PROCEERS, SALLEDY

O mirror, ancient mirror, When waxen lights are lit On either side thy golden frame I must peep in a bit, And turn my head and toss my curls, And softly smile and pout, To see my teeth like rows of pearls, And bring my dimples out.

"O, foolish girl! O, wicked girl!" Aunt Barbara doth cry, "To think so much of fleeting charms That must assuredly die. Remember I was once as young And fair to see as thou, And that thy glass one day will show Thy face what mine is now."

I'll say a little prayer tonight That I may not grow vain, But in the morning dawn, dear glass, I must peep in again, That rosy lips and cream-white skin, And all I see in thee, May tell me that Aunt Barbara Has never looked like me.

-Mary Kyle Dallas in "Woman."

M'GRATH'S BAD NIGHT.

## "Come then, childer," said Mrs. Me-Grath, and took the big iron pot off. They crowded around her, nine of them, the eldest not more than thirteen, the youngest just big enough to hold out his yellow

crockery bowl. "The youngest first," remarked Mrs. McGrath, and ladled out a portion of the boiled cornmeal to each of the deplorable boys and girls. Before they had reached the stools from which they had sprung up, or squatted again on the rough floor, they all burned their mouths in tasting the mush too eagerly. Then there they sat, blowing into their bowls, glaring into them, lifting

taste cautiously, till the mush had somewhat cooled. Then gobble-de-gobble-de-gobble, it was all gone! Though they had neither sugar nor milk, nor butter to it, they found it a remarkably excellent sample of mush, and

something more. Peter McGrath sat close beside the cooking stove, holding Number Ten,a girl baby, who was asleep, and rocking Number Eleven, who was trying to wake up, in the low, unpainted wooden cradle. He never took his eyes off Number Eleven; he could not bear to look around and see the nine devouring the cornmeal so hungrily. Perhaps McGrath could not, and certainly he would not-he was so obstinate-have told why he felt so reproached by the scene. He had felt very guilty for many weeks.

Twenty, yes, a hundred, times a day he looked in a dazed way at his big hands, and they reproached him, too, that they had no

"Where is our smooth, broad-axe handle?" asked the fingers, "and why did not

the wide chips fly?' He was ashamed, too, every time he rose up, so tall and strong, with nothing to do, and eleven children and his wife next door to starvation; but if he had been asked to describe his feelings, he would merely have growled out angrily something against John

"You'll take your sup now, Peter?" asked Mrs. McGrath, offering him the biggest of the yellow bowls. He looked up then, first at her forlorn face, then at the pot. Number Nine was diligently scraping off some streaks of mush that had run down the outside; Numbers Eight, Seven, Six and Five were looking respectfully into the pot; Numbers Four, Three, Two and One were watching the pot, the steaming bowl and their father at the same time. Peter McGrath was very hungry.

"Yourself had better eat, Mary Ann," he said. "I'll be having mine after it's

Mrs. McGrath dipped more than a third of the bowl back into the pot, and ate the rest with much satisfaction. The numerals watched her anxiously, but resignedly.

"Sure it'll be cold entirely, Peter, dear, she said, "and the warmth is so comforting. Give me lettle Norah now, the darlint! and be after eating your supper."

She had ladled out the last of the mush, and the pot was being scraped inside earnestly by Nine, Eight, Seven and Six. Peter took the bowl and looked at his chil-

The earlier numbers were observing him with peculiar sympathy, putting themselves in his place, as it were, possessing the bowlful in imagination; the others now moved their spoons absent-mindedly around in the pot, brought them empty to their mouths, mechanically, now and again, sucked them more or less, and still glared steadily at their father.

His inner walls felt glued together, yet indescribably hollow; the smell of the mush went up into his nostrils and pungently provoked his palate and throat. He was

"Troth, then, Mary Ann," said he, "there's no hunger in me tonight. Sure, I wish the childer wouldn't leave me the trouble of eating it. Come then, all of

The nine came promptly to his call. There were just twenty-two large spoonsful in the bowl; each child received two; the remaining four went to the four youngest. Then the bowl was skilfully scraped by round its interior, and with this put a finish

corners up, getting pinches of dust out of house, the storehouse for shanty supplies. their remotest recesses; he put his blouse pocket through a similar process. He syrup kegs, sides of frozen beef, hams and found no pockets in his well patched over- flitches of bacon in the smokehouse, bags coat when he took it down, but pursued of beans, chests of tea-he had had a vision the dust into its lining, and separated it of them all! Teamsters going off to the carefully from little dabs of wool. Then woods daily with provisions, the supply he put the collection into an extremely old, apparently inexhaustible. black clay pipe, lifted a coal in with his And John Pontiac had refused to pay fingers and took his supper. him fair wages!

