

VIDA CAROLAN; OR, FATAL BEAUTY.

CHAPTER I.

A MOMENTOUS TELEGRAM.

The waters in beauty and brightness flow. While a corpse lies drowned in the depths below.

"From Pierre Jacquemart, Prefecture of Paris, to M. Dare Devereux, Carlton-gardens, London.—Please come at once to identify body found in Seine. Letter addressed to you in pocket."

On a sunny afternoon in June, this telegram was handed to the hall-porter of house in Carlton-gardens, and he in turn handed it to a footman to be taken to the master.

"I don't know if Mr. Devereux is in," said John Thomas, shrugging his shoulders, as he crossed the hall. "One never does know whether he is in or out—he's that erratic."

Nevertheless, though telegrams in these days excite no alarm in well-regulated minds, John Thomas knew better than to dawdle over delivering the message with which he was charged, and proceeded at once in search of Mr. Devereux.

Selecting the library as the most likely apartment in which to find his master, his sagacity was rewarded, for a soft, clear voice responded, "Come in!" to his knock, and John Thomas, entering, handed the telegram to a very handsome, aristocratic-looking young man who was lounging in an arm-chair, reading "Horace."

"A telegram?" "Thanks," said he, rather listlessly, and turned another page, scarcely glancing at the little missive; but in a few moments he laid down "Horace" and took up the telegram.

"From Paris!" he muttered, and he opened the envelope quickly. "What the deuce—"

The sentence was never finished. One glance of the large, quick blue eyes had taken in the whole message, and the young man sprang to his feet with a smothered cry, and the white fingers that had lingered carelessly over the pages of "Horace," were locked as if in mortal agony.

"Percival Claremont!"

The name fell from his quivering lips like the echo of a long-present thought, and for an instant he stood motionless, paralyzed by the shock of the fearful conviction forced upon him by that brief, grim telegram, enclosing in a few words a life's history and a tragedy.

But only for an instant. The next Dare Devereux had sprung to the door, and in another moment was in his dressing-room.

"Ellis," he said quickly to his astonished valet, "I must cross to Calais to-night. Read this telegram. I shall start in an hour to catch the boat-train."

Ellis, who had been in his master's service since he left Eton, needed no more. In an hour and a half Dare Devereux was whirling down to Dover as fast as express speed could take him.

It was laid in the Morgue for curious eyes to gaze upon, and morbid fancies to conjecture what sin or suffering could have made life too heavy a burden for this stalwart, well-to-do Englishman; for the dead man's clothes were of fine broad-cloth, and his linen of finest qualities. His features bore the hall-mark of gentle blood, and the smooth, soft-skinned hands had done no rough work.

The body was taken out of the Seine two nights ago, near the Pont Royal. There was nothing to identify it save the letter addressed to M. Devereux, and none of the police who saw the corpse could recall the features. The Englishman was evidently a stranger in Paris, nor did the letter afford any clue as to identity, for it bore no signature. One thing it seemed to indicate—that at the time of writing it the suicide had no intention of destroying himself. Was it, then, murder?

Heaven only knew how dear to young Devereux's passionate heart was the man who now lay dead before him.

Five years ago they had parted, and no line from Claremont had reached Devereux, till the long silence had forced the latter into the belief that his friend was dead. Alas, to know that through these years of silence he had lived, and died but two days ago—like this!

So soon as the corpse was formally identified, M. Pierre Jacquemart gave Devereux the letter, for he had not intended to post. It was a singular fragmentary epistle, and showed the writer to be in a very agitated frame of mind at the time of writing.

"Friend—more than brother, if I dare still call you so—try to think mercifully of me. Answer me quickly, for I shall not dare to come to you till you tell me I have not destroyed in your heart the power of forgiveness. Why have I shunned you? Because I could not face you—you, a lad, I, a man; because I could not endure that you should know me for the debased villain I am now and have been for so long. No need to tell you that a woman was the tempter, alluring me from a double allegiance. You know her; you heard me speak of her—to condemn her then, though I admired her beauty; to her I have lost all—wealth and honor. No need to say more in writing; you know enough now to almost forgive my sins. I could not shake off the chains that enthralled me; I could not clasp your hand while I feared to meet the gaze that if it fell would scorn me. But now the awakening has come; now I can at least strive to atone for, if I cannot reform, the past. One even there is more deeply wronged than you—But I cannot write more. Tell me if I may come to you, to seek, to strive for forgiveness."

The dead man was Mr. Percival Claremont, an Englishman of good family and considerable wealth. He did not know to whom the letter alluded. He could throw no light on the circumstances of Mr. Claremont's death. He did not contradict the remark of one of the officials that Mr. Claremont evidently did not intend to commit suicide when the letter was written, but seemed to have resolved on it later. He only asked that he might be

removed to the body to England, and this he was permitted to do. Not know to whom the dead man alluded! Too well Dare Devereux knew, but the secret should be locked in his own breast. His hand and no other should avenge Percival Claremont.

A few days later Percival Claremont was buried in the churchyard of his native village, far away in wild Cornwall—buried at night with none to mourn by his grave but Dare Devereux and a distant cousin.

There was no will, and Dare Devereux, who had so passionately loved the dead man—who so loved him still—had no memento of him but that letter found on the suicide.

Was Percival Claremont a suicide? CHAPTER II.

HESTER RANSOME'S GUEST.

While vengeance, in the lurid air, Lifts her red arm, exposed and bare.

A blaze of light, repeated in lofty mirrors; the glow of crimson on furniture and draperies and flower-strewn velvet carpets; rich lace, veiling in graceful folds open windows, through which was wafted the scent of flowers; soft and varied hues of female drapery; soft murmur of voices; men's and women's commingled, and merry, but not noisy, laughter—all this formed an harmonious whole that might well chain eye and ear.

In this salon of a handsome house in the Parc Monceau, a company of perhaps twenty men and women had met together this evening, as they had met often before, not only for social intercourse, it would seem, for though there was plenty of conversation, and very charming conversation, for the most part in charming French, there was another occupation going on which absorbed at least as much attention, indeed a good deal more, than the latest gossip about Bernhardt, or the last new piece at the Palais Royal or Renaissance, and this occupation was card-playing; and if you looked at the company closely you would see that it was somewhat curiously constituted.

At a small table near one of the windows, an actress of the Opera Comique, and a Hebrew member of the Bourse, a "friend" of pretty Mlle. Trois Toiles—at least, so said rumor—sat the mistress of this private gambling salon, the handsome Englishwoman who was so well known at Monaco, Baden, and elsewhere, Madame Hester Ransome.

Some cynics doubted if there had ever been a Mr. Ransome, but of course Madame's daughter must be accounted for—This little girl had never yet made an appearance in the salon; but was reported to be a remarkably beautiful child.

Hester Ransome was perhaps thirty-five or six; a tall woman, neither stout nor slight, but robust; a handsome woman without doubt, and yet hardly, one would have thought, the kind of woman to have any very potent influence over men. Of this Hester Ransome, however, more anon. Suffice it now to add that she dressed as faultlessly as any Parisian, spoke French with very little foreign accent, and was an imitable hostess.

Madame had a heap of gold beside her. She was a lucky hand at all games of chance—a very lucky hand.

"I marvel," she observed presently, "that M. Saint-Marc is not here to-night. He asked to bring with him a young English friend whom he did not name. I expected him earlier."

"Does his friend play?" asked the marquis, to whom the hostess had addressed herself.

"Ah, I do not know. He is of noble birth, and wealthy. I know no more. Listen! some carriage has stopped without. Perhaps it is M. Saint-Marc's coupe."

In a few moments conjecture was set at rest, for the door was opened wide, and a man-servant announced:

"No need to tell them, madame," said the Opera Comique lady, with a broad sneer; they would hardly care to remain."

They went out, still chattering and gesticulating furiously—all but Saint-Marc and Dare Devereux.

"Monsieur," said Madame Ransome to the former gentleman, will you withdraw for one moment?"

Saint-Marc bowed and quitted the room. Then Hester Ransome turned to Devereux.

"M. Dare Devereux, how have I injured you that you should bring upon me shame and ruin?"

"I will answer your question by another, madame. Have you already forgotten Percival Claremont?"

A strange cry broke from the woman's lips. She reeled back two or three steps, but recovering herself almost directly, said fiercely:

"And what was Percival Claremont to you? I did him no wrong!"

"He was my nearest and dearest friend. I loved him better than I loved my life. You ruined him, and drove him to his death."

He turned towards the door. Hester Ransome stepped before him.

"Hold!" she said, and for an instant the black eyes of the woman, the deep-blue eyes of the man, met full. "Is it to be war to the knife between you and me?"

"War to the knife," he answered steadily. She drew back.

"War to the knife then be it," she said through her set teeth; "and let us see, Dare Devereux, in this 'game of skill' which hand will win—yours or mine?"

"I accept the combat," said the young man calmly, "and will abide the issues.—Adieu, madame."

And he bowed and went out.

She turned to Devereux with a bright smile.

"Will monsieur try his luck?" she asked.

The young man looked her straight in the face and replied coolly:

"Merci, madame, I must decline to try issues with so skillful an opponent."

"Nay, monsieur, you may have better luck; do not envy me mine."

"Heaven forbid, madame, that I should envy you your luck! I would rather lose all I possess than win it by such 'luck' as yours."

The effect of these uncompromising words, spoken with deliberate emphasis, was electrical. All sprang to their feet.

Madame Ransome recoiled with blanched cheek and a mingled fear and defiance in her eyes. "Eton!" "Eton!" were freely bandied about; but glances of perplexity and wonder were exchanged, too.

The marquis walked up to Devereux.

"Monsieur, you have made a monstrous accusation against a lady, your hostess; you are bound to prove it, or to retract it."

Madame Ransome stood erect, looking straight before her, but uttering not a word. Dare Devereux seemed the most self-possessed person in the room.

"I owe," he said quietly, "an apology to M. Saint-Marc, to whose kindness I am indebted for my introduction to this salon; and to him I will presently render every explanation. But for the accusation I have just made, I owe no apology; I am quite willing—if Madame be willing also—to substantiate my statement."

Everyone looked at Madame Ransome. The guests gathered round her vociferating, jabbering, as only French people can. Devereux stood haughtily aloof during this painful scene, and Madame Ransome stood like a tiger at bay, glaring at her accusers with a strange mingling of fear and defiance in her gaze and mien; but she spoke not a word. At length M. Saint-Marc and one or two others succeeded in producing a temporary calm, and Saint-Marc suggested that if Madame refused to clear herself, it would be better that she should return the money she had won that evening to those who had lost it to her.

"So be it," she said, speaking for the first time; "and let every one leave my house."

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Before noon the next day the apartment in the Parc Monceau knew Hester Ransome no more. Forgotten by the world, but graven in stone on the memories of the man and woman who stood face to face that night as deadly foes. War to the knife! Which hand would plant the death-blow—the man's or the woman's.

Miss, or Mlle. Carolan?"

"Miss—thank goodness! There's a chance for you, my boy. No, not Mademoiselle—she is English, she says—but she might be French, Italian, or German, or all three together, for she speaks all those languages as well as she does English—almost better."

"Pon my word, Summers, you arouse me to a fascinating amount of interest. Go on—I am all ears. Tell me all you know about this mysterious goddess."

"She's eccentric—unconventional—Bohemian—what you will," continued Lawrence. She lives in Hertford-street in good style, practically almost alone, for there is no one living with her but an old duenna, and those sort of old ladies are as much a blind as a protection, in nine cases out of ten. Still, Vida Carolan has been taken up by the swells—or rather, I had almost said, she has taken them up. How? Ask the Delphic oracles, my dear boy, for I can't tell you. They say she is of good West Country family. She is certainly of gentle blood; on that point there can be no doubt. She is highly cultivated, plays splendidly, and everyone runs after her—even the beauties, who envy her."

