

hap he has no ambition to become so great a Pythian boss as you, being meekly content to pay his dues, dwell in harmony and walk in the paths of peace, doing his Pythian duty, gently, quietly, and kindly, according to his conscience and the teaching of the Ritual.

If the Chancellor don't suit you, don't kick any more, but bear with him if you possibly can; he is an honorable gentleman, trust him, he does the best he can, and perhaps is right all the time and suits the rest of the boys; at any rate he is the presiding officer and has some rights and is entitled to a dignified forbearance. However, as soon as his term expires the office will be abolished by Supreme enactment, if you desire, and you will be made dictator for life, and the office will die with you and you can take it where the wicked cease from troubling, and then the weary will be at rest.

Have you ever thought how awful it would be for Pythianism, and your lodge in particular, if you were to die? what chaos would ensue, what a crumbling of the Pythian elements; how like a ship without a rudder, the craft would drift and float and aimlessly rock upon the shores of oblivion, the end of Rathbone's dream? how horrible!

And yet, my brother, if you should take your departure "to the Elysium shades—where no carnation fades," we will plant forget-me-nots over your grave and write your epitaph: "Here lies the body of Little Small soul, who kicked himself and the Knights of Pythias to death."

But before you die let me tell you that Pythianism is in the heart of the banana belt and not in the Chilcoat Pass of human selfishness, that its practice will lead you through flowery meads and sweet vales of love, that it dwells in sunshine and is never found in the dark and chilly shadows of the land of the grouchy man. Believe this, my brother, and behold how soon the honey-suckle vine of Pythian affection will trail over the garden wall of fraternity, permeate your lonesome and lonely heart with the sweet perfume of brotherly love, and gladden your eye with the lovely bloom of its sunlit smiles. Believe this, be good, and kick no more.

—:o:—
OUR EDITOR.

It was with pleasure that we greeted our honored editor on his return home from Ottawa, where he had been the past three months attending to legislative duties. The patrons of the "True Knight" will read with interest his editorial on Charity. No more earnest Pythian can be found in this Domain than our esteemed brother, and we hope he may long be spared to fight the battles for the betterment of mankind. May God bless him, and may he prosper be the prayer of every Knight in this Domain.

MAGAZINES BOUND

Prices on application at the

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VANCOUVER, B.C.

HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran;
But let me live by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by,
The men who are good and the men who are bad,

As good and as bad as I;
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban;
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife;
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears,

Both parts of an infinite plan,
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows
ahead

And mountains of wearisome height;
And the road passes on through the long afternoon

And stretches away to the night.
But still I rejoice when the travellers rejoice,
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by;

They are good, they are bad, they are weak,
they are strong,

Wise, foolish, and so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

Sam Walter Foss in the "Pulpit Treasury."

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