S.; James Clark, T. C5

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. C5

SMITH'S FALLS Rideau Lodge, No. 241, Monday evening, Odd Fellows Hall, Gilroy's new Block. Officers—R. Mc Gillivray, N.G.; E. A. Anderson, V.G.; H. Sutton, R.S.; G. S. Secher, P.S.; D. P. Hamilton, P.G., M. Treas. C5

SUDBURY Sudbury Lodge, No. 282, 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Odd Fellows Hall. Officers—T. N. Kilpatrick, N.G.; David Johns, V.G.; J. N. Doyle, R.S.; G. J. Oliver, P.S.; J. W. Hardy, Treas. C5

TORONTO Broadview Lodge, Dugman's Hall, corner Broadview avenue and Queen, Monday, at 8 o'clock p.m. Officers—G. T. Penning, N.G.; A. J. Jackson, V.G.; E. James, R.S.; W. J. Clark, Per. Sec.; T. Parr, Treas. 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. C5

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

TORONTO Queen City of Ontario Lodge, No. 56, Monday evening, Odd Fellows Hall, cor. Yonge and College Sts. Officers—Chris. E. Robinson, N.G.; Geo. A. Kingston, V.G.; A. Maccombe, 10 Orford avenue, R.S.; Geo. C. Mortimore, 4 North street, P.S.; Jas. Robertson, T. C5

TORONTO The Toronto Lodge, No. 71, Monday, 8 p.m., Odd Fellows Hall, cor. Brunswick and College Ave. Officers—E. E. Saunders, N.G.; R. S. Anderson, V.G.; D. B. Cockburn, R.S., 30 Division St.; E. S. Dayman, P.S.; L. H. Peace, Treas. C5

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. C4

TORONTO Albert Lodge, No. 194, Friday, 8 p.m., Odd Fellows Hall, Queen St. and Denison Ave. Officers—A. C. McFarlane, N.G.; Robt. MacLean, V.G.; R. N. Sheppard, R.S.; B. C. Morrison, P.S.; Harry Sherris, T. C5

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

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. C5

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

TORONTO Wilton Lodge, No. 242, Monday, 8 p.m., Prospect Hall, corner Ontario and Prospect Sts. Officers—M. Rosenthal, N.G.; E. A. Bowden, V.G.; E. V. O'Brien, 70 Victoria St., R.S.; H. Hooper, P.S.; T. R. Bain, T. C5

TORONTO Floral Lodge, No. 252, Monday, 8 p.m., Weeks Hall, cor. Dunn Ave. and Queen St. West. Officers—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. C5

WATERLOO Germania Lodge, No. 184, Thursday evening. Officers—D. McKay Bernis, N.G.; H. W. Roos, V.G.; Charles Mook, Secy.; C. A. Hachnel, Treas. C4

WAURAUHSHENE Georgian Bay Lodge, No. 219, Thursday evening, Odd Fellows Hall, Officers—Rev. J. H. Sheppard, N.G.; A. M. Macdonald, V.G.; G. P. Stocking, R.S.; J. C. Elise, P.G., Treas.; D. M. Grant, Warden; Hugh Carson, Con.; G. H. Cartie, Chaplain. C5

WINDSOR Frontier Lodge, No. 45, Thursday evening, Odd Fellows Hall, Sandwich St. Officers—Theo. Onelleto, N.G.; William Phillips, V.G.; J. R. Thomson, T.; J. Bowden, P.S.; Geo. Latchem, R.S.; Dr. Cruickshanks, M.D. C5

Ontario Encampments.

COBOURG Ivy Encampment, No. 64, I.O.O.F., 1st and 3rd Monday of each month, at 8 p.m., Odd Fellows Hall, Colong Lodge, No. 126. Officers—Sidney Hobart, Chief Patriarch; Christy Fowler, Sec. C1

HAMILTON Burlington Encampment, No. 7, 2nd and 4th Mondays in month, Odd Fellows Hall, John St. Officers—Geo. Cooper, C.P.; W. J. Evans, S.W.; J. F. Bremner, H.P.; R. Douglas, J.W.; Geo. Britton, P.S.; H. F. Pearson, F.S.; T. McCallum, Treas. C2

OTTAWA George B Encampment meets second and fourth Monday of every month in Odd Fellows Hall, Bank and Sparks Sts. Officers—R. St. George, C.P.; W. Prenter, H.P.; S. Stratton, S.W.; W. Hogard, Scribe; J. Donaldson, F.S.; J. H. St. George, Treas.; A. Simus, J.W. Visiting Patriarchs welcome. C5

OTTAWA Outaouais Encampment No. 53, meets First and Third Friday of each month, in Odd Fellows Hall, corner Bank and Sparks Streets, at 8 p.m. Officers—R. Cotten, C.P.; F. Hamon, S.W.; James Longley, P.C.P.; H. P.; R. T. Holcomb, R.S.; J. W. Cameron, P.C.P.; F.S.; G. H. Bowie, P.C.P., Treas.; Thos. G. Sheen, J.W. Visiting Patriarchs welcome. C4

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. Bight, S.W.; A. G. Allison, P.C.P.; H.P.; C. Holmes, R. Scribe; T. Colby, P.C.P.; F.S.; Jno. Donogh, P.C.P., Treas.; H. E. Terry, J.W. C1

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.A.; Wilson, Scribe; James Robertson, F.S.; J. T. Hornbrook, Treas. C4

General Belief Committee.

TORONTO GENERAL RELIEF COMMITTEE meet third Thursday in each month. Officers—Wm. Warty, Pres.; A. W. Finkle, Vice-Pres.; W. J. McCannan, 126 Grovenor St., Telephone 407 Sec.; Samuel Thompson, Treas. C4

Daughters of Rebekah.

TORONTO Olive Branch Lodge, Daughters of Rebekah, 2nd and 4th Thursday in month, Odd Fellows Hall, cor. Yonge and College Sts. Officers—Sister Mrs. E. Seels, P.S.G.; Sister M. Leemon, N.G.; Sister Mrs. M. Leader, V.G.; Sister Mrs. Ada Lennox (829 Yonge St.), R.S.; Sister Mrs. M. Saunders F.S.; Sister Mrs. S. Batters, Treas. C3

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