"By Jove!" said the Hon. Rokeby, "I must get an introduction. There won't be any difficulty about that."

"Oh, dear no. I met her only the other day at Mrs. Staunton's at home. I'll introduce you."

Danvers thanked his friend, and turned to look at the crowd with more interest than he had previously displayed. He was seeking the new star that had suddenly shone forth on the London world.

"What does Dare Devereux say of the new beauty?" asked Danvers, after a short silence.

"He hasn't seen her yet. He has been abroad ever since last June, and only returns to London on Monday next. Hist!" he suddenly grasped the other's arm, "there she is—by Jingo—coming this way. You'll see her best in a minute. We shall see here just as well as anywhere else, though just now your paragon is hidden by the mob."

"She'll show up presently. I think she is with Sir Thomas and Lady Marvyn—I thought I saw them just now close by her."

On came the crowd slowly, paying no more attention to the pictures than if there had been none to look at, but all directing their attention to the one tall, slender girl in the midst, who moved forward unconcernedly, talking to her companions, exchanging salutes with those she knew, and either superbly indifferent to the homage of which she was too conspicuously the object for the possibility of unconsciousness, or possessing in a consummate degree the art of assuming indifference.

And so at last she drew near the spot where stood the Hon. Rokeby Danvers and his friend, and Danvers drew in his breath with a quick muttered:

"Heavens!—what beauty. The girl is divine!"

A tall, slim, supple form, perfectly graceful in bearing and movement; an oval face, with a pale, dark skin as clear as opal, the brow broad and full, the large eyes of dark, reddish hazel shining through long black upward-curling lashes; delicate red lips at once firm and mobile, showing as they smiled glimpses of glittering little white teeth, a wealth of dark chestnut hair clustering in short curls over the nobly balanced head, and low enough on the forehead to soften its masculine development of intellectual power, but not too low to conceal that unique evidence of mental force; these were the elements—in general terms—that made up the remarkable whole, known in the London world as Vida Carolan.

Her dress was simple, but artistic; a cavalier hat of old-gold satin with sweeping plumes, and a dress of black velvet, with lace puffs to the sleeves. There was rich lace about her throat, but no ornament save a bunch of stephanotis and maidenhair fern worn almost on the left shoulder.

While Rokeby Danvers gazed on this beautiful picture in admiration so profound that he forgot all about politeness, Summers hastened forward to claim acquaintance.

Miss Carolan turned to him at once, holding out her hand with a smile of rare brightness, yet which no keen physiognomist would have called a happy smile.

"How has the world used you, Mr. Summers, since I saw you last?" she said, and both her intonation and accent betrayed the habit of speaking foreign languages. "Were you not on the Row yesterday? I thought I saw you in the distance."

"If I had been there, Miss Carolan, I must have seen you, with a bow."

"Very fair," said she, laughing. "I think some of you men get up a kind of a stock list of compliments, and you are pretty safe to have one for every occasion; if something quite out of the common occurs, then you are nonplussed. Isn't that so, Lady Marvyn?"

"You are terribly hard on the poor men," returned that lady.

"And overlook," added Summers readily, "in some cases the potency of the inspiration!"

"Quite enough, thank you. One cannot live on sugar and puff paste. Mr. Summers, though they are very well in their way; so please give me something better, or I shall forget my manners and beg you to carry your compliments elsewhere."

"I cry you mercy, and in proof of your forgiveness, deign to smile upon a friend of mine who is dying to be presented."

"With pleasure, if so simple a process as an introduction can save a no doubt valuable life."

Poor Rokeby Danvers, who had usually plenty of assurance, positively blushed as he bowed before this superb looking girl, and felt almost as shy as he did at his first love. He was in the seventh heaven, and could not, even in thought,

resent it when Vida turned some of his prettiest speeches into ridicule, and when he was in the midst of some compliment asked him, with delicious *ang froid*, what he thought of such and such a picture, or if he worshipped Brune Jones.

"I dare say," she added, on one of the occasions, "you have not studied art very attentively; you come to galleries to see the people—not the pictures. Now you are opening your mouth for a very obvious and common-place compliment; please leave it unuttered. I know what it is, and will accept it for as much as it is worth."

"Miss Carolan, you are too cruel."

"I am cruel to be kind," she answered. "I want to teach some of you, if I can, that a woman does not want to be told every five minutes that she is handsome and adorable, and all that sort of thing. If she is handsome, her glass will tell her so; and if she is not, her vanity will."

"Will you try and learn the lesson?"

"I will try and learn anything you may deign to teach me, Miss Carolan."

"You are a very docile pupil. You may deserve a good conduct medal by the end of the season. Lady Marvyn," turning to that lady, "is that Whistler you spoke of near where we are?"

"No, my dear; but I wanted to introduce you to Lady Mansfield. I saw her a minute ago. Ah, there she is!"

A handsome, middle-aged lady came forward smiling, followed by a fair young girl of perhaps twenty, who looked with frank admiration at graceful Vida Carolan.

"Allow me," said Lady Marvyn, and the introduction was gone through in due form; and Beatrix Mansfield felt quite delighted to know the star, about whom everybody was talking, and who in phrase suitable to the surroundings, was "quite consummate."

"Perhaps, Miss Carolan," said Lady Mansfield, presently, as they turned back to make a second promenade of the rooms, "if you are not engaged, you will honor my garden-party on Thursday next?"

"I shall be most happy, Lady Mansfield."

"Thank you—mind you come early. Lady Marvyn, I want to have you both in good time."

"Very well; we will not fail. Vida, my dear, look here. What do you think of this picture? I want to have your opinion."

It was a painting of two gamblers, who seemed, by the evidences of departed guests, to have prolonged their game far beyond reasonable hours. The other frequenters of the *salon*, a private one manifestly, had gone, and these two, one of them the host, continued to play, with absorbed faces and hands that trembled with eagerness. She almost held her breath as she gazed on the canvas, and for a moment, one brief flash of time, a look came into the great dark eyes not pleasant to see, a dangerous look; but it passed as she said, with a half laugh:

"I wonder which will win! It is a fine picture."

"Isn't it? I am so glad," added Lady Marvyn, "that Lady Mansfield has asked you on Thursday. Her garden-parties are so delightful, and she expects one person whom I am sure you will like."

"Who is that?"

"I dare say you have heard of him—Dare Devereux, of King's Royal."

The hazel eyes were drooping, and the long veil of lashes sweeping over them gave them a half dreamy, languid expression. There was no apparent change in them; that veil hid the light that leaped up again; no change in the sweet, rich-toned voice, as the girl said deliberately:

"No, I do not think I have heard the name before."

But she looked back over her shoulder, as they turned away from the picture of the two gamblers, looked back and smiled, and the movement of her lips might almost have seemed to frame again the question she had asked: "I wonder which will win!"

CHAPTER IV. A CRUEL TASK.

For 'tis sweet to see the engineer Hoist with his own petard.—SHAKESPEARE.

In a handsome dressing-room in a well-appointed house in Hertford-street, Mayfair, stood Vida Carolan, resting one foot on the rung of a chair which was tipping backwards and forwards while she spoke to the only other occupant of the apartment—a woman who, though she looked her fifty years, was still handsome, and in whom robustness of figure had not degenerated into stoutness.

Vida was dressed for Lady Mansfield's garden-party, all save hat and gloves, which lay ready to be donned when necessary, and her dress of creamy-white mixed with crimson became her as much as had the black velvet.

Strangely contrasted were the two women who were working for the same end; the one declining towards the old age of an ill-spent life, the other:

A maiden flower full bloom— A passion-flower! A maiden whose rich heart Burned with intensest fire that, not the light Of the sweet eyes into a warm dark dew.

The face of the woman opposite to her should not be an unfamiliar one; we have seen it before in the *salon* in the Parc Monceau; but the fourteen years that have passed over Hester Ransome have been years of vicissitude—the life of an adventuress; to-day living in luxury, eating ortolans and drinking Chateau Margot; to-morrow turned out of a lodging for lack of five francs to pay the week's rent; and "excess and passion and pain" have done their work too, and left their mark, more cruel and more ineffaceable than any lines of age.

What had wrought this change? Not the years between thirty-six and fifty, but some master-passion that subdued, if it could not crush, the lesser passions. The apparel of this woman seemed to be a disguise, for it did not belong to the rank of life—that of a lady—which she obviously occupied. The black bonnet, laid aside, was shabby and unfastidious,

erious in my life," he said briefly. "I suppose some people are happy here—my sister and her husband, for instance," said Geraldine slowly. "Perhaps with a home and friends, and pursuits and interests like theirs, one might be happy even in the country."

and quite convinced that auntie Gera's was not a letter at all but "an ugly penny valentine!" "Was not Arthur Scarsdale here last night?" asked Sir Henry presently. "I met him at the gate as I came in."

Lady Netherby unfurled her delicate ivory fan in dismay. "Harry," she called out to her husband, "here's Gera at the last minute refusing to go! What is to be done?"

"Only for a while; then I knew," she said mechanically as a child answers questions. He smiled again. "Were you afraid of your life with me?" She hesitated for a few moments. To answer that would be virtually to own herself wrong, and be a confession of her pride and her foolishness.

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NAPANEE, THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1883.

KINGSTON Uniformed Encampment of Oddfellows have secured Channel Grove for a picnic on Dominion Day.

Bro. CHARLES SHINGLER, of Napanee Lodge No. 86, now located in Belleville, Ont., favored us with a call on Tuesday.

OBSERVE the date on the address slip of your paper, and if you have not renewed your subscription, do so at once.

Bro. CHARLES D. COLE, is now serving his 27th year as Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts. He has ever been a faithful and trustworthy Secretary.

The Stirling Ont. lodge of Oddfellows have arranged to give a grand vocal and instrumental concert, interspersed with readings and recitations, in Bennett's hall on the 14th inst.

Bro. ALBERT DYNES just "took it upon himself" to do a kind act for the Dominion ODDFELLOW, so he solicited a number of subscriptions, and forwards the cash, with his own renewal. Oh! that many others might be moved by the same spirit.

Bro. W. A. RYAN, of Toronto, sends some additional names this week, which brings his list of new subscribers up to one hundred and fifty-five. Can any other journal of our Order boast of a better friend? It must be borne in mind that he is engaged daily at his occupation from 7 A.M. to 10 P.M.

On Thursday evening, Argyll lodge No. 212, Napanee, was favored with a visit from W. A. Rawlings, Esq., of Union lodge, No. 16, St. Catharines. Bro. Rawlings has for years been a member of the most important committee of the Grand Lodge of Ontario, that of "Laws of Subordinates," and for five years has been chairman, during which time he has discharged the duties promptly, efficiently, and to the entire satisfaction of both the Grand Lodge

OUR TWIN MISSION.