It would be absurd to assert that on this continent a strong man could be so poor as fist at the moon; it mocked him worse than Peter unless he had done something very ever. Then out to the space of mist-it wrong or very foolish. Peter McGrath was still more painfully like mush steam. was, in truth, out of work because he had committed an outrage on economics. He made him think again of the empty barrels had been guilty of the enormous error of in the cabin.

law of supply and demand. ber shanty had an alienable right to receive ones crying with hunger?

at least \$30 a month, when the demand was only strong enough to yield him \$22 a month, Peter had refused to engage at the beginning of the winter.

"Now, Mr. McGrath, you're making a mistake," said his usual employer, old John Pontiac. "I'm offering you the best wages going, mind that. There's mighty little squared timber coming out this winter." "I'm ready and willing to work, boss,

but I'm fit to earn \$30, surely." "So you are, so you are in good times, neighbor, and I'd be glad if men's wages were \$40. That could only be with trade active, and a fine season for all of us; but I couldn't take out a raft this winter and pay what you ask."

"I'd work extra hard; I'm not afeard of work."

"Not you, Peter. There never was a lazy bone in your body. Don't I know that well? But look now :- If I were to pay you \$30, I should have to pay all the other hewers \$30, and that's not all. Scorers and teamsters and road-cutters are used to getting wages in proportion to hewers. Why, it would cost me \$1,000 a month to give broad day. The smokehouse door was you \$30! Go along now, that's a good fel- open! low, and tell your wife that you've hired with me!"

But Peter did not go back. "I'm bound to have my rights, so I am," he said sulkily, to Mary Ann when he reached his cabin. "The old boss is getting too hard like, and too set on money. Twenty-two dollars! No! I'll go into Stambrook and

Mary Ann knew that she might as well try to convince a saw-log that its proper course was up stream as to protest against Peter's obstinacy. Moreover, she did think hope he might better himself; but when he came back from Stambrook, she saw trouble ahead. He did not tell her that there, where his merits were not known, he had been offered only \$22, but she surmised disappointment.

"You'd better be after seeing the boss again, maybe, Peter, dear," she, said, tim-

their loaded iron spoons occasionally to "Not a step," he answered, "The boss'll be after me in a few days, you'll see." But there he was mistaken, for all the gangs

After that Peter McGrath tramped far and wide, to many a backwoods hamlet, wished only that, in quantity, it had been looking vainly for a job at any wages. The season was the worst ever known on the river, and before January the shanties were discharging men, so threatening was the outlook for the lumbermen, and so glutted with timber the markets of the world.

Peter's conscience accused him every hour, but he was too stubborn to go back to John Pontiac. Indeed, he soon got it into his stupid head that the old boss was responsible for his misfortune, and he consequently came to hate Mr. Pontiae very bitterly.

After supping on his pipeful of tobacco dust, Peter sat, straight-backed, leaning elbows on knees and chin on hands, wondering what on earth was to become of them all next day. For a man out of work there was not a dollar of credit at the little village store; and work! why, there was only one kind of work at which money could be earned in that district in winter.

When his wife took Number Eleven's cradle into the other room, she heard him, through the thin partition of upright boards, pasted over with newspapers, moving round in the dim red, flickering fire-light from the stove grating.

The children were all asleep, or pretended it; Number Ten in the big straw bed, where she lay always between her parents; Number Eleven in her cradle beside; Nine crosswise at the foot; Eight, Seven, Six, Five and Four in the other bed; One, Two and Three curled up, without taking off their miserable garments, on "locks" of straw beside the kitchen stove.

Mary Ann knew very well what Peter was moving round for. She heard him grean, so low that he did not know he groaned, when he lifted off the cover of the meal barrel, and could feel nothing whatever therein. She had actually beaten the meal out of the cracks to make that last pot of mush. He knew that all the fish he had salted down in the summer were gone, that the flour was all out, that the last morsel of the pig had been eaten up long ago, but he went to each of the barrels as though he could not realize that there was really nothing left. There were four of these low

"O God, help him! Do help him! please do!" she kept saying to herself. Someway, all her sufferings and the children's were so light to her, in comparison, as she listened to that big taciturn man groaning, and him sore with the hunger!

