

five minutes on his breast without being able to speak a word in the relief of finding him alive.

The letter which he had received, and which she was supposed to have written, she had never heard of except through his reproaches. It was a forgery, no doubt, concocted by some spiteful acquaintance of his or hers to ruin their happiness. She loved him with her whole heart and soul, she sobbed, and could never dream of giving him up.

It seemed to poor Ralph Gardon, who loved her more than his life, that the gates of Paradise had opened. To find that all the mental agony through which he had passed had been without cause or basis made him feel the happiest man in the world.

It was actually not until he clasped his sweetheart in his arms, with every doubt and suspicion removed, that the consequent pressure of the bomb against his flesh reminded him how in a few more minutes at most it would blow him to atoms.

This story was told me as true by a friend of mine, who knew the interest I take in the subject of suicide. He stopped when he had reached the point in his narrative as if it was concluded.

"And were they both killed?" I asked, with interest.

"Oh, no! they were married shortly afterward. Gardon gave up trying to invent from that night, and became pretty successful when he found his real forte—tale writing."

"But the bomb?" I asked. I was not interested in the man's subsequent career. My friend pretended to look surprised.

"My dear fellow, you don't think a machine could possibly work when Ralph Gardon had invented and made it!"

GOOD OF THE ORDER.

No lodge is free from the brother who "cannot talk"—who shuts up like a clam when "Good of the Order" is announced; he is much in evidence in every Castle Hall and no amount of prodding seems to convince him that he has a duty to perform.

It is not to be expected that all brothers are gifted in equal degree in the matter of readily and happily expressing their thoughts in public; but no man who is in earnest, impressed with the subject in hand and its vital importance, can fail to drop some words of wisdom and cheer. He may not possess the command of language and eloquence of another brother; he may halt and even stumble; but he will be understood and appreciated. The thrush swings gaily upon the hedge twig, basking in the glorious sunlight of a summer morning, and joyously pours out its soul in a flood of melody entrancing and divine. The bluebird peers from lofty perches and peeps its shrill response. Each expresses its delight in living and its love for Nature, and while one carols gaily and the other can but twitter, the message is the same.

"I have nothing to say." You should have—and say it. Were you engaged in a business deal would you have "nothing to say?" Get equally interested in your lodge work and you'll talk, never fear, when occasion demands. You may not be a thrush, but the bluebird's notes are equally sweet even if not poured forth in torrents of melody, and it never hesitates because of the proximity of songbirds. Each must do his part.—The Pythian "Triangle."

There is talk among the Eastern lodges of seceding from the United States and forming a Canadian Order of Knights of Pythias. Such a proceeding has been carried out successfully by other orders in Canada, and what others have done, we can do. What say you?

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