

"And it has made you see already how much you care," cried Marion. "Oh, Mr. Street, go back to her and make her happy. No one shall ever know of this but ourselves. You will? Promise me you will."

He rose and held out his hand.

"I will. Good-by." And he was gone.

Later, when Marion had gone upstairs, there came a soft knock at her door, and Isabel entered.

"Aren't you early, dear?"

"Yes—I had a headache," Isabel threw aside her long coat and came over to Marion. She was lovely as she stood there in her white gown, her face pale and her eyes strangely bright. Suddenly she said:

"Marion, was Dick Street here to-night?"

"Yes," said Marion gently.

Isabel's mouth quivered, and she half turned away. Then, throwing herself on her knees beside her cousin, she burst into a passion of tears.

"Oh, Marion, I can't stand it any longer! I love him so! I think my heart is breaking!" She let her head be drawn down on Marion's shoulder and went on between her sobs. "I have always envied you, Marion. When we were little girls on your farm you always outdid me in everything. Once when we played follow-the-leader and you walked out on a narrow little board across the ravine and I could not follow you. And, oh! I was so jealous! And now you have come to visit me and you have walked straight into the heart of the man I love and again I cannot follow!"

"You are mistaken, dear," said Marion's rich voice. "Mr. Street is not in love with me, any more than I am in love with him. I will tell you two secrets for your one. First, Mr. Street loves you. He told me so to-night," and Marion smiled into the wet eyes raised to her.

"Is that the truth, Marion?"

"It is as true as your own heart, Isabel."

"And the other secret?"

"I am going to be married in the spring to Lieutenant Manners. I have known him all my life."

Isabel's arms were around Marion's neck and in one long close embrace their love and confidence was restored, never again to be broken. —Chicago "Daily News."

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FROM "AWAY DOWN EAST."

To the Editor of the "True Knight."

Dear Sir and Brother: I duly received the December and January numbers of the "True Knight," which were mailed by Bro. Evans to Robson, and forwarded to me here. The original copies sent me have never shown up.

No doubt, it will surprise a good many of our readers to find I am "away down East," as very few of them were aware of my intention to come here; in fact I did not make up my mind to take the trip until two days before starting, and so had no opportunity to notify many of my friends.

I have been here now since January 24th, having left Nelson on January 19th. I had a very pleasant journey across the Continent, coming

by way of the Crow's Nest Pass, Medicine Hat and North Bay. From Nelson to Moose Jaw the weather seemed to denote early Summer. The sun shone brightly and warm, and no snow was to be seen upon the vast rolling prairies. Quite frequently a herd of cattle and horses were seen, and all appeared healthy and fat. Travelling across this Continent one cannot help feeling proud of this Canada of ours, and it is difficult to realise the vastness of our possessions and resources.

At Winnipeg we encountered bitter cold weather, and from that place eastward one felt more cozy in the warm cars than outside.

This place is about 32 miles east of Ottawa, on the Ottawa Short Line, and is now peopled chiefly by a prosperous class of French-Canadians. When I lived here, years ago, there were a large number of English speaking people, but they all seem to be moving away. An uncle of mine was one of the first settlers in the place, and cleared a large part of the land that now forms the village. He died 13 years ago, but part of the old house he built 40 years ago still remains.

I am going to Ottawa in a few days and hope to visit the K. of P. Lodge there. I shall leave for Robson about March 1st, and shall, I expect, be able, after my arrival, to keep you informed of the doings of the Order in general in that vicinity.

I may add that I have, of course, now seen my daughter, and I'll back her against all comers for beauty, weight and lung power. My wife, parents and sisters (who had not seen me for ten years) are all well, and it is better imagined than told what my reception was like.

British Columbia, however, is the place, and I shall, later on, try and induce my parents to make their home in that glorious Province.

Yours in F. C. & B.,

WALTER J. SPAUL.

Plantagenet, Ontario, February 13th, 1900.

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DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

Bro. D. W. Boger, Editor of the "Pythian Period," contributes the following able article in his January issue: The story of Damon and Pythias should be taught, not only to the initiate, but to the children around the hearthstone. History, sacred nor profane, contains no account of grander or more sublime heroism displayed by man.

When Damon was under arrest by order of Dionysius, the King, for supposed treasonable utterances, and asked for a respite, Pythias made a plea for his friend and offered himself as a hostage. Well did Pythias know the gravity of the offense with which Damon was charged, and that as a hostage he would be thrust into the dungeon and bound with chains. And more, he knew that if by any circumstance should Damon fail to return by the appointed hour, the ignominious death at the headsman's hands would be his fate. But not an instant did he waver or falter in his purpose, but on bended knees he begged of his King the boon of serving his friend.