PROGRESS, SATURDAY, MAY 26.

CIRCE.

The glowing in her eyes-O, that glowing! This it was that held him strong and fast; Held him while all holy visions passed, And the peace-lands that they promised, growing Far and fainter, sank from sight at last.

Why, she conquered him with just her smiling; With her pure eyes and their witching lure; With her ripe lips, dear as though heav'n-pure; Within her breast-snow; fire! Ah, world, reviling, Tell us which high soul is all secure?

O that glowing in her eyes! What his praying? Not on field is fought the direst fight! What, when heart and soul and all Life's might Meet the Circe-god-an angel straying!-And that temptress all-incarnate Light? -Edgar L. Wakeman in Ex.

TWO WAYS OF ASKING.

"Tears, idle tears! Niobe dissolved! My dear child, what on earth is the mat-

Time: four of a summer afternoon. Place: a pretty boudoir, furnished in the fashion of today, modelled on the style of Louis Quinze, with a dash of "Liberty" thrown in, and modern accessories, such as crystal flower-vases, three-volume novels, and photograph-stands, juxtaposed with Queen Anne silver and nick-nacks ancient and modern. Dramatis Personæ: a graceful figure in white, flung with an air of desolation on the floor beside a sofa, her charming nuque visible beneath delicious little rows of golden curls, her frame shaken by sobs; an older woman standing a few yards distant, dark, beautifully dressed, "good-looking enough for anything" without being distinctly handsome, aged somewhere within the right side of 30, and wearing an expression half compassionate, half amused. There is a suspicion of raillery in her voice, which is felt and deeply resented by the fair sorrower. Anger is often akin to sorrow as pity is to love, and the voice which responds to the question when reiterated is decidedly petulant.

"I wish you would go away and leave me alone.

"I shall not do anything of the sort," returns the other. "I am going to talk to you, and I do not care in the least whether you are angry or not, although I had much rather you would take my remarks in good

"O," responds the voice, still smothered

with good humor, "Well, my love, I may confidently say that I could manage your would have Mr. Clement Lascelles at my feet in a very short time.'

"Perhaps you have him there now!" says the prostrate one, ceasing to sob and trying

to sneer instead.

"Well, Dolly dear, to tell you the truth, I fail myself to recognize in that young man the charm which I observe he has for —for some people; indeed I consider him a poseur, with an exasperatingly good opinion of himself, and, if you ask my opinion, I think that he would be all the better for being kie-

Dorothy flounces up in a moment. "I will trouble you not to insult my friends," she cries, with flaming cheeks. "And it is ian, "if you are positively certain that your not very easy to believe your sincerity plan of campaign is going to be successful." when he was sitting in your pocket all last night, and you were out walking with him for two hours this morning."

"In any case," replies Mrs. Dalton coolly, "your remarks prove that I have had time and opportunity to form an opinion of his qualities. I don't deny that he is good-looking, but it is intolerable that he should be so conscious of it. I admit that he is not without a certain amount of cleverness, and has been fairly well educated; but I violently object to his thinking himself able to sit in judgment on people a good deal older and cleverer than himself."

"On you, for instance!" cries Dolly. "No, I was not thinking of myself, though I admit the soft impeachment (the one regarding my age, at least); and what I dislike most of all is his placing himself on a pedestal to be looked at and longed for by-by pretty, silly little girls, who ought to know better.'

Dolly stiffens her back, and says, with an assumption of dignity which sits indifferme, I should prefer not discussing Mr. Lascelles with you. You are perfectly welcome to your opinion of him, and I claim the liberty of retaining mine." Then, Dolly. her majesty suddenly toppling over, she says vindictively, in quite a different voice, "Perhaps you think I am such a fool that I don't see through your mean abuse of cries Dolly.

