

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1897.

## AMONG THE SOCIETIES.

### SOMETHING ABOUT THE PYTHIAN BROTHERHOOD.

Its Organization in This City and the men who Form the Bulwarks of the Association—The Different Lodges in St. John and Their Membership.

St. John has the distinction of being the first place outside of the United States where Pythian principles were established and the order has in the past few years increased and flourished in this city and province at an unprecedented rate. The Pythian order is a new and youthful craft compared with the hoary veterans of centuries of lore, the masons, and the odd-fellows, but prestige nowadays is not as it used to be associated necessarily with years and venerable locks but is the accompaniment as well of the swift flowing blood, the energy and constructive ability, and the resoluteness of youth.

The Pythian knighthood is the young man among the trio of great fraternal organizations and is to a great extent a young man's society. Its history goes back less than four decades, but considered from another point of view it goes back to the dim shades of antiquity. The two first knights were those two heroes of Grecian story Damon and Pythias, and everyone who is at all acquainted with the history of the Golden Age of Greece has heard the story of those noble youths. Damon, a Syracusean patriot, attempted to take the life of the tyrant Dionysius. The autocrat decreed his instant death but on the entreaty of the doomed man's friend Pythias he allowed him six hours to go and bid his wife and children good bye. Pythias consented to remain as surety for his friend's return and to die in his stead if he failed to come back. Then temptation assaulted the strong hold of duty in the hearts of the two. The bride of Pythias whom he had left at the altar came to him and besought him to fly. Damon's servant slew his horse that his master might not return to execution. But neither obeyed the tempter. The six hours passed and just as Pythias was being led to execution, Damon appeared dust-stained and breathless from long running. The tyrant was broken by this display of devotion, he pardoned Damon and became the third member of this brotherhood of love and devotion.

It is very fitting that this great order should have for its natal place that centre of American republicanism, Washington. The principles of the order originated with Past Supreme Chancellor J. H. Rithbone and on Feb. 19th, 1864, Washington Lodge, No. 1 was instituted with Friendship, Benevolence and Charity as the shibboleth of its aims and desires.

The lodge rapidly broadened its sphere of influence and lodges were planted right and left and as the number increased in a state grand lodge was formed and in a few years thousands were gathered into the warm arms of the brotherhood. The first grand lodge was that of the District of Columbia and in 1868 the order had grown so rapidly that it became necessary to organize the Supreme Lodge of the world which was done at Philadelphia in May of that year, five grand lodges being represented on the occasion.

With the organization now pretty well complete the work rapidly grew and in 1870 they invaded new ground outside the United States by the erection of New Brunswick Lodge, No. 1, in this city. The fathers of the order in this city are Messrs. John Beamish and James Moulson and the Knighthood was established here largely through the influence of Mr. George Nulty a Past Grand Chancellor of New York. On Sept. 29th, the Supreme Scribe received an application for a charter to establish a lodge in this city, the application bearing the names of twenty young men residents of the city. On Friday evening, Oct. 30th, Supreme Chancellor Read and Past Chancellor Schurz, of New York, organized the lodge which had a lusty birth sixty-three members being enrolled including many prominent citizens. The following were the officers installed.

W. J. McCordick, Venerable Patriarch, Thomas Walker, M. D., Chancellor, Andrew J. Stewart, Vice-Chancellor, David H. Waterbury, Recording Scribe, James Moulson, Financial Scribe, James Thompson, Banker, Fred Sandall, Guide, David A. Sinclair, Inner Steward, Samuel Armstrong, Outer Steward, Robert Parkin, editor of the "Warden and Monthly Masonic Record", was appointed Deputy Grand Chancellor.

The Dispensation under which this

Lodge was erected is an interesting document. It sets forth that "the supreme chancellor and officers of the Supreme Lodge of the world, Knights of Pythias, reposing especial trust and confidence in the following Knights,—James Moulson, John Beamish, Robert J. Melvin, Simon A. R. Nicoud, William Shaw, Samuel Tutts, William Quigley, Andrew Lawson, Thomas Walker, David H. Waterbury,—and their successors doth hereby grant this warrant of dispensation to institute a warranted lodge at St. John, New Brunswick, to be known as and to have emblazoned on their Armorial Escutcheon the title and name of New Brunswick Lodge, No. 1, U. D. Knights of Pythias, for the purpose of promulgating and practicing the three great chivalric principles of the Pythian Mystic Trio, F. C. B." The document further authorized and empowered the lodge to confer the initiatory rank of Page, the Armorial Rank of Esquire and the chivalric Rank of Knight. The Dispensation bears date of Oct. 28th, 1870, and is signed by S. S. Davis, Supreme Chancellor.

