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GRANDPA DERRINGER'S WILL.

"I SENT for you, Mr. Denen," said Grandpa Derringer, "to make my will."

"Nothing the matter, I hope?" said the young lawyer, seating himself at the open desk.

"Nothing particular, Denen; I'm not so slim a stick yet but I may outlast some of my juniors, eh! Come, there are pens. Are you ready? Living or dying, a man ought to make his will, I take it; it's a sort of pleasure he owes himself. It's consoling to reflect that even when he is food for worms he has a certain power of dictation over the goods left behind. Ready?"

"Quite ready, Mr. Derringer."

"Now, then, to begin, I give and bequeath to my granddaughter, Estelle Derringer, only child of my son Paul Derringer and Katharine Kew, (confound her! I disowned Paul for her sake; a son of mine to marry a threadbare governess! a Derringer to ally with a Kew!)—I give and bequeath to said Estelle a house and land on Grundy Avenue, No. 99; a farm in Little Grandison, with two hundred acres of meadow land attached; also twenty shares in the Pactolus Mining Co.: six shares in the Slambang railway. Do you know, Denen, they declare a semi-yearly dividend of thirty-three per cent.? No watering of stock there! Fool I didn't buy into it largely; but the shares were going for a song when I bought these. Also six shares in the Cloth-of-gold manu-

factory, fifty shares in the Bullion bank stock, and the silver shoe-buckle with my great-grandfathers monogram on it in paste. It will show that she *had* a grandfather, which she never could have shown if he hadn't been a Derringer. I've worn these shoe-buckles in tableaux, Denen, when I was a young fellow like you, before the other came to grief."

"Yes? Miss Estelle will be quite an heiress?"

"Well, so-so; money doesn't go far now-a-days, when there's so many flounces and furbelows. In my youth folks wore cotton gowns mostly, and delaines for best; and it didn't take a web of stuff at that, nor a fortnight to make it, either. But then I wish to be fair with Estelle; she's bone of my bone. So now I give and bequeath—ready?—to my youngest son, John (he and Paul were always at sword's points; he would have married Kate Kew if Paul hadn't)—so I give to John the insurance on my life for ten thousand dollars, and my silver tankard; to my cousin, Mary Perry, this house I live in, 20 Green street, and my gold watch; and to Mrs. Wheat, my housekeeper, the sum of one hundred dollars, and my volume of Watt's Hymns. And I appoint you my executor, Mr. Denen."

When the will was duly signed, and witnessed by the family doctor, who had dropped in to feel Mr. Derringer's pulse and drink a glass of his port, and the

clergyman who had followed in the doctor's footsteps, then Mr. Derringer rubbed his chin complacently and chuckled, as if he had got off a good joke, or had, at least, relieved his mind of a load.

"I had always intended to do the right thing by Estelle, if she is half Kew," he said, smiling blandly. "I'm going to send for her, and have her here for a while. She's been living with the Kew's since the death of her parents. They're a shabby set at best. She had better be removed from their charity, if she's going to inherit from a Derringer. I went to see her once out of curiosity, to know how they treated her. I got boarded in the house with her at Aunt Kew's. Bless you! if I hadn't been a gentleman I could have sworn roundly to see how they sneered at and abused my granddaughter, and she a Derringer! She went on all the shabby errands, and brought the dinner home in brown paper, and washed dishes, and wore their old duds, and sat in the dining-room when there were young fellows in the parlor. She didn't know me from Adam, and I had never laid eyes on her before; but I tell you it made my old blood boil as it has never done since I was a boy. I wonder how she had better come? I don't want to go and fetch her myself, because, you see, I might revenge her."

"Where does she live?" asked Denen, shaking the sand over the fresh signatures. "Are these wretches the Kews of Valeville?"

"Yes, the Kews of Valeville; they don't amount to a row of pins, but they resemble the pins in being sharp."

"Well, I was going to say that I have business calling me to Valeville next month. Suppose I bring Miss Estelle back with me?"

"Capital! I'll write her a letter for you to take."

"Perhaps she won't come."

"Tell her it's for her interest, if she's a mercenary Kew; tell her it's duty to an aged relative, if she's a Derringer."

"You're to be represented as alone, at the mercy of servants and strangers, and all that sort of thing, eh?"

"Yes; you know how to persuade the girls, I'll be bound."

"Not I."

Therefore, one morning early in the

summer, he surprised Miss Estelle sweeping off the steps of the Kew mansion.

"Dear me! who is that coming here, Mr. Carruth?" she said to a young man playing croquet on the grassplot with her cousins, but who had strayed away from them to exchange a word with her.

"I believe it is Lawyer Denen, of New York," said Carruth.

"And I am in my old wrapper!"

"Do I have the pleasure of addressing Miss Derringer?" asked Denen, advancing. "I bring you a message from your grandfather."

"Really? I thought he disowned my existence," she said, looking straight into Denen's face, as if she would fathom his purposes. But Denen was no such transparency. She saw, instead, a dark, handsome countenance, lighted by eyes full of admiration, and a firm, unwavering mouth that seldom smiled.

"I have come, at the request of your grandfather, to escort you back to him."

"Do you think he needs me?" she asked, after reading his letter of invitation.

"I do, Miss Derringer. He is an old man now, you know, with none but hirelings to look to for attention."

"But he has never seen me. How can he tell if I shall be pleasant to him?"

"I think there can be no doubt of that," he replied, with prompt gallantry.

"Do you?" she asked, quite seriously.

"Then I suppose—I must—go."

"You were to do nothing against your will, I believe."

"No, I don't mean to do anything against my will," she said with a charming simplicity. "If I don't like it, I can seek my fortunes elsewhere."

"You would not have far to seek. When shall I call for you? I leave a week from to-day. Will that be convenient?"

"All days are alike to me."

"Lucky Miss Derringer. And will they part from you willingly here?"

"They are not distractingly fond of me," shrugging her shoulders. "Who is fond of a dependent? An uncle's wife and some cousins are all my possessions here. I'm glad of a diversion in my favor. Nothing ever happened to me before."

"Something has happened to you now, with a vengeance," thought Denen.

It was a long journey for Estelle, from Valeville to New York, through scenery where the bloom of summer was in its sweet prime, with birds whirring in the thickets, and aldars fringing the stagnant pools, and a subtle sense of repose haunting the cool recesses of the woods that opened on every hand, and led the imagination enchanted through labyrinths of dewy solitude. Mr. Denen took care that the hours should not drag for Estelle. He had a legend or romance for every way station; he knew the names and habits of birds that sang within call; of the flowering shrubs blooming beside the path; he made his fellow passengers the subject of amusing conjectures, of droll guesses at their circumstances and errands, of their dispositions and aims; he quoted poetry and talked novels, and discovered who were Estelle's favorite heroes; and when the crystal day dissolved at nightfall into a shower, and great flashes of lightning swathed the heavens, revealing in the instant's illumination gloomy ravines, over which they seemed to hang suspended, shuddering caverns of darkness, whose brink they skirted, he made her forget the present, and see, instead of this wrath of the storm scudding by, pictures of happy firesides yet to be evolved from the chaos of the future, pictures of gardens where lovers loitered and children played.

"And here we are at New York," he said, rising.

"Already? Why, I thought it was a great way."

Grandpa Derringer was waiting to welcome them. "All Derringer," he declared, holding her at arms-length; "but I dare swear the Kew will crop out."

"And why shouldn't it?" she said saucily.

So life in New York began for Estelle—a very different life from that other phase at Valeville. Here she had fine clothes to wear, and no one to say, "Why do you so?" no one to quarrel with; no one to taunt her with beggary, to twit her for being a washed-out blonde, of whom her grand relations were ashamed. Yet, for all that, after the first novelty had vanished she had her feeble regrets sometimes. She would have given a good deal for a nice round quarrel to ripple the dead calm. The days were fearfully alike, sun pictures of one another, with not enough perspec-

tive to give them charm. She began to wonder if everything had happened to her that was going to happen. Mrs. Wheat was always engrossed in sorting linen, overseeing the cooking, or making marvellous jellies. Grandpa Derringer was gardening, or reading piles of stupid newspapers about the war in Europe, the rise in breadstuffs, the price of gold, or else he was playing chess with Mr. Denen. As for herself she might play on the rusty piano, or read the novels of the last centuries, or assist Mrs. Wheat; walk in in the garden and pick the purple plums, make calls, or spend her pocket money abroad; but after that there was nothing for her but to listen to grandpa and Mr. Denen upon disputed law questions, the last political imbroglio, or the councils of popes and kings.

Having safely landed her upon her native heath, so to speak, Mr. Denen seemed to have forgotten her existence. He came and went without regarding her; he never referred to her opinion—such delicate flattery to a young lady; if she spoke, he replied without pursuing the conversation. This conduct had the effect of piquing Estelle; he had given promise of such pleasant companionship; it was like the fairy gold turning into withered leaves. She used to watch him furtively, longing painfully for a little attention, just because he withheld it; prizing it beyond its worth perhaps because it was so rare. She heard him speak of the gay world which he frequented, of nights at the opera, of tragedy and comedy, and she felt like a bird pining for freedom, and beating its wings against the prison bars.

"Let us go to the opera, too, Grandpa Derringer," she entreated one day.

"Not I. Operas are played out for me—insipid. You can go, though; I'll ask Denen to take you."

"Oh, no, no! I will not go if you don't."

If he should ask her himself, that would be different. Strange that the things we long for most should be the last to happen.

"Then stay at home sauce-box," said Grandpa Derringer. But Estelle did not mean to stay at home. She stole out next day and bought her ticket, and when night fell, and her grandpa was entertaining some gentlemen in the library, she disguised



herself in a front of false hair which she had found in rummaging the attic, crowned with a cast-off bonnet of Mrs. Wheat's; attired herself further in mantle and gown from her grandmother's wardrobe, packed away in lavender and tobacco, mounted a pair of gold-bowed spectacles, drew over her features a lace veil, and passed into the opera unquestioned with the motley crowd. She was a trifle dazzled and beside herself at first; but the ushers treated her with such condescension, and every one else seemed so utterly blind with regard to her, that she soon composed herself, and was quietly enjoying the strange, fantastic scene, when a familiar voice at her elbow caused her fan to drop from her grasp, to be returned to her by the exquisitely gloved hand of no less a person than Mr. Denen, who took a seat directly before her. Estelle was wise enough to bow her thanks simply, and then the curtain rolled away like a cloud, and introduced her to fairyland. A first opera is like a first love, in that it is a new experience and development, and has all the freshness of novelty. Estelle abandoned herself to its enjoyment like a child; for the time the people and the situation were real to her; she laughed and sorrowed with them; and when the curtain fell and Denen rose to depart, he caught a glimpse of a lovely gray-haired lady, with the bloom of youth on her cheek and tears in her eyes.

"Jove!" he said to Grandpa Derringer next day, while Estelle sat in the broad window-seat dreaming over her evening's pleasure, "I saw the most remarkable old lady at the opera. Her cheek was like a peach, and her hair silver white, and there were two great tears in her superb eyes when the play was over. She might have stepped out of some old painting, or she may have been some pretty girl masquerading."

"A pretty daring girl, I should call her," said grandpa.

"What was the opera, Mr. Denen?" asked Estelle, commanding her voice with effort. She liked that remark about the peachy cheek and superb eyes. Were her eyes superb? He had never behaved as if they affected him in that way.

"It was one of Donizetti's, Miss Estelle—'Lucia di Lammermoor.' Did you ever hear it?"

"I think I heard it once. See, I can

recall some of the airs now;" and she moved to the piano.

"Thank you, Miss Estelle," said Denen, when she had finished. "Some of the melodies are the very spirit of melancholy. Why do you choose such sad tunes?"

"Are they sad? Then I like sadness."