"That I may win and wear him myself?" suggests Mrs. Dalton, quite good-humored-"No my dear and acute child, believe me, you have not fathomed and unmasked my baseness this time. I know your dear little heart is set upon this fascinating young man. I don't think there is really any amusing, has a considerable fund of small harm in him, and I am magnanimous enough to be ready to show you how to obtain his affections, and make him the showing superiority. He has as genuine

suppliant instead of you. 'Suppliant!" cries Dolly, with fresh flames from her burning heart ascending to

"Yes, suppliant. Every one, my love, can see-he, most of all-how you hang upon his smiles, and despair when he is in- fore, when Dolly, whose sorrowfulness and died. The family then resided near Portsdifferent or capricious.'

Wrath makes Dolly absolutely less. If looks, &c., &c., Mrs. Dalton seems to have eyes and ears for no one but embalmed with a preparation invented by world, &c., &c.

"Don't be a goose, Dolly," resumes her friend, not having suffered any visible in- apricet tint, which he has not seen before and when two years later a second child jury from the lightning glances to which she has been subjected. "Keep your temper, and reap the advantages of my her one of those glances which have intoxi- family have moved a number of times,

superior age and experience.

the first prize in the marriage lottery, and makes a pretext for calling Dolly aside.

is willing to take upon herself his part of the contract: to worship him with her body, and endow him with all her worldly goods. For in a small way she is an heiress, though took his eyes off you. Go on and prosper!" he is not destitute of money, and has an excellent position. Truth to tell, the young man is not what is called "a bad sort;" he has good looks, good brains, and good manners, when he is not egged on to taking liberties by the silly flatteries of the other sex. Poor Dolly loves him madly, and has innocently shown her pleasure in his notice and her sufferings at his neglect. Mrs. Dalton having paused to give due effect to her words, Dolly, after a moment, is constrained

to say rather sulkily, "Well!"
"You must take the vow first." "What yow?" with latent irritation. "The vow never to tell any human being -Mr. Lascelles least of all-that I, or, for the matter of that, any one, advised you how to act towards him."

"O, of course, I promise."
"Promises are like pie-crust," replies Mrs. Dalton; then, with an air of great solemnity, she goes to a small bookcase at the to ride together; and, as he sits smoking end of the room, and comes back with a lafter the ladies have retired, he reflects on Bible. "You must kiss the book," she

"O no," cries Dolly, frightened. For she knows that she never kept a secret in her life, and is terrified at being put on an oath to the touch, because he has been absolutely which she may break, in spite of herself, a few hours later.

"Well," says Mrs. Dalton, firmly, "do you want him or do you not?"

"Yes," cries Dolly, with tears in hereyes,

"Then kiss the book."

"But how do I know there is anything in what you are going to tell me?" says doubting Dolly.

world and men?" Dolly takes the book, trembling. "What

am I to say?" she falters. "Say: 'I swear not to tell Clement Lascelles or any other person that Marion Dalton acvised me how to win his affections."

With a sudden desperate gesture Dolly

kisses the book and repeats the formula. "Now then!" she cries excitedly. Mrs. Dalton takes up her parable. "Clement is really fond of you-he would be exceedingly fond of you, if you only allowed

"If I allowed him!" gasps Dolly.

"Yes," repeats her adviser. "By allowing him, I don't mean throwing yourself at in the sofa-cushions, but losing nothing of his head, and showing him that you adore its resentful quality. "I know how clever him; but by making him doubt your love you are, and that you think you can man- and his own capacity for pleasing you. Difage every one's affairs better than them- ferent men want different treatment. There is nothing so delightful to some as to see She intends this to be a "nasty one," and and know that a woman cares for them-it as a matter of fact, it does not fall very adds tenfold to their devotion for her; but pleasantly on the ears of her interlocutor; I am bound to say these men are in the but she sits down on the sofa, and replies minority. Most of them are far more stimulated by doubts and fears—the woman becomes more dear as she seems more distant, affairs a great deal better than you manage them yourself, and that if I were you, I about one of our sex, it is because she has worried and tormented and kept him on a perpetual balance between hope and fear. Now you, and others like you, have so hung upon Clement Lascelles' looks and words, have so positively shown him that he is a great being, a lofty intellect, a rival to Apollo, that it is not likely he is coming off his pedestal to worship his worshippers. Your only chance, my dear, is to abandon your worship; to counterfeit indifference as best you may, and to let a gradual and startling conviction come over him that you were not

really in earnest, after all." "It is very easy to talk," pouts Dolly. "It is very easy to act too," returns Mar-

