

The True Knight of British Columbia.

"The true Knight does no Man wrong."

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Address all communications to P. O. Box 313.
J. E. EVANS,

Secretary,
Vancouver, B. C.

G. R. MAXWELL,
Editor.

VANCOUVER, OCTOBER, 1899.

A CALAMITY TO THE ORDER.

We cannot too sincerely deplore the illness that has laid our esteemed Editor, Rev. G. R. Maxwell, M. P., hors de combat, at least temporarily. That it may prove temporary only, in spite of its present serious aspect, is the heartfelt wish of all the knights. Bro. Maxwell's ready pen will be missed no less in the pages of the "True Knight," than is his kindly presence in Castle Hall and Lodge Room.

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PEACE AND PYTHIANISM.

Amid the ominous muttering of lowering war-clouds, the blare of the battle-cry and the strident declamation of the demagogue and anarchist, 'tis hard indeed for the still small voice of Peace to uplift its message above the din of nations. The North screams defiance to the South and the South takes up the threat with

speed; the Occident and Orient join in the pandemonium of discord, and throughout the Old World and the New the dogs of war cry havoc. The Powers Great and Lesser, would seem to yearn for naught but battle, and civil strife lies a lurid shadow across the blackened hearth and blighted roof-tree.

Such is the tableau on the world's stage to-day. Scarce has the New Nation to the south ceased dictating terms to the riven pride of Old Castile, and while even yet the spoils of war, Cuba and the Philippines, are dragged reluctant to the victor's chariot wheels, when the dripping sword is again dragged from its useless sheath, and from London to the Cape its shadow darkens all the way. At this very hour the word may go forth from leaguered Pretoria, which, vain and suicidal, will read destruction to the childish arrogance of the veldt, and absorption to annihilation in the maw of the Lion. Happy they, if the great Nation they so long have dared to irk with petty annoyances, finds it enough to gently shake them in their impotence and drop them in their place. They will have learned the lesson that the strong and weak must teach each other.

That the great Trinity, Friendship, Charity and Benevolence, will succeed even at the twelfth hour, in stemming the torrent of hatred and strife is hardly to be hoped. When we review but the incidents of the past year, it is forcibly borne in on us that these three have as yet small part in the councils of nations. At The Hague men hoped that the olive-branch held out by the all too feeble hand of the Great White Tsar, would blossom and bear fruit, and stretch its kindly branches into all lands. But the Millennium is not yet. Even with the text of Universal Peace irradiating that Board of Councillors, the apple of discord found its insidious way to the heart of the conclave, and the meeting broke up with nothing accomplished but a hollow pact, which subsequent events and present happenings have proved Dead Sea fruit indeed. That on the very morrow of these futile deliberations, the world, hardened and cynical as it is, should have been shocked to its foundations by the horrors of the tragedy of Rennes, suffices to prove that the time was not ripe. That in the Nineteenth Century; staged in a land whose boast is civilization, whose heritage is honor, so foul a drama as "L'Affaire Dreyfus," should be played out in all its hideous effrontery of Inquisitorial torture and incredible disregard of fame and name, is more than enough to stagger the watching millions of both hemispheres. That blot must be wiped from the ex-cutcheon of the nation that perpetrated it and the world that countenanced it, before it can be said that Truth and Charity find a place in the hearts of men. Their reinstatement will lie with