"Indeed?" And he said no more. She dared not, however, repeat her experiment immediately; but later, when some famous singer appeared in "Il Trovatore," and Mr. Denen became enthusiastic over her, and Grandpa Derringer declared that he did not care a farthing for all the singers in Christendom—a bobolink could put them all to shame, he believed,—then Estelle bethought herself of her former operatic success. She made some improvements upon her last appearance. She powdered her peach bloom out of sight—she did not go to be admired; she curled the gray wig about her face; she took a curious pleasure in decorating herself in her grandmother's black brocade found folded away in the cedar chest up stairs; in the embroidered neckerchief of the past, laid across her breast wimplewise, and fastened with a *lapis lazuli* brooch. Then throwing over her shoulders Mme. Derringer's fur cape, and donning Mrs. Wheat's discarded bonnet, furnished for the occasion, she hastened out, delayed an instant by a family carriage which was discharging its freight of furs and laces, and passed in to the opera under their escort, as it were. How it dazzled her unaccustomed eye, such bewildering costumes in the audience, as well as the actors! They might all and each have stepped out of the "Arabian Nights," for all she knew. Such perfume pervading the air; such crowds of beautiful faces beaming everywhere; such music, that made the peach bloom struggle to burn through the powder, that made the eyes flash and soften—the old, old airs, interpreted and realized, which she had caught from wandering minstrels, and dreamed over on lonely winter nights at Valeville. She had no conception of the part she was playing herself; she did not appreciate its dangers, nor perceive the eyes that were bent upon her in bewildered questioning, in half recognition. So long as Mr. Denen was not her neighbor she felt secure, though, in her heedless enjoyment, she



did not know how the brown curls escaped beneath the gray, how her black brocade was sprinkled with the powder that had shaken like frost from her fair face. When the last note had died away, she dropped her veil, and followed the crowd, in a sort of blind ecstasy, into the foggy street, and pausing a breathing space beneath a gas lamp to get her bearings, coming so quickly from light into cross-lights and comparative darkness, a touch, light as dust, fell upon her arm, a face—the face of young Carruth, whom she had left at Valeville playing an eternal game of croquet, she thought—looked familiarly into hers

“When you masquerade again, Miss Estelle, take care that you do not allow the brown ringlets to appear in competition with the gray. See here; I severed it with my Damascus blade—treasure-trove. Tuck your arm into mine, and I’ll take you home.” But she gave him one swift glance instead and fled, leaving the curl he had clipped away in his hand—fled right or left, she knew not where, blundering in the teeth of some restive horse, and fell, trampled in the mire.

“Hold in your horses!” shouted Mr. Denen, who happened to be crossing at the same time. “An old lady has fallen under their heels. Jove! she’ll be crushed to powder!” and he sprang at the check with one strong hand, and rescued her with the other. “My little madam,” said he, supporting her now in both arms, “are you much hurt? Can you stand? I will call a carriage and take you home. Here, Spurring, I don’t know where in the world to tell you to drive, after all. She’s stunned. Ah!” as the bonnet and wig fell off together “ah, Spurring, you may drive us to Mr. Derringer’s. I think this is a lady friend of his.”

“So, this is the way they return from the opera, is it?” said grandpa, waking up from his doze, after the doctor had come and gone, and had pronounced Estelle out of danger. “Didn’t I tell you no good came of the pesky things? So you took the part of an old lady, and sung small? Ha, ha! pretty good for a chit like you; but bold, my dear, very bold—very Kewish, too. Shall have to send you back to Valeville if you go on so.”

“I won’t go back, you know,” said Estelle, from among her cushions on the sofa.

“Why not?” asked Mr. Denen, who yet lingered.

“Oh, because—because— Did I make a very passable old lady, Mr. Denen?”

“I prefer you as a young one,” smiling ever so little.

“Do you? I should like to be young always. I thought people liked old women the best—at least they show them the most attention.”

“Because it is perfectly safe; there’s no danger,” his smile expanding.

“Danger! Danger of what?” raising herself on one elbow to look at him.

“Danger of losing one’s—head!”

“I don’t believe there’s any danger for you, Mr. Denen, anywhere,” sinking back.

“That’s because you don’t know me.”

“And whose fault is that?”

“Your misfortune, probably,” laughed grandpa. Mr. Denen was very kind after this mishap. He came every day to enquire for her, the bruises confining her to the sofa for some time. He brought her bunches of dewy violets, baskets of rare fruits hidden beneath flowers, light literature to while away the dull hours, and a wonderful walnut whose kernel was a tiny vinaigrette of crystal cut in delicate designs of branch and leaf. He brought his flute, too, and played melancholy tunes to words of her choosing, and was the same Mr. Denen again who made her journey from Valeville a pathway of sunbeams. One evening while he was present, Mr. Carruth called.

“So,” said that youth, “you slipped away from me the other night; I knew it must be either you or your grandmother. Will you go with me in your proper character, next week? May I count upon the happiness?”

“If I am able to walk, thank you.”

“You did not mention seeing Mr. Carruth,” spoke Denen, putting away his flute. “I thought you were alone.”

“And so I was.”

Denen retired into himself as Estelle recovered and was able to seek her own pleasure. When she found herself strong enough to go and come with Carruth, he was as far away as ever again—as remote and cold as the icebergs of the North Pole. Once he condescended to ask Estelle:

“Is Mr. Carruth staying in town?”

“Yes,” said she; “he is studying medicine with Dr. Thoroughwort.”

"And this is why you did not care to return to Valeville?"

"And what is that to you, Mr. Denen?" for nothing more annoys a woman than delicate attentions diluted with judicious neglect.

"Oh, nothing but a phenomenon, certainly. It's nothing to me either that you have lost a curl," pursued the provoking fellow—"a curl from your left temple—but it's a good deal to you; you miss it."

"I can contrive to do without it, so long as I know it's in safe keeping."

Not long after this, Carruth encountered Denen, and they strolled down the street together, Carruth hoping to hear particulars of Estelle from the friend of the family, Denen trusting to discover the ground upon which the two met; and, as sometimes happens, he discovered more than he cared to; for Carruth, opening his pocket-book to pay for some trifle, allowed Estelle's curl to fall out from its hiding-place.

"Is this the way you take care of your lady's favors?" asked Denen, nonchalantly arresting it.

Carruth colored as he said, "It is not every girl would give a lover such a curl, now, is it? And hair so expensive! Don't you think I may have hope?"

"Surely," said Denen, "surely."

"When a girl thinks more of your wishes than of her own beauty the affair is tolerably certain, I take it."

"Surely," repeated Denen. He was in no mood for words; the affair was altogether too certain to be agreeable to him; while in a state of doubt it had possessed a bitter kind of fascination for him such as a beggar may feel gnawed by hunger, shivering with the cold, yet crouching on the icy pavement to see the costly toilets and hear the merry-making of the revellers. So it had given Denen absolute pain to see Estelle lavishing her regard and confidence upon the immature young man, and yet he could not spare himself the suffering. He watched the two involuntarily when he seemed engrossed in other things. He heard their words when he was conversing with Grandpa Derringer himself. He endured their silences in suspense. At the opera he lent his attentions to them alone from the undefined shadows of a private box. If you had asked him he could no longer have told of the prima donna's points; he no longer grew elo-

quent over her laurels; he had a season ticket to a perpetual private opera, where the melody never faltered, where the tragedy and comedy of his life centered. He hated himself for this espionage, but none the less did it distract and dishearten him. He tormented himself with a thousand illusions. Why did he love Estelle? Was it the will which he had indited for Mr. Derringer? Should he have loved her had he found her poor and insignificant? It is true that he had gone to Valeville with the half-conceived purpose of marrying Mr. Derringer's heiress, but when he had seen her, she became an object too sacred to be profaned by his regard. He began to think himself—he, who could never have entertained such malign purposes—of fibre too common and mean to dare bespeak her for his own, or hope for a return of his passion. Love so completely possessed his soul as to leave no niche for lesser motives or impulses. So he had gone on suspecting himself more and more, removing himself by his distant manner from her thoughts he believed; seeing another fight for the love he coveted, and yet putting out no hand to win. In the meantime he could have taken no surer means of conquering Estelle. Pique a woman and she will be sure to remember you. She was half pleased with this reserve that could upon occasions, dissolve into a heaven of smiles and tenderness. Somewhere or other—was it far away in the twilight region of her swoon?—she seemed to recall being folded in arms too tender for mere charity, to hear tones too sweet for simple pity. She used to lie awake at nights and wonder about Denen—if she should ever outgrow a longing for his regard; after years had proved powerless to give her her wish, if she should be happy with Carruth; if it would be right to marry him with no heart to give, though grandpa was too poor to leave her much. To beg she was ashamed, and she had no means of earning her livelihood, and it would please Carruth beyond all things. For who is there, not being able to compass that which she *would* have, but will fain accept that which she *may* have? She had laughed and coquetted with Carruth with malice prepense, hoping to win some glance of anxious annoyance from Denen, trusting that if he had any hidden hopes, jealousy

would quicken them into deeds and words. But it had not worked as she expected. The reserve had grown upon Denen; and not being able to see the other side of this tapestry which we call circumstances, she had given it all up, and for want of something better to occupy her thoughts and heart, she had blindly pursued the flirtation with Carruth till it assumed serious aspects, and he had solemnly assured her that he should put an end to himself if, after having led him such a wild-goose chase, she did not promise to marry him. She was young enough and romantic enough to be deceived by his tragic promises, and then, as her conscience was not quite at rest respecting him, they became engaged. If she had done wrongly, if through inexperience and from a vague belief that men's hearts were adamant, she had deluded Carruth into really loving her, she meant to abide by the consequences. After all, it would only be a lifetime at most, and perhaps the assurance that Denen was indifferent to her made the sacrifice the easier. But from the month in which her lover's ring slipped over her finger she felt like a galley-slave. She took no further pleasure in anything. She moved the impersonated echo of his wishes, but there was no joy on her countenance, no elasticity in her mien. When Carruth was not present, she used to sit hours together in the sunny window of her grandfather's library; used to sit with folded hands and eyes that did not see the green spaces before them, the blossoming boughs blown by the wind, the shadows that lurked besides the sunbeams, with eyes that looked out, instead, across the desolate future, and guessed its outlines from the present. Mr. Denen was there too, sometimes, but he walked like a ghost through her dreams. He saw her and was perplexed. Indeed, since she was from him, he thawed out from his abstractions to draw her from her own. He entreated her to play again to him those plaintive airs from the operas, to sing the words he had once adapted for her:

Come heart and sing,  
That life is sweet,  
While it doth bring  
Love to thy feet.

Sweetheart, why weep,  
Shadows pursuing?  
Close, eyes, and sleep;  
Love is but ruing.

"Love is but ruing," he repeated. "I enter my protest. Do you think so, Miss Estelle?"

"I—do—not—know," she answered, slowly. "I have been thinking lately—"

"Not a new process, I believe."

"Quite new. Women learn to think too late. It's only selfish love that is ruing. If I love you for any advantage to myself, merely—"

"If you love me, Miss Estelle!" he cried, forgetfully, his face like a newly-discovered star, so strangely it shone out from this luminous possibility.

She smiled faintly, as a sick person smiles at some kind but fruitless suggestion. "I mean you and I as—as representative lovers," she said.

"Certainly; I understand fully," he declared, relapsing into the nebulous state. "You were going to say—"

"I was going to say that selfish loving naturally ended in ruing, that so much of love as is heavenly, and no more, will survive through all eternity."

"And what then? In heaven we are neither married nor given in marriage, and I do not desire to love everybody as—as I could love one. I confess that I am not sufficiently spiritual-minded to be satisfied. I wish to feel the warm human touch of love, to see it lighten in fleshy eyes and redden on the cheek—to hear it speak with the tongues of men and angels. Perhaps I am too material, but do spirits embrace? It will be no heaven to me, Estelle, unless I can fold my beloved in my arms, cheek to cheek, heart to heart." And, alas for the strength of human will, Mr. Denen was holding Estelle in a clasp as warm as love's, his eyes searching hers, his breath upon her lips.

"Mr. Denen!" she cried, "Mr. Denen, you forget yourself and me!"

"I forget myself, perhaps, but I remember you too well for my peace of mind," passing a hand across his eyes. "I have been breaking a commandment and coveting my neighbors goods. Pardon me."

Estelle did not see much of Mr. Denen after this for some time; and Carruth having gone abroad to visit foreign hospitals, she was much alone now, till one day Grandpa Derringer was suddenly smitten with paralysis, and signified his desire to have Denen sent for. There was no refer-



ence to the past, however. They met over the sick-bed, passed medicines, arranged pillows, consulted together, and relieved each other at the watch like the merest friends, who have no other aspiration than friendship. When Mr. Derringer rallied somewhat, as they believed, he said to Denen, "I suppose Estelle is well provided for, at any rate; Carruth is not poor. I would have done better by Estelle, but half a loaf, you know. You can't have your cake and eat it too. She's on my mind ever since she began to breathe. I wonder if Carruth knows—the will. I hope he loves the child for herself—only Dr. Thoroughwort's leaky. I'd rather it had been you, Denen; but I see money can't win your affections; you've stood test bravely. I had no idea I should grow so fond of the girl. Blood will tell. An old man's plans are uncertain, like water. If I am stronger to-morrow, Denen—do you hear? Where are you? There, give me your hand. How warm it is! Mine feels like the grave. If I am stronger we'll—write—another—will—tomorrow." But Grandpa Derringer's to-morrow was all eternity.

