

# The True Knight of British Columbia.

"The true Knight does no Man wrong."

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Address all communications to P. O. Box 313.

J. E. EVANS,

Secretary,

Vancouver, B. C.

G. R. MAXWELL,

Editor.

VANCOUVER, NOVEMBER, 1899

OUR EDITOR.

The Committee in charge of the "True Knight" desires to express its regret that Bro. George Maxwell, the worthy Editor of this paper, not sufficiently restored to good health to contribute to our columns. However, we are assured that Bro. Maxwell is in such a state of convalescence that our readers may have the pleasure and benefit of his contribution in our November issue.

WAR—WITH HONOR.

The past month has marked an epoch in the history of the world, in the life-story of every man of Britain, than whom none is more loyal and true to the Mother Land than the Canadian in general, and the Pythian Knight

in particular. In the October issue of this, our organ of the Order of which we are all proud to be members, it was our part to speak all too regretfully of the war cloud that was even then looming black and thunderous on the horizon of the nations. Though fearful even then that nothing but a Divine disposition could stay the battle-bolt from falling, we yet hoped that the Divine interference might be vouchsafed, and that peace and prosperity might yet put the period to the closing years of the nineteenth century. But hardly were those words written, hardly was the pen of diplomacy dropped useless from the fingers of our Ministers, when the sword leaped from scabbard and the finis to the futile negotiations was inscribed in letters of blood. The insensate Boer, arrogant in his blind and self-assured security, dared to dictate terms to the Great Power; dared to flout the all too condescending and courteous requests—founded on right and justified by facts—of Great Britain; dared—this cur of hybrid origin—to snarl at the Lion. Peace with honor England and her Ministers have ever regarded as the crown of their councils, the Mecca of their hopes; but this was a different story. Children of the nation, whelps of the Lion, were being spurned and insulted by a people little better in morale or superior in civilization to the surrounding savages whom they molested and murdered, and that insult touched most nearly England, the Mother Country. Talk must end and action must begin. The buccic Boer was given rope—aye, rope more than enough to hang himself—and the prerogative tendered he is fast making use of.

If the progress of the British troops in what must be a victorious campaign, has been stayed for the moment now and again by slight reverses, only to be compared to a rough crossing on a smooth-worn road, faith in our Army, trust in our Ministers, loyalty to our Queen, need not waver, but rather let us, with cheer on cheer, drown in the volume of popular acclaim and patriotism, the feeble sneers of Continental powers—like jackals watching the occasion to drag down and smother with their cowardly abuse the British flag—and the misguided fulminations of one or two Hibernian fanatics, who think they see in the problematical downfall of England the up-building of the neighbor Isle. These latter protests are, indeed, of little avail, and evince their self-shoudered absurdity the more quickly when read line by line with the deeds of Irish gallantry and daring—do, in the embattled field, recorded day by day from the front.

The Nation is united. Little deeds and words of meanness but serve to accentuate the elsewhere universal fealty to the Flag. Have we not seen it here, from east to west of this great