We live in intensely practical times, and Oddfellowship is a practical institution. The progressive feature of our organization has no doubt, aided largely in the success of the past sixty-four years; the constant attention and unremitting vigilance necessary to keep pace with the times, while they have resulted in adapting our regulations to the requirements of a progressive age, we have, unconsciously perhaps, benefitted by the zeal and energy which a practical interest imparts. In aiming at pre-eminence, in this respect our active men have at times, perhaps, allowed their appreciation of the grand moral mission of our institution to become dimmed; but a glance over the whole record of our Order contains convincing proof that the dimness was but a passing cloud, of momentary duration and scarcely perceptible in effect. It is an encouraging fact, and one to which we cannot too often advert, that through all the changes that have been made in our regulations, and all the vicissitudes through which Oddfellowship has passed, the grand undying principle of our institution has been preserved intact. Assaults have been made on the very citadel of our Order, the sapper and miner have been at work, stratagem has been employed, and temptation in its most seductive form has been held out to induce a deviation from the straight line of moral truth laid down for our guidance. These operations have by no means been suspended; we have to-day the pure moralist pleading for a mitigation of the strict rule of qualification for membership—pleading, scarcely that, rather bringing sophistry to bear with a sharp aim upon the port-holes of reason, and endeavoring by this means to create a breach where less skilful weapons have failed. But it is not against the assaults of our institution that we wish to deal at present, though we have no more dangerous foe than the insidious enemy within, who would remove the solid foundation upon which our tabernacle has been reared, on the plea of replacing it with a polished stone, only to find when the structure came tumbling about his ears, that human judgment is no safe substitute for God's immutable law. Our institution has been proof against such assaults in the past, and will, we trust, with divine guidance, remain invulnerable till all our purposes are consummated in that period to which hope points us. We should, however, from time to time renew our faith by reviewing the influences that have aided in the success of the past.

There is no estimating the influence of the constant rendering of the grand moral lessons contained in the ritual of our Order; the most callous mind placed under the influence of these teachings, must, sooner or later become impregnated, with the lessons so impressively conveyed. By no stretch of imagination can be separated the truths contained in our symbolic forms from the great source from which they are drawn. The law of gravitation has the same imperceptible force as in material nature. The human mind is drawn upward by the imperceptible force of divine love; we are

a close and inseparable bond of fraternal union, and commands the respect and approbation of those outside the pale of our society.

Oddfellowship is based upon a principle which is eternal, a principle so widespread in its application as to embrace the whole human family; its organization is perfectly adapted to the requirements of all mankind, and its mission of benevolence and fraternity has earned for the institution the sympathy of all nations, classes and creeds. Oddfellowship is simply benevolence and fraternity linked together, with an ambition for a pure moral life. It is the perfect operation in unison of these two features of our mission that has gained for the Order the unprecedented success of the past; we should keep this fact ever in view, and so live and discharge our duties that they may never become separated or allowed to fall into disuse. May each of us be actuated by the pure principles of Oddfellowship, and may we in life and conduct afford no reproach to the golden truths which our Order inculcates.

AT EIGHTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

Last week we gave place to an article from the pen of Bro. Winn, in favor of the admission to membership at eighteen years of age; we now give the other side of the question as viewed by Bro. H. L. Stillson:

"Bro. Winn sees fit to transpose my little sketch of how the English Oddfellows enjoy or celebrate their anniversaries, into: 'That is, you build up a cob house, merely for the pleasure of knocking it down, or imagine faults as arguments against the union of Oddfellowship.' The brother should read more carefully. The articles in question were not thrusts at him. The object of the first was to call attention to the vast difference in the two branches of the Order of Oddfellows, as developed in their social or public expressions—a matter of information more than argument. But the zeal with which this sketch in the Guardian is attacked, shows that there are two sides to the inter-visitation question, and that age is not the whole of the difficulty.

In reply to Bro. Winn's criticisms: He refers the legal points to the standard that churches and cities, etc., are corporations, and that minors are both members of the one, and may own the bonds of the other. The parallels are not true. Oddfellowship is its primary foundation, axiom says that every member is the exact equal of every other member. Admit a class ineligible to be trustees, or to vote, or to have a full voice in the business management, and we admit at once the distinctions of the outside world, and hence, Oddfellowship as now known, dies. This is the logical outcome of the brother's argument, although not stated in his exact words. The writer asserts that if our Order is to live in the future, it must be surrounded by legal safeguards so that our diversified and large financial transactions shall be controlled by responsible men. Minors may, indeed, own stock in corporations, but does not the brother beg the question when he omits that all-important personage known in the law of every state, as the "minor's guardian"? What sort of a lodge would it be if incorporated, and admitting minors it should be necessary to appoint guardians to portions of its membership to represent said minors' interest in said lodge? Bro. Winn, the legal objection won't down at the wave of your hand.

Next, we find our good brother turning a gun upon us from our citation of the English church customs. It is well known that

material the latter fills up with. My blood (Yanke) has boiled when I notice the patronizing tone of speeches delivered to bodies of our Order in Australia. It shows where their social standing lies with the ruling classes. When I go (?) to Australia on a visit, Bro. Winn, I shall make myself known as a Mason first. The inference from this may not be palatable nor satisfactory to our pride, but it is true, nevertheless.

One word of explanation. If Bro. Winn will turn again to the Guardian he will see that he does the Oddfellow's lodge (mentioned in his former letter) injustice when he says they suspended after thirty years. I gave the years noted "1860-64," and it, together with all but three lodges in Vermont, "went down," principally because the "color line" was not only discussed in the case of old Battinkill No. 15, of this state in 1854-56, but enforced in those days, and it was suicide to press that matter, as will be shown if the Order's history in Vermont is ever finished. As a parting salute:—Suppose a congressman-elect, eighteen years of age, were sent to Washington from a State making such an one eligible, would the United States have anything to say to age? And how is it in the District of Columbia, where Congress governs? In writing this I have caught a few minutes from a busy week to write a partial reply to my good brother, for whom I entertain the highest respect, and hope he will recognize therein the bonds of "brotherly love," altogether we shall probably continue to disagree on these topics—Guardian.

POSSIBILITIES OF THE ORDER.

In the late address or report of the Grand Master of the Order of Oddfellows in the State of Wisconsin, he says:

"The Order has made an advance in numbers and influence. The gain in membership, while important, is by no means the greatest evidence of our prosperity. The lodges are in a very active and healthy condition; the membership more appreciative and zealous. The standard has been raised, and there is a marked desire to excel in rendering the work and exemplifying the principles of Oddfellowship in our daily intercourse with the world. The intellectual and moral advance far outweigh all material considerations. We are beginning to realize the possibilities of the Order as a means of self-culture, and for extending the principles of 'Friendship, Love and Truth.'"

If these are facts in Wisconsin and elsewhere, they are certainly very creditable to our Order as well as to human nature, while they are full of cheerful promise to the world. This sentence is so pregnant with meaning and "deep significance," that it is worthy of being sorted out in its topics and suggestions. And

First—Our best gains are in the improvement of our membership in morals. This is the gain that ensures to us the profit of members and all who come within the circle of their influence. Oddfellowship deals with great problems in civilization, the relations of man to God and man to men, the world over. Oddfellowship has lived on its morals more than on its numerical growth. A mere convivial society, even with charitable purposes conjoined, could not attain that high social position which would win support from higher minds outside. It is its self-elevating principles that made it what it is, and its numerical strength has come from these inner forces.

Second—Our standard has been raised, and this is because we have raised ourselves up to

slastic hands, be abolished?" would be in the affirmative? But few. Those who wish its abolition, their narrowness being rebuked by its heaven-wide charities, would be ashamed to say so—and to the credit of human nature, not many of us would wish to set aside, though the more we study its fraternal teachings, the more we see our stunted charity rebuked, and the more we see how far short most of us are in acting up to these sublime lessons. But a beginning is made. We are beginning to find that we have mistakes to correct, and in stronger light, to see what vast possibilities for good are open before us. And the longer and stronger our vision, the more glory we see. Let us not be afraid to learn more, and mend more. Let us dare to unlearn what we have learned amiss, and wiser and better ourselves, shall make the world wiser and better around us, and the nearer we live to Oddfellowship, the nearer we shall live in fraternity, love and justice to mankind. At least so believes THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS.

A SEMI-OFFICIAL VINDICATION.

We have taken little or no part in the discussion now going on in regard to the "Patriarchal Circle," further than the publication of the official proclamations, for the reason that the Oddfellows of the Dominion, among whom our paper principally circulates, are only indirectly interested in the issue that has been raised between the Grand Sire, as the executive head of the Sovereign Grand Lodge, upon the one side, and the members of the organization which has been placed under ban, on the other. The Grand Sire has only endeavored to carry out the expressed will of the body which he represents. Throughout he has exhibited coolness, judgment, and brotherly consideration in the exercise of an imperative, though not very pleasant duty, and it is with sincere regret we see journals of our Order made the medium for vindictive assaults upon him. Some of these references have been positively indecent, in glowing over the physical weakness of a brother whose position entitles him to respectful treatment. The following "open letter," addressed to Bro. Kidder, Grand Secretary of New Hampshire, who conducts an Oddfellow's department in the Independent Statesman, the Guardian reproduces under a covert sneer, that is scarcely in keeping with the kind and fraternal disposition of which we know the editor of that journal to be possessed:

"MY DEAR BROTHER KIDDER,—I have read with much interest your article in the Monitor of Concord, and I thank you most cordially for the position you assume in regard to this bogus institution—the 'Patriarchal Circle,' so called.

I have nothing against the Circle if it will stand on its merits and not drag legitimate Oddfellowship into it. But, as Grand Patriarch Deubert, of New York puts it, 'stealing our livery' of the Order for purposes not sanctioned by it is what I am opposed to; and it was for the purpose of stopping this violation of our regulations and laws that I felt compelled to speak out. And in attempting to discharge my duty of seeing that the laws of the Sovereign Grand Lodge are respected and obeyed, it is a great satisfaction to be sustained by such veterans as Joseph Kidder, Past Grand Sires Nicholson, Veitch, Sanders, Stokes, and the Grand Officers generally throughout our vast jurisdiction. We must preserve our Order intact if possible, and not allow cliques here and there to interrupt its onward progress. Again I thank you; and, hoping to meet you at Providence next September and renew our friendship of former years, I have the honor to subscribe myself,

FRATERNALLY YOURS, ERIC J. LEECH, KEOKUK, Ia., May 7, 1883.

The Stirling Ont. lodge of Oddfellows have arranged to give a grand vocal and instrumental concert, interspersed with readings and recitations, in Bennett's hall on the 14th inst.

Bro. ALBERT DYNES just "took it upon himself" to do a kind act for the Dominion ODDFELLOW, so he solicited a number of subscriptions, and forwards the cash, with his own renewal. Oh! that many others might be moved by the same spirit.

Bro. W. A. RYAN, of Toronto, sends some additional names this week, which brings his list of new subscribers up to one hundred and fifty-five. Can any other journal of our Order boast of a better friend? It must be borne in mind that he is engaged daily at his occupation from 7 A.M. to 10 P.M.

On Thursday evening, Argyll lodge No. 212, Napanee, was favored with a visit from W. A. Rawlings, Esq., of Union lodge, No. 16, St. Catharines. Bro. Rawlings has for years been a member of the most important committee of the Grand Lodge of Ontario, that of "Laws of Subordinates," and for five years has been chairman, during which time he has discharged the duties promptly, efficiently, and to the entire satisfaction of both the Grand Lodge and the subordinates. He is as modest and unassuming as he is useful in his sphere, and it was a real pleasure to the membership in Napanee to have an opportunity of entertaining him in their fraternal circle, and to listen to his words of encouragement. We hope Bro. Rawlings may not only be long spared, but that he may be induced to long hold his present position.

JUST WHAT WE MAKE IT.

Practically Oddfellowship is something or nothing, just as we make it. It is simply a piece of pretensions acting for any of us to put on mysterious airs, look wise and call Oddfellowship a great thing, and there rest. It is a great thing if we are great things ourselves, and work it out into great things. As we will, and work, so it is. A stream can rise no higher than its source. It don't make a great and good man of a man for him to talk, however, long or strong, of great and good things merely. Let him get the great and good things inside of him first, and then the next thing is to work them out at the finger's ends, outside as well as inside of the lodge, in the mart and in the mill, at the home, the shop, the money till.