When the funeral was over, the handful of relatives assembled in the library to hear the will read; Estelle in her weeds; John Derringer, sable of countenance as well as attire, with his expectant family; Mary Perry in rustic black; and nephews and nieces to the third and fourth generation. Mr. Denen, too, had crape on his hat and his face was ashy when he unfolded the will. His hand shook, his voice trembled, and something like a mist hung before him and blurred the handwriting. In the pause that ensued you could hear the impatient rustle of a garment, the half concealed yawn, the stifled sob of those who waited. When he had finished the reading there was a stir of relief, and all eyes turned to the heiress, and every tongue but John Derringer's was loose to congratulate her. But Estelle was like the ghost of herself, pale as alabaster, heavy eyed, husky-voiced; there was nothing of happiness in her air. "I did not know," she said, with her eyes upon Denen—"I thought that grandfather had only his insurance and the annuity, which died with him. Mr. Denen, did *you* know of this?"

"Miss Estelle, I wrote the will."

In a few days those who had assembled

dispersed on their several ways. In course of time John Derringer came in possession of his ten thousand, while his wife looked sharply after the silver tankard; and Mary Perry, in her rusty black, went to housekeeping in her new home, inviting Estelle to remain there till she should marry, "which won't be a hundred years, I reckon, seeing you're an heiress," she said; and Dr. Thoroughwort dropped in to add his congratulations and condolences in the same breath.

"I've known that you stood well in your Grandpa's will all along," said he. "I was one of the witnesses, you know. Heard from Dr. Carruth lately? I used to tell him you were worth looking after. Money isn't to be sneered at when you're making a match. It's the cushion that eases the jolts along life highway, eh? All is, have it secured to yourself. Good morning?"

So Carruth had knew about the will, and Denen had known. *She* was the only one who had been in the dark.

Well, some weeks passed, so heavily for Estelle that nobody could have guessed she had any cause for happiness, when one day Denen appeared, as black-browed as a thunder-cloud, and requested to see her alone.

"He's going to propose, as sure as you live," thought Mary Perry. "Well, how the men do hanker after a body's purse! Them as haven't let on there was such a person breathing as Mary Perry for these ten years, have shook hands cordial as all possessed, and called round to spy out the land."

"Miss Estelle," Mr. Denen began, "I am sorry to be bearer of evil tidings, but—"

"Has anything happened to Carruth?" she questioned, startled.

"Nothing of which I am aware. Miss Estelle, how could you bear poverty after your expectations of wealth?"

"Mr. Denen, what is it? Tell me quickly! Has anything happened to my grandfather's bequests?"

"Your grandfather's bequests, Miss Derringer, never existed except in his imagination; they were castles in the air, which I have reason to believe, from words uttered during his last moments, he had raised to serve some special purpose or whim of his own. But he did not intend

to subject you to this disappointment, for his last words were, 'If I am stronger, Denen, we will write another will to-morrow.'

"And so I am a beggar again! The sensation is so totally new that I do not reconize it."

"But you will soon marry?" turning away his head.

"I do not know. Meanwhile one must live."

"If there is any thing to which I could help you, call upon me. I would share my last crust with Mr. Derringer's granddaughter."

"Thank you," returned Estelle, coldly; "I hope I may not need it." If he offered it only to Mr. Derringer's granddaughter, she would starve before accepting it.

"Law sakes!" said Miss Perry, when the conference was ended, "what's he been saying to you? Now don't be so glum about it. You needn't feel obliged to have him just because he asked you. It does 'em good to get the cold shoulder now and then. Law! didn't I refuse Tom Brickert plump, and did it do him the least bit of hurt as ever was? Didn't he go and ask Susan Samson the same question, and get published the next month? And then you've got plenty to live on till you're gray, and I had to take in sewing for my bread and butter. But, 'No' says I to Mr. Brickert; 'I haven't waited 45 years for the likes of you!'"

"Mr. Denen did not ask me to marry him, Cousin Perry; he came to tell me that grandpa didn't leave anything to me but the old paste shoe-buckle."

"The paste shoe-buckle! Why, he left you houses and lands besides. I heard it read out of the will myself."

"But he didn't own any such things, and I am poorer than ever."

"No, no. Wasn't this your grandpa's house? You shall live here as long as there's one beam upon another. Pretty thing it would be for me to turn your grandpa's granddaughter out of his house!"

"Thank you, Cousin Perry; but I must go to work—and how, or where?"

"Law you'll get married before you know it, a pretty girl like you; and folks needn't be told that your grandpa's will was folderol, and—"

"I am engaged, already; but I shall write to Dr. Carruth and tell him the whole story."

"And get the mitten for your pains"

"Well?"

"You're awful resigned. If I loved a fellow, I guess you wouldn't catch me going out of my way to lose him."

"Neither should I; and, what's more, I shouldn't go out of my way to find him, either. And then it would not be fair to conceal it from Dr. Carruth."

But Dr. Thoroughwort had stolen a march upon her, and had mentioned Grandpa Derringer's odd freak in a friendly letter to Dr. Carruth while Estelle was thinking how to say it. Thus before her letter had been mailed she received one from him, saying that since he found it would take him years to establish himself in his profession—never before having understood the magnitude of the science—since he had so little capital with which to start in life that he should be obliged to marry late, it would seem cruel that she should waste the bloom of her years in waiting for one so unworthy; therefore he had resolved, as painful as it was for him, to offer to release her from the engagement.

"Oh, everybody sees through *that* skimmer," said cousin Perry. "I had a beau say pretty much the same to me after father died and the estate was settled till there wasn't anything left; but yesterday he came up if you'll believe me, looking as smart as a new cent, and disposed to forget the past like a Christian. But, thinks I, sweetness is just as agreeable when you're poor as poison is when you've got a fine house left to you; so when he asked should he call again, I told him he could please himself; 'twouldn't make no difference to me, anyway. There was a time when I'd have gone through fire and water for that man, but, bless you, I wouldn't look out of the window to see him go by to-day. Folks do live through a sight of suffering."

Some weeks later Mr. Denen made his re-appearance. "I come," said he—"if you will pardon me—to offer you a situation. I need a competent"—here Miss Perry left the room, fully persuaded that an important proposal was about to be made—"I need a competent copyist. If you can accept it, you will greatly oblige me."

"Mr. Denen," said Estelle, "I am deeply grateful to you, but I do not need a situation any longer."

"Then you are going to be married?"  
 "No, I have no such prospect."  
 "What do you hear from Dr. Carruth?"  
 "Nothing, Mr. Denen. I shall *never* hear anything more from him."  
 "Do you mean—"  
 "I mean that he has broken the engagement."  
 "Miss Estelle!"  
 "There! don't look at me in that way. I don't deserve commiseration; I am beautifully resigned."  
 "But you loved him!"  
 "I never did. You libel me."  
 "You astonish me. You loved some one else, perhaps?"  
 "I might have loved some one else if some one else had loved me."  
 "Oh, let us give the shadow a name, Estelle!"  
 "Yes, I believe—I would."  
 "And now what better had you to do than to accept my offer?"  
 "Nothing, it seems. But I have made a discovery."  
 "So have I. You have discovered that

you love me?"

"That's an old story. Listen."  
 "When you speak every drop of my blood listens."  
 "Last week I wanted a pair of gloves. I had no money: I had grandpapa's shoe-buckle instead. I took it into a jeweller's to get the value of the silver—"  
 "What, sell an heir-loom that has been in the family for centuries?"  
 "An old paste shoe-buckle? But I have not sold it. It is as good as fairy story, Reed. The old buckle that has tossed about the house nobody knows how long, and has survived the careless regard of generations, has cast off its disguise at last, and declared itself not paste, but diamonds!"  
 "And why did you not tell me before?"  
 "Because I knew you were such a silly fellow that, if I should tell you, I should never, never hear that sweet fairy story—and I like your story the best. This was what Grandpa Derringer meant in his will, I think—that the shoe-buckle would buy houses and land and bank stock."

### JEREMIAH JINX'S SERMON.

THE minister said last night, says he,  
 "Don't be afraid of givin' ;  
 If your life ain't nothing to other folks,  
 Why, what's the use o' livin' !"  
 And that's what I say too, wife, says I,  
 There's Brown, the mis'erable sinner,  
 He'd sooner a beggar would starve than give  
 A cent toward buyin' a dinner.

I just tell you our minister's prime, he is,  
 But I couldn't quite determine,  
 When I heard him a givin' it right and left,  
 Just who was hit by his sermon.  
 Of course there couldn't be no mistake  
 When he talked of long-winded prayin',  
 For Peters and Johnson they sot and scowled  
 At every word he was sayin'.



And the minister he went on to say,  
 "There's various kinds o' cheatin',  
 And religion's as good for every day  
 As it is to bring to meetin';  
 I don't think much of the man that gives  
 The Lord Amens at my preachin';  
 And spends his time the following week  
 In cheatin' and over-reachin'."

I guess that dose was bitter enough  
 For a man like Jones to swaller;  
 But I noticed he didn't open his mouth,  
 For once after that to holler.  
 Hurrah, says I, for the minister!—  
 Of course I said it quiet—  
 Give us some more of the open talk;  
 It's very refreshing diet.

The minister hit 'em every time;  
 And when he spoke of fashion,  
 And a-riggin' out of bows and things,  
 As a woman's rulin' passion,  
 And a comin' to church to see the styles,  
 I couldn't help a winkin',  
 And nudgin' my wife, and says I, "that's you,"  
 And I guess it sot her thinkin'.

Says I to myself, that sermon's pat;  
 But man is a queer creation;  
 And I'm much afraid that most o' the folks  
 Won't take the application.  
 Now, if he had said a word about  
 My personal mode o' sinnin',  
 I'd have gone to work to right myself,  
 And not set here a grinnin'.

Just then the minister says, says he,  
 "And now I've come to the fellers  
 Who've lost this shower by usin' their friends  
 As sort o' moral umbrellas.  
 Go home," says he, "and find your faults,  
 Instead of huntin' your brothers';  
 Go home," says he, "and wear the coats  
 You've tried to fit for others."

My wife she nudged, and Brown he winked ;  
 And there was lots o' smilin',  
 And lots o' lookin' at our pew ;  
 It sot my blood a-bilin',  
 Says I to myself, our minister  
 Is gettin' a little bitter ;  
 I'll tell him, when meetin's out, that I  
 Ain't at all that kind of a critter.

### BISHOP POTTS.

**B**ISHOP Potts, of Salt Lake City, was the husband of three wives and the happy father of fifteen interesting children. Early in the winter the bishop determined that his little ones should have a good time on Christmas, so he concluded to take a trip down to San Francisco, to see what he could find in the shape of toys with which to gratify and amuse them. The good bishop packed his carpet-bag, embraced Mrs. Potts one by one, and kissed each of them affectionately, and started upon his journey.

He was gone a little more than a week, and when he came back he had fifteen mouth organs in his valise for his darlings. He got out of the train at Salt Lake, thinking how joyous and exhilarating it would be at home on Christmas morning, when the whole fifteen of these mouth-organs should be in operation upon different tunes at the same moment. But just as he entered the depot he saw a group of women standing in the ladies' room, apparently waiting for him. As soon as he approached, the whole twenty of them rushed up, threw their arms about his neck and kissed him, exclaiming :

"Oh, Theodore, we are so—so glad you have come back ! Welcome home ! Welcome, dear, dear Theodore ! Welcome once more to the bosom of your family !" and then the entire score of them fell upon his neck and cried over his shirt front and mussed him.

The bishop seemed surprised and embarrassed. Struggling to disengage himself, he blushed and said :

"Really, ladies, this kind of thing is well enough—it is interesting and all that, but there must be some kind of a—that is, an awkward sort of a—excuse me, ladies, but there seems to be, as it were, a slight

misunderstanding about the—I am Bishop Potts."

"We know it, we know it, dearest," they exclaimed in chorus, "and we are so glad to see you safe at home, safe at home. We have all been right well, while you were away, love."

"It gratifies me," remarked the bishop, "to learn that none of you have been a prey to disease. I am filled with blissful serenity when I contemplate the fact ; but really I do not understand why you should rush into this railway station and hug me because your livers are active and your digestion good. The precedent is bad ; it is dangerous."

"Oh, but we didn't !" they exclaimed in chorus. "We came here to welcome you because you are our husband."

"Pardon me, but there must be some little—that is to say, as it were, I should think not. Women, you have mistaken your man."

"Oh, no, dearest !" they shouted ; "we were married to you while you were away."

"What ?" exclaimed the bishop ; "you do not mean to say that—"

"Yes, love. Our husband, William Brown, died on Monday, and on Thursday, Brigham had a vision, in which he was directed to seal us to you, and so he performed the ceremony at once by proxy."

