

THE OBLIGATION.

What is the object of the obligation administered by every order at its altar? Is it meaningless, is it simply a "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal," or does it represent the true desire or inclinations of an unspoken sentiment? Is it not a pledge of honor, fraternity, of a higher manhood? Is it not a sacred promise to love, honor and respect your neighbor as yourself? It means if we mistake not, the betterment of the obligated, by educating them to control their evil passions, to keep their "tongues from evil lying or slandering" and to "live in love and charity with all mankind." The obligation of a fraternal order, is no less binding than that in a court of equity and law. If at any time a frater so far forgets himself, or herself, as to let that "unruly member," or angry temper to get the better of their sober qualities they should hasten in their calmer moments to correct the wrong done, to heal the wounds created, and to wipe out all animosities engendered. It is "human to err, to forgive is divine." He who forgives will be forgiven. Let us, then, cultivate the purer and better qualities of our nature, and show our fraternal charity by our deeds of generosity and fraternal forbearance.—"Oregon Frater."

HOT FRANKFORTER.

If you go down in Kentucky,
Where they say that she was bred,
You are lucky, mighty,
If you come back with your head.

IN NEWSBOYS' ALLEY.

"You's de inside of a bunghole!" yelled Jimmy.
"You's de centre of a cruller!" retorted Micky.

NO DAMAGE.

"Did our long-range gun do much damage?" inquired the British prisoner.
"No," responded the Boer guard, "we were not hit by a long shot."

BOSTON STYLE.

"When concealed under a bed," said the interviewing reporter, "I suppose the act of coughing offer gave you away?"
"No, I could suppress a coughing," responded the Boston burglar, "but sternutation often sounded the alarm."

ONE MAN'S IDEA.

The Maid—"What, in your estimation, is the first step toward universal peace?"
The Bachelor—"The abolishment of matrimony."

WHERE THE TWIST COMES.

"Faith," mused the janitor philosopher, "it's th' poor devil in unyform that is put on th' colion's tail to fale th' twists. Th' coronet crowd gits safe up near th' hid."
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MERELY A SUGGESTION.

Husband—"What's the matter with the biscuits this morning?"

Wife—"It's the fault of the yeast. It failed to make the rise."

Husband—"Why don't you use an alarm clock?"

HUMAN NATURE.

Some folks take things as they come,
But 'tis a fact you know,
That pickpocke's and shoplifters
Take things as they go.

PROGRESSIVE.

"So this is a one-horse town," said the drummer, who had succeeded in raising the car window.

"Yes, but not so loud," responded the hat drummer. "Those words might lose me a sale. I jolly the natives along by alluding to their village as an automobile town."

INSIDE INFORMATION.

The Goat—"About 10 to-night the girl in the house opposite will elope with the milkman."

The Bulldog—"How do you know all this?"

The Goat—"Well, since I swallowed his note I have inside information."

From 27 to 30 years of age, both inclusive, a member of the Order of Knights of Pythias may secure protection for his wife and children after his death, for the small sum of \$1.70 per month, on a certificate of \$2,000; or \$2.55 per month, for a certificate of \$3,000. But, should his means not permit his obtaining larger amounts, he can secure a certificate of \$1,000, upon payment of 80 cents per month.

Wm. Ralph...

Dealer in.....

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All Correspondence carefully attended to.

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