"How do I know that it will be?" "Try it for twenty-four hours, and see

how it works.' "But I don't know what I am to do." "You must be absolutely guided by me, and not act for one moment on your own

responsibility. "I daresay it will turn out all wrong," says Dolly, ungraciously, "and that I shall

lose him altogether." "All right," replies Mrs. Dalton, losing patience and rising from her seat. "Do as you like. After all, what on earth does it

matter to me whether you are happy or miserable? Go your own way.' Dolly springs up and catches her by the arm. "No, no, Marian, don't go; don't be angry. I will do whatever you tell me. "Then hearken and obey. Dick Wyndham is coming tonight. You know he is rather fond of you. Talk to him, and to

him only, all the evening. Do not once glance in Mr. Lascelles' direction; I will keep my eye on him, and report to you ently well upon her, "If you will excuse how he takes it. If he approaches you in the evening look bored and distraite, and reply to him by monosyllables."
"I shall never be able to do it," groans

"Not with such a big stake to win?"

little sarcastically.) "Ah! you don't know what it is to love!

"Not as you do, certainly," retorts Marian, with an inflection of voice which Dolly is not acute enough to catch.

Dick Wyndham arrives in time for dinner. He is rather fond of Dolly—he is exceedingly hard up, and he wants her money even talk, is devoted to sport, and has not Mr. Lascelles' æsthetic taste or lofty manner of contempt for a man who talks art and plays classical music as Mr. Lascelles has for one who thinks of nothing but hunting, lawntennis, and polo, though he rides fairly

straight and is an average shot himself. Not a little disgusted is Lascelles, therecated her maiden soul. But whereas it has "Keep them to yourself!" retorts Dolly been his wont to meet her tender pleading glances every two minutes heretofore, latter shall be yours. Come, dear child, she one of Macbeth's guests, for all she you know I am fond of you; believe me seems to see him. His memory serves him

"Excellent, my love!" she cries, in high good-humor, pressing the girl's arm. "He is enraged beyond measure. He scarcely

Thus stimulated, Dolly goes on, and prospers exceedingly. When Mr. Lascelles and Dick approach simultaneously she air fund amounted to \$16,500. Last year devotes her whole attention to the latter, it sent 10,000 people to the seaside, some and has scarcely a word for the former, who of them staying two weeks, and now it is presently retires in tragic dudgeon, and about purchasing a seaside home, at a cost leans against the wall looking like Hamlet, of \$20,000. Lord Byron, or any other blighted being in

In reality Dick is the person most to be pitied, although his face is alight with smiles, and his heart aglow with anticipations of possessing a lovely woman, and satisfying the debtors who, metaphorically speaking, take him by the throat, crying, "Pay me Re what thou owest!" Innocent creature that he is, he suspects no treachery, nor dreams that milk-white bosom palpitates for the "infernal young prig" over the way. Dolly will play billiards and lawn-tennis with him on the morrow; in the afternoon they are the most approved method of asking a

certain question. Up to this moment Clement Lascelles has not seen any necessity for putting his fate certain of winning; but now that for the first time he has a rival, a rival who is progressing by leaps and bounds in his lady's favor, he sees that something must be done. He cannot have been befooled. She loves him or-or he, the adept at reading the secrets of souls, must for once have been deluded. Perish the thought!

With gloomy brow and stately step he retires from the smoking-room, and seeks "Because I say so. Do I not know the the solitude of his chamber, but not his couch. The dawn has long broken ere he

courts repose. "Marian!" cries Dolly a few hours later, bursting into her friend's room whilst that lady-no early riser at the best of timesstill nestles among her pillows, "read this!" and she seats herself on the bed in a state of great excitement, while Mrs. Dalton languidly peruses the letter thrust into her

"I call it great impertinence!" she remarks, returning it to Dolly.