"Th-th-th-th-th-under !" observed the bishop, in a general sort of a way.

"And, darling, we are all living with you now—we and the dear children."

"Children ! children !" exclaimed the bishop, turning pale ; "you don't mean to say that there is a pack of children, too ?"

"Yes, love, but only one hundred and twenty-five, not counting the eight twins and triplets."

"Wha-wha-wha-what d' you say?" gasped the bishop, in a cold perspiration; "one hundred and twenty-five! One hundred and twenty-five children and twenty more wives! It is too much—it is awful!" and the bishop sat down and groaned, while the late Mrs. Brown, the bride, stood around in a semi-circle and fanned him with her bonnets, all except the red-haired one, and she in her trepidation made a futile effort to fan him with a coal-scuttle.

But after a while, the bishop became reconciled to his new alliance; knowing well that protests would be unavailing; so he walked home holding as many of the little hands of the bride as he could conveniently grasp in his, while the red-haired woman carried his umbrella, and marched in front of the parade to remove obstructions and to scare off small boys.

When the bishop reached the house, he went around among the cradles which filled the back parlor and the two second story rooms, and attempted with such earnestness to become acquainted with his new sons and daughters that he set the whole hundred and twenty-five and twins to crying, while his own original fifteen stood around and joined in the chorus. Then the bishop went out and sat in the garden to whittle a stick and solemnly think, while Mrs. Potts distributed herself around in twenty-three places and soothed the children. It occurred to the bishop while he mused out there on the fence, that he had not enough mouth-organs to go around among the children as the family now stood, and so rather than seem partial, he determined to go back to San Francisco for one hundred and forty-four more.

So the bishop repacked his carpet-bag, and began again to bid farewell to his family. He tenderly kissed all of Mrs. Potts who were at home, and started for the depot, while Mrs. Potts stood at the various windows and waved her handkerchiefs at him, all except the woman with the warm hair, and she, in a fit of absent-mindedness, held one of the twins by the leg and brandished it at Potts as he fled down the street.

The bishop reached San Francisco, completed his purchases, and was just about to get on the train with his one hundred and forty-four mouth-organs, when a telegram was handed him. It contained information to the effect that the auburn-

haired Mrs. Potts had just had a daughter. This induced the bishop to return to the city for the purpose of purchasing an additional organ.

On the following Saturday, he returned home. As he approached his house a swarm of young children flew out of the front gate and ran towards him, shouting. "There's pa! Here come's pa! Oh, pa, but we're glad to see you! Hurrah for pa!" etc., etc.

The bishop looked at the children as they flocked around him and clung to his leg and coat, and was astonished to perceive that they were not his nor the late Brown's. He said: "You youngsters have made a mistake; I am not your father," and the bishop smiled good-naturedly.

"Oh, yes, you are, though!" screamed the little ones in chorus.

"But I say I am not," said the bishop, severely, and frowning, "you ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Don't you know where story-tellers go? It is scandalous for you to violate the truth in this manner. My name is Potts."

"Yes, we know it is, exclaimed the children, "we know it is, and so is ours; that is since the wedding."

"Since what wedding?" demanded the bishop, turning pale.

"Why, ma's wedding, of course. She was married yesterday, to you, by Mr. Young, and we are all living at your house now, with our little brothers and sisters."

The bishop sat down on the pavement, and wiped away a tear. Then he asked:

"Who was your father?"

"Mr. Simpson," said the crowd, "and he died on Tuesday."

"And how many of his infernal old widows—I mean how many of your mothers are there?"

"Only twenty-seven," replied the children, "and there are only sixty-four of us, and we are so awful glad you have come home."

The bishop did not seem to be unusually glad; somehow he failed to enter into the enthusiasm of the occasion. There appeared to be, in a certain sense, too much sameness about these surprises, so he sat there with his hat pulled over his eyes and considered the situation. Finally, seeing there was no help for it, he went to the house, and forty-eight of Mrs. Potts rushed up to him and kissed him, and told him



how the prophet had another vision in which he was commanded to seal Simpson's widow to Potts. When the bishop stumbled around among the cradles to his writing-desk, where he felt among gum, rings and rattles, for his letter-paper, and then addressed a note to Brigham, asking him as a personal favor to keep awake until after Christmas. "The man must take me for a foundling hospital," he said. Then the bishop saw clearly enough that if he gave presents to the other children and not to the late Simpson's, the bride (relict of Simpson) would probably souse down on him, fumble among his hair, and make things warm for him. So repacking his carpet-bag, he started again for San Francisco for sixty-four more mouth-organs, while Mrs. Potts gradually took leave of him in the entry—all but the brick-topped woman, who was up stairs, and who had to be satisfied with screeching good-bye at the top of her voice.

On his way home, after his visit to San Francisco, the bishop sat down in the car by the side of a man who had left Salt Lake the day before. The stranger was communicative. In the course of the conversation he remarked to the bishop:

"That was a mighty pretty little affair up there at the city on Monday."

"What affair?" asked Potts.

"Why, that wedding; McGrath's widow,

you know—married by proxy. Yes; died on Sunday, and that night Brigham had a vision in which he was ordered to seal her to the bishop."

"Bishop!" exclaimed Potts. "Perhaps you don't know him."

"Potts was his name."

The bishop gave an unearthly shriek and went into an hysterical fit, and writhed upon the floor as if he had the hydrophobia. When he recovered, he leaped from the train and walked back to San Francisco. He afterwards took the first steamer for Peru, where he entered a monastery and became a celibate.

His carpet-bag was sent on to his family. It contained the balance of the mouth-organs. On Christmas morning they were distributed, and in less than an hour the entire two hundred and eight children were sick from sucking the paint off them. A doctor was called, and he seemed so much interested in the family that Brigham divorced the whole concern from old Potts and annexed it to the doctor, who immediately lost his reason and would have butchered the entire family if the red-haired woman and the oldest boy had not marched him off to a lunatic asylum, where he spent his time trying to arrive at an estimate of the number of his children by ciphering with an impossible combination of the multiplication table and algebra

### BETTER THAN GOLD.

**B**ETTER than grandeur, better than gold,  
Than rank and title a thousand fold,

Is a healthy body, a mind at ease,  
And simple pleasures that always please;  
A heart that can feel for a neighbor's woe  
And share his joys with a genial glow,  
With sympathy large enough to enfold  
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,  
Though toiling for bread in an humbler sphere,  
Doubly blest with content and health.  
Untried by the lust of cares or wealth;  
Lowly living and lofty thought  
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot;  
For man and morals, or nature's plan,  
Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

THE  
Canadian Journal  of Odd-Fellowship.

CL. T. CAMPBELL, Editor.

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STRATFORD, ONTARIO, DECEMBER, 1875.

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VOLUME II.

OUR present issue closes Volume I. of the CANADIAN JOURNAL OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP. In the face of the forebodings of those who felt satisfied that nothing but failure could result from our effort, we have succeeded. We have had difficulties to contend with; coolness and indifference on the part of some from whom we expected help; hard times, and various other obstacles. But we have lived the year 1875; and next month we begin a new volume with still brighter prospects. Our thanks are due to the brethren who have aided us; and we hope they will continue their assistance in the future. We are vain enough to think that the JOURNAL for the past year will compare favorably with any Odd-Fellows' publica-

tion in existence. Some have been larger; but none have given as great an amount of reading matter in proportion to the subscription charge. We do not think any brother has missed the paltry \$1.50 he may have paid for the JOURNAL; and we have a firm conviction that each and all have received full value for their money. We have sought to make our magazine interesting and profitable; it is for our subscribers to say how far we have been successful in the endeavor. Next year we hope to do better than we have yet done; and if the brethren appreciate our past efforts, and at the same time hope for our improvement, they have only to strengthen our hands by extending our circulation, and giving us their hearty support.

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THE REBEKAH DEGREE.

THIS Degree was first suggested in the G. L. U. S., in 1850, and a committee appointed to draft the lectures and propose the work. At the meeting in 1851, the report of this committee was received, and with some slight changes in

the work, was adopted. The lectures were mainly the composition of P.G.M. Colfax, who is justly considered the author of the Degree. At its adoption, the Grand Lodge named it an "honorary degree," but later made the possession of it a necessary qua-

lification for office, and gave Subordinates the right to confer it upon Scarlet Degree members in good standing, and their wives. The language authorizing it is as follows :

“It is a side degree having in view a special object, without any necessary connection with existing work, written or unwritten. It is conferred as a privilege, of which members are not required to avail themselves, and may be adopted or expunged by a majority vote.”

In 1854, the Grand Lodge made it imperative that each Subordinate should be furnished with the work and books of this Degree ; and the principal officers required to be in possession of the work. In 1868, the establishing of Rebekah Degree Lodges was authorized. And in 1871, it was provided that candidates seeking admission to such Lodges must be balloted for and a majority of the ballots favorable in order for their admission. At the same Session it was provided how such Lodges should be constituted ; the officers required ; and their qualifications. In 1860, the regalia and jewels of this Degree were prescribed, and in 1870, the manner of transacting business was determined, and the manner of voting was fixed. In 1872, a resolution was passed, requiring reports from Subordinates to their respective State Grand Bodies, and from the several Grand Bodies to the G. L. U. S. No form of report having been adopted, there was but a very limited compliance with this law. Accordingly in 1873, a form of report was provided, and resolutions were passed to enforce annual returns.

Such is a brief outline of the history of the legislation affecting this Degree. At present there are several propositions before the Fraternity for further altering the Degree ; such as to shorten the lectures ; to make Sisters eligible to all offices ; to admit unmarried daughters of Odd-Fel-

lows ; to provide a burial service ; to organise Grand Lodges, etc. At the last session of the G. L. U. S., all propositions affecting the Degree were referred to a special committee, who will report next year on its condition, necessities and prospects.

The many amendments to the Constitution of the Degree of Rebekah which have been proposed would seem to indicate that the previous legislation had failed to produce the good effects hoped for. Nor does the history of the Degree give any marked evidence of its success. Some of the jurisdictions—Maryland, for example—have never adopted it. Most of the others, however, have adopted it ; and given it the fullest encouragement. But a reference to the reports of the various Grand Secretaries will show that its present condition is far from satisfactory. From those at our disposal, we make the following quotations :

ALABAMA.—“It is a matter of regret to me that I am unable to make a report of the Rebekah Lodges in this jurisdiction. Two only of the Lodges have reported, and they are so unsatisfactory it is impossible to make a return to the G. L. U. S.”

DELAWARE.—“Rebekah Degree Lodges find but small favor in our State. Their many advantages are apparently not known, or are entirely overlooked. There is but one Lodge of this branch of the Order in this jurisdiction, but its progress is impeded by some cause not reported.”

ILLINOIS.—“The reports of the Rebekah Degree Lodges are in a sad state of confusion. . . . With few exceptions, it is evident that what they pretend to report is all guess-work ; no reliance can be placed on their figures. The conditions seem to be as favorable for success in Illinois as elsewhere, and from a careful examination of the journals of other jurisdictions, I am persuaded that even our Rebekah Lodges have done as well as any ; but the fact remains that the large majority of them die out after a brief and unprofitable existence. They are an injury to the Order in various



ways, and the little good they may accomplish is more than outweighed by the evils they will certainly be instrumental in producing. I cannot forbear repeating and emphasizing my conviction, expressed in a communication similar to this a year ago, that it would be good policy to remand the work of conferring the Degree of Rebekah to the exclusive control of Subordinate Lodges, as formerly, close up the Rebekah Lodges now existing whenever they fail to make regular reports; never restore the Charter of one when it has been legally forfeited, and prohibit the granting of such Charters in future."

INDIANA.—"The reports sent in are very unsatisfactory, and I have found it almost impossible to get at the true status of the Rebekah Degree Lodges. Charters have been issued since the organization of this branch of the Order for one hundred and fifty-two Lodges, and yet I have only been able to obtain reports from forty-four, and many of these have been so meagre and imperfect that it is impossible to form any correct estimate of their true condition. That there is something wanting to make this branch effective is a self-evident fact."

KENTUCKY.—"The reports from the Rebekah Degree Lodges are so partial and incomplete, that I am not able to make any comparison or any estimate of the work of this branch of the Order."

MASSACHUSETTS.—"The Degree Lodges of the Daughters of Rebekah have been increased by the addition of three; their membership has increased by the addition of two hundred and twenty-four, and their receipts have amounted to \$2,751.62."

MICHIGAN.—"Of the Rebekah Degree Lodges I have much reason to fear for their success. . . . Divers causes have been assigned for want of success in this direction, the most prominent among which, I cannot doubt to be the conventional decrees of social life and society as governing the associations to be formed by the fair sex."