When at last she came out, Peter was not there. He had gone out silently, so silently that she wondered and was scared. She opened the door very softly, and there he was, leaning on the rail fence between their little rocky plot and the great river. She closed the door as softly and sat down.

There was a wide steaming space in the river, where the current ran too swiftly for any ice to form. Peter gazed on it a long while. The mist had a friendly look; he was soon reminded of the steam from an immense bowl of mush! It vexed him. He looked up at the moon. The moon was certainly mocking him; dashing through light clouds, then jumping out into a wide clear space, where it soon became motionless, and mocked him steadily.

He had never known old John Pontiac to jeer any one, but there was his face in the moon-Peter made it out quite clearly. Number Nine, after which Number Seven He looked up the road to where he could took it, whirled a cup of water artfully see, on the hill half a mile distant, the shimmer of John Pontiac's big, tin-roofed had been practically initiated into the stoical short woman and a red-haired man wants a house. He thought he could make out the Peter McGrath then searched thought- outlines of all the buildings-he knew them fully in his trousers pocket, turning their so well—the big barn, the stable, the smoke- denly at the sound of a grand jangle of to speak, you will find it easiest to attract

Pork barrels, flour barrels, herring kegs,

Peter, in his exasperation, shook his big

misunderstanding, and trying to set at | The children empty, too, or would be naught in his own person, the immutable tomorrow—as empty as he felt that minute. How doubly the elder ones would reproach | blame myself for not suspecting how it was | more than he does. Fancying that a first-class hewer in a tim- him! and what would comfort the younger

the walls of the storehouse. He was dreadfully hungry.

"John! John!" Mrs. Pontiac jogged her husband. "John, wake up! There's somebody trying to get into the smoke- about your bed!"

"Eh-ugh-ah! I'm 'sleep-ugh!" he relapsed again. "John! John! wake up! There is some-

"What-ugh-eh-what you say?" "There's somebody getting into the smokehouse."

"Well, there's not much there." "There's ever so much bacon and ham. Then there's the storehouse open." "Oh, I guess there's nobody."

"But there is, I'm sure. You must get They both got up and looked out of the window. The snow drifts, the paths house and the other whitewashed out-buildings could be seen nearly as clearly as in fore I go home."

Old John Pontiac was one of the kindest souls that ever inhabited a body, but this was a little too much. Still, he was sorry for the man, no matter who, in that smokehouse-some Indian probably. He must all I ask of you." be caught and dealt with firmly; but he did

not want the man to be too much hurt. He put on his clothes and sallied forth. He reached the smokehouse—there was no one in it; there was a gap, though, where of worship with which he speaks of old four long flitches of bacon had been!

John Pontiac's wife saw him go over to the storehouse, the door of which was open, the offered wages were low, and had some too. He looked in, then stopped and started back as if in horror. Four flitches, had said, turning out the light, "except this tied together with a rope, were on the floor, and inside was a man filling a bag with let us bless the goodness of God that saves

flour from a barrel. "Well, well, this is a terrible thing, said old John Pontiac to himself, shrinking | hearts to keep His most merciful laws."around the corner. "Peter McGrath! Oh.

my! Oh, my!" He became hot all over, as if he had done something disgraceful himself. There was nobody that he had respected more than that pig-headed Peter. What to do? He must punish him, of course, but how? Jail-and him with eleven children! "Oh, my! Oh, my!" Old John almost wished he had not been awakened to see this terrible downfall.

"It will never do to let him off with it," he said to himself after a little reflection. "I'll put him so that he'll know better than a dozen different directions. When I saw

this another time.' Peter McGrath, as he entered the storehouse, had felt that bacon heavier than the heaviest end of the biggest stick of timber he had ever helped to cant. He felt guilty, sneaking, disgraced, he felt that the literal Devil had first tempted him near the house, then suddenly-with his own hunger pangs and thoughts of his starving family-swept him into the smoke house to steal. But he had consented to do it; he had said he would take flour, too-and he would-he was so obstinate. And withal he hated old John Pontiac worse than ever, for now he accused him of being the cause of his com-

Then all of a sudden he met the face of Pontiac looking in at the door.

Peter sprang back-he saw Stambrook jail—he saw his eleven children and his wife ; he felt himself a detected felon, and that was worst of all.