"Impertinence!" with wide-open eyes. "Certainly!" and Mrs. Dalton, taking it

back, quotes from it: "Though I cannot pretend to offer you the one great passion of a life—sad passages beyond the ken of other mortals having tarnished the pure lustre which once surrounded my soul as with a halo—yet, if you will take a heart weary with the sorrows of the ages, dimmed by the darkling doubts with which an intimate knowledge of humanity clouds the spirit, take me to your tender breast, and let me find shelter there from life's griefs and disappointments. What recompense a heart blighted as mine has been can bestow I will strive to make to your angelic sympathy and goodness."

"Is it not beautiful?" cries Dolly, in an ecstasy. "I wonder what he means? I accepted the offer, and lectured before a suppose some horrid woman threw him over

"I think it is exceedingly impertment, and I hope you will resent it.

"Resent it!" almost shrieks Dolly. Why, it is a declaration!" "Get me my blotting-book off that table,"

commands Mrs. Dalton resolutely. "Now." she says, beginning to write, "you will answer it in this way, or I wash my hands of you, and to-morrow he will have reduced you to abject misery again.'

She writes hurriedly for a few minutes, and then, with heightened colour, reads the

"Dear Mr. Lascelles,—I have received your melancholy letter, and am truly sorry for all you seem to have suffered. But, for my part, I look upon the world as a very pleasant place, and have made up my mind to enjoy myself as much as possible; so, as I could not console you, and you, with the ideas you express, would make me miserable, I think you had much better look out for somebody, whose temporary much better look out for somebody whose temperament is more like your own. I suppose you mean me to understand that you have been much more in me to understand that you have been much block in love with some one else than you are with me, which, to say the least, is not very flattering. No! I must have an undivided heart, or none at all.—Your D. S." sincere friend,

There is a desperate fight between Mrs. Dalton and Dolly before the latter can be persuaded to copy and forward what she considers a heartless and flippant missive. In the end Marian triumphs. Mr. Lascelles does not appear at breakfast, and Dolly, though her soul quakes within her, laughs and talks to Dick.

Later in the morning, when they are playing lawn-tennis, Clement Lascelles, feeling much smaller than he has ever done in his life, seeks counsel from Mrs. Dalton. With an angelic smile she alternately pricks him with daggers and makes him gulp down bowls of poison; but she does him an excellent turn by taking a good deal of the nonsense out of him. He confesses that he adores Dolly. How, O how, is he to win her? Has he the ghost of a chance?

Mrs. Dalton, looking solemn, declares her inability to reply to this. She hints at Dolly's youth and love of amusement. She hints too at Dick's unflagging good spirits and temper. And the upshot of it is that when Dick returns crestfallen from his atternoon ride with Dolly, having spoken and received his answer, Clement Lascelles carries off the young lady to her boudoir on pretence of wanting to be shown something, and, replacing the melancholy of Hamlet by the conquering airs of young Lovelace, takes her in his arms, swears he has been a fool, and has never really loved any one but her sweet self, and that if she accepts him her life shall be one round of pleasure.

Twenty minutes later, Dolly has passed on all his embraces and more to Marian. "How clever you are, darling?" she says admiringly. To which Mrs. Dalton replies, "Now you know how to manage him, make good use of your knowledge."—London

A Family's Ghostly Treasures. Seventeen years ago a son of J. L. Scott its cause have greatly soothed his com- mouth, but being about to move away placency for the last twenty-four hours, decided to keep the body, which was of white sugar muddled by pink protruded this half-witted soldier at dinner. She is Mr. Scott. For some reason when the new looking charming in a dress of a delicious home was reached the body was not buried, always carrying their dead with them. The bodies were carefully coffined and sacredly protected. Few of their neighbors knew "The first I must, whether or no, but the to-night he might be Banquo's ghost, and of the ghostly treasures in their house. Recently the Scotts went to Rome, when a month ago a third child died, and the body on the theme of souvent femme varie. He is him subjugated by you. He shall be yours, I promise, and I will only make one condition."

on the theme of souvent femme varie. He is so little congenial to his neighbour at dinner that she expresses the mest unfavourable tion."