MISSOURI.—"Our report for the Daughters of Rebekah does not show that these separate Lodges flourish in sparsely populated districts. In the larger towns and cities they doubtless can be made, and perhaps are in some localities, valuable auxiliaries in our work; but our experience of five years has not proved satisfactory to

the warm friends of their introduction as a separate set of Lodges."

NEVADA.—"The Rebekah Degree Lodges have not kept their records and books in such manner as to be able to show, to a certainty, how many degrees they have conferred, nor what proportion of persons receiving the degree have become members. There are but two Lodges in this jurisdiction which make any pretensions to vitality; and one of these I can seldom get to answer my letters. Colfax, No. 1, is doing splendidly, and is a great success; but needs some schooling yet in matters of records and system."

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—"We have eight Rebekah Degree Lodges, with a membership of six hundred and seventy-one. An increasing interest is manifested in this branch of the Order."

PENNSYLVANIA.—"Nothing can be more unsatisfactory than the reports from the Rebekah Degree Lodges, but it cannot be justly said that the imperfections are due to any neglect on the part of the Grand Lodge, for strenuous efforts have been made to secure correct returns; yet, when received, they serve, with rare exceptions, to exhibit discrepancies that cannot be reconciled, whilst from sixty Lodges, out of one hundred and one that retain a nominal existence, no reports whatever have been procured."

In the jurisdiction of Ontario, we know that three or four lodges have been organized, some of which have gone down. But no reports are sent to our Grand Lodge from any; and the organization is but faint and feeble.

The Grand Secretary of the G. L. U. S., in his report at the last session, thus sums up the condition of Lodges of this Degree throughout the entire Order:

"The returns at the present session indicate an unsatisfactory state of affairs in this department. . . . As things now are it is very doubtful whether the present organization has advantaged the degree, since it has failed to inspire that proper interest in State Grand Bodies which is necessary for its success, and which the law, under which the authority is conferred upon these bodies to supervise the degree and its work, contemplated. While

the Grand Lodge of the United States legislates exclusively in reference to this degree, and the State Grand Bodies have no jurisdiction whatever, except the mere general supervision of the Lodges, it does not appear remarkable that so little interest in their proper government has been awakened. I regret to say that the reports received continue to be confused and unsatisfactory. Until a proper system of administration be secured in this branch of the Order, further extension of jurisdiction and enlargement of powers, which from time to time is asked for, would appear to be unwise."

The mass of testimony given above, all goes to show that Rebekah Degree Lodges have been a failure. Out of the reports from which we have quoted, the only favorable ones are from New Hampshire, which says that "an increasing interest is manifested in this branch of the Order," (they have eight Lodges there); and from Nevada, which, out of two Lodges, reports one as "a great success, but needs some schooling." The report from Massachusetts simply gives the figures without comment. All the others are unfavorable.

What may be the cause or causes of this comparative failure it is difficult to say. But, at the risk of appearing ungallant, we are strongly inclined to agree with the Grand Secretary of Michigan, in his remarks quoted above. As a "ministering angel" to those in distress, woman, whether she be a Daughter of Rebekah or not, has no equal; but, in conducting the operations of a Society she does not appear to be a success.

Brethren in different parts of Ontario have at times asked our opinion and advice as to the propriety of forming Lodges of this Degree. While we have heartily approved of the ladies receiving the Degree, we have not hesitated to give our opinion against the organization of Lodges. And in view of the testimony from many quarters which we have quoted in this article, we think we are justified in being of the same opinion still. At all events, we would recommend all interested to wait until the special committee of the G. L. U. S. makes its report next year.

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### PLANS FOR MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.

ONE of the objects of Odd-Fellowship is the intellectual improvement of its members. It is intended to cultivate all the better faculties of man—whether of his heart or his head. It is not only a mutual benefit society in a pecuniary and benevolent sense, but also a mutual improvement society. It is expected to take the lead in all measures calculated to make men better as well as happier.

It may seem to some of the brethren that their lodges do as much as they can do, when they pay their benefits promptly, and give aid and assistance to their distressed members whenever required. But

this does not cover all the obligations of Odd-Fellowship. "We seek to improve and elevate the character of man." Certainly the cultivation of Fraternity and Charity does improve men. But no one who seeks the welfare of his fellow men can afford to neglect mental culture. And Odd-Fellowship comes short of the great end it has set before it, if it disregards the cultivation of those intellectual faculties with which God has endowed its members.

But the question may be asked, in what way can a lodge seek the intellectual improvement of its members further than through the regular channels of its cus-

tomary work? There are several plans which might be suggested, any or all of which could be adopted by any lodge no matter how small in membership, or how poor in funds.

I. It frequently happens in some lodges that there are sessions without any initiations or degree work. The lodge meets at half-past seven, the regular routine of business is finished by eight, and there is nothing left but to close and go home. And it is just possible that some of the younger members, getting out so early, may not go home; but, instead, spend several hours in occupations and amusements by no means profitable. Here is an opportunity to fill up the time with something useful as well as pleasant. Have a Standing Committee to provide for each of these evenings a programme of readings, recitations, debates, music, &c. There is no lodge capable of existing, in which the members cannot read, or where they cannot take part in a discussion on some subject, whether in connection with Odd-Fellowship or not. And if they are so modest as to think that they cannot do these things good, there is all the more reason why they should try and do the best they can; for they may rest assured that they will never do any better without they practice, and by exercise, cultivate what talents they have. Brethren sometimes ask, how shall we make our lodge meetings interesting? Next to a prompt attendance of officers and members, and an efficient execution of routine work, there is nothing we know of to make meetings more interesting than a literary and musical recess. Many of our lodges know this by practical experience; and to those who do not, we have only to say, try it.

II. Every lodge should endeavor to have a library of useful and entertaining

books. Too high an estimate cannot possibly be placed on the influence exercised by books; and a Society anxious to influence its members for good, cannot do better than supply them with good literature. But we cannot afford to purchase a library, says one; nor would we be justified in using lodge funds for such a purpose. Probably few of our lodges could afford to purchase outright a large library; but we do not think there is one so poor that it could not make a commencement. No matter how small at the outset, it is one of the things that will grow. Some of the greatest libraries in existence to-day began years ago, with half-a-dozen books. If a lodge wants to begin a library the process need not be expensive. Scarcely a member who has not some book in his possession which, having read himself, he has no further use for. Let each one contribute this to the common stock. Make the attempt, and we guarantee that the smallest village lodge will be able to gather up in this way a dozen volumes. That is a beginning. Then innumerable plans will suggest themselves for making additions. A trifling subscription from each member; entertainments with a small admission fee, such as penny readings; an occasional social, a soiree, or concert; a lecture, and when the lodge finances justify it, a small grant. Once the beginning is made, a little energy will easily keep the ball rolling; and as the members experience the benefits of a library they will soon find the means of keeping it up.

III. There are lodges in Canada that have made use of both of the plans above referred to for mental improvement. But there is another which has not been tried, so far as we know, in this country. We refer to public lectures, such as are provided by Mechanics' Institutes and literary



societies. We do not mean that lodges should go into speculations in the lecture business, and pay large sums to professional lecturers, running the risk of losing more money than they would make. But a course of half a dozen lectures could be provided during the winter season—either free, or with a small admission fee—which would be found instructing and entertaining. There are many members of the Order, clergymen, lawyers, and others, who would doubtless be quite willing to give their services for such a purpose, with little cost to the brethren beyond their travelling expenses; and where they were local men, even without that expense. These lectures would keep the Order before the public in a favorable light; would advantage the brethren intellectually; and in cases where they were found very successful might be of decided pecuniary advantage. They could be given in the lodge room, in

a church, or a public hall, as circumstances would direct; and, of course, would be on all manner of subjects, literary, scientific, or whatever might be thought advisable.

We have referred to three different methods of promoting the mental culture of the members of the Order. They are all within the reach of the smallest and poorest lodge. And, indeed, it is in the smaller lodges in villages and towns that they will be found of greatest advantage, and where they are likely to be most successful. This is the season of the year in which they can best be tried; when the long winter nights keep people within doors, and when in-door entertainments are most popular. Other schemes may suggest themselves, but these are both simple and effectual, and we recommend them to the consideration of those lodges that have not yet profited by them.

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## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

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**T**HE Odd-Fellows' cemetery in San Francisco, contains about forty acres, and cost the Association, \$10,958.53. During the ten years since the purchase of the ground, they have received and disbursed \$105,000.00, about \$22,000.00 of which was expended last year.

**W**HAT HAS BEEN DONE.— From 1830 to December 31st, 1874, there have been expended by the Lodges of Odd-Fellows of our Order, \$20,542,494.71, for the relief of distress; 91,095 widowed families have been assisted; 685,963 members relieved, and a million of men instructed in the mysteries of Odd-Fellowship. Not a bad record.

**N**EW YORK ASYLUM.— The Trustees of the Association formed in New York for the purpose of accumulating the necessary fund wherewith to erect and sustain an asylum have recently made a report, from which it appears that they have on hand, \$4,186.43. A committee has been appointed to report on the several proposed localities, and it is proposed to purchase a farm at some convenient and accessible place during the coming year. The affairs of the Association are managed by a Board of fifteen Trustees, five being selected each year. The funds are raised as follows:—Any Lodges who desire may join the Association, and thereafter each member contributes a cent per week for the purpose, which is called asylum dues. John Medole, Grand Representative, is the President of the Association.

**A**PPLETON'S JOURNAL.—The well-known publishers, D. Appleton & Co., of 449 Broadway, New York, issue a very handsome magazine weekly, under the title of *Appleton's Journal*. It is the design of the publishers to provide their readers with “an abundance of entertaining literature, a thorough survey of the progress of thought, the advance of the arts, and the doings in all branches of intellectual effort. Travel, adventure, exploration, natural history, social themes, fiction, reviews, current topics, all find a place in the plan.” The JOURNAL is handsomely printed, and well illustrated. Subscription price, \$4; or, in monthly parts, \$4.50.

**O**CCUPATIONS OF THE MEMBERS.—From the report of the Committee on mileage we gather the following list of the occupations of the members of the G.L.U.S. at its last session. We are sorry to see that there was only *one gentleman* in the number:—Lawyers, 34; merchants, 11; insurance agents, 7; manufacturers, 7; printers, 5; physicians, 4; mechanics, 4; bookbinders, 3; farmers, 3; clerks, 3; clergymen, 3; real estate dealers, 3; Grand Secretaries, photographers, teachers, publishers, editors, judges, bakers, painters, dentists, deputy-sheriffs, 2 each; mayor, Assistant Grand Secretary, builder, Grand Messenger, steamboatman, real estate auctioneer, hydrographer, Clerk Supreme Court, Clerk of Court, slate and metallic roofer, agent, insurance commissioner, secretary insurance company, deputy county clerk, president female college, book-keeper, State agent fire insurance company, weigher and gauger, accountant, auctioneer and collector, officer insane asylum, retired merchant, manager W. U. Telegraph, agriculturalist, cashier, hotel proprietor, coach maker, builder, Grand Scribe, miller, business manager, internal revenue service, professor of science, registrar, collector of taxes, inspector of customs, jeweller, *gentleman*, president lead and oil company, expressman, railroad officer, civil engineer, cooper, and broker, 1 each.

**A**MONG the articles deposited in the corner stone of the new Methodist Episcopal Church, at Skinner, Michigan, on the 13th ult., was a copy of the last issue of the *Michigan Odd-Fellow*. The inserting of a secret society paper in such a depository is something unusual.

**T**HE SECRET OF OUR PROGRESS.—Grand Master E. B. Sherman, of Illinois, in his report at the last annual session of his Grand Lodge, gave his views on some of the causes of our progress. He says:—The flexibility of our organization, and the ease with which it adapts itself to the varying phases of advancing civilization, is one of the most potent causes of its remarkable growth, and the universal favor in which it is held by all intelligent people. Crystallized into no inflexible forms; unchangeable only in its grand underlying principles and beneficent purposes; ever ready to adopt and appropriate new and better methods of accomplishing results, Odd-Fellowship is a striking embodiment of the spirit of philanthropy characteristic of the afternoon of the nineteenth century. To reverence the good of yesterday and avoid its errors; to perform faithfully the work of to-day; to presage the demands of to-morrow, and be ready to seize its golden opportunities; this is a wise conservation—this is the truest and noblest philosophy. Not in the dim realms of mystery, not in the imposing ceremonials or beautiful rituals of our Order, is the hidden secret of its power. It is found in the simple fact that Odd-Fellowship is a synonym for spontaneous and systematic benevolence, gratifying to the aspirations of the noblest heart, and worthy of the ambition of the purest philanthropist. It is because our symphony has struck the key-note of the great anthem, “Peace on earth, good will to men,” whose sweet tones have floated down the centuries, and will echo and re-echo down the ages until the chorus of a world redeemed shall join the mighty diapason of the skies.

**CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.**—Those who wish to support home productions, and at the same time secure for themselves a good family paper, can effect both purposes by subscribing for the *Illustrated News*, published in Montreal. In addition to a good supply of reading matter it contains illustrations especially interesting to Canadians, such as Canadian scenery, towns, buildings, public men, and passing events. It has now become an established institution, and is well worthy of the patronage it receives.

**INSURANCE.**—The brethren in Wisconsin are considering the question of life insurance in connection with the Order. At the Grand Lodge session to be held December 1st, the following plan will be discussed: "Make an insurance of \$500 payable to the widow or orphans or heir on the death of a brother. Let each brother in good standing in all the Lodges of the State pay 50 cents as a membership fee. On their membership of 12,000 this will give \$6,000, enough as is thought, to pay death claims for the first quarter. This and all other dues is paid to Lodge officers and by them paid to Grand Treasurer of Grand Lodge, who shall dispense it on warrant as other moneys are. Let the Grand Lodge estimate the number of deaths for ensuing year and determine the tax which each brother shall pay—say five cents each death; and say there will be 60 deaths, would be \$3 each. Let the Grand Secretary certify that fact to the Lodge and let their officers charge the same on the books against each brother the same as dues are charged; and let this sum be paid quarterly as dues, and remitted to the Grand Treasurer. On the death of a brother let the Lodge officers certify the fact to the Grand Secretary, that he died free of the books and of insurance; and let the Grand Secretary draw his warrant for \$500 on the Grand Treasurer and send to the widow or others entitled. In case brothers do not pay insurance let them be dropped and otherwise treated as for non-payment of dues.

**NEVADA.**—The brethren in Virginia City, Nevada, suffered a severe loss on the 30th of September, by the burning of their hall. Bishop Whittaker, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, who is a member of the Order, placed the basement of his church at the disposal of the Fraternity, and the several lodges and encampments held their meetings there until a later and more serious conflagration laid the whole town in ashes, and thus left the brethren homeless again. They now appeal to the different jurisdictions for aid in their distresses; and we doubt not the response will be prompt and generous.

**FREEMASONRY.**—Under the sanction of the Bishop of Toulouse, a pamphlet has been issued and extensively circulated through France, on Free Masonry, in which the author declares that Free Masons are possessed of a Satanic secret; that they perform a mockery of the mass on an altar lighted by six candles; that, every member, after spitting on the crucifix, tramples it beneath his feet, and that at the conclusion of the ceremony every one ascends the altar and strikes the holy sacrament with a pomard. This exposure is rather rough on our Masonic friends. Still it is possible that the Bishop has been exaggerating.

**JOURNALS OF PROCEEDINGS.**—The Journal of the proceedings of the Grand Encampment of Ontario has been printed—making a handsome pamphlet. If any criticism would be justifiable, we would hint to the Grand Scribe the advisability of keeping a watchful eye on the printers, who occasionally make mistakes. The absence of a few typographical and clerical errors would improve the journal considerably. One unfortunate patriarch has his initials presented in a diversified state, only justifiable on the ground that his prænomen was considered by the printer as a conundrum to be solved at all hazards. The Journal of the Grand Lodge of Ontario is also about completed, and will be in the hands of the brethren by this date.



**U**SING THE EMBLEMS. — The stamp on the new U. S. postal card is surrounded by some of the emblems of the Order. Whether it has been done on purpose or accidentally we cannot say. But we do not suppose that the Grand Sire will rise in his place at the next session of Congress and “go” for the Postmaster-General for appropriating our property.

**T**HE ONTARIO DIGEST. — At the late session of the Grand Lodge of the United States, the legislation of the previous session, which forbade the sale of the Digest of Ontario, with the forms, etc., entire as printed, was reconsidered, and arrangements have been completed whereby the Digest is now for sale, under the authority of that Grand Body. The book should be in the hands of all members in order that they may be able to post themselves in the laws which govern us and be the more competent to act upon matters that come before the Lodge. Price \$1.00. To be obtained from the Grand Secretary, Bro. J. B. King, Brantford.

**C**OURTESIES FROM THE REPRESENTATIVES. — The Ontario Representatives to the G. L. U. S. very generously purchased a sufficient supply of Odd-Fellows' publications on the other side to furnish each lodge and encampment in the jurisdiction with a copy containing a report of the proceedings of the Supreme body. We suppose they forgot for the time that there was an Odd-Fellows' journal in Ontario, through which they could communicate with their lodges without charge; though, if they were very anxious to spend some money in support of the press, we have no doubt our publishers could have been persuaded to accept a donation. As it was, the JOURNAL had carried full reports of the G. L. U. S. proceedings to all the Ontario lodges, before the papers sent by the representatives reached their destination. Their courtesy however, is none the less worthy of acknowledgment.

**R**ELIEF COMMITTEES. — Every city or town in which there are several lodges, should have a Relief Committee composed of delegates from the several lodges, to which all applications for aid from brothers not members of their lodge, should be referred. In cities especially, there are frequent calls for relief from travelling brothers whose means have become exhausted, or from Odd-Fellow's wives or widows needing aid or protection. It is usually the case that some few generous brothers are always called upon, or some particular lodge will be constantly donating, while, in fairness, the burden should be evenly distributed over all. This can only be done by having a general committee to which all such cases should be referred; and who should be authorized to investigate every application, give such aid as might be deemed fit, and then assess all the lodges their fair proportion of the expense.

**M**ICHIGAN INSTITUTE. — The Grand Lodge of Michigan undertook some years ago, to build an Odd-Fellows' Institute for the benefit of the needy who may be dependent on the Order; and for this purpose she levied a capitation tax. The legality of this tax coming up before the G. L. U. S. in 1873, a report of a committee approved the tax; but the G. L. U. S. did not adopt it. This year the same matter came up on an appeal from Fayette Lodge; and the committee reported adverse to G. Lodge of Michigan, with a resolution instructing that body to refund the tax, if demanded. The Grand Lodge thus stands prohibited from collecting the assessment from any Lodge unwilling to pay it, at least for the coming year. It is very plain that there are but two ways out of the difficulty. The first is to abandon the enterprize, to sell the property, and in so doing to lose all and fail—disgracefully. The second way is for all to do their best to push on and get through with the undertaking. If the Grand Lodge is forbidden from collecting an assessment from its subordinates, there is nothing to prevent them sending their contributions voluntarily, and this, we doubt not, will be the course pursued by the great majority.

**G**ENERAL AGENT.—The publishers announce the appointment of Bro. Chas. T. Marshall, as General Agent of the JOURNAL. He will visit the different lodges throughout the Dominion in the interests of this magazine, and is author-

ized to receive subscriptions, grant receipts, etc. If our friends wish to help our enterprise they will give the agent all the assistance they can in his canvass; and we will return the compliment by increasing the size of the JOURNAL, and making it more worthy their patronage in the future than in the past.

## COMMUNICATED.

### THE "JOURNAL" IN THE LOWER PROVINCES.

HALIFAX, Nov. 2, 1875.

**D**EAR SIR AND BROTHER,—My absence from home nearly all the time since the Session of our Grand Lodge in August, has prevented my writing you before.

In my report to the Grand Lodge I referred to your journal in the following manner :

"I have received regularly several publications devoted to the interests of the Order, including the *Heart and Hand*, the *Companion* and the CANADIAN JOURNAL OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP. The latter I desire to call special attention to. It is a monthly magazine, published by the Odd-Fellows Publishing Society of Stratford, and edited by Bro. C. T. Campbell. Eight numbers have been received, and it promises to be very useful to Canadian Odd-Fellows. The editor has devoted considerable space in each number to the Lower Provinces, and is desirous of being more intimately acquainted with this jurisdiction. In the JOURNAL the question of a Sovereign Grand Lodge for Canada has been discussed by correspondents in a fair and impartial manner. It is a question that deeply interests us, and I would suggest that this Grand Lodge consider the question of conferring with our Brothers in the Upper Provinces of the Dominion. If no other good is done it will serve to make us more thoroughly acquainted with our Brothers of the sister Provinces. Though it may not appear desirable to have a Sovereign Grand Lodge for Canada, a proposition for a confederation of the different Grand Lodges might be considered. I would also recommend this national journal to every member of the Order, and believe that no one would

regret paying the small amount required, thereby aiding the publishers in their laudable enterprise."

Upon the report being considered the Grand Lodge fully endorsed my views, and I was directed to forward it to your JOURNAL.

The committee on correspondence also submitted the following, which was as heartily adopted :

"We have had placed before us a communication from the Odd-Fellows' Printing and Publishing Association of Ontario, dated November 17, 1874, in relation to a publication issued by them, called the CANADIAN JOURNAL OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP. After careful examination of the prospectus, we have great pleasure in recommending that all fit and proper encouragement by this Grand Body, be given to the enterprise, the object, in our estimation, being thoroughly worthy the encouragement of this R.W. Grand Body."

You will thus see that far separated from you we entertain for our Ontario brothers the feelings that should animate all Odd-Fellows.

Since the meeting of our Grand Lodge, two new Subordinate Lodges have been instituted, one in Oxford, N. S., and the other at Acadia Mines, Londonderry, N. S. I have received an application for a third, which will be instituted in a few days at Pugwash, N. S.

You are, of course, at liberty to make use of this letter in any way you see fit.

The journals of our last session are not yet published, having been delayed for the report of the Grand Representatives at the last session of the G.L.U.S. When ready I will send you a copy.

I remain, yours fraternally,

W. KILBY DIMOCK, G. Sec.

## AN IMPOSTOR.

{ Hall of Frontier Lodge,  
{ WINDSOR, Oct. 20th, 1875.

**D**EAR SIR AND BROTHER,—I was instructed by the above Lodge to request that you insert a paragraph in your journal to the effect that one Peter Young, or as he sometimes calls himself Henry Young, is in the habit of applying for aid to the different Odd-Fellows' Lodges, representing himself as a member in good

standing in our Lodge.

That he does not belong to our Lodge, and we are not aware that he belongs to any Lodge of Odd-Fellows; at any rate cannot have been in good standing for years, and that the Order should have nothing to do with him, as he must be imposing himself on the kindly feelings of too indulgent brother Lodges.

Yours, in F., L. and T.,  
F. HALZHOUR, R. S.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B. C. writes: In a Lodge in which we were visiting, they were balloting on an application for admission; the ballot-box used was one of peculiar construction, the working of which was generally explained by the presiding officer when any member was about to use it for the first time. On this occasion the ballot on being examined by the V. G., was found against the applicant, but before the ballot was declared by the N. G., a young member rose and stated that he did not thoroughly understand the working of the ballot-box. A motion was then put and carried that the ballot should be passed a second time, and this having been done, the ballot was found in the applicant's favor.

(1.) Was the Noble Grand acting legally in receiving such a motion under the circumstances?

(2.) Or, should he have passed the ballot again without any motion?

(3.) Or, should the first ballot have been declared?

An answer through the JOURNAL will greatly oblige.

ANS.—A decision of the G. L. of Ontario, appearing on page 801 of the Journal of Proceedings would justify a ballot being declared null if a Brother declared that he had made a mistake in balloting, but it would have to be done before the result was announced. It would therefore be competent for the N. G. to receive the motion referred to; or, if there was no objection by the Lodge, to order a new ballot without motion, if he saw fit.

X.—Scenes are worth from \$42 upwards according to quality. We have made arrangements by which we can fill any orders for \$45—a good article; but the money must accompany the order, as we have to pay cash for them.

G. F.—A motion to expunge or erase anything from the minutes of the Lodge, should not be entertained, unless the particular item is not a true statement of what occurred. The minutes should be a correct record of what actually took place—whether the action was legal or not.

## PROGRESS OF THE ORDER.

## ONTARIO.

## BRUSSELS.

Western Star Lodge held a very successful entertainment in connection with the opening of the town hall in Brussels, on the 29th October. A principal part of the

programme was an address from Bro. J. Campbell, M. D., of Seaforth, on Odd-Fellowship, which, we are informed, was highly appreciated by the audience. We have to acknowledge with thanks, an invitation to be present, which other engagements unfortunately prevented.



## ADDITIONS.

The following are the additions that have been made to the Order in Ontario, since the report of the Grand Secretary made to the Grand Lodge, in August :

Alliston Lodge, No. 171, instituted at Alliston, August 2nd.

Penetangore Lodge, No. 172, instituted at Kincardine, September 7th.

Emerald Lodge, No. 173, instituted at Dunnville, September 29th.

Dolman Lodge, No. 174, instituted at Ayr, October 15th.

