

"By deeds, not words, the souls of men are taught.

Good lives alone are beautiful; they are caught into the fountain of all life (where through Men's souls that drink are broken or made new),

Like drops of heavenly elixir, fraught With the clear essence of eternal youth."

Brother Knights, where we are tested and proved, is not so much in our Castle halls, as in the world. Wherever we may be, and whatever we may do—the place and work—both give us opportunities many for the display of those virtues which are ever associated with honor. May we not be found wanting! But may our lives be beautiful lives, giving into each life those inspirational drops of heavenly elixir that will enthuse them to be men of honor at all times, and in all places!

THE DEATH OF THE POET LAMPMAN.

(By the Editor.)

"In the midst of life we are in death." Times there are when we hardly realize how true these words are, but there are occasions when, with a startling suddenness, we realize how near we have been walking with Death. We have hardly ever had this realization more vividly than in connection with the death of Canada's sweetest singer. We spent the evening of Tuesday with him, having been introduced two days before to him by a mutual friend. He looked fragile; with a sort of appearance that made you feel that he was in that mood when he prayed:

"Breathe on us
Something of all Thy beauty and Thy might;
Us, that are part of day, but most of night;
Not strong like Thee, but ever burdened thus
With glooms and cares; things pale and dolorous,
Whose gladdest moments are not wholly bright."

Yet at times he brightened up, and his eyes at times glistened bright and clear. He was fascinatingly quiet—mild and gentle, and as he

leapt like a bird from poet to poet, from thought to thought, I was made captive, and never enjoyed captivity in a more charming manner. I think I may truthfully say that he opened his inner life to me—so much so, that I saw what a rich soul God had once more sent to this earth to sing of His manifold works, with the usual scant appreciation and reward. He did not grumble, but one could easily see that this man was out of place, caged as he was in post office work, when his soul was on the wing, soaring here and there in God's beautiful universe. It may be hard to say whether he sang us all that was given him to sing, but I could not help saying to myself: "If but that man had had the chance of speaking face to face with the youth of our universities, what an inspiration he would have been to them!" Having roamed through the field of poetry, we next turned the conversation on to his own work. Here he was more reticent, as if he preferred in this case rather to hear what I thought about it, than to say what he thought about it. He spoke cheerfully, however, of his forthcoming volume, and when I assured him that he had a great many enthusiastic admirers in British Columbia, he was delightfully pleased. "I should like," he said, "to see your mountains, your hills, your flowers, and your streams," and I could only say: "I wish you would, for I think they would be an inspiration to your Muse." At last, however, we had to say good-night, and I left his side feeling that I had been in the presence of a true son of God and son of man. That was on Tuesday night, and the next tidings were that early on Friday morning the soul of Archibald Lampman had gone home to rest. He was dead.

How sudden! And yet never was one more ready for the Kingdom than he was. Like so many others of the band to which he belonged, he died young, in the hey-day of promise, and while we mourn that the more has been denied us, we cannot but rejoice that God sent this singer to our land to remind us of the higher treasures and pleasures which may be abundantly enjoyed and possessed by the pure in

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