

THE HEARTS OF MEN.

(Continued.)

This accident seemed to startle us all into a new life—to heal up all previous differences, to draw us all together, creating as it did the "esprit de corps" which up to this time had been missing.

Jim Standish, alias the "Bear," from this date came out in his true colors, realizing as he did he owed his life to poor Hugh, yes, poor Hugh; 'twas many a long, dreary day before he again took his place in our midst. It was the closest call he ever had. Poor chap, his right arm was broken in two places (if that is what you call a compound fracture). The greatest injury was to his head, and, as the doctor said, that wound meant death if not very carefully tended. Well I remember the weary nights we spent watching by his bedside, and both Jim and I learned from the ravings of delirium, the true inwardness of as fine a character as it falls to man's lot now-a-days to know. The one night above all others that occurs to me, is one when Jim and I were jointly doing all in our power to pull our friend through the crisis that always obtains in such cases as these, the time which decides which way the balance falls—whether to life or death. Hugh seemed, in his delirium, to imagine himself conversing with somebody, arguing with him in fact, and we could just catch snatches of what he said: "You would treat him so; well I would not. I know I have not any use for him, I hate him, he's mean, despicable, and yet I must treat him better than I would my best friend, enemy though he be, snake in the grass though he assuredly is; still I cannot imagine a prouder moment than the one for which I now look, when I shall have won my enemy for my friend—good must and can overcome evil." Jim wondered of whom Hugh spoke—for I at least knew all at once as if by intuition—'twas a conversation Hugh and I had had about Jim Standish, who was now hearing such strange talk about himself. "Yes, old fellow, you think me a fool, a crank, and yet I would give my life to win that man's love, and why—because I can see in him the possibility of a grand and beautiful life; yes, Dick Albright, believe me or not, the time will come and bring its opportunity; I have that presentiment," and poor Hugh became so ex-

cited we had more than ordinary difficulty in once more quieting him, and when at last he lay panting for breath we both thought the end was near, so weak had he grown, and right glad were we at the arrival of the doctor, who at last managed to soothe our friend and make him sleep, a strange power that some sympathetic natures have.

Jim and I adjourned to the adjoining room, which opened on to the one where Hugh lay sick in bed, both of us longing each one to straighten out certain matters—I to explain and Jim to question. That delirium had given a clue to the personality of Hugh's remembered conversation with me—he had mentioned my name.

"Well, Dick, Hugh meant me, did he not?" And without waiting for me to answer he continued: "Did he really hate me so much as that? I know I was mean and cussed. But I was mad. I know better now. Don't you think you could give the other side of Hugh's conversation with you anent me; don't be scared to speak out; you cannot be harder on me than I on myself." And so in low tones I told him all, deeming it best, seeing how all seemed to be guided by a higher hand than mine. Poor Jim, he was greatly moved, and with a sigh akin to a sob he said: "I did not know, I did not mean it all; Hugh, Hugh, I have wronged you; I must make amends; your presentiment was prophetic, and I only hope your high thoughts of me may prove correct; effort on my part shall not be wanting."

As Doctor Mason told us before leaving, on awaking, Hugh was conscious, and I was glad I was alone with him—Jim's presence would only have excited him.

(To be continued.)

PERSONELS.

Bro. A. C. Clements, of Nelson Lodge, No. 25, paid a visit to the office of the "True Knight," recently. Bro. Clements has not been in Vancouver since the great fire of 1886, and in his jovial way says Vancouver is all right.

Bro. D. D. Griffith, G. I. G., of Wellington Lodge, No. 2, and Bro. R. Rivers, of Nanaimo Lodge, No. 4, paid Vancouver a visit during last month.

S. R., Bro. James Crossan, of Nanaimo Lodge, No. 4, paid Vancouver a flying visit the other day.

SPRING HATS

We are showing all the new shapes in Fedora and Stiff Hats this season in slate, fawn, brown and black, also a large range of light weight straw goods with fancy bands. Linnen hats will be greatly worn this summer. We have a great variety to select from.

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