Oddfellowship is, indeed suggestive of the best of good things, and herein consists its theoretical value. It has systematic plans for doing good things, and herein consists its practical worth. But it is dead without works. Pretty as a picture, but needing life, and so it is something, or nothing just as we will. Let us dismiss all childish ideas of wonderful secrets, or the wonderful merits of our wonderful mysteries, and apply ourselves to our legitimate work, and let all be workers in very truth, and in so doing we shall best bring the joys of a good life to our own hearts, and best demonstrate to others what our Order may be and is, by letting the world see what we are ourselves. We shall indicate our right to be in the world by the good we do in the world. The best deeds are the best deeds the world over. C. W.

RUTLAND VT.

ous foe than the insidious enemy within, who would remove the solid foundation upon which our tabernacle has been reared, on the plea of replacing it with a polished stone, only to find when the structure came tumbling about his ears, that human judgment is no safe substitute for God's immutable law. Our institution has been proof against such assaults in the past, and will, we trust, with divine guidance, remain invulnerable till all our purposes are consummated in that period to which hope points us. We should, however, from time to time renew our faith by reviewing the influences that have aided in the success of the past.

There is no estimating the influence of the constant rendering of the grand moral lessons contained in the ritual of our Order; the most callous mind placed under the influence of these teachings, must, sooner or later become impregnated, with the lessons so impressively conveyed. By no stretch of imagination can be separated the truths contained in our symbolic forms from the great source from which they are drawn. The law of gravitation has the same imperceptible force as in material nature. The human mind is drawn upward by the imperceptible force of divine love; we are led unconsciously to appreciate our duty towards God and our fellow man, and are fitted for the nobler work of the present, and the inestimable privileges of the hereafter.

Having a proper understanding of the principles of Oddfellowship, and a sincere love for the Order, it should be our first aim to obtain the fullest advantage from its teachings. If we are good Oddfellows, we should not only attend our lodge meetings regularly, and participate readily and heartily in the work, but in our every day walk and life, should show to the outside world that upon us the teachings of the Order have not been lavished in vain. It should be the object of each one to place his character upon that high throne of moral excellence which nought but a pure life, and a conscience void of guile in the sight of God can set up. Such a life stands out before the world a noble example, deep in contrast to the natural tendency of weak and unsupported human nature, and as embodied in our fellowship has very fittingly been termed Odd. Let us not only aim at being pure ourselves, but assist others to be pure. The greatest of the triple virtues is charity, and that charity which covereth the shortcomings of our fellowmen is commendable above all others. Let us cultivate this virtue, and with a warm and sympathetic heart, and an open hand, encourage those who are endeavoring to stand upon the high plane of fraternity. The cordial grip of true fellowship should always accompany the greetings of brethren, and if necessary should be backed up with sympathy, council or assistance as the exigencies of the case may require. We cannot have it too deeply impressed upon our minds that we owe a duty to one another, and that we have solemnly obligated ourselves to discharge the debt upon demand. The silent and unostentatious discharge of these duties towards one another, is the lever which has brought the world into sympathy with our organization. It knits our membership into

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Second—Our standard has been raised, and this is because we have raised ourselves up to a higher appreciation of our purposes and principles. We find that Oddfellowship is a "far more importance," touches more sides of human interests, condemns more wrongs and fosters more rights, goes down deeper into the wants of man, and points him upward to higher conceptions of his capacities for improvement, "than we at first supposed."

Third—Oddfellowship is a great study—not learned when its rituals are learned, but when its great underlying principles are understood, and made the rule of action, and not even then, for we not only must learn what these principles are, their divine origin, their binding authority, but where they go, and how far they go.

Fourth—This study is far from being new completed, with all our pains and gains. "We are beginning," as the Grand Master says, only beginning, to "realize the possibilities of the Order as a means of self-culture." It is the varnish and whitewash we work unto ourselves. It is inside growth, the supplanting of low motives for high, efficient resolutions to be better and do better, rather than vacillating promises that we will not become worse, but an upward ascending march of the soul to the higher life, though war against vice in all its forms, may be a necessity of the trial, and the glory of its triumph.

Fifth—"Beginning" and only beginning, are we now in this study. Its alphabet is hardly learned. We really know but little of our grand philosophy, in its sweeping scope, which, though it can be stated in a few words, is high as heaven, deep as human wants, wide as man and durable as God. There is not a dot in life it does not foster, a right it does not conserve, as a wrong it does not condemn. We are only beginning to learn our own principles. And it is not unlikely that there may be a conflict among ourselves—indeed, there is, now, to some extent, as to what our principles really are, where they go, and to what extent, to this and to that thing or race they apply. But the conflict cannot be long or disastrous. More good will come of it than evil. Agitation is purification. How many of our Order, if the question could be put to-day to an open vote, "Shall the Past Grand's charge, happily untouched by io, n-

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FRATERNALLY YOURS, ERIC J. LEECH, KEOKUK, Ia., May 7, 1883.

A POINT OF LAW.

NEW GLASGOW, May 30th, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly answer the following through your columns: A brother has been suspended for a term of eighteen months for cause. An appeal was taken, and filed with the proper officer, but the Grand Lodge does not meet for nearly a year. After six months the suspended brother sends to the Per. Sec. of the lodge one year's dues, with a request for a receipt for the amount. The following week the brother received the \$3 with this note: "It is time enough for you to pay your dues when time of suspension is up." Can the lodge collect that bill again? Ans. Every lodge holds its members, undergoing punishment, responsible for dues accruing during the time of punishment, though in case where a member is suspended for cause the lodge may commute or remit such portion of his accumulated dues (if unpaid) as it may determine, the matter being subject to local legislation. The lodge cannot refuse to receive dues at any time, and in returning the amount, they are liable to be made defendants in an appeal to the Grand Master. An appeal is the brother's proper course, as we cannot see that by the action of the lodge, he is relieved of his indebtedness.

We have some personal knowledge of the facts of this case. The difficulties in Norton lodge are unfortunate, and to be regretted both in the interests of the Order, and the member who now feels aggrieved at the lodge's action. While the brother under suspension may have been rather outspoken in his views, the case warranted strong language. But, no matter what the brother's shortcomings the proceedings of the lodge in the premises were illegal, and we believe unjustifiable. The trial and after-proceedings manifested a very crude knowledge of the laws of the Order, and we must add a contempt for the counsel of those who were better informed. The suspended brother had no alternative, however, but to accept the decree against him, and he has evinced a praiseworthy patience under the circumstances, in abiding the decision of his lodge and the course of his appeal. We are convinced that nothing but a vigorous "hantling over the coals" by the Grand Master of the jurisdiction will settle this matter, and the sooner it is done the better. Bro. Richards cannot do the Order better service than by paying Norton lodge an official visit, and giving all parties some plain words of counsel and instruction.

DOMINION ODDFELLOW.

OUR FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

BY WM. H. SMITH, P. G. REP.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

We are a mystery to ourselves! How many who read this have sat in the gloaming and meditated upon their own individuality!

Let me illustrate. A stranger to our Order reads a glowing lecture upon Oddfellowship. It sets forth its teachings and surroundings as they were designed to be by our Sovereign Grand Lodge.

Let us suppose that on the night of initiation he had found a dirty ante-room, filled with tobacco smoke or stained with its filthy juice; the outside guardian a rough and untidy man; the brethren jesting him upon the treatment he was to receive; the paraphernalia dirty and odorous with tobacco smoke and untidy in every way; the initiation charges read to him in the worst possible way, the only effect being to rob them of their beauty; that during our solemn rites he hears whispering and laughter, and perhaps

may reach and bless. Indirectly, the way may traverse the surface of humanity in coming generations, and lash even the distant shore.

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DOING GOOD.

BY REV. T. G. BEHARRILL, P. G. REP.

There are a great many ways of doing good that we, who are members of a great fraternity, may accept and walk in. The celebrated philanthropist, Mr. Sawyer, did a good work when he established a refreshing fountain by the wayside.

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STRATFORD.

Editor DOMINION ODDFELLOW.

DEAR SIR,—As the DOMINION ODDFELLOW has been surprised at not seeing more correspondence from here. It cannot be for the want of news, but a lack of zeal in the matter of reporting our proceedings, as Oddfellowship is alive in Stratford, having two lodges, "Avon, No. 41," and "Romeo, No. 164," both in good working order.

DEAR SIR AND BRO.—As you kindly offered to insert in the ODDFELLOW anything we might have to offer concerning the appeal for aid in behalf of the widow and children of our late Bro. Kerby, I was requested to send you the particulars, but as you have inserted the circular sent by our lodge to the different lodges of Ontario, and ably set the matter before your readers, I feel that it is unnecessary to say anything further and feel content to leave it with our sister lodges to contribute as they may feel able, knowing that as the hand of an Oddfellow is always open to relieve a brother, it will be no less so to relieve the distress of the widow and children of a brother.

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Headache is one of those distressing complaints that depends upon nervous irritation, bad circulation of a disordered state of the stomach, liver, bowels, etc. The editor and proprietor of the Canada Presbyterian was cured after years of suffering with headache, and now testifies to the virtue of Burdock Blood Bitters.

BUTLER AND LAKE, (LATE WILKIN B. BUTLER). Established 1860. REAL ESTATE & FINANCIAL AGENCIES, VALUATORS, ARBITRATORS, ETC., 66 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

Estates Managed, Properties Bought, Sold and Exchanged, Mortgages and Municipal Debentures purchased, Loans Negotiated Investments Made, etc., etc. MONEY TO LOAN AT LOWEST RATES OF INTEREST. Improved Farms and Wild Lands in the Province of Ontario for sale.

MARITIME PROVINCES. IVY LODGE, No. 35, AMHERST, N. S. Meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock, in Douglas Block, Victoria street. Officers—Robt. Bell, N. G.; Jas. Thomson, V. G.; R. L. Blackney, R. S.; A. Bonoman, P. S.; H. Nicol, Treas. Strangers are cordially invited. 44p

PRINCE ALBERT, No. 26, MONCTON, N. B. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. in Oddfellows Hall. Officers—W. D. Neil, N. G.; Jas. Fraser, V. G.; Hugh McLeod, R. S. 41

VICTORIA, No. 13, FREDERICTON, N. B. Meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock. Officers—H. C. Crood, N. G.; J. P. Richards, V. G.; Geo. H. Croop, Treas.; J. S. Withrow, P. S.; C. C. Monhouse, Treas. 41

PESQUID, No. 38, WINDSOH, N. S. Meets every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. Officers—John Aker, J. P. G.; William F. Chisholm, N. G.; Richard J. Green, V. G.; T. Stone, R. S.; Morton C. Smith, P. S.; Jesse P. Smith, P. G. Treasurer. 33

PROVINCE OF MANITOBA. PORTAGE LODGE No. 3, PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, MAN. Meets every Tuesday evening. Visiting brethren are cordially welcome. Officers—J. Decline, N. G.; A. Raymer, V. G.; R. H. Horrel, R. S.; D. C. McDonald, P. S.; J. P. Young, Treas. 41

MANITOBA, No. 1, WINNIPEG, MAN. Meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Lodge Room—Harris Block, opposite City Hall, Postoffice Box, 776. Officers—H. J. Raymer, N. G.; Jas. Pettigrew, V. G. 41

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC. VALLEYFIELD, No. 11, VALLEYFIELD. Meets every Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting brothers will be made cordially welcome. 46y

MOUNT ROYAL, No. 1, MONTREAL. Meets every Monday at 8 p. m. in Oddfellows Hall, 243 St. James street. Officers—G. W. Parent, J. P. G.; J. J. Fuller, N. G.; J. H. McLaughlin, V. G.; Wm. Andrew, R. S.; S. Roman, P. G.; P. S.; J. M. Teichman, P. G. Treas. 41