"Well, Peter, you'd ought to have come right in," were the words that came to his amazed ears, in John Pontiac's heartiest voice. "The missis would have been glad to see you. We did go to bed a little early, but there wouldn't have been any harm in an old neighbor like you waking

"Not a word-hold on! listen to me. It would be a pity if old friends like you and me, Peter, couldn't help one another to a triffing loan of provisions without making a fuss over it." And old John, taking up the scoop, went on filling the bag as if that were a matter of course.

Peter did not speak-he could not. "I was going around to your place tomorrow," resumed John cheerfully, "to see if I couldn't hire you again. There's a job

of hewing for you in the Conlonge shantya man's gone off sick. But I can't give more'n 22, or say 23, seeing you are an old neighbor. What do you say?

Peter still said nothing-he was choking. "You had better have a bit of something more than bacon and flour, Peter," he went on, "and I'll give you a hand to carry the truck home. I guess your wife won't mind seeing me with you-then she'll know you've taken a job with me again, you see. Come along and give me a hand to hitch the mare up. I'll drive you down."
"Ah—ah—Boss—Boss!" spoke Peter

then, with terrible gasps between. "Boss -O my God, Mr. Pontiac! I can't never look you-in the face again!"

"Peter McGrath-old neighbor"-and John Pontiae laid his hand on the shaking shoulder, "I guess I know all about it: I guess I do. Sometimes a man is driven, he don't know how. Now we will say no more about it. I'll load up, and you come right along with me. And mind, I'll do the talking to your wife.'

Mary Ann McGrath was in a terrible frame of mind. What had become of

She had gone out to look down the road and had been recalled by Number Eleven's crying. Number Ten then chimed in, Nine too awoke and determined to resume his privileges as an infant. One after another they got up and huddled around her-crav-

Could it be? Mr. Pontiac they had no he laid on the kitchen table? Then a side and again an actual keg of syrup. Why, this was almost incredible! At last he came in with an immense loaf of bread.

The children gathered about it, Old John

blame myself for not suspecting how it was a bit sooner. I just made him take a little loop for the who are large, and are shirred and festooned for slender figures, thus Gilliland, O. S.; C. W. Manzer, Debec, loan for the present. No, no, don't be there is often jealousy of the possession of giving them apparently greater breadth.

Peter looked again up the hill through talking that way. Charity! tut! tut! it's accomplishments. A woman's claims never just an advance of wages. I've got a job come under that rule. If you paint or dance for Peter; he'll be on pay tomorrow again." At that Mary Ann burst out crying again. mire. I sometimes think that their admira-

> With that she ran out to Peter, who still stood by the sleigh; she put the baby in his arms, and clinging to her husband's shoulder, cried more and more.

And what did obstinate Peter McGrath do? Why, he cried, too, with gasps and groups that seemed almost to kill him.

"Go in," he said, "go in, Mary Annand kiss the feet of him. Yes-and the boards-he stands on. You don't knowwhat's he's done-for me. It's broke I am -the bad heart of me-broke entirelywith the goodness of him. May the heavens be his bed!"

"Now Mrs. McGrath," cried old John, "never you mind Peter; be's a bit lightthrough them, the storehouse, the smoke- headed tonight. Come away and get a bite for him. I'd like a dish of tea myself be-Didn't that touch on her Irish hospitality

bring her in quickly! "Mind you this, Peter," said the old man, going out then, "don't you be troubling your wife with any little secrets about tonight; that's between you and me. That's

Thus it comes about to this day, when Peter McGrath's fifteen children have helped him to become a very prosperous farmer, his wife does not quite understand the depth

John Pontiac. Mrs. Pontiac never knew the story of the

"Never mind who it was, Jane," John -it was a neighbor in sore trouble. And us from the terriblest temptation, and thank Him most especially when He inclines our E. W. Thomson in Youth's Companion.

## AN OLD MAID SISTER.

Tells Her Pretty Niece How to Attract Women's Worser Halves.

An hour ago, my cousin Nellie ran into the room while I was puzzling my way through a dress-making problem. Her drowsy eyes were suspiciously moist, her cheeks were flushed, and her hair floated in her I imagined she had just shaken off a nightmare. As soon as she spoke, I decided that she showed the first symptoms of softening of the brain,

"Dear old Floss!" she cried, almost with a sob, "I'm so glad you're here! I've just had such a horrid dream. You don't think I'll die an old maid, do vou, Floss?"

