

Local.

We are in receipt of a copy of the proceedings of the Third Biennial Assembly of the Uniform Rank, K. of P., held at Springfield, Ill., May 29d, 1899, giving a full account of business transacted, and the general standing of this important branch of the Order.

Goldstream Lodge, No. 18, renews its subscription to the "True Knight" for the coming year and favors us with an increase on the number of subscribers. Thanks to the good brothers of Vernon. We hope to receive many such assurances of confidence and support from the different lodges throughout the Grand Domain.

Complaints have reached us in an indirect way that some of our subscribers do not receive their papers regularly. If the good brother who fails to receive his paper, will promptly notify our Secretary, Bro. J. E. Evans, and give his correct mailing address, we will be pleased to use every effort to see that the paper reaches him regularly.

Bro. Campbell, Prelate of Gold Range Lodge, No. 25, Revelstoke, paid the City lodges a visit this month. We were sorry that the brother did not find us earlier on his visit here. We expect when he returns to his lodge, he will not forget to put in a good word for the "True Knight." It's a good thing, Bro. Campbell; push it along.

We are in receipt of a copy of the proceedings of the Twenty-Eighth Annual Convention of the Grand Lodge of Wisconsin, kindly forwarded to us by G. K. of R. S. & S. Bro. Frank Barry. The volume is handsomely bound and replete with excellent photos of Grand Lodge officers and prominent members of the Order, notably that of Bro. Ogden H. Fethers, the Supreme Vice-Chancellor.

The officers of Rathbone, No. 7, Crusader, No. 19, and Granville, No. 3, were installed by Grand Chancellor W. D. Mearns at the first regular meeting of each lodge, for the present term. The work was done in a manner that could not fail to impress the members with the fact that, without the use of book or ritual, our work can be better performed. At Granville Lodge Convention the visitors and members were royally entertained. Cigars, ice-cream and other refreshments, in abundance, were provided. A splendid example was given to the other lodges by our pioneer lodge, and we trust many of these pleasant gatherings may follow.

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WHERE HE WOULD BE A SUCCESS.

"We are all qualified for some occupation," said the thoughtful man. "The trouble is we don't always know what it is, and so we make the wrong selection. Now, there is Brown, the dumb man. He always is complaining that he is handicapped by his affliction, whereas it would insure him success if he only knew enough to take up the right line of business."

"What would you call the right line for him?"

"The tonsorial line, of course."—Chicago Post.

LODGE CARDS.

The Committee in charge of "The True Knight" have decided to reduce the price of Lodge Cards-Advertisements to \$1.00 per annum, payable quarterly in advance. At this figure, we trust that every lodge in this Grand Domain will see to it that their lodge card appears in our advertising columns.

THE LODGE KICKER.

The following is a reproduction of a paper submitted by Supreme Representative John C. Burns, to a recent "District Meeting" in Ohio; it's in his best vein, and that means it's good, spicy and well worth reading:

Although Eve ate the rambó, became knowledgeable, and thus unwittingly the dear old lady compelled the old man and all his boys and some of the girls to hunt a job, she was not a marker for making trouble alongside of the individual whose name marks the title-page of this paper.

The early indiscretion of our maternal progenitor we have pardoned long ago, because it was her first taste of the fleshy pome of the Pylus malus, and she really ought not to have been blamed, for it was a sweet sin, continuously and anxiously committed since the day when Adam turned his first furrow in the garden.

Yet, after diligent search and faithful pursuit I am unable to discover any extenuating circumstance that will in the slightest measure excuse or forgive the existence of this "cantankerous cuss;" he is sui-generis, persona non grata everywhere, and in the language of Chimmie Fadden, "no good."

Have you ever seen him? Have you his name on your roster?—or rather is there a roster that does not contain the name of this universally Unpopular?

Let me describe him to you in a few of his most prominent characteristics. The boys call him a "knocker," the Snarler of the Exchequer, the Lodge toothache and other endearing names of affectionate regard.

Himself: He is the Pythian arbiter, the round-shouldered Atlas bearing the Pythian world, the Pythian push-button, Master of the Work (in fact the works), occupying his leisure wondering who Rathbone was and whoever made God, and yet we know him as the Lodge kicker, and I will spend no further time as a lexicographer in explanation of this most comprehensive appellation, for I take it you all recognize the individual who believes confidently that the Pythian world would not move did he not turn the crank.

He is not a myth, the figment of a disordered brain, neither is he like the "milk sickness," always in the next county, but is the very weed itself, growing rank in every Pythian pasture, ready to inoculate with poison the milk of human kindness.

This Brother Smallsoul is, usually and in most instances, one who lacks the attributes of fraternity, possessing instead those traits of character in which envy, jealousy, malice and