ST. LAWRENCE, No. 2, MONTREAL. Meets every Friday at 8 p. m. in Oddfellows Hall, 243 St. James street. Officers—J. A. Simpson, J. P. G.; Jas. Martin, N. G.; Colin Campbell, V. G.; J. D. Dohg, P. S.; F. G. Vazey, P. G.; P. S.; A. Watt, P. G. Treas. 41

MIZPAH, No. 3, MONTREAL. Meets every Thursday evening at Oddfellows' Chambers, 623 Craig street, Montreal. Officers—Alex. McGregor, J. P. G.; Wm. Patterson, N. G.; Jas. McLaughlin, V. G.; Wm. Andrew, R. S.; G. T. Scott, P. S.; E. B. Clendenning, Treas. P. O. Box 1080. 41y

DUKE OF EDINBURGH, No. 4, 343, St. James st., Montreal. Meets every Thursday evening. Officers—Adam Miller, J. P. G.; G. A. Childs, N. G.; J. A. Davis, V. G.; R. A. Kellond, R. S.; W. A. Caldwell, P. S.; J. H. Carson, Treas. 13p

MONTREAL ENCAMPMENT NO. 1, MONTREAL. Meets at 623 Craig street second and fourth Wednesdays at 8 p. m. Officers—S. B. Clendenning, C. P.; J. A. Finlayson, H. P.; D. B. R. Coffin, S. W.; E. J. Briggs, J. W.; J. Reed, P. S.; E. S. McLaughlin, Treas. Patriarchs from Ontario can visit us without a card, and are at all times cordially welcomed. 14

MIRIAM, No. 10, ST. JOHNS. Meets every Thursday evening, Oddfellows' Hall, Richelieu street. Officers—P. Gillespie, J. P. G.; C. A. Ryan, P. G.; N. G.; R. D. MacLean, V. G.; W. A. Moore, R. S.; J. M. Tenny, P. G. Treas. 41y

POONER LODGE, No. 7, RICHMOND, P. Q. Meets every Tuesday evening. Visiting brothers are always cordially welcome. MYSTIC LODGE, No. 18, HALIFAX, N. S. Hestlin's Building, Hollis street. Meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Visiting brothers always welcome. Officers—James McLean, N. G.; D. Bailey, V. G.; C. E. Craigen, Lodge Sec.; S. E. Whiston, Treas. 40p

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO. AMITY, No. 80, PRESCOTT, ONT. Meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Officers—J. A. McKenzie, J. P. G.; J. W. Plumb, N. G.; G. S. Wardrop, V. G.; F. J. Davy, R. S.; W. M. D., Physician. Robinson, Treas.; W. J. Jones, M. D., Physician. Grandville Degree Lodge, No. 16, meets the 3d Tuesday of each month, Jno. Robinson, D. M. 41y

ARBYLL, No. 212, NAPANEE. Meets on Thursday evening. Officers—John Carson, N. G.; R. Anderson, V. G.; W. S. Williams, R. S.; Charles James, P. S.; D. McLeiver, Treas.; W. C. Scott, J. P. G. 41

BELLEVILLE, No. 81, BELLEVILLE. Meets every Thursday evening at 7:30, in Oddfellows Hall, Robertson's Block, Front St. Officers—W. P. Way, J. P. G.; W. R. Northrup, N. G.; L. Pascoe, V. G.; R. S. Duncan, R. S.; Thos. Cook, P. S.; John Covert, Treas. 23m

BAY OF QUINTE, No. 143, PICTON. Meets every Wednesday evening in Ross Hall, Ross Street. Visitors cordially invited. Officers—C. O. Stapleton, J. P. G.; E. G. Eggleston, N. G.; R. H. McKenna, V. G.; E. W. Case, R. S.; E. Garbutt, P. S.; L. N. Wait, Treas. 41

CRESCENT, No. 304, HAMILTON. Meets every Friday evening in Unity Hall, King street west. Officers—John Fotheringham, N. G.; E. Truscott, V. G.; B. J. Faulkner, P. G.; P. S.; Frank H. Dowie, R. S.; C. N. Hiesrodt, Treas. 43y

CLINTON, No. 83, CLINTON. Meets every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock, in Victoria Block, cordially invited. Officers—Thos. White, N. G.; L. McKenzie, V. G.; C. Cole, R. S.; J. Worsell, P. S.; W. Simpson, Treas. 40y

COLLINGWOOD LODGE, No. 54, COLLINGWOOD. Meets every Thursday evening in their Lodge Room, Honiton street. Officers—A. F. Northcote, J. P. G.; J. M. Johnson, N. G.; Thos. Gillon, V. G.; Neil McFarland, R. S.; Alex. McDonald, P. S.; E. R. Carpenter, Treas. Visiting brothers cordially invited. 40y

DESEBONTO, No. 162, DESEBONTO. Meets every Wednesday evening. Officers—A. H. McLaughlin, N. G.; G. Farnham, V. G.; E. A. Bixen, R. S.; J. Haggerty, P. S.; W. G. Egar, Treas. 41y

DURHAM, No. 78, PORT HOPE. Meets every Tuesday evening. H. WALKER, N. G. E. T. S. A. MLY, R. S. ELGIN, No. 32, ST. THOMAS. Meets every Thursday evening in the L. O. O. F. Hall, Oddfellows' Block, Talbot street. Officers—Wm. Walden, N. G.; J. C. Hawkins, V. G.; W. T. Cripps, R. S.; G. A. Huggill, P. S.; J. Ailsworth, Treas. 16p

GOLDEN STAR, No. 101, BRAMPTON. Meets Thursday evenings in Crawford Building Main street. Officers—Robt. Patterson, N. G.; R. Y. Stuart, V. G.; E. Manning, R. S.; W. H. McFadden, P. S.; J. R. Bernolds, Treas. 16p

HOWARD, No. 58, STRATHROY. Meets every Wednesday evening in their own Hall, Front Street. Visitors welcome. Officers—Isaac Wilkinson, J. P. G.; Lachlan Corkeindale, N. G.; H. E. Ketchum, V. G.; Chas. Greenaway, R. S.; John Irwin, P. S.; Hector Urquhart, Treas.; G. H. Wilson, DDGM. 46

HURON, No. 62, GODFRICH. Meets every Thursday evening. Officers—J. Roberts, N. G.; A. Given, V. G.; E. Elm, R. S.; George Stiven, P. S.; N. Campbell, Treas. 16p

INTERNATIONAL LODGE, No. 228, 1st INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE. Meets every Thursday evening. A cordial invitation extended to all visiting brothers. Officers—W. Quatrough, N. G.; T. J. Wilbee, R. S. 16p

KINGSTON LODGE, No. 59. Meets Friday evening at 7:30. G. A. Becker, N. G.; G. W. Maxwell, V. G.; S. Marshall, R. S.; W. Sanders, P. S.; W. Healey, P. G.; Treas. E. Chatterton, J. P. G. 16p

LIVINGSTONE, No. 39, THOROLD. Meets every Tuesday evening in Lodge Room, Front street. Officers—T. J. Kennedy, P. G.; J. H. Henderson, N. G.; J. H. Simpson, V. G.; F. C. Whitlock, R. S.; J. W. Howell, P. S.; J. C. Lampan, Treas. 11p

LIVE OAK, No. 185, STRABANE, ONT. Meets Thursday evenings at 7:30 o'clock. Officers—L. Millard, J. P. G.; A. H. Harrington, N. G.; Wm. Currier, R. S. and P. S.; T. Egg, Treas. 11p

LINDSAY, No. 100, LINDSAY. Meets every Monday evening in Oddfellows' Hall, cor. of Cambridge and Kent sts. Officers—E. M. Woolhouse, J. P. G.; J. Comstock, N. G.; Thomas Stewart, V. G.; A. Highobham, R. S.; Alexander Reid, P. S.; J. Britton, Treas. 11p

MOUNT ARABT ENCAMPMENT, No. 16, NAPANEE, ONT. Meets on the 3rd and 4th Wednesdays in each month at 7:30 p. m. Officers—D. Henwood, C. P.; G. A. Blawett, H. P.; W. N. Hosen, S. W.; J. A. Reid, Scribe; W. Blawett, Treas.; E. S. Lapun, J. W. 37

MAITLAND, No. 110, WINGHAM. Meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, in Mason's Block. Officers—ALEX. DAWSON, N. G.; T. W. P. HIXCOCKS, R. S. 37

MOUNT BRYDGES, No. 217, MOUNT BRYDGES. Meets every other Thursday evening. Officers—G. Bond, N. G.; James Weeks, V. G.; Henry Bartlett, R. S.; J. Bond, P. S.; William Selgrove, Treas.; Jasper Lipsitt, Warden; Robert Smith, Conductor; Rev. L. McCutcheon, Chap. 37

NAPANEE, No. 86, NAPANEE. Meets every Tuesday evening. Officers—James Garrett, N. G.; T. Spinnington, V. G.; G. M. Beaman, R. S.; A. L. Morden, P. S.; J. J. Ferry, Treas.; A. Hoseny, J. P. G. 37p

NIAGARA FALLS, No. 53, NIAGARA FALLS, ONT. Meets every Tuesday evening. A fraternal greet ing extended to all visiting brothers. OTONABEE, No. 13, PETERBOROUGH. Instituted 11th March, 1846; resuscitated 8th December, 1882. Officers—Dr. R. W. Bell, J. P. G.; Wm. Cluxton, N. G.; Jas. Stevenson, V. G.; E. E. Henderson, R. S. J. M. McLellan, P. S.; G. B. Spruce, Treas. Meets every Monday evening in Cluxton's new block, corner George and Hunter streets. Visitors cordially invited. 34y

ORIENTAL, No. 168, CORNWALL. Meets every Monday evening in Oddfellows' Hall, Pitt Street. Officers—Edwin Domesk, J. P. G.; Wm. J. Sennat, N. G.; Edward Green, V. G.; Richard Tanner, Treas.; John McEwin, Rec. Sec.; James H. Shayer, P. S.; E. A. Gravelly, M. D., Warden, P. G.; Edward Oliver, Con. 37

OTTAWA, No. 234, OTTAWA, ONT. Meets every Tuesday evening in Oddfellows' Hall, corner Sparks and O'Connor streets. Officers—T. Beeson, J. P. G.; Dr. J. H. Parnell, N. G.; J. J. Mulligan, V. G.; R. Roman, R. S.; J. Fowler, P. S.; A. Mann, Treas. 41y

PETERBORO, No. 111, PETERBORO. Meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, in Oddfellows' Hall, Cox's Block, George st., over express office. Officers—J. R. Stratton, P. G.; J. C. F. Laev, N. G.; John Hartly, V. G.; John Smith, R. S.; John Saunders, P. S.; A. McFarlane, Treas. 41y

FARRY SOUND, No. 89, FARRY SOUND. Regular communications every Monday evening at 8 o'clock in the Oddfellows' Hall, James st. Officers—A. L. Holmes, N. G.; Thos. Morrish, V. G.; Robt. Wallace, R. S.; John D. Knox, P. S.; Thomas Walton, Treas. 10ly

PROGRESS, No. 158, GUELPH. Meets every Thursday evening in Oddfellows' Hall, McQuillan's Block, Upper Wyndham street. Officers—N. G., T. D. Fenwick, V. G.; J. S. Rouse, P. G.; J. R. Brill, R. S.; Chas. Cottis, Treas.; George Sleeman. 8yp

RELIANCE, No. 89, GUELPH. Meets every Monday evening in Oddfellows' Hall, Wyndham street, Guelph. Officers—J. H. Hall, N. G.; R. Emery, V. G.; John Colson, R. S.; Robt. McKenzie, P. S.; Wm. Parker, Treas. 41y

RIDGETOWN, No. 144, RIDGETOWN. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to all visitors. ST. THOMAS, No. 76, ST. THOMAS. Meets every Wednesday evening in the L. O. O. F. Hall, Oddfellows' Block, Talbot St. Officers—F. H. Ferguson, J. P. G.; P. Brown, N. G.; J. Vicary, V. G.; T. Cole, R. S.; H. M. Willson, P. S.; W. F. Forbes, Treas. 41y

ST. CLAIR, No. 105, POINT EDWARD. Meets every Thursday evening at Oddfellows' Hall. Officers and visit us. 13p JAS. MCINTYRE, N. G. J. F. O'NEIL, Sec.