Springs cometons an immenss quantitation and taking her egg with her shook the faith of the beholders. Some one put on a pair which was done a few days ago at Sandy of driving gloves, got a basin of warm sentiments regarding him in the drawingwas embalmed, as usual. The Scotts hav-The bodies were very much like Egyptian

Wind was done a few days ago at Sandy
Springs cemetery, an immense crowd being sentiments regarding him in the drawingroom later on, causing Dolly to halt between the desire to defend him hotly, and a sense

The bodies were very much like Egyptian

Wind was done a few days ago at Sandy
Springs cemetery, an immense crowd being swearing like mad till the green feathers
the desire to defend him hotly, and a sense

The bodies were very much like Egyptian

Of classic of the bolivar. Mrs. Dalton to take her hand, though she looks rather sulky. Still, she does, poor looks rather sulky. Still, she does, poor little girl, regard Mr. Clement Lascelles as little girl, regard Mr. Clement Lascelles as looks a pretext for calling Dolly aside.

The bodies were very little mummies in appearance. The Scotts are mummies in appearance. The Scotts are mummies in appearance. It was a great disappointment to me and of pleasure that some one beside herself has suffered from his coldness. Mrs. Dalton has suffered from his coldness. Mrs. Dalt way .- Vancelburg (Ky.) Special.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

Church of England.

At St. George's, New York, on Easter day, the offertory to be devoted to its fresh air fund amounted to \$16,500. Last year

Baptist.

The next annual meeting of the New Brunswick Southern association will be held with the 1st St. Martins church, commencing Saturday, June 5th, at 10 o'clock

Rev. J. T. Parsons has accepted the call to the pastorate of the Waterloo street F. C. B. church, to the great satisfaction of his former congregation. He will prove a valuable addition to the ranks of the city

Congregational.

Rev. Mr. Godard, recently of Milton, N. S., takes charge of the congregational church, Cornwallis, in place of Rev. J. Whitman, who has retired on account of

ill health. Zion church, Toronto, having given a call to Jackson Wray of the Whitefield Tabernacle church in London, at a salary of \$4,000 per annum, Mr. Wray has telegraphed that, in consequence of the important work carried on by his own church, he cannot accept the invitation.

Since 1860, the Protestant churches of the United States report total collections for foreign missions of \$62,000,000. Of this amount, the congregational boards collected and disbursed \$16,250,000. The aggregated \$8,570,000, of which the Congregational societies collected \$2,000,000. During the same period the reports of the Home Missionary societies show a total of \$69,844,546, of which \$16,772,976 were received by the societies in connection with the Congregational churches.

Roman Catholic.

It is quite remarkable that in the territory covered by the parish of Our Lady of the Rosary, South Boston. Mass., Rev. non-Catholic families.

Archbishop Gross, in the course of his episcopal visitations, stopped to lecture in minister, was one of the first to call on the archbishop, and very kindly put his church at his disposal. The archbishop gratefully crowded house on "The Value of a Human Soul," Mr. Thompson acting as chairman of the meeting. At the close of the lecture the minister asked the archbishop to bless the congregation. All rose and respectfully received his blessing. Then many of the ladies and gentlemen present came up to be introduced to the archbishop, and requested him to visit them again. An invitation was also extended to Fr. Ahne, who accompanied the archbishop, to use the church for lectures or mass at his pleasure.

THE BOLIVAR.

A Reminiscence of Childhood's Joys—First the Parrot and then the Gusher Swore.

Do you know what a bolivar is? Country children buy 'em for a penny apiece. They are balls of pink and white candy that transform the faces of infant citizens into the inflated countenances you see in the cherubs of the old masters attached to trumpets in the clouds. There is only one way to reduce a bolivar, that is to suck it. I have tried smashing 'em in door jambs, and between paving stones, always unsuc-

I must have been six years old when I bent my energy one morning on the reduction of a bolivar, and found it was too much for one encounter. I deposited the sticky sphere on the table for further efforts and engaged in play. The family parrot on a tour of investigation came upon the bolivar. Polly didn't like sweets, so after toying with it a minute she concluded to pass it by, and calmly stepped over it, being too lazy to go round. Just as she straddled her clumsy old leg across the sticky thing her feathers encircled it and clung to it like a small boy to his first base ball.

