

SOUVENIR NUMBER OF "THE TRUE KNIGHT."

We trust that the circular letters sent out to the Grand Lodge officials and Subordinate lodges re the Grand Lodge souvenir edition of "The True Knight," will meet with prompt attention. We desire that every Grand Lodge and Subordinate Lodge official should receive special mention in this proposed issue of our journal. Brother knights, kindly take notice, and reply at an early date.

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ST. DENNIS—MILLS.

A very interesting event occurred at Christ Church on January 22nd, this being the marriage of Bro. P. C. George St. Dennis to Miss Mills, one of Vancouver's charming belles. "The True Knight" extends to Mr. and Mrs. St. Dennis its best wishes for a long and prosperous journey through life, and trusts that Mrs. St. Dennis will take the same interest in the Rathbone Sisters as Bro. St. Dennis takes in the welfare of Granville Lodge.

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MY YOUNGER BROTHER.

(Continued.)

After a long day's work comes the evening with its rest and its comfortable ease, at least so the general run of human beings find life.

Two years had passed, years of close application to work, and during this time the rest of us saw but little of my brother and his chum.

We were all living in one of those quaint old English houses, about seven miles from nowhere. There are lots of these places to be found even nowadays. This particular property, with all its associations, rich in memories of a happy past, had been built many years ago when work was well done, when walls were thick enough to conceal passages between the two sides of them. Our family had lived here off and on for many generations. The front faced to the west and from the ground-floor windows one could step in to the grounds which stretched to the valley far below dotted with its many farms, and away in the far distance, like a thin thread of silver, one could see the sea; but that was only in clear, clear weather.

In one of the wings, almost detached from the main building, was the laboratory and workshop, which was always kept locked. Some one or two of the rest of us had been allowed to enter its sacred portals, but only under escort, and it was well that it was so, for among other things were a couple of pretty powerful dynamos. I often wondered where the power for driving these machines was developed, but could never learn, nor was it possible to ascertain what they were there for; an air of mystery seemed to be about everything. Amongst other things I noticed a lift running down to three stories of subterranean vaults and up two floors above and again up to a sort of a look-out tower. The lift, subterranean vaults and tower had been added within the last two years and were for some part of a regularly-planned series

of experiments. But I must stop, for all these details are not exactly required and may not be so interesting to others as they are to myself. Before we pass from this part of the house let me tell you of one little experience my brother amused us with one evening. Somebody made a remark about improved lighting. "Lighting," my brother remarked, "just stand still a minute." He turned a switch and the whole place was in darkness. Just as suddenly it became bright as day, and yet one could not see from whence the light came. "What do you think of that?" he asked. "Do you think we could photograph now? Just stay where you are for a second or two and I will try." He did, and that picture I have by me now, as good a one as one may see anywhere. What was the power he used? Was it electricity? Well, I hardly think so, because the light did not come from a particular centre, but was diffused equally all over the place where we were. Questions were useless; we were to learn all in good time; very satisfying to our curiosity.

Pardon me; I have been digressing. Work was done and the time for a short rest had come. We seemed to have renewed, or I should say, my brother seemed to have taken up again the old habit we all had of sitting in the fire-light for an hour or so in the evening, talking and as our American cousins call it, "swapping yarns;" and there were pretty good stories told sometimes, varying in tone just as we felt, good humored or otherwise—my sister Edith, God bless her, Tom and his friend and I. I have not mentioned my sister till now; suffice it to say she was the good angel of us all, and although she was the youngest she was looked up to by every one of us. Tom was an ambitious boy in those days, fond of power and desirous of being first, of being leader in everything; it had always been so even when at school, and I am afraid he was rather greedy, never being satisfied unless he won all first prizes in the fight. The habit had stuck to him and it was hard to say where it would end, at least Edith told him so. I think he sometimes believed her, but immediately forgot all about it again. They had quite a heated argument one evening. It was just when the two "seekers after knowledge" had found what they sought. Some remark of Tom's about being able "to rule the world now," was what started it all going. "Tom," she said, "why are you so very close about your experiments? It is so mean of you to keep us all in the dark like this when we are all dying to know something of your work."

"Oh! girls don't understand these things," was his rather lofty reply.

"Perhaps not, Tom, they only understand the finders-out of these things, as you call them."

(To Be Continued.)

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NO GREATER LOVE.

A life for a life—the test of love—people will hardly credit what I relate; it is so hard to believe that such love between friends could exist in these modernized, busy days of bustle and push. My presence here must confirm the fact. It is not so very long ago either since it all