

discord are the most prominent and the most practiced, in whose rancorous breast there is never room for the warm heart-throb of generous fellow-craft; his heart is a cold storage filled with self-conceit, deception, parsimony, stubbornness, distrust, littleness, and kindred ices, which all the fires beneath old Stromboli's base could not thaw, in fact, he never thaws.

Nothing suits him, he does not suit himself: his natural inclination is to kick, kick hard and often, and on all occasions; he would kick if he were to be hung, and I predict that when Gabriel blows his resurrection horn, the end state of his coffin will be found kicked loose; you can even now tell him by the frayed skirts of his Prince Albert, mangled by the exertion to kick himself.

He never enters into the spirit of any theme that may be offered for the good of the Order, but immediately gets his back up like the fretful porcupine and lets fly his little quills of attack against the proposition, and right or wrong, he is "agin the government."

I have heard him declare that if a little supper is spread in the Castle Hall for our wives and sweethearts, it would bankrupt the exchequer. "bust" the lodge and be "agin" the law, and yet when the boys would quietly and unanimously ignore his kick, he would be on hand earliest with his whole family, his cousins and his aunts, together with his wretched mother-in-law, and would bring less, eat more, stay longer, and come nearer bursting at the sumptuous board than Gargantua at a feast of Pantagruel, and on leaving kick because his gorge was filled with insatiate appetite upon the supper prepared by his free-hearted brethren.

Invariably he is the least informed upon the Statutes, and in his helpless ignorance is the first to discuss, rise to a point of order without being able to state it, and move the previous question when no one wants to debate.

If a single black-ball shows in the ballot, he casts it against some worthy candidate whom he dislikes on account of a sunny nature and an open heart.

He never throws a bouquet at his brother, and if perchance he compliments, it is as a nosegay cast from a pig sty.

He sees no good in the chastely beautiful lessons of the Ritual and no team work is commendable unless he sits in the Senate or as Master of Work.

When an order issues for sick benefits he insinuatingly asks if the brother is really sick, and if he is not now able to follow his usual avocation, but when he gets on the sick list the benefits are not large enough and the trained nurse is neglectful and unskilled, the Committee doesn't visit him often enough, the Chancellor Commander don't bring him flowers and caramels and ice cream, and the boys don't stand around the corners of the streets all the time asking with tears in their eyes and with sorrowful voices if he is getting better, and you can bet your paternal patrimony that when he is reported on deck again he would pass muster for the Philippines.

He is opposed, to the Orphans' Home, advocates the abolition of the Widow and Orphan's Fund, and kicks on payment of funeral benefits.

The souls of a million such as he would rattle in the shell of a mustard seed like a nigger's crap bones on a cellar door.

After nearly thirty years' study and observation, I present his portrait to you: if you care to give it a place among the notables of the Order you are at liberty to do so.

And now, Brother Smallsoul, a word or two with you in private: Seek a specialist and have him remove your spleen, then go to a harness shop and put on a pair of hoppers; they will keep you from the kicking habit; they will keep you from the kicking habit; cheer up, get out of the mud business, scatter flowers and perfume and sunshine and gladness and good will, study the Ritual and your brother, learn to love them both; try to believe that after all he is a good fellow and a man, if you think he is not so smart or learned as you, or in your opinion is not so good a Pythian as you, help him along with kindly words, don't criticise him in the presence of his brethren, give him an opportunity; you should pity him in his awful ignorance—he does you—and in his deep degradation be charitable with him, for he can never hope to attain the proud eminence which you in your estimation enjoy; he is modest and unassuming, he lacks the cheek, the gall and the effrontery to become your ideal, and may—

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