The bolivar was so large it fairly raised the old girl off her feet, and on her tip toes she waddled to her cage in an agony of excitement. It was just where she couldn't reach it if she stood on her head.

For half an hour, perhaps, no bird ever had a wilder time. She plucked out her tail feathers in a frantic effort to take a rear view of the awful thing she had alighted apon, and from which she couldn't escape. All this I didn't know at the time, but I came on Poll in the afternoon, all but exhausted, swearing in a hoarse voice in the corner of her cage.

She couldn't stand on a perch with this thing under her, so she squatted on it on

"Polly," said I, "pretty Poll."
"Oh, hell!" replied the sufferer. "What's the matter?"

My feathered friend was no saint, but her remarks were so fervently lurid I became alarmed, and began an investigation. It wasn't many minutes before I discovered the bolivar. I had sucked it bald-headed before Poll annexed it. The daub of red paint with which bolivars are artistically decorated had disappeared. Just a sphere rom the green feathers between Poll's legs. Howling with delight, I rushed to my father to tell him Poll had laid an egg, was sitting on it, and the phenomenon of a parrot

born in this country was a boon vouchsafed to the Gusher family alone. Eighteen people stood around the supposed happy mother and admired the work

A beautiful nest was constructed and fastened securely in a dark box. Preparations were made to remove her, when the spectacle of Poll climbing the side of the cage

DISCIPLINE FOR A CONDUCTOR.

He Put Off the Newsboys, Whereupon His Life Became a Burden.

A conductor sat on the rear dashboard of a Madison avenue horse car yesterday afternoon, twirling the ends of a very red mustache, says the New York Sun. As the car passed Ninth street a bootblack, swinging himself on the rear platform, called out: "A red mustache and white horse with ev'ry car." His tone of voice indicated that he was ready to knock all three articles down to the highest bidder. "Get off," shouted the conductor, and made a threatening gesture.

"I say," called out a small gamin at Twentieth street, "ain't it pretty early fur them strawberry whiskers?"

At twenty-first street a newsboy boarded the car and inquired; "Ain't it pretty late for them mustachers, old chappie? Crushed strawberry, yer know, went out last season." "Get off, — you!" roared the persecuted conductor, aiming a vigorous kick

at his vanishing interlocutor. At Twenty-third street a boy of some 16

years got on the car, unnoticed by the conductor, who was figuring out his accounts. The boy surveyed him critically, and then remarked in a deliberative tone:

"I advise yer as a friend, boss, if yer vally them papers, to get 'em away from that smokin' whisker."

As the conductor let fly a volley of oaths and a heavy blow at his fourth tormentor, a small urchin who had ensconced himself on the back hitching hook called out: "Ah, there, termatter lip!"

"What is the matter with that conductor?" inquired a reporter just leaving the car.

"Well, yer see, boss," replied the large boy, "he's been chasin' all us fellers off his car lately-won't give us no chance with our papers. So we put up this job. Why, amounts collected by the women's boards | there's fellers layin' for him all the way to the tunnel. I guess it will cure him of monkeyin' with us."

It Worked.

There was an object of curiosity on the market the other morning which quickly collected a crowd. It was a farmer's dog of medium size, and he had on a collar studded with enormous tacks, leather bands around his body ornamented the same way, and fastened to his forelegs just above the John J. McNulty rector, there are but four feet were the same gaffs as are used on fight-

"You see," explained the farmer, "every time Belshazzar comes to town with me he is tackled and chawed up by some of your brought him all the way in a wagon, and as will work, some of you may bring up your best stock.

A man wens across the street and got a Newfoundland about as big as a vearling calf, and he had no sooner caught sight of the country chicken under the wagon than he went for him. There was a roar, a howl and a yelp, and then the big dog broke for the woods, with the little dog close behind. One mouthful of tacks was plenty for the big 'un, and his yelps of pain and terror could be heard three blocks.