UNITY, No. 47, HAMILTON. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock in their Hall, King street. Officers—Alex. Anderson, N. G.; H. F. Wallace, V. G.; G. W. Ross, P. G. R. S.; P. G. McFarland, P. G. P. S.; Alex. McKay, P. G. Treas. 11p

VIVIAN, No. 146, AINSPIROR. Meets every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. Officers—W. C. McDonald, N. G.; Rev. A. R. Orser, V. G.; J. W. Drew, R. S.; B. Hopkins, P. S.; Wm. Feechey, Treasurer. 11p

VALLEY CITY, No. 117, DUNDAS. Meets every Wednesday evening in Osler's block. Officers—F. A. Lataha, P. G.; Thos. Bradley, N. G.; William Lawson, V. G.; John U. Nelson, R. S.; W. H. Knowles, P. S.; G. Coote, Treas. 3y

WELLINGTON ENCAMPMENT, No. 31, GUELPH. Meets second and fourth Friday in each month. Officers—C. P. Wm. Smiley, H. P. Geo. Wheeler S. W. J. Werlock; J. W. J. Brimfield; C. Cottis Treas; Wm S Smith, Scribe. 29y

Catarrh of the Bladder. Stinging irritation, inflammation, all Kidney and Urinary Complaints, cured by "Buckley's" 18.

SAYS DYDEN "She knows her man, and when you rant and swear Can draw you to her with a single hair." But it must be beautiful hair to have such power; and beautiful hair can be ensured by the use of CINGALESE HAIR RENEWER. Sold at 50 cents per druggist.

Mr. J. R. Seymour, Druggist, St. Catharines writes that he finds an ever-increasing sale for Burdock Blood Bitters, and adds that he can, without hesitancy, recommend it. Burdock Blood Bitters is the grand specific for all diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys.

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Why should a man whose blood is warm within Sit like his grandeur out in alabaster? Or let his hair grow rusty, scant and thin? When "CINGALESE HAIR RENEWER" will make it grow the faster. For sale by all druggists

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Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Flats," 15c.

GRAND LODGE DIRECTORIES

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Grand Lodge of Quebec

M. W. Grand Master—G. G. Gymer, Richmond. Deputy Grand Master—Dr. J. B. McConnell, Montreal.

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NAPANEE, THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1883.

A Great Telegraphic and News Monopoly.

Jay Gould to-day is the most powerful human being on earth. He controls absolutely the telegraph lines on this continent as well as the cables which reach out to other nations.

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LADIES' COLUMN.

Fashion Notes.

Silk gloves are more worn than kid. Large bonnets are worn without strings. All the new shades are found in the Parisiennes with satin borders for veiling.

Plain balls of Roman gold with filigree bands are the neatest ornaments for the ears, edged with plain bands of ribbon velvet in darker shades.

The newest scarf-pin is a twisted bar, Etruscan ball ends and pendants; both gold and silver.

Buttons most used for children's dresses are gilt or silver balls, gilt diagonals, black cut jet metalines, or crochets.

The most beautiful hand embroidery is now seen upon the Chinese-crepes, in oriental designs, and particularly in the varied size of the palm-leaf.

Cashmere cloths are making very highly prized wraps, and for travellers and pleasure-seekers in warm weather, serve a much better purpose than silk or light cloths.

While short dresses have the preference for the street, the reappearance of the train for the house is hailed with satisfaction by many, for its graceful folds lend an essential elegance to all rich costumes.

Handsome wraps are in lace, trimmed with narrow Ottoman ribbon and soutache, Spanish or embroidered lace edge; some of these rich cloaks are garnished with chenille drops and lace, and are much admired for the street.

In the new fabrics, bonnet material and trimmings, there exists a special fancy for India designs. These effects are no longer confined to the rich and expensive silks and laces, but are seen in ordinary pastemeteries, fringes and woolen goods.

The Household.

HOW TO PREPARE AND SERVE SOME SEASONABLE DISHES AND DAINTIES—HINTS TO YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

GERMAN PUFFS—Half pint milk, five eggs, two large spoons flour, two ounces butter; bake in small tins or cups; fill them half full; they require a quick oven; a few minutes will bake them; to be eaten as soon as they are out of the cups, as they will fall if allowed to cool.

FRESH PINEAPPLE—When properly prepared this is a delicious fruit for dessert, but as usually served out round in slices it is naught. It should be carefully peeled and a l the "eyes" taken out in the morning of the day on which it is to be served.

TOMATO SOUP—Twelve tomatoes, pared and cut fine, boiled one hour, or two quarts of canned tomatoes boiled one-half hour. Add two quarts of rich milk, stirring constantly, one pint of oyster crackers, rolled, butter size of an egg. Serve immediately.

DELICATE APPLE SAUCE—Pare, halve and quarter a sufficient quantity of nice stewing apples; put them in a baking dish, and cover thickly with sugar—bits of lemon peel may be added, if liked. Put a plate over the dish and set in a pan having a little hot water in the bottom, and place in a hot oven. Bake until the pieces are clear and tender.

LETUCE—Cut the lettuce first in shreds and then across, quite small. It will not do to chop it in a bowl, which blackens it. Have a thin salad dressing in a pitcher separate and a plate of the smallest heart leaved lettuce at hand. Dish up as called for, the lettuce in the dish, dressing poured all over it and two or three leaves set in for garnish.

ever estimating little mishaps at their full cost; and no more, she will still find her position one of trial and embarrassment. There must be a regular and genial method in everything if thrift, order and neatness prevail.

The Home Door. DAILY HABITS.—Always eat your food slowly, mastiate well, sit down to your meal in a good humor, as you go to bed, smiling and peaceful. Keep good natured, and never indulge in anger. This is the way to insure digestion, sound sleep and long life.

SLEEPING ACCOMMODATIONS.—Cleanliness is a great essential. Our life is passive during the hours of sleep, but our breathing goes on constantly, and the demands for pure air in sleeping rooms is very important. There should always be communication with the outside air, and in warm weather, the doors and windows may all be wide open.

Here the door was noiselessly thrown open, and a merry mischievous-looking damsel trotted boldly into the room, a most dilapidated doll hugged closely in her arms. She danced up to the fire and clutched the delicate folds of Geraldine's dress with her small fingers.

"Auntie, auntie, me dot a new frock-look!" she cried, lifting up her short skirts of embroidered muslin for inspection. "Me runned away from nurse to show it to 'oo."

But the moment was unpropitious for Mollie. Geraldine only extricated her dress and put the mischievous fingers aside, without noticing the new frock. "Mollie, where is mamma?"

"No, no, Mollie; don't tease!" she said, putting the doll remorselessly aside. "Nowise ashamed, Mollie dropped down in the middle of the white hearth-rug and gazed herself up at the ceiling.

al, I suppose"—with a contemptuous curl of the red lip—"with two nurses looking on! I wonder she can be so absurd. I wish—"

Here the door was noiselessly thrown open, and a merry mischievous-looking damsel trotted boldly into the room, a most dilapidated doll hugged closely in her arms. She danced up to the fire and clutched the delicate folds of Geraldine's dress with her small fingers.

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"No, no, Mollie; don't tease!" she said, putting the doll remorselessly aside. "Nowise ashamed, Mollie dropped down in the middle of the white hearth-rug and seated herself and her dolly cozily upon the soft fur, the child's golden curls gleaming in the firelight and her merry mischievous eyes glancing up every now and then at her aunt.

"Me shall have a watch and a new dollie to-morrow," she said confidentially at last; "but me will always lub my own Katie, won't me, darling?"—giving her old doll a vigorous hug. "It's my birfday, and me will have such lots of valentines! Shall oo have some too, auntie Gera?"

"No, no, Hush, Mollie!" exclaimed Geraldine quickly. "What was that?" Her ear had caught the click of the heavy iron gate outside as it swung backward and forward. Some one had passed through; and in a few minutes the top of an umbrella appeared above the shrubs as its owner walked swiftly up the drive towards the house. A softened expression passed over the beautiful fair face as Geraldine bent towards the fire.

"Ah, well," she said, sighing, "it will be a change at least in this dismal monotonous day! I am glad he has come." But when, a few minutes afterwards, she rose to greet the visitor her face wore its former look of listless indifference, and the stately grace of manner was even more marked than usual as, after a brief "Good evening, Mr. Scarsdale," she seated herself again on the low couch and motioned to him to take the seat opposite.

IN THE GLOAMING.

"Rain, rain, rain! How I detest the country! Even a London fog is better than this eternal mist and drizzle! It's absolutely intolerable! I wonder where everybody is!"

With an impatient shrug of her graceful shoulders, Geraldine rose and walked to the window. The prospect was not enlivening—sleet and rain striving for mastery against the biting north wind; sodden grass-plots and pools of water; leafless trees, looking weird and ghostly in the dim twilight; rain beating against the glass in sudden splashes as the swirling blasts of wind scattered the showers in heavy drops.

"What a dismal prospect!" was the girl's verdict as she stood and watched the driving clouds of rain and sleet. "And I have nine more days to spend in this dreary place! How can Alice endure it! Nothing—no, nothing in the world should ever make me live here. How it does rain! Yes, lie there and die!" she said with a spiteful glance at a poor little battered snowdrop which the wind tore off and flung upon the window-sill.

Then she went back to her seat by the fire, in utter discontent with herself and all the world. She gave a listless glance round the beautiful room, every article in which betokened wealth and taste, and seemed to protest against the dullness and ill-temper which oppressed her.

The firelight fell upon the folds of her white dress, gleamed upon her golden brown hair; and shone brightly on the beautiful face and stately graceful figure, on the deeply fringed violet eyes and slightly sarcastic and decidedly cross-looking mouth. She took up a screen of white downy feathers to protect her face.

"What can Alice be doing all this time! Making a nursery-maid of herself as usual, I suppose"—with a contemptuous curl of the red lip—"with two nurses looking on! I wonder she can be so absurd. I wish—"

Here the door was noiselessly thrown open, and a merry mischievous-looking damsel trotted boldly into the room, a most dilapidated doll hugged closely in her arms. She danced up to the fire and clutched the delicate folds of Geraldine's dress with her small fingers.

"Auntie, auntie, me dot a new frock-look!" she cried, lifting up her short skirts of embroidered muslin for inspection. "Me runned away from nurse to show it to 'oo."

But the moment was unpropitious for Mollie. Geraldine only extricated her dress and put the mischievous fingers aside, without noticing the new frock. "Mollie, where is mamma?"

"No, no, Mollie; don't tease!" she said, putting the doll remorselessly aside. "Nowise ashamed, Mollie dropped down in the middle of the white hearth-rug and gazed herself up at the ceiling.

"Me shall have a watch and a new dollie to-morrow," she said confidentially at last; "but me will always lub my own Katie, won't me, darling?"—giving her old doll a vigorous hug. "It's my birfday, and me will have such lots of valentines! Shall oo have some too, auntie Gera?"

"No, no, Hush, Mollie!" exclaimed Geraldine quickly. "What was that?" Her ear had caught the click of the heavy iron gate outside as it swung backward and forward. Some one had passed through; and in a few minutes the top of an umbrella appeared above the shrubs as its owner walked swiftly up the drive towards the house. A softened expression passed over the beautiful fair face as Geraldine bent towards the fire.