I always try to tell the truth and so, though I feared her mind was giving way, I said, "If you do, it won't be your fault, my

She sank down on an ottoman, rested her head on my knee and looked into my face. "I thought you were pretty well acquainted with me," she said, thoughtfully, after a time, "and now I know it. I always hated the idea of being an old maid, and I'm sure, after the dream I've had, I'd do anything to escape it. Just imagine; I was standing all alone on Charlotte street and the young people in our set were passing me in couples

-Harry and Lou, Will and Jessie, George and Fannie and the rest of them; all walking arm-in-arm and looking as if they-as if they belonged to somebody! I watched them until they had all gone by and then I stretched out my hands-for I felt awfully lonely-and said, 'Isn't there anybody for me?" and they all turned around and answered in chorus, 'You're an old maid!' Then I began to cry-and waked up.

I snapped my seissors rather viciouslyit's a way I have when I'm annoyed-and asked, "Did you inquire how many of those happy wives were providing food and lodging for their husbands?"

My pretty consin made a petulant ges-

"That isn't the idea, at all!" she said. "Don't you see that everyone of those mean girls was triumphing over me because she had captured a man and I hadn't? It was as much as to say that they were all attractive enough to make someone wish to marry them, while I wasn't. Now don't begin to lecture, for I won't listen. I just came here to be comforted. You may tell me, if you want to talk, what makes the difference between women who fascinate and those who -don't; but I won't have a word on any for black become more prevalent, not only serious subject!"

just mentioned the most serious of all sub- Hamlet's "inky cloak" itself. A pretty and jects-that is, the most serious, to some women. I don't know whether I can do justice to it or not, for I fear I don't appreciate its importance as I might. If I fail, remember that I am not a fascinating woman, but only an old maid sister of a reigning belle.

Then Nellie took a box of caramels off my table and ate them reflectively while I went on to say:

"First of all, I hate that word 'fascinate.' To me it suggests something snakelike. It might be properly employed by those creatures that capture hearts as Indians take scalps and for the same purpose-displaybut I don't like to hear it in a good woman's mouth. Let us say 'attract,' instead.

"On general principles, opposites are ing, craving-all but the three eldest, who congenial. A tall man usually seeks out a philosophy with the gradual decrease of dark-complexioned one. Provided you and their ration. But these bounced up sud- he have one or two points of contact, so the man who least resembles you. Like seeks like, in medicine, but seldom in sodoubt about, but was that real bacon that ciety. Bring together 20 men and women who have the same tastes and whose physiof beef, a can of tea; next a bag of flour, cal natures are not dissimilar, and the party will either become a mutual admiration society or else every individual will fly off at a tangent from every other. On the other hand, if the 20 men and women differ, phyalmost sickened with sorrow for them, and hurrying out his jackknife, passed big hunks humility of each will balance and feeling themselves equals, they will be likely to cling "Well, now, Mrs. McGrath," he said pretty strongly to the few points they have during these operations. "I don't hardly in common. Society could never hold totake it kindly of you and Peter not to have gether a day, my dear, if every person come up to an old neighbor's house before wasn't cheered by the feeling that on some

or play or ride well men are bound to ad-"Oh, God bless you, Mr. Pontiac, it's a tion is half wonder and half indulgence. kind man you are! May the saints be I'm sure when I have sung I have often

eaught an expression on their faces that said, By Jove, she does it very well-for a woman-and I must say something pretty, to encourage a nice girl, don't you know! Never mind. When this kind-hearted gentleman flatters his self-love with the thought that he has been generous, you have a straight path opened to his regard.

"That one is attractive isn't altogether due to the fact that one is beautiful or brilliant. The highest type of beauty is found in the face that is moulded by the mind, but to the average man it isn't the most attractive type: he prefers a healthy woman, with more of the animal about her. A brilliant woman, unless she has tact, frightens more men than she attracts; the average man never likes to meet his superior, and it sends a cold chill down his back to find a superior in skirts. I've noticed that the men whom society votes great 'catches' seldom marry a pretty face or a sharp wit. They have learned that these are rather hard to keep in repair.