Lorne Lodge, No. 175, instituted at West Lorne, October 28th.

Dauncy No. 177, instituted at Widder, Nov. 17.

Dispensations have also been granted for a Lodge at Wroxeter, and one at Wellington Square.

## MITCHELL.

The dedication of the new building erected in Mitchell, by Bissell Lodge, was announced for the 29th of November—too late for the present issue. Among those to be present in addition to M. W. G. M. Buttery, we see the names of P. G. M.s Ford, Gibson and Woodyatt, P. G. P. Perry, and the D. D. G. M. of the district, Bro. W. Jaffray, of Berlin.

## STRATFORD.

The members of the Stratford Lodges united in giving a social entertainment on the evening of the 11th November—the proceeds of which were handed over to the family of Bro. S. Day, who was seriously injured some time ago in a collision on the G. T. R., near New Hamburg. This was the first of a series of monthly entertainments to be held during the winter, and was carried out very successfully. The music was rendered chiefly by Mrs. and Miss Hill, Miss King, Miss McLeod and Messrs. C. W. Young and P. Daly ; while readings and recitations were given by Bros. D. R. McPherson, J. T. Mingay and T. D. Wardlaw.

## CELEBRATIONS.

Among the entertainments announced for November, but occurring too late for any extended notice in this issue are, the anniversary of Sycamore Lodge, Arkona, on the 24th, and of Wildey Lodge, Granton, on the 25th. Also the dedication of the new hall of Bissell Lodge, Mitchell, on the 29th.

## WEST LORNE.

A Lodge was organised in West Lorne, on Thanksgiving day, by Bro. L. Ferguson of St. Thomas, assisted by brethren from Wardsville, Glencoe, and other places, under the name of "West Lorne Lodge."

## BROCKVILLE.

From the Brockville *Recorder* we learn that the Odd-Fellows of that town visited Ogdensburg on the 27th October, for the purpose of meeting the M. W. G. Master, J. W. Stebbins, of New York State, who visited said lodge for the purpose of exempting the secret work of the Order.

The meeting opened at 1.30 p.m., and at 6 p.m., the Grand Master called a recess for refreshments. An invitation was then extended by the brethren of Ogdensburg Lodge to the visiting brethren present to partake of a repast provided by them ; after which all returned to the lodge room, when the M. W. G. M. went through the remainder of the secret work, closing the lodge at 11.45 p.m. The visiting brethren were busy making preparations for a start home, when unexpectedly an invitation was again extended by the Ogdensburg brethren to partake of another repast. After refreshing the inner man, the D. D. G. Master, Bro. Elijah White, called upon Bro. P. G. M. Wm. Fitzsimmons, of Brock Lodge, to make a few remarks, which was done in an able manner.

G. Master Stebbins was then called on, who, though being so heavily taxed from 12 a.m. till 11.45 p.m., gave an able, interesting and instructive address, followed by Bros. Mathieson, Fields, Callaghan, and a number of others of Ogdensburg Lodge, Bros. Huntingdon and Robinson, of Prescott Lodge, and Bros. Cole, Curle, Abbott and Dewey, of Brock Lodge.

The repast consisted of all the delicacies of the season.

The hour waxing late, the closing ode was sung, after which an impressive prayer was delivered by our venerable Bro. G. R., Elijah White. The brethren then embarked on the "Chaffey," and were landed safely at home at 2 o'clock a.m.

Too much praise cannot be given to the brethren of Ogdensburg for their kindness and liberality on the occasion ; also to the gentlemanly proprietor of the steamer, Bro. T. Jento, and to Captain Wm. Russell, who did all in their power to conduce to the comfort of the party.

ARNPRIOR.

The Odd-Fellows of Arnprior have established a series of fortnightly readings. A sensible movement and one that will pay.

WIDDER.

Another link was added to the Order on the 17th Nov., by the institution of Dauncy Lodge, No. 177, at Widder, by P.G.M. Ford, of St. Marys, assisted by a number of brothers from the neighboring lodges. Sixteen members were initiated, with every prospect of increased additions, in short time, of the best material in the place.

PORT HOPE.

We are informed that the Odd-Fellows of Port Hope are suing the Midland Railway Co., for \$5,000 damages, for the death of Bro. J. Minns, a conductor on the road, who was recently killed by being struck by a telegraph pole which was closer to the track than the law allows.

LOWER PROVINCES.

The Amherst *Sentinel* says a Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, called Mystic Tie, No. 23, was organized at Oxford, Cumberland County, on Friday night. The following are the officers: D. B. Stewart, N. G.; W. E. Oxley, V. G.; Rufus Wood, Secy.; James Grey, Treas.; N. B. Blair, W.; James R. McIntosh, C.; John S. Ross, I. G.; J. B. Dumphy, O. G.; J. J. S. Hickman, R. S. N. G.; Robert A. Wood, L. S. N. G.

KANSAS.

The Relief Committee of Kansas which distributed the contributions of the Order to the brothers who suffered from the grasshopper scourge has concluded its labors, and made report to the fraternity. Their report tells a story creditable to Odd-Fellowship. The brethren in that distant locality received no State aid whatever; and yet the contributions forwarded to them exceeded their wants by 25½ per cent. which amount has been returned to the donors. People sometimes say of Odd-Fellowship that it is a mere matter of business—it is only a scheme of insurance. But we doubt if any insurance scheme

would make a report of this description. We give the following extracts from the report of the Chairman of the Committee of Relief—Grand Master F. H. Betton:

BROTHERS—We say to our initiates that, “we are Brothers,” and that, “in all our intercourse we endeavor to illustrate the truthfulness of this profession by mutual relief and kindly sympathy toward one another in the day of trial.” And that this is not merely confined to the well rounded periods of the eloquent composition from which the above extract is taken, the annals of our Order abundantly prove. From the date of its obscure birth in the city of Baltimore, fifty-six years ago, ours has preeminently distinguished itself as an Order of practical benevolence. Founded upon the broad principles of benevolence, brotherly love and charity, it has ever sought to illustrate the truthfulness of this profession by examples as well as by precept. In addition to the regularly stipulated relief guaranteed to each member of the fraternity, and which last year amounted, in itself, to one million and a half of dollars, we are daily ministering to the wants of the afflicted; no appeal is unheeded, and a suffering Odd-Fellow has only to make his wants known to be sure of speedy relief. Beside the countless individual instances where the “helping hand” has extended aid to the feeble and unfortunate, Odd-Fellowship has grappled with the demon of distress, whether it came in the guise of the fire fiend, of pestilence or of famine. To confine ourselves to recent instances, I need only allude to Chicago, to Shreveport, and to Memphis, or lastly, to the noble response to my own petition, asking of our sister jurisdictions aid in “our day of trial.” A brief recapitulation of the causes which led me first to appeal to the fraternity in Kansas, and after, to the brotherhood at large, may not be inappropriate.

Late in the fall of 1874, several letters were received, both by the Grand Secretary and myself, from Lodges located in the western portion of the State, asking if there was any fund in the treasury of the Grand Lodge that could be used for the purpose of relieving destitute Brothers, and stating that quite a number of members of their respective Lodges were utterly destitute, and that if relief was not extended from some quarter, they must

inevitably perish during the ensuing winter. We were compelled to reply to these appeals, by stating that no fund at our disposal could be appropriated for such purpose, but that we would try and devise some plan for the relief of our distressed Brothers upon the frontier. After consulting with our R. W. Grand Treasurer, Bro. Mayo, I decided to organize a committee, consisting of our worthy Grand Secretary, Bro. Burdett, Bro. Mayo, and myself, and to issue an appeal to the various Subordinate Lodges of this Jurisdiction located in the central and eastern portions of the State.

\* \* \* \* \*

At the same time I instructed the Grand Secretary to notify the western Lodges of our action, and request them to forward, under seal of the Lodge, the names of destitute brothers, with the number in family and the kind of aid required. Responses to my circular came promptly, and the sum of \$761.75 was contributed, while all applications for assistance were at once met and provisions or clothing forwarded. As an indication that our brethren in the west were actually destitute and suffering, I will state that one brother at Russell perished from cold, out on the desolate prairie, only the day before our relief reached him. To him our aid came too late; but I am happy to say that his is an isolated case. How much suffering your liberal donations have alleviated, brothers of Kansas, can never probably be known. I can only state that all claims made upon your Committee were promptly responded to, and we have yet in our hands an unexpended balance of \$190.87, which sum now awaits whatever disposition this Grand Body may in its wisdom determine.

As the winter passed away and spring approached, I received requests from different Lodges, usually accompanied with a series of resolutions, asking that I commission some specially named brother to visit other Jurisdictions as agent for their Lodge, and solicit contributions for the purpose of purchasing seed for spring planting. My reply was, that whenever our own resources were exhausted, I should not hesitate to make our wants known to the brotherhood at large, but that to appoint agents for individual Lodges, would not only be

illegal, but, in my opinion, would also prove too expensive a mode of communication. When the time came that such an appeal was unavoidable, I addressed a circular to the Most Worthy Grand Masters of the several Jurisdictions.

\* \* \* \* \*

The result of my appeal was that donations began to flow in upon us, and continued until we had received the munificent sum of \$7,400.

\* \* \* \* \*

This spring the grasshopper scourge devastated the eastern portion of the State, and many Lodges which in the fall had liberally contributed aid to their western brethren, were themselves compelled to call upon your committee for help, to enable members to replant their desolated fields. This exigency we had, of course, been unable to foresee; but, thanks to the liberal aid we had received, we were able to meet all proper claims made upon us.

I shall ever gratefully remember the warm fraternal responses my communication to the different Grand Masters called forth; and if some, by what I am satisfied was an unintentional inadvertence, failed to even bid me a friendly "God speed!" I have, I think, rightly attributed their silence to a pressure of business in other directions, and not a contemptuous disregard for the sufferings of their Kansas brethren.

\* \* \* \* \*

As will be seen by the statement of the Treasurer—accompanying this—there has been received a total of \$7,436.60, and the total disbursements were \$5,540.27, leaving an unexpended balance of \$1,896.33, or 25½ per cent.; and to avoid the expense of sending this back in small sums to about eight hundred donors, the committee decided to return it pro rata, in bulk, to the Grand Secretaries of the several States which responded to our call, and by them to be placed to the credit of the several subordinate Lodges, as per the list printed herewith, and thus save a large amount of labor and expense.

In conclusion, brothers, while the labor of your committee has necessarily been very arduous, and while in every instance we may not have been able to justify, fully, previous expectations, we



have sedulously endeavored to do our duty: and we feel that, while to-day many broad fields of Kansas are burdened with the fruits of what we were the humble instruments in distributing, our labor has not been wholly in vain.

F. H. BETTON, Grand Master,  
For the Committee.

From the tables accompanying the report, we gather the following synopsis of the subscriptions from the different jurisdictions, as well as the manner in which the relief was disposed of. Before anything had been received from any other jurisdiction, the Kansas brethren themselves subscribed \$761.73, which is, of course, not included in this list: New Jersey, \$435.50; Indiana, \$626; Georgia, \$65; West Virginia, \$58; Iowa, \$264.35; Wisconsin, \$609.25; Kentucky, \$265.90; Missouri, \$261.25; Maine, \$178.20; Pennsylvania, \$1,196.40; Tennessee, \$222.50; Mississippi, \$73.60; California, \$1,620.67; Nevada, \$565.63; New York, \$16; New Hampshire, \$76; Ontario, \$336.25; Delaware, \$143.50; Connecticut, \$75; Illinois, \$500; Louisiana, \$5; Miscellaneous, \$42.70; interest on \$4,000 for three months; \$60. Total, \$7,436.60. The committee made the following disbursements; 1,096 6-7 bushels corn, \$1,042.33; 1,163 6-80 bushels potatoes, \$1,328.92; 256 1-3 bushels buckwheat, \$459.69; 2,301 1/2 bushels wheat, at \$1, \$2,301.50; amounts paid to various railroads for freight, \$26.73; paid for printing circulars, envelopes, cards, reports, etc., \$210.25; paid for stamps, \$91; cash for sundry disbursements, such as clerk hire, stationery, telegraphing, expressage, exchange, etc., \$79.85; amount returned to the donors, being 25 1/2 per cent, \$1,896.33. Total, \$7,436.60.

#### DAKOTA.

A convention of grand representatives from the subordinate lodges of Dakota, convened in the Odd-Fellows' Hall, Yankton, October 13, 1875, for the purpose of organizing a Grand Lodge. Six lodges were represented. The following officers were then elected and appointed: E. W. Miller, G. M.; Norman Larned, D. G. M.; J. P. Knight, G. W.; R. R. Briggs, G. S.; A. Siebrecht, G. T.; W. Blatt, G. R.