"Ah, well," she said, sighing, "it will be a change at least in this dismal monotonous day! I am glad he has come." But when, a few minutes afterwards, she rose to greet the visitor her face wore its former look of listless indifference, and the stately grace of manner was even more marked than usual as, after a brief "Good evening, Mr. Scarsdale," she seated herself again on the low couch and motioned to him to take the seat opposite.

With quiet courtesy Mr. Scarsdale took the place indicated, totally ignoring or not seeing the scornful air of indifference. "Ah, Miss Spoilt, you here!" he said; and he drew Mollie, nothing loath, on to his knee.

His grave composure irritated Geraldine. "A horrible day, Mr. Scarsdale, as all days seem to be here! Is it always so in the country?" she asked, taking the feather-screen again in her hands. "Not always. I don't think the country monopolizes more than its fair share of rain, whatever town may do."

"I will willingly grant you the monopoly of amusements. But don't you think the unmitigated dreariness has another source, Miss Cameron? 'Nothing to do is a most satisfactory recipe for giving a dismal color to everything.'"

Geraldine glanced up in cold displeasure. "Perhaps so," she said indifferently. "But she was so accustomed to contradiction that the very slight insinuation of censure in his words aroused her attention effectually. Who was this country gentleman that he should presume to criticize her proceedings, and find fault with what she did or did not do—she, Geraldine Cameron, beautiful and wealthy, the spoilt pet and darling of an exclusive and aristocratic London coterie? She looked across at him from her side of the fire, and involuntarily a feeling of respect took possession of her, very foreign to her half-sarcastic, half-scornful appreciation of mankind in general. He was not a handsome man; nor could any one honestly call him ugly. He was not old, nor yet very young. His face, with its square determined outline, was deficient neither in strength nor intellect; and the keen steady eyes could soften wonderfully, and did as he smiled down at the irrepressible Mollie.

"Decidedly a man to respect, if not fear," was Geraldine's mental verdict; and with curious inconsistency she liked him all the better for the fearlessness with which he had braved her displeasure and found fault with her discontented and decidedly ill-humored self.

"Do you make a much longer stay?" interrogated Mr. Scarsdale at last, finding that Geraldine made no further remark. "No; I return home next week." "Ah, so soon! We shall be sorry to lose you."

He looked at her as he spoke. A faint flush raised to the fair proud face; possibly it was the reflection of the firelight—at any rate it was so slight as to be insignificant. "Do you go alone?" he pursued. "Oh, no! Sir Henry takes me to town of course; but Lady Netherly will not leave Silverlands at present. I think she is in the nursery. I will let her know you are here."

She looked towards the bell-handle but, cold and stiff as her words had been, and ungracious and repellent her demeanor, Mr. Scarsdale did not take her obvious hint to ring the bell. "Pray do not trouble," he said curtly. "I would not disturb her on any consideration. I came to bid you good-bye."

He put Mollie down upon the floor, and got up, ostensibly to take leave, but in reality to stand by the chimney-piece and commence to move the costly ornaments up and down.

Something which Geraldine would have scorned to think was disappointment crept over her at his words. There he stood, a stern strong man, an obscure country Squire, over thirty, with not even good looks to recommend him, scarcely courteous to her; and yet she could not help a most absurd and unwonted feeling of regret at the thought of saying good-bye to him. What was there about him that aroused her interest in spite of herself?

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and covered by a thick, black veil; her dress was rusty black, and her mantel, also thrown aside, was a shabby water-proof cloak.
It was not, however, for money or help of any kind that Hester Ransome came to Vida Carolan. She was a donor rather than a recipient.
"See," she was saying, leaning back in her chair, and surveying with more than proud satisfaction—with triumph, the form before her, "you are going to Lady Mansfield's garden-party. Do you know who you are going to meet?"
"A few of them," Vida answered. "I dare say I shall meet some new acquaintance. I was told—"

some's face. She stretched out her hand impulsively.
"Vida!" she said.
The girl turned and knelt beside her. "Mother!" she pressed her quivering lips to the hand that clasped hers. The woman was silent a minute, gazing into the girl's glowing eyes, then she said slowly:
"Vida, has it ever crossed you that there is peril to yourself in this work that lies before you?"
"Danger! do you mean that I shall forget the wrong Dare Devereux has done to you?"
"Aye!"
Vida's answer was characteristic: "I do not believe there is peril, but if there is, it must be braved, and if I should so forget your wrongs, I should deserve to suffer; and let my heart bleed or break, his shall bleed."
"Why do you not finish the sentence, Vida?"
"I have finished it; men's hearts do not break," said the girl, rising to her feet with a short, scornful laugh.
"Not for most women's sakes, Vida, but for yours. That do not start and look at me like that! Do you not yet fully realize your power?"
"Hush!" Vida said, trembling; "you wound me."
Certainly Hester Ransome could not understand her child's nature, but she had tact, and could be silent, but she sighed audibly, a half impatient sigh, as Vida turned away to the window. She almost immediately recovered self-command, and came back from the window, but at that moment the roll of carriage wheels was heard outside, and a footman's thundering knock resounded through the house.
"Is it Lady Mary?" said Vida quickly, and Madame Ransome began to assume her waterproof and bonnet.
Vida Carolan came out to the carriage in her cream-white cashmere and satin and ostrich plumes, and the odor of dainty perfume floated around her as she passed onwards.
[To be Continued.]
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and I was to close my doors against him for his morals' sake? Would it have saved him if I had done so? Was not the world before him? and with the gambling fever on him, he would have played, do what I might to stay his hand, until he lost all. Yet it was I who lured him to his ruin, as though he had been a headless boy; I, who drove him to his death; and for this Dare Devereux has pursued me from city to city for fourteen years; for this I am here in hiding; and if he knew where I had found shelter, he would hunt me still—hunt me till I begged my bread in the street, or in my despair took my wretched life as did Percival Claremont. She had hurried on, speaking not loudly, but with a frenzied excitement in voice and mien terrible to witness, and the more so that it was partially suppressed. As she paused, Vida, who had listened without word or movement, said under her breath: "And now it shall be his turn to suffer—and it will be cruel suffering; for he is a proud man, proud of his noble lineage; and he is the cynosure of all eyes, the glass of fashion and the mould of form; and I am nameless; he knows nothing of me or my parentage; yet I will make him forget to ask for my patent of nobility—forget his pride—bring him to my feet—then tell him who it is for whose sake he has trampled on all the traditions of caste which he held so dear." She laughed as she almost flung the chair from her and commenced to walk rapidly up and down the room; but there was as much pain as triumph in the laugh; the nobler element in that complex and perverted nature was ever struggling to assert itself; the woman's heart was shrinking from the unwomanly task revenge had set it. She went on, speaking more passionately: "You say well, how are you worse than others? Why is the man or woman who keeps the roulette-table worse than those who stake their gold? Nay, with the one it may be a living, with the others a fancy or a vice. Do they live such pure and holy lives that they can cast the stone? Adventurers! What, then, are these girls who surround one in the world of fashion—the world that decks itself in certain outward conventionalities, and in them poses as Virtue's self. I call that woman an adventurer, be she the daughter of a hundred earls, who makes of society a marriage market, and lives, moves, and has her being for no higher motive than to win a rich husband, and cares not what his life has been or is, so long as his purse is deep, and his settlements ample. After all, there is everything in a name. Run through the whole gamut of life, and we shall find that we are all holding up our hands in horror at those things which we ourselves do under other names, and other superficial conditions." "True, Vida, true," said Madame Ransome; "but beware how you carry your argument too far; for there are both men and women who are good and noble, though my life has shown me mostly the black side of human nature; and, alas! your life has not been one to teach you faith in your kind." "Vida stopped, her hands were locked, and her bosom heaved. "I wish I could have faith in my kind," she said, with an abrupt change of manner. "I am young to be so cynical, so bitter; but I have seen little to give me that sunny view of things which belongs—so they tell us—to eighteen years." A strange look—a flash of light from the far-away youth that, perhaps, had been innocent, swept over Hester Ransome's face.

KIDNEY-WORT IS A SURE CURE for all diseases of the Kidneys and LIVER. It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and action, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge. Malaria. If you are suffering from this disease, have the child, are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve and quickly cure. In the Spring to cleanse the system, every one should take a thorough course of it. 45. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price \$1.

KIDNEY-WORT FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION. No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the curv, Kidney-Wort will overcome it. PILES. A complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts, and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed. 45. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price \$1.

KIDNEY-WORT THE GREAT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM AND BOWELS. As it is for all the painful diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS. It cleanses the system of the entire poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of rheumatism can realize. THOUSANDS OF THE worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, and in a short time are PERMANENTLY CURED. PRICE 45. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. 45. WELL, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington Vt.

KIDNEY-WORT "Kidney-Wort has given immediate relief, in many cases of rheumatism, falling under my notice."—Dr. Philip C. Blalou, Monkton, Vt. Apr. 20 82. "I never found even relief from rheumatism and kidney troubles till I used Kidney-Wort. Now I'm well."—David M. Hutter, Hartford, Wis.

THE NEWS

The decrease in the public debt of Britain for May is estimated at £3,500,000.

Twenty-two workmen have been drowned near Milan by the upsetting of a boat.

The Toronto Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada will meet at Peterborough on June 13th.

A leading feature of the Dominion day celebration at Ottawa, will be an oration by Sir John Macdonald.

The Canada Pacific Railway Company have issued a weekly file on the Saskatchewan, to be called Leopold.

The Ontario Bureau of Statistics has sent 170,000 circulars to farmers asking for information respecting the crops.

A Brooklyn bridge there were 9 persons killed, 27 injured, and 9 persons are missing.

Six young men, three of whom were Montrealers, were drowned at Boston, on the 30th ult., by the upsetting of a skimming dish.

A duel between two prominent business men of Miller, Texas, resulted in the death of one principal, and the serious wounding of the other.

Mr. West estimated the decrease in the public debt of England for May at £3,500,000, the bond redemptions amounting to £10,000,000, and payments on account of pensions £12,000,000.

The outbreak against the Jews at Rostoff, Russia, on the 23d ult., was quelled the same night, 130 houses belonging to Jews had been destroyed, and fifteen of the rioters killed by the troops.

The income of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church of Canada during the past year was \$159,243.51, an increase of \$24,400.64 over the previous year. The expenditure was \$148,400.25.

The species of fish known as menhaden are dying by thousands in the harbor at Oswego. The surface of the lake and the harbor is covered with dead fish. They leap out of the water, skim along the surface, and then swim round and round in a circle, gradually going slower until they turn over dead.

The American cricket team that is to invade Canada by way of Toronto in August, to play against all Canada, will be selected in a few days. It is intended to match it against all sorts of American clubs by way of preparation for its foreign warfare.

H. M. war ship Mallard which arrived at Halifax, N.S., on the 30th, had several cases of yellow fever on board while at Jamaica, and flew the yellow flag coming up the harbor. This is her first visit to Halifax.

The public has long since awarded to Ayer's Hair Restorer, the foremost place among reliable Hair Restoratives. It is effective, agreeable and absolutely harmless. It makes the hair fresh and luxuriant and old age scarce and unfashionable.

On Thursday the Quebec Government offered 6,000 acres of phosphate land in the Ottawa district for sale by auction. The Hon. Mr. Lynch, Commissioner of Crown lands, superintended the sale. Nearly fourteen thousand dollars was realized. Many of the lots were withdrawn, speculators considering the price too high. The highest price per acre was \$31 and the lowest \$5.