At this time the order had increased from three lodges with 78 members on Dec. 31st, 1864, to 700 lodges with 84,000 members on Dec. 31st, 1870. On Dec. 31st, 1895, there were 6,494 subordinate lodges with 464,539 members. The order had sent its tendrils into every state or nearly every state in the Union and also into the Maritime Provinces, Quebec, Ontario, Mexico, and the Hawaiian Islands. And, by the way it is interesting to note that the founder of one of the lodges in Quebec was a St. John knight, Past Grand Chancellor Powers who instituted a lodge in Montreal with a membership of 38.

The order had prospered sufficiently in St. John by March, 1874, to warrant the establishment of a new lodge and Union Lodge, No. 2, was formed. This lodge has outdone its elder sister for vigor and strength and the two lodges together are numerically and financially as strong as any two lodges of any of the orders represented in the city and the same applies to the sum total of fraternity and good fellowship that prevail therein.

The semi-annual reports for the term ended June 20th, 1897, show their strength to be as follows:

	MEMBERSHIP.	ASSETS.
New Brunswick.....	178	4,480.70
Union.....	106	5,340.04
	384	9,820.74

St. John has nearly a third of the membership of the whole jurisdiction of the grand lodge of the Maritime Provinces, that membership being 1273, and over 40 per cent of the total assets which are \$21,556.

Westmorland Lodge (Moncton) and Frontier Lodge (St. Stephen) were organized in 1875 and Cumberland Lodge (Springhill) in 1883.

In 1886 these five lodges determined to organize a grand lodge for the Maritime Provinces and on June 30th, of that year the organization took place in this city. Since then there have been three annual conventions held here in 1887, 1890 and 1893.

Five St. John Knights are entitled to the honorable position of Past Grand Chancellor of the Grand Lodge. These are Messrs. James Moulson, Col. John R. Armstrong, E. Allison Powers, J. Fenwick Fraser and Hedley V. Cooper.

The Grand Chancellors have been the following:

James Moulson, 1880-87.  
Murray Fleming, 1888.  
W. C. H. Grimmer, 1889.  
E. Allison Powers, 1890.  
J. F. Fraser, 1891.  
F. L. Peers, 1892.  
Jas. D. Fowler, 1893.  
W. B. Nicholson, 1894.  
H. V. Cooper, 1895.  
J. M. Deacon, 1896-97.

Among St. John knights who are on the roster of officers of the grand lodge are Messrs. F. A. Godsoe, John Beamish Major A. J. Armstrong, A. W. Adams, H. L. Cole, Frank Fales, Le Baron Wilson, F. S. Merritt and W. S. Vaughan. Dr. Frank A. Godsoe has been grand vice-chancellor two years and was nominated for the position of grand chancellor at last session of grand lodge against Mr. J. M. Deacon, the successful candidate.

The standard bearer of the order in this jurisdiction, however, is Mr. James Moulson, the only one outside the United States

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who has held office in the Supreme Lodge of the world. He was deputy supreme chancellor at the organization of the grand lodge in 1886, was grand chancellor for two terms and Supreme Representative to the biennial sessions of the Supreme Lodge. He also served as Supreme Inner Guard of the Supreme Lodge, and at the last convention at Cleveland, Ohio, in August, 1896, he was promoted to Supreme Master-at-Arms.

There is another branch of the order which meets in their palatial rooms where Royal dignity pervades the whole spacious and finely furnished apartment in which their deliberations are held. This is the military order of the Uniform Rank and for excellence of drill and elegance of equipment the Knights of Pythias excel. On March 31st, 1896 the Uniform Rank numbered 1174 divisions and 44,960 members.

Ten years ago the banner of the military rank was unfurled in St. John and the parchment which constituted Victoria Division No. 1 bears date of May 23d, 1887. The applicants for the instrument were Messrs. John A. Ewing, Charles Nevins, Thomas A. Vaughan, Walter S. Vaughan, Jacob S. Brown, E. Allison Powers and James A. Ewing and it was granted by Howard Douglas, Supreme Chancellor.

Cygnets Division, No. 5, was created by powers granted on July 3d, 1891, by George B. Shaw, Supreme Chancellor, to Hedley V. Cooper, J. Fred Sullivan, James Duffell, Robt. L. Sime, Le Baron Wilson, John Russell, jr., and Robt. O'Staughnessy.