#### MARYLAND.

The annual session (under the amended constitution) of the Grand Encampment of Maryland, was held in Baltimore, October 18th. Charles H. Gatch, Grand Patriarch, in his report stated: "This branch of the order is showing decided evidence of improvement." The officers hold their positions until October, 1876, the only election held this time being for Grand Representative, when Alexander L. Spear was unanimously re-elected.

A convention of lodges to determine in relation to a grand celebration on the 26th April, of 1876, is to be held in Baltimore on the 17th, and a special session of the Grand Lodge of Maryland was to be held on the 18th of November.

#### CONNECTICUT.

The Grand Encampment of this jurisdiction met at New Haven, on the 19th October, and reported progress in the several subordinates. A parade of the patriarchs in uniform was part of the programme; but the pleasure of the occasion was marred by a little *fracas* arising out of the liveliness of the students of Yale College. The particulars are given below from the New Haven Register. It evidently arose out of a misunderstanding; and their does not appear to have been any real intentions on the part of the students to insult the Odd-Fellows, apart from the general tendency on the part of many grown up school boys to make yahoos of themselves.

"While the Odd-Fellows were drawn up in line, the students of Yale were attracted to the spot by the music, and congregated to the number of several hundred. As the procession filed past, the students cheered shouted and groaned, and swung their hats in the air, and made so much disturbance that it was with difficulty the men in line could hear the commands. The procession moved past the colleges, and when about opposite the Art building, countermarched to the green. Immediately following the procession came a coal cart driven by a modest-mannered son of toil, to whom the students paid particular attention. The driver of the cart became enraged, and used his whip on the crowd, which was exceedingly turbulent. At this the students attacked him and pulled him

from the cart. Stones were thrown by the students, some of which struck the Odd-Fellows. A policeman present endeavored to quell the disturbance, but was overpowered. Up to this time the Odd-Fellows had borne the insults of the crowd with patience, but when they found themselves attacked with stones, pieces of coal and other missiles, they broke rank and charged upon their assailants. For a moment the students stood their ground, but when some of their number had been cut, and it became evident that the Odd-Fellows were in earnest and meant business, they turned and fled. One of their number was cut across the neck with a sword, another received a scalp wound, and several had their skin and garments punctured. During the melee swords were broken, noses punched and heads damaged, though no one, we believe, was seriously hurt. The affair was most disgraceful to the students, who are alone responsible for it, and who ought to receive the severest punishment."

The following Grand Officers were elected: L. I. Munson, G.P.; Charles Peck, G.H.P.; W. N. Andrew, G.S.W.; F. Botsford, G.S.; James E. Bidwell, G.T.; Charles Smith, G.J.W.; D. W. Boyd, Rep. to G.L.U.S.

#### CHILI.

A letter from W. J. De Gress, Valparaiso, to G. Sec. Ridgley, announces that on the 2nd September, Coquimbo Lodge, No. 6, was instituted at Coquimbo, a seaport of Chili. Twelve were initiated, and four new propositions received. The population of Coquimbo consists of Germans, English and Americans. One and a quarter miles west are the smelting works of Wyacami, conducted by Scotch people. The manager and several of the officers of these works were among the initiated. Six miles northeast is the town of La Serena from which were also several candidates (merchants). Bro. De Gress judges, from the appearance of the membership and the remarks made on the night of meeting, that there is every prospect that Coquimbo Lodge will be another strong link in our bond of union in Chili. No doubt they will have their full quota of ten lodges by next session of the G.L.U.S. to entitle their representative to all the privileges.

#### IOWA.

The Grand Lodge of Iowa lately held its annual session in Iowa City. From the report of the Grand Master, we make the following extract.

"The past and present condition of our Order has been, and is, such as to give great cause for congratulation, which I heartily extend to you all. That we are progressive in our character as an institution for good, is best evidenced by the addition to our numbers, and the growth we have attained in the brief period of our existence in America. We number in this State alone 293 working lodges, a gain of twenty-nine during the year, with a membership on the first day of July last, of 15,292, a gain from January 1, 1875, to the preceding date, of 851. A most gratifying result.

"The reports from the subordinates convince me that the members generally have the good of the Order at heart, and are working with a will to that end. While death has been busy among us with sad results, we are to some extent consoled in the knowledge that the bereaved have been the recipients of kindly offices from the brotherhood, and material aid from our treasuries, to assuage the grief and relieve the necessities incident to such conditions of our existence, and that the faithful vigils and ministering hands at the bedside of the afflicted, have proven a benefaction beyond human computation. The sympathy thus bestowed and aid granted under our laws and usages, is proof of the sincerity and love existing between the members of our great brotherhood.

#### ILLINOIS.

The Gr. Encampment met at Peoria, Tuesday, Oct. 12th, at the Opera House, held a session during the same day, and then adjourned until Thursday evening, when another session finished the business.

The Gr. Patriarch reported the patriarchal branch of the Order in a flourishing condition. Encampments numbering from 156 to 169 inclusive had been instituted during the year. Nos. 6, 23, 55, 89, and 130 had been revived.

The Grand Scribe and Treasurer reported: Number of Encampments, 147; initiated, 598; admitted by card, 101; reinstated, 87; withdrawn by card; 139; suspended or dropped, 464; expelled, 16;

deceased, 53 ; members, 4,798 ; number of patriarchs relieved, 224 ; number of families relieved, 17.

RELIEF.

Paid for—

Relief of patriarchs.....\$2,968 92  
 Relief of widows and families..... 320 25  
 Burying the dead..... 295 00

Total.....\$3,584 17

Amount of annual receipts.....\$16,627 47  
 Number of weeks' sickness for which benefits were paid.....748

RECEIPTS.

Charter fees.....\$ 480 00  
 Sales of supplies..... 107 48  
 Capitation tax and balances of account..... 1,988 15

Total receipts.....\$2,575 63

Balance on hand as last report..... 1,059 52

Total cash account.....\$3,635 15

Total expenses.....\$2,238 12  
 Cash on hand..... 1,397 03

Total.....\$3,635 15

At the Thursday evening session the following officers were elected and installed for the ensuing year : Jacob Krohn, Freeport, G. P. ; Wm. L. Sweeney, Rock Island, G. H. P. ; W. L. Houten, Farmington, G. S. W. ; W. H. Crocker, Chicago, G. J. W. ; Gen. J. C. Smith, Galena, Grand Scribe and Treas. ; T. Warren Floyd, Gillespie, Rep. to G. L. of U. S.

The Grand Lodge commenced its session on Tuesday evening, Gr. Master E. B. Sherman presiding.

The Grand Lodge officers were escorted from their hotels to the Opera House by the Lodges of Peoria, led by a band. An address of welcome was delivered and appropriately responded to by the Grand Master. Over 500 elected Representatives were present, as were also an equal number of Past Grands. Over 400 brothers took the Grand Lodge Degree.

The Grand Master's review of the year was quite exhaustive and interesting. It showed thirty-five new Charters granted to Lodges numbered from 557 to 591 inclusive. Five Lodges which had ceased work were revived, and twelve Rebekah Degree Lodges instituted, making a net increase of thirty-eight Lodges.

The Grand Secretary reported for the year 1874 :

Number of members last report.....23,352  
 Initiated during the year..... 3,982  
 Admitted by card..... 1,191  
 Reinstated..... 702

Total.....29,227

Withdrawn by card.....1,333  
 Suspended and dropped.....2,358  
 Expelled..... 134  
 Deceased..... 207

4,032

Now in membership.....25,195  
 Rejections..... 700  
 Number of working Lodges..... 496

Total revenue of Lodges.....\$226,070 41

RELIEF.

Brothers relieved.....1,898  
 No. of weeks' benefits paid (as reported).....5,984  
 Widowed families relieved..... 255  
 Brothers buried..... 207

Paid for—

Relief of brothers.....\$31,287 20  
 Relief of widowed families..... 5,381 36  
 Education of orphans..... 130 65  
 Burying the dead..... 5,322 85

Total.....\$42,222 06

The reports for the first term of 1875 show an increase of membership of about 1,000. The number of working Lodges now (counting as such all not actually declared defunct) is 530.

Receipts of Grand Lodge for the year have been \$23,567.18 ; disbursements, \$20,964.57 ; cash balance in treasury, \$15,590.74.

The following officers were chosen for the ensuing year ; John H. Oberley, of Cairo, G.M. ; Thos. M. Blake, of Warren, D.G.M. ; J. F. Drish, Matton, G. W. ; C. N. Nason, Peoria, G. Sec. ; A. S. Barry, Alton, G. Treas. Past Grand Master Sherman was elected Representative to the Grand Lodge of the United States by acclamation.

KENTUCKY.

The Grand Lodge of Kentucky, met at Louisville, October 24th. After a grand procession, the Lodge was welcomed by the Hon. George W. Morris, of Louisville, and the response delivered by Grand Master J. C. Welch. The last-named presented the annual report of his doings, from which the following extract is made :

The reports of the D. D. G. Masters show that nine new lodges have been added to the sisterhood during the past year. They are all eligibly located, in good hands, and under the care of zealous Odd-



Fellows, who will labor to promote the welfare of the Order in their respective neighborhoods.

The Grand Secretary's report gives the following figures showing the progress and status of the Order :

Initiations, 957; admission per card, 222; rejected, 84; withdrawn per card, 302; suspensions, 648; expulsions, 35; re-admitted, 97; deaths, 103; Past Grands, 2,121; paying members, 9,456; increase during year, 185; brothers assisted, 921; widows assisted, 323; funerals, 99; orphans supported by subordinate lodges, 651.

Payments to brothers, \$18,338.72; to widows, \$5,274.67; to orphans, \$607.13; for funerals, \$5,315.21. Total, \$33,611.01.

Receipts, \$65,376.65; percentage of widows' and orphans' fund, \$6,608.08.

Weeks for which allowances were paid, 403.

The following officers were elected: G. M., H. A. M. Henderson, of Frankfort; D. G. M., W. McCready, of Louisville; G. W., W. Grief, of Paducan; G. S., Wm.

White, of Louisville; G. T., G. W. Morris, of Louisville; G. Rep., W. W. Morris, of Louisville.

The Grand Encampment convened in Louisville, October 27th. An unusually large representation was present, embracing delegates from nearly all the subordinate encampments in the jurisdiction. The reports from the various encampments were exceedingly gratifying, and indicate that this order in Odd-Fellowship was in a prosperous condition. Large accessions to membership have been made during the past year, while thousands of dollars have been expended to relieve the widow and orphan, and a large sum of money has been paid to sick and distressed brethren of the fraternity.

The following officers were elected for the year ensuing: A. H. Ronson, P.G.R., Covington, G. P.; W. H. Goddard, Louisville, G. H. P.; W. B. Rogers, Louisville, G. S. W.; L. O. Cox, Owenton, G. J. W.; William White, Louisville, G. S.; Geo. W. Morris, Louisville, G. T.; M. S. Dowden, Lexington, G. Rep.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

### SUBSCRIPTIONS DUE.

Every Brother and every Lodge or Encampment owing for the JOURNAL for 1875, will please remit at once.

### TO OUR AGENTS.

Will those of our agents who have unpaid subscribers on their lists be kind enough to stir up the delinquent Brethren? One dollar and fifty cents is not much in itself; but a number of those items together are of some importance to us.

### TO ADVERTISERS.

The large and increasing circulation of the JOURNAL, which now goes to nearly every Lodge in the Dominion, from Halifax to Victoria, renders it an excellent advertising medium. Our rates for the future will be as under; and are decidedly low when the extent of our circulation is considered:

One square, (single column,) 1 insertion, \$2.50; 3 months, \$4; 6 months, \$6; 1 year, \$9.

One-eighth page, 1 insertion, \$ 4; 3 months, \$ 6; 6 months, \$ 9; 1 year, \$12.

One-fourth page, " 6; " 9; " 12; " 16.

One-half page " 9; " 13; " 17; " 22.

Whole page " 12; " 16; " 22; " 30.

### LODGE CARDS.

We will insert Lodge cards in the following manner, for one year, for \$3.00, and send a copy of the JOURNAL to the Lodge.

**A**VON LODGE, No. 41, Stratford, Wednesday evening. A. M. Campbell, N. G.; F. H. Cowley, R. S.

**D**OMINION LODGE, No. 48, London. J. H. Master, N. G.; Geo. Wrigley, R. S.

**S**T. THOMAS LODGE, No. 76, Wednesday evening. D. Ferguson, N.G.; L. Ferguson, R. S.

**F**ULLER LODGE, No. 5, Stellarton, N. S. Hugh McElvie, N. G.; Wm. H. Fyle, R. S.