Carelessness with children has resulted in several deaths from the little ones swallowing doses of concentrated lye left about in places within easy reach. On Saturday evening a child seventeen months old, residing at Montreal with Madame Lanson, her aunt, was added to the list, having died a few minutes after swallowing the deadly stuff.

France is excited by later news from Annam which leaves little doubt that they have met with a severe check in the campaign there. The roll of officers killed is especially large, and the people want lists of men killed. The capital of Annam will probably be bombarded in revenge for the death of the French commander.

On Friday last, D. Bartlett, of Hallowell, made a good gill net haul. A fine lot of trout, weighing 800 pounds in all, was taken up; together with five white fish, the largest of which weighed 12 pounds, the others averaging 8 pounds. It is said the twelve-pounder was the largest ever caught in those parts. Judge Jellett was the purchaser.

Three attempts to wreck Kingston & Pembroke trains have been made within a week. The engineer of the train near Sharbot Lake discovered a tie upon the track fixed in such a position as to throw the engine off. The train stopped before reaching the obstruction. Two days after a similar attempt was made, but the obstruction was discovered in time, and on the same day the act was repeated again with the same result.

The body of a man named Alex. Anderson, a farmer, who moved from the township of Manvers a short time ago to the neighborhood of Chesley, was found on Saturday afternoon in the Saugen river. He had been missing since the night of the 23rd inst., and was last seen in that village about 12 o'clock at night. It is supposed he started for home and got lost on the way, and wandered to the bank of the river and fell in, as the night was very dark.

James Carey and the other informers who testified that they must indicate places out of the country to which they wish to be sent. Carey protested that he would remain in Dublin, but the authorities pointed out that he would receive no police protection and on no condition would allow to remain in Ireland. It is inferred from this that the extradition proceedings against Walsh, Sheridan and Ryan are collapsing.

The Ottawa correspondent of the New York Herald makes the following flattering comparison on the Indian question: Reference has frequently been made to the per capita cost of maintaining the Indian population of Canada as compared with the Indians of the United States. It is stated that there are about 60,000 Indians in the United States living on reservations, and the sum is increasing yearly. The total Indian population of the Dominion is 110,000, of whom 75,000 are in the North-west, and 35,000 in British Columbia. The North-west Indians correspond in their habits and characteristics to those of the United States, yet Canada manages them, cloths, feeds, educates and trains them in industrial pursuits for about \$1,000,000 annually. That is to say, the Canadian Indian population costs the Government \$35 a year per head, while that of the United States costs \$100 per head, apart from the expenses of military and police surveillance, which is infinitely less in Canada. The explanation of this difference in cost will be found in the radical distinction between the Indian policies of the two countries.

As the steamer Quebec, on her first trip of this season, was at Prince Arthur's Landing, a man named Singleton, keeper of the light house of Passage Island, was killed by the cars on the track of the C. P. R. The unfortunate man was walking on the wharf, and stumbled on the track in front of the train, which ran over his body, literally cutting it in two. He had started from his home in a small boat as soon as the steamer was opened, and came to Prince Arthur's Landing, forty miles to purchase supplies for his family, the unusual length of the winter having reduced the stores to a very small compass. When the Quebec passed the island on her return, a bell was rung in the light house, which was taken by the captain of the Quebec to be a signal for help. The steamer was immediately stopped and a boat lowered and manned. Captain Moore himself taking command. When they reached the light house they found the keeper's wife and five children in a famishing condition. They had been without food for five days, and on short allowance for several days before they were hardly able to stand. Capt. Moore ordered an ample supply of provisions from the Quebec for the family, but did not, owing to the weak condition of Mrs. Singleton, communicate to her the death of her husband, in such a shocking manner.

Inundated

AN IOWA TOWN OVERWHELMED IN A NIGHT.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, June 2.—The rain poured down in torrents for four hours last evening, and Indian Creek, which runs through the heart of the city, overflowed. Seven iron bridges and two stone culverts belonging to the city were swept away, also several dwellings and barns. All the business houses on main and Broadway streets are flooded. The water a block from the creek was deep with drift from the current. Cries for help could be heard in every direction, but the swiftness of the current rendered assistance impossible. The flood rose so quickly that many business men found it impossible to reach their wives and children, and a number narrowly escaped drowning endeavouring to reach a house.

The storm began a little before 6 P. M. and continued until 8:30 or 9 o'clock. At that time it came with such force that the effect upon those exposed to the rain was similar to a heavy shower bath. At times it would almost take one's breath away. There was no wind. A number of persons were reported drowned last evening, but it turns out to-day that no lives were lost. The rear wall of the new opera house in course of erection has fallen. It was over fifty feet high. The side walls are cracked, and liable to tumble. All the bridges as far down as Eighth-street are gone, including two stone bridges. Hundreds of families living adjacent to the creek were driven from home, and many houses are more or less damaged. A number of houses were dashed to pieces as they floated off. One heavy iron bridge with a 50-foot span, was carried bodily a distance of more than two blocks. The damage is now estimated at \$300,000. The citizens have done everything in their power to relieve those in need of help, and all are now comfortable.

Sovereign Grand Lodge.

The committee appointed by the Grand Lodge of this state to make arrangements for the reception of the representatives to the Sovereign Grand Lodge, which holds its session in Providence on the 16th of September, held their second meeting on Tuesday afternoon, in the Grand Secretary's office. The full programme has not yet been completed, and probably will not for a few weeks hence. It has been decided by the committee to have an excursion to Newport on Saturday, Sept. 15th, stopping probably at Rocky Point for dinner. At Newport the representatives will be conveyed to all the principal points of interest this fashionable summer resort affords. On Monday following, the session of the Sovereign Grand Lodge will commence, and on Tuesday a complimentary parade will be given the representatives. The parade will, no doubt, be the largest one ever witnessed in Rhode Island. All the lodges and Encampments in the state are expected to participate, and there will probably be several lodges and Encampments from sister jurisdictions. It is not yet fully determined what the programme for the evening of the day of the parade will be. A majority of the committee believe it would not give the best satisfaction to have a banquet, but rather to give a first class vocal and instrumental entertainment in one of the large halls (music hall being named), and also to invite several prominent speakers to be present. There will no doubt, be a very large gathering in the city on the day of the parade, and if a banquet should be given, which it is understood is not probable, there would be hundreds who would try to obtain places at the table, and it would be impossible to accommodate them all. The members of the Order may rest assured that the committee will do what they believe to be for the best interest of the Order. The committee are holding another meeting in the Secretary's office this afternoon, to complete the arrangements for entertaining the sovereigns during the remainder of the week. The committee are: Past Grand J.

PERSONALS

Bro. W. W. Carter, of Deseronto, in passing through Napanee on Tuesday, gave us a call.

Bro. W. Marriage, P. G., of Montreal, is now on his semi-annual tour through Ontario, and favored the Dominion Oddfellow with a call on Wednesday.

"Twenty-four years experience," says an eminent physician, "convinces me that the only cure for 'Nervous Exhaustion' and weakness of the generative organs is to repair the waste by giving Brain and Nerve Foods, and of all the remedies I have used Mack's Magnetic Medicine is the best. This remedy is now sold by all druggists at 50 cents per box, or six for \$2.50, and on receipt of all orders for 12 boxes, accompanied with \$5 addressed to Mack's Magnetic Medicine Co., Windsor, Ont., they will forward the goods free by mail, and send their 'written guarantee' to refund the money, if the treatment does not effect a cure. See advertisement in another column.

One of the lodges in New Hampshire has a member who has attended 1,700 meetings of his lodge, and still attends regularly.

It is stated that the subscriptions to the Parcell fund are at a standstill.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR

RENEWER is a scientific combination of some of the most powerful restorative agents in the vegetable kingdom. It restores gray hair to its original color. It makes the scalp white and clean. It cures dandruff and humors, and falling-out of the hair. It furnishes the nutritive principle by which the hair is nourished and supported. It makes the hair moist, soft and glossy, and is unsurpassed as a hair dressing. It is the most economical preparation ever offered to the public, as its effects remain a long time, making only an occasional application necessary. It is recommended and used by eminent medical men, and officially endorsed by the State Assayer of Massachusetts. The popularity of Hall's Hair Renewer has increased with the test of many years, both in this country and in foreign lands, and it is now known and used in all the civilized countries of the world.

For sale by all dealers.



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Post-paid by mail, \$1.25 Framed, 3-in. gilt, by express, - - 2.50

Correspondence solicited the Corresponding Secretaries of all Oddfellows' Lodges in Canada and the United States.

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Officers' Regalia in full sets, either for subordinate lodges or encampments. Encampment uniforms, the best and cheapest on the continent. A specialty made of E. G.'s collars and officers' jewels. Goods sent on approval. Importing the Ribbons, Silks and Trimmings direct from the manufacturers, and superintending the making up himself, he is confident of giving a superior article in material, style and finish, at a lower price than any other house in the trade. Send for Illustrated Price List, or sample of anything you may require.

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CLASS A. BENEFIT LIMITED TO \$1,000. CLASS B. BENEFIT LIMITED TO \$500.

ADMISSION FEES.

Table with columns for age groups (From 21 to 30 years of age, 31 to 40, 41 to 50, 51 to 60) and admission fees (\$3.00, 5.00, 10.00, 15.00).

These Notes bear no interest and are payable out of the benefit after death. The Applicant to pay the Medical Examiner's fee, \$1.

ADMISSION FEES.

Table with columns for age groups (From 21 to 29 years inclusive, 30 to 39 years inclusive, 40 to 49 years inclusive, 50 to 59 years inclusive, 60 to 69 years inclusive) and admission fees (\$5.00, 8.00, 11.00, 16.00).

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ASSUMPTIONS ON THE DEATH OF A MEMBER.

Table with columns for age groups (From 21 to 30 years of age, 31 to 40, 41 to 50, 51 to 60) and amounts (\$1.10, 1.25, 1.50, 1.75).

Any brother joining Class A, may, within 30 days, join Class B, on payment of \$1, without further medical examination.

There are no annual dues nor percentages for collection; all that any member will ever be called upon to pay is the entrance fee on joining and the assessment when a death shall occur, due notice of which will be given as usual, and thirty days allowed for making the payment.

STATEMENT OF BENEFITS.

Paid from Date of Organization, 12th May, 1874, to 31st December, 1882.

Showing number of Deaths, Number of Certificate Name of Deceased, and Number of Lodge, Date of Admission, Date of Death, Cause of Death, Amount paid to Association, Amount paid to Beneficiary, to Whom Paid, and Relationship.

Summary table showing total claims paid for Class A (\$37,255.00) and Class B (\$900.00), totaling \$38,155.00.

All necessary information can be obtained from Agents Wanted in every Lodge.

W. D. GORDON, Secretary, Kingston.

RENFREW.

The Oddfellows of Renfrew and the Larose Club of the same place, have formed a combination for the purpose of celebrating Dominion Day in that village on a grand scale. The necessary arrangements are now being made, and as the people of Renfrew are a good one, and they are determined so to arrange their programme for the reception of the representatives that it will not only be a credit to themselves but also the state they represent.—Providence Star.

COATICOOKE, P.Q.

VICTORIA LODGE, NO. 16.

We regret very much that in our report of the institution of this lodge in our last issue the name of Bro. George L. Pinkham, P.S., was unintentionally omitted from the list of officers. We have the more pleasure in making this correction, as Bro. Pinkham was the most active in forming the new lodge, and we are happy to state has consented to act as agent and correspondent of this paper. The name of Bro. J. P. Stockwell, P.G., was also omitted in the list of visitors from Danville.

The French have bombarded two Madagascar ports, causing great destruction of British and other merchandise. The Malagasy authorities are apparently undismayed, and are hastening their warlike preparations.

PERSONALS

years, both in this country and in foreign lands, and it is now known and used in all the civilized countries of the world.

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