

thinks about her, the more lovely, desirable, and beatific she becomes. But when you see love sitting by the sick-bed, caring for the poor, bringing in her precious gifts to homes of want and woe, soothing the fevered brow, and the disconsolate heart, taking the lone widow by the hand and bidding her be of good cheer, drawing the orphan to her warm and devoted heart, and at last lowering in the grave one well watched, tended, and loved, with a tear glistening in her luminous eyes, then she appears to be, what she has always claimed to be, a radiant, divine, ministering angel. Will you tell us of her trophies and triumphs? Then tell us of the tears dried, the hearts comforted, the hopes restored, the faith strengthened, the homes gladdened, the faces brightened, and the helpless ones lifted up and consoled beyond measure, and while you think of these things which she has done, and is doing, go, follow in her blessed train. Praise God, for the temples, the castle halls of love, for the sacrifices of love, and for the followers, the servants and the defenders of love. Praise God for every inch of this dear Earth which has been consecrated to the ministers of love. Praise God for the hands, the feet, the eyes, the lips and the heart of love, for as Heaven gave its revelation of love in and through the Son of Man, its brightest and best, so man can reveal or give to brother man, nothing half so sweet or so great as his love for him.

Again, in our brotherhood, we are bound to each other by the enduring ties of Truth. Where friendship and love delight to abide, truth will ever be a pleasant companion, and will be hailed at all times as the best of cronies. Friendship will have the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and love—what else can she like but truth? For every error, falsehood, and lie are the enemies of love. It is then, requisite, for every one in this brotherhood, that he should be at all times a lover of the truth. He must love it for its own sake alone. He must wed it, and that, too, without any dowry, and at the altar must swear to love, cherish and obey the truth. To the lover of truth a lie will ever be the mean-

est and basest of things, and no one need ever ask him at any time to play at lying. To him falsehood will ever be a poisonous exhalation of the Pit, and truth a gleam of Heaven. A man of truth, one free from the chicanery, the deceptions, and the fraudulent ways and manners of modern society, is a man after God's own heart. In the circle of friends, where love cements heart to heart, truth is an essential virtue. A true brotherhood is impossible without it, and even if we could imagine one, in whose inner and outer circles truth would be conspicuous by its absence, no man could join such a brotherhood without losing his self-respect and honor. A true friend will delight to speak only the truth, and a true friend, unpalatable though it may be, will delight to hear the truth from the lips of a friend, for as Montagu says, "the plain-dealing remonstrances of a friend differ as widely from the rancour of an enemy, as the friendly probe of a surgeon from the dagger of an assassin." When Wellington was asked to do a certain thing, which, if he had done, would have been dissembling with the truth, he nobly said, "I can't do that, for that would be a lie." And least of all will a friend lie, either to or about a friend. He then can be a friend if he loves the truth as he loves his own honor. No man is reliable who is untruthful, and no man is trustworthy, or worthy of trust, in any brotherhood, who loves a lie more than he loves the truth, or who will speak the one either as often or oftener than he will speak the other. Put no dependence upon the man who is ever equivocating, and who is ever looking for backdoors in order to escape facing the truth. Put no trust in the man who is always dodging, twisting and wriggling with the truth. Beware of him whose sole rule in life is expediency, and whose chief gift is the gift of reservation, a species of lying, which a Frenchman calls walking round about the truth. Shun as you would a viper the man who is known as Mister Facing-Both-Ways, for the friendship of such a man will be a sore disappointment. We want friends, but men of such principles can never become worthy of the name. They are

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