Beside the two St. John Divisions or Companies there are five others,—Moulson No. 2, of Moncton; Fleming, No. 3, of Springhill; Frontier, No. 4, of St. Stephen; Fowler, No. 6, of Fredericton; and Wilfred, No. 7, of Woodstock. Within recent years these companies formed a regiment for the Maritime Provinces of which Mr. Hedley V. Cooper is Lieutenant Colonel.

No sketch of the order in this city would be complete without a brief reference to their chief annual occasion, Decoration Day, when they pay their tribute to the memory of departed Knights by decorating their graves with a wealth of flowers donated by the Knights and their friends. The brethren of the order are remembered not only in life but also in death.

### THE DAY OF THE CLIPPER PAST.

So the Stunsail has Disappeared for Good From Most American Ships.

"Stunsails out of fashion!" said the Old Skipper, as he puffed vigorously at his old clay pipe, which has been around the Horn almost as many times as its owner. "Well, they may be; but it is because financial economy has abolished them on American ships. However, as an old shipmate of mine, who is a bit of a crank, and left this port the other day, still carries a topmast stunsail. It may be for sentimental reasons just as a Confederate veteran might display the flag under which he went to battle. But stunsails are just as practical to-day as ever.

"Studding sail," you say? Oh, yes; studding sail may be literally correct, but Jack says 'stunsail.' His objects to mousting particples and words with long endings. He wants brevity all the time, in everything, perhaps, accept rum. The corruption of language by sailors is proverbial. Stunsail may be a corruption of studding sail; but studding sail itself is a corruption of steadying sail, or steering sail, which, in my opinion, was the original term. The stunsail, although used only in moderate weather, was a driving sail. Our yachts carry stunsails to-day in the form of the immense side sail that is called the spinnaker.

It costs to fit a ship with a suit of stunsails. Their use means extra labor for the crew, or a larger crew, and their storage takes valuable cargo room. This means expense for the ship, which her earnings in these days of railroads and ocean tramps do not warrant. The cargoes that sailing vessels carry to-day do not demand quick transportation, with its high freight rates. The modern sailing ship is little better than a floating warehouse. It is not driven; spars and canvas are pressed as they were before the advent of the steamship. Sailing a ship to make a short passage is one of the lost arts. There is no demand for auxiliary canvas such as stunsails. The Yankee clipper is out of it—defunct.

Away back in the middle of the century

the Stars and Stripes floated over ships that were really clippers, below and aloft. In competition with one another and with foreign craft our clippers carried valuable cargoes—tea from China, coffee from Rio and fancy merchandise to San Francisco. The steamships do the tea and coffee carrying now. It was not in those days a go-as-you-please run. The clippers were under orders to get there to catch the top of a market. Hours saved on their voyages, long though they were, meant many dollars for all concerned. Ships were driven then with canvas that fairly smothered them in fair weather and foul, and Yankee seamanship, with its characteristic judgement and nerve, was recognized and rewarded.

But all this is merely a memory now. I can fancy the clipper of the fifties coming head-on, rising against the clear sky of the lower latitudes, her sails mounting above the blue horizon, tier upon tier—skyscrapers moonrakers, cloudcleaners—a snow-white pyramid, an angel's footstool, as Jack says. Did they carry stunsails? Aye, up to the royal yards!

### NOT IN FICTION BUT IN REAL LIFE.

The Story of a Daughter's Devotion and a Lover's Faithfulness.

Twenty-five years ago there was a romance at Maysville—a love story in which there was nothing out of the ordinary. It was like hundreds of others, and there did not then appear to be a possibility that it would become remarkable. It became known there that two young people, who will be called John Smith and Mary Jones, were engaged to be married. John Smith had been paying attentions to the young lady about two years, and the announcement of their engagement did not cause any surprise.

The wedding day was set, and nearly all the preparations had been made, when the mother of the bride-to-be became ill. On account of her illness the marriage had to be postponed. In a short time it became apparent that her mind was impaired, and still a little later the terrible truth forced itself on the minds of her friends—the mother of Mary Jones was insane. Arrangements were made to send her to the asylum, and it was then that her daughter raised objections. She would not have her mother sent to the asylum at all, and declared that she would devote her life to taking care of her.