"Tact, well supported by an elastic conscience, will accomplish more than beauty and brains combined. The old proverb says: 'Never mention a halter in the presence of a man whose father was hanged'; but there are girls in our set who do worse things every day-and then wonder why they aren't popular! The woman who can't help wounding her guests' amour propre might as well have a small-pox flag in front of her house. Men never forgive a remark that hurts-if a woman makes it. You and I, my dear, often turn the other cheek, because we can't afford to do otherwise. A man resembles the little boy who said his prayers every night, but never did it in the morning, because he could take care of himself in the daytime. Men may 'say their prayers' when it is politic to not notice an unkind or thoughtless word from a business associate, but they take care of themselves' when a woman is in question: they find another one.

"Most important of all, if you would be popular with the other sex, learn to be a good listener. Encourage a man to talk about himself, and you make a friend for life. We women are vain, but our vanity is as nothing compared with that of men. Wind them up with a question, and start them with an interested smile and they will go on until the other clock runs down, and then go away convinced that you are the most charming woman they ever met." "That's all very well," Nellie inter-

rupted, "but how much of this advice is

"That depends on whether you wish to attract others or to win and hold your own better self," I said. "I wouldn't think of undervaluing beauty or wit, or courtesy or tact, but I don't like to see them thrown away. It wouldn't do either of us any good if I should sing my best songs to deaf the better for the pearls of speech that Mrs. G- seatters before the personsthat crowd to her receptions. You owe it to your own self-respect to make yourself liked by those, and those only, whose appreciation is a compliment. Be yourelf. If you are always on dress parade, you'll have to waste half your life in giving the salute-and that accomplishment isn't

a very great part of the art of soldiery. "I think you'll find more satisfaction in being a woman's woman. If you can rise superior to the petty jealousies and heartburnings that are the curse of our sex, and win the admiration of your female friends, you may be sure that you are worthy of being loved by anybody. If then the right man comes he'll find you without any trouble, and you'll be able to make him happy. If he doesn't come-well, you can get along without him. It should be worth more to be loved by me all the year round than to be loved by a man outside of business hours?

"Perhaps!" said Nellie, as she looked at herself in the glass. FLORENCE WILMINGTON.

Black Underwear for Ladies.

Black threatens to become a more popular color than ever in certain classes of Parisian society. There has already been much discussion about "black corsets," and it will be remembered perhaps by readers of French novels that M. Paul Bourget, in his recent volume entitled "Mensonges." clothes his heroine, Mme. Moraines, in a corset noir, which is regarded by her more Puritanical female friends as a badge of unpardonable levity. Should the present rage stays but other mysterious articles of femi-"My dear," I said, solemnly, "you have nine attire promise to become as sable as popular actress whose name is famous in opera-bouffe has already, indeed, given a remarkable impetus to the growing taste for the lugubrious color chosen for funerals. She appeared on the stage a few nights ago arrayed in black from head to foot. Constellations of the ballet have, of course, frequently appeared in "black tights," but the actress in question has out-heroded Herod and astounded her admirers by revealing to their powerful lorgnettes the overwhelming fact that not only were her "tights" and continuations sable, but that her undergarments, instead of being of the conventional creamy-colored order, were of the most lustrous jet in tint and were fringed with arabesque lacework of the same color. Black may, therefore, be the only wear in the future.-London Telegraph.

Long silk cloaks for driving wraps are light, and protect the costume from dust, ried this week, and the members of the as the envelop the wearer. They are made division presented them with a silver cake of brown, dark, blue, or gray striped silks of light quality, pleated to a high collar, or to a voke in the fashion of Irish cloaks, vet they have a separate front, like that of the Russian circular, over which the arms pass, yet are still covered by the full sides; a belt or girdle of passementerie hold the back in place, then disappears under the sides and crosses the separate inuer front.

Polonaises become more popular as the season advances, and are made of cashmere over silk skirts in many of the old designs worn twelve or fifteen years ago. Nuns' veiling and piece laces are also made this for a bit of a loan. It's well I met subject he knows more than his neighbor up as polonaises over silk skirts, and may Peter to-night. Maybe he'd never have and humbled by the consciousness that on be suited to thin and stout figures alike, as told me your troubles—not but what I some other subject his neighbor knows they are quite straight, in Directoire atyle, S. T.; Chas. Calkin, McAdam, J. T.; T.

LODGE-ROOM ECHOES.

Knights of Pythias.

The Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, which is likely to be disciplined at the coming session of the supreme lodge, is the largest jurisdiction in the order, having more than 40,000 members. The situation is simplified by the fact that it has been in contumacy before-in 1873, when it had to own that it was in the wrong and sue for re-admission to the supreme body. Present indications are that it will have to take the same dose over again, as it has been suspended and a loyal grand lodge organ-At the supreme lodge session, to be held

at Cincinnati in June, the important business will be the settlement of the difficulty between that body and the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, and the proposed establishment of a ladies' rank. Of course, the Cincinnati knights will do their best to give their guests a good time. On the evening of Monday, June 11, there will be a reception at Douglass castle hall. Tuesday, the supreme lodge will be welcomed in addresses by the governor of Ohio, the mayor of Cincinnati and the grand chancellor of Ohio. Wednesday afternoon, there will be a grand parade of the Uniform rank and subordinate lodges. Thursday afternoon will take place the competitive drill of divisions of the Uniform rank, for which six cash prizes—\$1,200, \$800, \$600, \$400, \$200 and \$100-are offered. For the battalion drill, Friday morning, a beautiful stand of regimental colors is offered; and for the band tournament, Friday evening, three cash prizes of \$500, \$300 and \$150 will be given. A cash prize of \$300 is also offered to the division traveling the longest distance by the most direct route in order to reach Cincinnati for this session; said division to consist of not less than 24 sir knights and three commissioned officers. It is needless to say that these attractions will ensure the attendance of thousands of knights. The cost for the round trip from Boston to Cincinnati and return will probably not exceed \$30, not including sleeping cars or meals.

Independent Order of Foresters.

It is mentioned as among the probabilities, that Rev. Charles J. James, pastor of St. James' church, and chaplain of Court LaTour, will preach a sermon to that court on some Sunday afternoon in the near future. In this connection, it may be said that LaTour was never more prosperous than at present. The talk of consolidation with Court Loyalist was very quickly dropped when the committee appointed to investigate Court LaTour's financial condition reported how strong it really is.

Court St. Mary's of Marysville, will have reason to be proud of that picture of the Supreme court, which was won by them as the prize for the greatest number of initiations in a given time. It will be 36x60 inches in size, and duplicates of the work will cost \$50.

There were 38 deaths in the order during the year 1887, making the rate of mortality only 5-7 per 1,000 for the year. The amount of endowments paid during the year was \$48,000.

Independent Order of Oddfellows An encampment is to be organized in Fredericton, shortly. The charter list is being signed, but is not yet complete

Canton LaTour is meeting every Wednesday evening, for drill, at present, looking to the reception of the order's guests. this summer. From present indications, thre will be many. Canton Shawment, of Boston, has written to ask what accommodation can be secured for 100 men, with ladies, and Canton Worcester. Boston encampment and Lynn lodge and canton are also talking of visiting St. John. They will be given a royal welcome.

At a regular meeting of Sussex Lodge, F. & A. M., Tuesday evening, the following resolutions were adopted:-

Whereas, It hath pleased the Almighty Father, who doeth all things well, to call from his earthly labors our brother, James II. Ganong: Resolved, That, while we deplore the loss of a true and worthy brother, we cherish his memory as that of one who was foremost among as in every good work, and whose attachment to our order had ndeared him to us all; and further Resolved, That we respectfully tender to the widow and family of our late brother our heartfelt sympathy their bereavement, and invoke for them the comfort of Him whose compassions fail not, and whose mysterious ways are ever tending to our good.

The Supreme Grand chapter of Royal Arch Masons of England has voted to recognize the chapter of New Brunswick.

Sons of Temperance.

Pine Grove division, No. 345, has been organized at Ludlow, Northumberland county, with Arthur Price as W. P. Arrangements have been made to hold

the semi-annual session of the Grand Division in Carleton, Tuesday evening. A large number of delegates is expected. Ever Onward division has expressed its regret at the death of Henry Kerr, one of its charter members, by passing resolutions

of condolence and presenting them to his Two members of Portland division, Mr. Levi Delong and Mrs. Lizzie Nelson, do not believe in "division." They were mar-

Something novel in the way of "division entertainment" took place at Lewisville, Westmorland county, Tuesday evening. Three divisions, Moncton, Intercolonial and Lewisville each gave a musical and literary programme, the performance of which was watched by competent judges.

Lewisville division carried off the palm. Other Orders.

Pioneer local division, Order of Railway Telegraphers, has been organized here with 45 charter members. Its officers are: D. W. Newcomb, N. B. R'y, C. T.; T. E. Smith, Woodstock, A. C. T.: W. E. Sulley, Carleton, S. and T.; W. F. Noble,