

advance; he's harmless; but there's something behind. But it's nothing bad, mind you," said the landlord, getting up, when I proposed an adjournment to the bar. "Nobody here would believe anything bad of Miss Forsyth, the mad hatter's daughter."

It was years, but not many years, afterwards that I went back again to the little township where I had met the "mad hatter." To my surprise, the first man I met was an old friend, a doctor, who had settled down in Yungellalla, in order to pick up a practice. From him I learned the sequel of old Forsyth's story. I was introduced to Mrs. Lofell, the wife of the doctor. Her maiden name was Miss Forsyth.

"I was called in to see old Forsyth," said Lofell, when he explained matters. "He was sick for some time, and I found out the little mystery that surrounded the small household. That girl—my wife—how instinct had taught her, I know not; nor would I seek to pry into that mystery, that means the charity of femininity—was shielding her unhappy mother. She was the woman who was the disgraced servant. Every night the woman, who appeared occasionally before the working men on the farm as the disgraced servant, came and took her place as Mrs. Forsyth's wife. Not the disgraced wife! That had all been lost and obscured in Forsyth's unclouded brain. He retained one idea, that was the restoration of his vanished wealth. In the evening his wife appeared in the dress of her youth, and the old man was happy and contented. That was the secret of the girl's life. She kept her mother in the same guise, as far as her husband was concerned, as when she was the young bride he wooed and won. That is all. It was such a deed of devotion that it won the love and you know the rest."—Ernest Fenimore, in "Town and Country Journal" (Sydney, N. S. W.)

HELP EACH OTHER.

Help one another is the divine injunction. It is what every member of the Order promised on entering the Lodge. Have we forgotten it? Have we forgotten that it applies as well to others as to our families? Has it escaped our minds? Surely we remember that the Order is a benevolent one and that we sought membership in it that we might become partakers in its beneficence, and, if we might be so advantaged, it carries with it the fact that other members are entitled to the same benefits. As a consequence of our expectation of being helped and benefited it follows that we are to help others—help our friends when in need. This being our duty and our pledge, we should at all times be on the alert to find out how we can help our brethren and fraternal friends. The Golden Rule here comes into full force—"As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise."—Tennessee Mason.

TWO BUTTS.

Sandy Pikes—"Pard, ain't destiny a funny t'ing?"
 Pellucid Pete—"What makes yer t'ink so?"
 Sandy Pikes—"Well, here I spend de greater part of de mornin' huntin' fer a cigar butt."
 Pellucid Pete—"Did yer get one?"
 Sandy Pikes—"No; I got a butt by a goat in-stead."

Where practicable it would be well to organize a section of the Endowment Rank in every lodge, so that the officers of the section and the membership may be brought closely together. The plan is a handy one and makes the doing of the business connected with that department of the Order easier.

Those Delightful Rings...

Ever see a man smoke and blow perfect rings, circling about his head? It shows that he has an idea of enjoyment which ordinary people do not think of. The smokers of

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