When she made that vow Mary Jones was 18 years old, a bright, intelligent young woman, handsome and talented. In addition to that, she was engaged to be married to one of the best young men in the country—a young man of wealth and refinement, to whom she had made a solemn promise. Her father owned a large tract of land and a fine house. He was amply able to employ a nurse for the demented woman as long as she might live, and to his mind there was no reason why his daughter should not marry after a reasonable length of time.

There was a reason, however—the strong sense of duty the daughter had and her resolve that she would never leave her mother while she lived. She triumphed over the arguments of her friends, and settled down to a life in which there appeared to be little hope, except the reward for filial duty. She put aside all thoughts of the life she had contemplated, and from that day she has been her mother's loving and devoted attendant. The mother's mind is a total wreck. She is not violent, but her mind is gone, and she must have constant care and attention. Twenty-five years have passed since she became demented, and during that time her daughter has not been away from her a single day.

Twenty-five years ago John Smith used to call every Sunday night at the home of Mary Jones. They sat on the cool front porch during the summer, and by the

fireside in winter. Then they planned their future—the happy life they were to live after they were married.

John Smith still makes the Sunday night visits as regularly as in the olden times. If he should miss one Sunday night it would be understood at once that he was ill, or that some other good and sufficient cause had prevented him from being there on time. His hair is gray, and there are wrinkles in his face. The girl he expected to claim as his bride is an old maid now, and her once bright eyes are beginning to lose the lustre of youth, but she is still firm in her determination to remain with her mother as long as her mother lives. The engagement has never been broken. The young man said he would wait until her task at home was over, and he has waited. The years seem long to him, but he is true. If he ever grows impatient, the patient face of the woman whose devotion is more than remarkable is enough to make him ashamed of his impatience. It is said to his credit that he has never made the slightest effort to persuade the daughter to leave her mother.

Stories like this are often told in books, but this is one in real life.

### TOLD BY AN OLD CIRCUS MAN.

The Circumstances Attending the Loss of a Large Anaconda.

"We lost a big anaconda once," said the old circus man, in the most singular manner you ever heard of; you couldn't guess how it you should guess for forty years.

"This was at the time when we had the great eighteen foot giraffe that I've told you about, and, by a very singular coincidence, this anaconda was just the same length—just eighteen feet long. It got out of its cage one day, how nobody ever knew, and strolled over to where the giraffe was lying, outside the big tent, asleep on the ground. What under the canopy could have possessed the anaconda to collar the giraffe I don't know, unless it was the first living thing it came across; but it began coiling itself around the giraffe's head; it had taken about two turns, I guess, when the giraffe woke up. 'Frightened? Well, now! The show was going on—just started for the afternoon performance. The clown was walking around the ring cracking his whip when in rushed the giraffe, swaying his long neck and cracking his whip, the lash made of fifteen feet of anaconda, which the giraffe slashed around in the air and slatted up against the canvas roof and slammed down on the ground, jumping around itself mad, I'd been in the show business some time, but I'd never seen anything like that.

"The people didn't know what to make of it first; they kind of thought it was part of the show, though they acted as though they thought it was a pretty scary part; but in about five seconds they realized what it was, and then they thought they'd had their money's worth, and they wanted to go; and they did go, dropping down from the backs of the seats, and down through the seats, and getting out any way they could; and leaving the big giraffe there rattling with the anaconda and thrashing it around and slating it down, and making every effort to shake it off, but without any effect.

"Then's where the old man come in, as he always did in any real emergency. He was walking around the ring, now back of the giraffe and alongside of him, and keeping as close to him as he could and waiting for a chance. Presently the giraffe slashing the great snake around in the air in all directions, doubled it around the centre pole. It just happened so, but that was the old man's chance. When the anaconda's tail swung around he seized it, and fourteen other men tallied on in less than that number of seconds. A canvasman came out with an axe.

"Chop!" says the old man, and one blow on the bend of the big serpent where he went around the centre pole was enough. And that's the way we lost the big anaconda; but as compared with giraffe anacondas were cheap; and we were glad to get out of it as well as we did."

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come nearer being true, than in the case of a severe cough. Do you know the feeling? The tickling in the throat, that you writhe under and fight against, until at last you break out in a paroxysm of coughing? Why not cure the cough and enjoy unbroken rest? You can do so by using

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### Ticklish Things.

Coughs are ticklish things. Nowhere does the extravagant saying: "I was tickled to death," come nearer being true, than in the case of a severe cough. Do you know the feeling? The tickling in the throat, that you writhe under and fight against, until at last you break out in a paroxysm of coughing? Why not cure the cough and enjoy unbroken rest? You can do so by using

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