"Come, Belshazzar, git back under the wagon," said the farmer. "We've struck it plumb-centre, and the medal is ours. Jist let 'em come up and pitch in as fast as they want to. We hain't no wings, but we git thar jist the same."-Detroit Free Press.

Why Mexico is Poverty Stricken.

The Mexican government has used the utmost ingenuity to secure revenue. There is nothing used for the maintenance of life, comfort or luxury that is not taxed to the utmost limit. There is one exception, however, to this rule, and that is real estate. The municipal taxes in the cities are nominal, and on outside property there is no tax at all. Consequently the land in general is held in large blocks by people who do not develop its possible resources and make it productive, as they are at no expense in holding it. If there were a just tax levied on this land it would work great benefit to the people, and would make it impossible for individuals to own 100 miles square of unimproved property, and at the same time make it possible for the poor man to get a small farm and become a producer.—Denver

No Wonder the Boys Love Her.

Miss Annie McCormick, one of Hawkinsville's most charming young ladies, was in town today, and made a number of friends and many mashes among our gay and festive youths. I cannot blame the boys for falling in love with her, however, for any young lady who can play two pieces on a piano and sing a third at the same, is competent to captivate the most fastidious of

us. I have often heard of fine performers on the piano, but have never seen or heard any one who could compete with her. She can sit with her back to the instrument and play most beautifully. It is said that she can play three different instruments at once, and I don't doubt it, for she offered to do so here if furnished the proper instruments.—Dodge County (Ga.) Journal

Mixing Politics and Religion.

Delegate William Smith, chairman of the Knox county (Tenn.) delegation to the Democratic State convention, went to church Sunday morning, modestly took a rear pew and settled himself for a season of religious inspiration. His hard work in the convention for four days told on him, and he began to doze. The preacher was telling of the great men of Tennessee, and lowing :finally he reached John Knox, once governor of the State. As he pronounceed the me "Knox" Mr. Smith was aroused, and, rising from his seat, shouted in stentorian tones: "35 votes for Robert Taylor." The congregation took in the situation, and while an audible titter rippled through the church the delegate escaped.

COULD YOU?

Lady with the shining hair,

Holding all the charms and grace,
Stately, kind and passing fair,
Could you wash the children's faces?

When the rosy morning bright
Paints with gold each roof and opiro Banishing the shades of night, Could you start the kitchen fire? O'er the fields with thee I wander,

Summer's glory overhead; Charmed, I all thy virtues ponder,— But could—ah, could you make good bread! Eyes so deeply, truly tender,

-N. Y. Life.

Clear as water in a pool,

Answer my heart's importuning,— Have you been to cooking school?

LODGE-ROOM ECHOES.

Loyal Orange Association.

Many inquiries are being made as to when the Grand Lodge of British America will meet in Winnipeg, and the following circular now being sent out by the Grand Secretary to delegates may be taken as an

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER: Under and by virtue of the power vested in the M. W. Grand Master, by Section 13 of the Constitution and Laws of the Orange association. he has postponed the annual meeting of the association, to be held in Winnipeg, from May 28th, 1888, to Tuesday, August 28th, at 2 p. m. You will please therefore take notice and govern yourself accordingly.

Arrangements have been made with the Canadian Pacific for a rate of \$30 by rail both ways; \$35 rail one way and water one way, and \$40 by water both ways, for the round trip, from any part of the provinces of Ontario and Quebec, and are still pend-ing, trying to get a still further reduction; and arrangements will likely be made by which any member, not a delegate, his family or friends, can avail themselves of the same reduced rate.

Yours fraternally, THOMAS KEYES. Grand Secretary.

St. Catharines, May 2, 1888. Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

Victoria Lodge, No. 13, of Fredericton, paid its last tribute of respect to their departed brother, Rev. J. E. Reud, on Monday morning last. The lodge, headed by the Fredericton Brass Band met the remains at the depot on the arrival of the early train from St. John and escorted them to the depot at St. Mary's, from whence a special train conveyed a large delegation from the lodge, and other friends to Keswick, where the remains were interred. At the regular meeting of the lodge, Wednesday evening, resolutions of regret were unanimously adopted, ordered to be engrossed in the minutes, printed in the city papers and a copy sent to the family of our late Brother

Free and Accepted Masons.

