

hand. Do you become rich, powerful, wise; do you begin to rejoice therein, and death steps in and God demands your soul—what then? Only this, you have written yourself down fool! You whom men called smart, business-like, energetic, exchanged a life for—trash. Just think of it. Man whom God made a little lower than the angels!

Yours in F. C. & B.,
ROBERT BROOKE.

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GOOD DEEDS AND ACTS.

What good does our Order do? What acts of kindness do our members perform? Oh, I have seen many. I have seen brothers in this domain from the far West, who have come here to secure positions in the government departments, who have failed in their object, grown sick, destitute and penniless, lying on that bed of sickness, waiting for God to take their souls, their tired souls to Christ. What have we done through our sick committee, consisting of five or six strong hearty men? Destitute brothers are removed to more comfortable quarters, physicians are at once sent for, and the five brothers take turns in watching day and night until our brother, a stranger to us, is brought back to life and happiness. His expenses are paid, letters written to loved ones, and the care and attention of a mother are given to him. For what? Because of the teachings of our Order; because of love to mankind. This is Pythianism.

I have seen another case, in which on the cruel railroad, the giant steam engine knocked down and ran over a man. He was picked up piece by piece, and that emblem of morality—that watch charm, with F. C. and B., was found attached to his chain. In consequence the Knights of Pythias were called by one of their members. Piece by piece this precious human being was cared for, and he was given an honorable burial in a lot purchased by the Pythians. He was not buried in the potter's field. He was a tramp, homeless, and wandering about the country. Oh! this is Pythianism. Even the humblest are cared for. When prosperity shines upon our banner, we salute, we protect and honor it. We are his friends also when adversity sits heavily upon his brow, we are indeed at this time his friends still. We have no deserters. In whatever condition, when

once our friendship is given, our brother and his family are ours. We protect, defend and serve them as best we can. When a brother is lying ill at home, expecting the Angel of Death to alight and call him to his last resting place. Our place is at his bedside, to give him succor and comfort; to talk to him of morality, of Christianity, of Christ, of God, and his beautiful home, where he is going when death shall release him from his suffering. After death our duty is to comfort and protect his loved ones, his widow, to follow him to the grave, to say the last prayer, put the last flower and a spray of evergreen upon his tomb, and honor him dead whom we honored living. Our care does not cease then; we come to the financial aid of the widow. We pay his funeral expenses; we take the care of her upon our shoulders until she is able to do so herself.

What can the future be for an organisation founded upon such noble principles, such high and moral rules, formed in an atmosphere, living in an atmosphere, and continuing in an atmosphere of morality and Christianity. God cannot help but bless it, increase it and augment it into millions. God be praised that we have such an Order. We humbly give him our thanks for having suggested to "Our Founder," Rathbone, the beautiful principles of our Order. We thank him for the inspiration, for the divine origin of our Order.—"Pythian World."

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Grand Chancellor Brown, of Texas, in his report to the Grand Lodge, gives the reasons for suspensions for n. p. d. and the remedy in "a nutshell." He says:

"It is difficult to assign the cause of so many suspensions for non-payment of dues. In fact, I do not believe suspensions result from any one cause, but from a variety of causes. Carelessness in the use of the black ball, and in the material which we allow to gain admission into the Order, misfortunes in business, depression in the financial world, inefficient officers in the subordinate lodges, and especially an incompetent Master of Finance, the failure to make the lodge meetings attractive, combined with indifferent ritualistic work, a neglect to cultivate the social amenities of the Order, inattention to the sick, and the omission to practically exemplify the teachings of Pythianism, all combine to cause a lack of interest in the subordinate lodge and result in members being

BOB. JOHNSON ❖

Aquatic
Cigar Store

Hastings St., Vancouver

Bob Johnson, Vancouver's hero of the scull and Clasper, believes in keeping in training, even through this dismal weather, when oar and shell must be carefully packed away. His friends may drop in at any time of day, at his "Aquatic Cigar Store" (happy name), on Hastings street, and he can supply them with cigars of the choicest, seasoned with an exciting episode or two on the shifting arena where he has made his name. Cigars and yarns are not the only things he keeps in stock, either, for the lover of the meerschau and briar and the devotee of the dainty cigarette may worship their divinities at ease, in every design and brand, the while cosily lolling in the cheerful little reading room at the back of the store. All his friends should pay Bob a visit, and those who aren't his friends yet should hasten to become so.