

FROM KAMLOOPS.

McCRUM—On May 21st, 1899, the wife of Jos. McCrum of a daughter.

MALLERY—On May 30th, 1899, the wife of G. T. Mallery, of a son.

C. T. Godfrey, of Primrose Lodge, No. 20, has been a visitor to Vancouver during the past week.

Walter Wilkinson, of Primrose Lodge, No. 20, left on May 24th for Pennsylvania, having received word of the serious illness of his mother.

J. L. and E. D. Brown attended Grand Lodge meeting at Victoria last month. While on the coast they renewed acquaintance with a large number of citizens.

Several members of Primrose Lodge, No. 20, expect to make a "stake" out of mining claims this summer.

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THE HEARTS OF MEN.

"Don't talk to me about that fellow. If there is anybody on the face of this earth for whom I have less use than for him, I will tell you of it."

Hot words, were they not? And coming as they did from such a quiet chap as my chum, Hugh, they surprised me. I did not think Hugh could be roused. He seemed so easy-going and good tempered, I used to think; to such an extent, indeed, that people used to take advantage of him. Ah, well, I thought I knew a lot in those days. I have changed my opinion since.

There were some five or six of us in the same department, and one girl, quiet, kind, and thoughtful for others; kept a good deal to herself. But she appears only sub rosa, just this en passant; a sort of introduction, as it were for you, you know. Women must be in everything, even in a jumbled-up story.

How this sort of time comes back to one, when, after years, one imagines all forgotten. The hustle and the hubbub of that busy office in a growing town; the new faces being constantly replaced by other new faces; everybody coming and going; eagerly talking of the Far North, rich to overflowing with gold; talking of business prospects and God knows how much of anything else, but of how rich they were to be; some of them the friends of a day; an introduction, a handshake, a meal together and good-bye—forever. So we used to live in those days. Thus we young people were learning to know the world: thus were we all hardening and setting; just run out from the furnace of "home life," with all its good influences of one kind and another. And we lived our little daily life, and all of us, with one exception, were down on one of the staff, the one of whom Hugh ejaculated the above hot words. This chap (for of course it is not necessary to say it was not the girl) whom the rest of us disliked, was not a bad sort in a way; just hasty, cranky, and a good deal smarter than the rest of us; gruff to the border of impoliteness. He had a very sharp tongue, too, and used it sarcastically you know; seemed to delight in that, yet he was not a bad sort, as you will see later

on. Still, just at that time he hated Hugh, I think because he thought Hugh was going to quit, and in this way leave a much better position than his own vacant, for him to step into, but Hugh did not quit. How very human. Just like what you and I would do now-a-days. a while. I was beginning to wonder how we were ever to restore the even balance; doubting sometimes even if such a thing were possible. I always did hate a fuss. A higher Power than ours shapes our course, somebody once said, and how truly.

'Twas early summer, glorious sunshine, roads not yet dusty, wheeling all the go, and many and many a ride we had together, but the "Bear" would never go, and under the circumstances we were glad.

Hugh and I were riding one evening along a well-known road. We had climbed the long hill without dismounting, and were on the

Things had been going on this way for quite down-grade again, when just ahead of us we saw our "Bear," coasting, both feet up. He was the best rider of us all, but Hugh was a good second to him, and rode a better wheel. Suddenly we saw that something had gone wrong ahead. He had hit a rock, but kept his balance. Something in his wheel was smashed, and—oh horror!—it was beyond control. The bars were loose and he, going like the wind, heading for the divide and the wrong road. That meant nearly death, so sharp was the descent. Hugh saw the danger, and so could and did spurt forward to catch and stop him. What a race and what a prize! a man's life, or his own death, may be. Nearer and nearer the divide when—Oh, God! just as Hugh caught up, they were both onto it. Their impetus was so great that to stop was out of the question, and all my chum could do was to run the other man into the soft bank, which he did. The shock was frightful, and one fell clear of the wheels, but it was not Hugh. So strange. One escaped without a scratch, whilst my chum lay as if dead. How we got him home I don't know. All I remember is, he lay unconscious, for more than one day.

(To be continued.)

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OPPORTUNITY.

Have you any idea of the number of opportunities that present themselves to you from day to day? Have you ever asked yourself this question. "Am I taking advantage of all the opportunities that present themselves to me?"

Be on the alert, make quick use of the moment. Opportunity sooner or later comes to all who work and wish.

LORD STANLEY.

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Supreme Representative, Brother Gallagher, of Butte, Montana, paid Crusader Lodge a visit last Thursday evening. He gave a very interesting account of the working of the Order throughout the United States, and spoke at length on the Endowment Rank. When our distinguished brother again visits us, we hope he will give us due warning, so that we may be in a position to allow him the privilege of witnessing our excellent team work.