The Freemason, Toronto, referring to the issue by the Grand R. A. Chapter of Canada of dispensations and warrants for the formation of subordinate chapters in Melbourne, Australia, says it has stirred the bile of the Grand Chapter of England, which at its recent convocation acted on the has not more than half a dozen Catholic smart Alecks. I've got tired of it, and I've recommendation of the committee on genfamilies. Rev. Mr. Thompson, Methodist fitted him out to defend himself. As I've eral purposes, "that the grand chapter de-I'd kinder like to know how the old thing | eet that the eleven English chapters in that colony be informed of the same and ordered to hold no communication with these Canadian chapters, and to refuse admission to their members; further, that the resolution of the grand chapter be transmitted to the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Canada for

information. It is about time that England ceased to interfere in matters that do not belong to her. The old party forgets that her Masonic boys have outgrown her and are doing for themselves. These continual threats of spanking may be amusing for a time, but in the end they are apt to irritate. The old lady should stick to the homestead. It will take her all her time to keep it in order. In the meantime her far away boys are going right ahead, and although they will never forget her it is just as well that it should be understood that they are working for their

own living now. Independent Order of Good Templars. York District lodge will meet with Union lodge, of Upper Keswick, to-day. Grand

Chief Templar, W. Vaughan, and Grand Treasurer, Rev. Thos. Marshall, will be Peerless District Lodge, No. 6, I. O. G. T., held their quarterly session in Finch hall, Germain street, on the 24th. Twelve subordinate lodges were represented. The reports of the chief templar, secretary and treasurer were read, and showed the order to be in a healthy condition. Grand Chief Templar, Wm. Vaughan, was present and exemplified the unwritten work of the new ritual. A large amount of business was done, followed by speeches by the repre-

sentatives of the various subordinate lodges

and Grand Secretary Tufts. The lodge ad-

journed at 6 p. m., to finish their business

with City of Portland lodge, where the

grand chief was also present. Later in the

evening he visited No Surrender lodge, of Fairville, accompanied by several members from the east side of the water. On Tuesday last, Union District lodge convened at Long Branch, Bellisle, under the auspices of Cedar Grove lodge. The session was held in the new temperance hall, which is large and commodious; and the afternoon exercises consisted of reading reports and speeches. In the evening the building was filled to its utmost, when a public meeting was held. Mr. W. Schofield, D. C. T., occupied the chair, and earnest addresses were delivered by Messrs. John Law and Grand Secretary Tufts, of St. John; Mr. Fred Sproul and Mr. John Smith, of Hampton; and comic readings by Mr. Sproul. Miss Smith, of Smithtown, rendered some solos, accompanied by the organ, in fine style. Rev. Mr. Ganong is doing a great work in this

section of country, and the success of the new hall is mainly due to his exertions. Sons of Temperance. The answer to the congratulatory address presented to Sir Leonard Tilley by Richibucto division, S. of T., contained the fol-

The Order of the Sons of Temperance has done much towards bringing about the great changes in the social customs of the country since its introduc-tion into New Brunswick; but it has done more, it has created a kind and fraternal bond of brotherly union between thousands of our people, who in the advance of its organization would have known but little of each other, and possibly cared less. The address referred to is evidence of this.

My connection with the order has made me acquainted with some of the trhest and best friends I have ever had. We sympathized with each other in the good work we had in hand, and in helping others we have ourselves been strengthened in our fight against a common foe. I can truthfully say that in no work in which I have been engaged, during fifty years of my seventy, have I found more satisfaction than in saving my fellow man from man's greatest eventy.

In General.

"I don't believe in these secret societies," said one Austin lady to another. "That's very singular," replied the other; "your husband is a Forester, a Knight of Pythias and a Knight of Honor, and you will have at least \$10,000 when he dies." "But what good does all that do me," was the tearful response, "when he never dies?" and the poor creature burst into tears .- Texas Siftings.