

A new lodge is about to be instituted at Greenwood, B. C. We have no doubt that Bro. Grand Vice-Chancellor J. W. Graham (whose cut will appear in our Souvenir Edition) is responsible for this.

We are sorry to state that Bro. W. D. Morice has met with a very painful accident, coming pretty near breaking his arm as badly as he did his wheel. Poor Bro. Morice has to cut up all his fish left-handed now.

The Committee of the "True Knight" wishes to thank the City Council and the Vancouver merchants in general for their liberal support to the Souvenir Edition of this paper, which appears early in the month of May next.

Elsewhere will be found a write-up of one of our most energetic past chancellors, namely, that of Stephen Jones, proprietor of the well-known Dominion Hotel, Victoria, a member of Far West Lodge of that city.

We are pleased to hear that Grand Chancellor Bro. W. D. Mearns is doing very well in the South. His health is improving vastly. Brothers all over the Domain are anxiously looking forward to the pleasure of meeting the Grand Chancellor at the Grand Lodge at Rossland next May.

Editor, Bro. G. R. Maxwell, M. P., is at present in Ottawa, where he is working night and day in the interests of his British Columbia constituents. This speaks more than well for a man who has so lately arisen from a sick bed.

Bro. J. Eligh is now convalescent and will be with us again before long.

Members failing to receive their papers regularly will please notify the Secretary of the "True Knight," in writing—please note—in writing—enclosing proper office or house address. We make this special mention so as to insure prompt receipt of our special Souvenir Edition by every member.

Supreme Representative, Bro. H. J. Anstle, is in receipt of a handsome calendar issued by the Seaboard Air Line Railway Company, Wilmington, S. C. The donor, Bro. Thomas D. Mearns, Sup. M. of E., holds a very responsible position in that Company. The calendar represents a bulldog standing over "Old Glory," and has underneath the legend "I say it's so!" This makes a very pretty companion picture to our "What We Have We Hold."

The coming session of the Grand Lodge, convening at Rossland next month, promises to be one of exceptional interest and importance. We expect a large attendance of brothers other than Grand Lodge representatives. Present indications are that the reports of Grand Lodge officers will show general increases in membership, as well as in new lodges, also a general bettering in the financial standing of the Order as a whole.

It might be a good idea that officers and Grand Lodge representatives should see to it that they have their jewels and credentials with them, and that the subordinate lodges fully instruct their representatives as to measures they are particularly anxious to have brought to the attention of the Grand Lodge. Representatives should avail themselves of the opportunities

offered them by the transportation companies and see to it that they get receipts from the starting point, so as to avoid difficulties heretofore arising from the non-compliance with above instructions.

MY YOUNGER BROTHER.

(Continued.)

"Ah! but Prince," said my sister, "it all seems so easy of understanding, so easy of doing to hear you speak—you who have, by long years of careful living, attained to a standard, to a height from which you can contemplate, from which you can look down upon your fellows, still toiling below —"

"My friend, believe me, I do not look down on anybody. I have still so far to look up myself. The more one learns the greater should become one's humility, and besides, if you only knew it I am not so far above you as you imagine. Remember it is possible to have large knowledge, great power and but little purity of heart and even less wisdom and after all, it is only the truth that is worth having at all. Some years ago I had a friend; he like myself, was a Prince in his own right, far wealthier than ever I was, far cleverer, and handsome enough to win any woman's heart, and where is he to-day? Dead, buried in a grave of shame. And why? Just because he gave his passions rein. We were both about the same age and had lived together for months at a time. We had similar tastes, followed along the same paths; we both studied under the same masters. One of these masters belonged to a class of men not often met, and this man has had to do with the moulding of much of both our lives. He taught us certain facts, certain laws of nature; these laws when used aright benefit and uplift those using them, but woe betide any using them for wicked ends. And so it was with my friend. He used them to gain his selfish desires, and from one thing he was led to another, until as last he stood revealed as one of the blackest, vilest scoundrels that ever lived. He became covetous, amassed greater wealth than was his already, hardening his heart to the poverty of his subjects, to their appeals for aid; all the native goodness of the man shrivelled up, died, his friends became his enemies, his heart was filled with hate and from being greedy of gain, he fell still lower, used his superior power, his great knowledge to destroy those who oppressed him and in plain language was a murderer many times over. His end was awful, for after having fallen so low, become so vile he perished, a victim to the powers he had invoked. You shudder; yes, and well you may. I knew the man; witnessed his end; I will not tell you how it happened. Why shock you with telling of such horrors? My end is already served, my only reason for mentioning it at all is to help you to understand how I myself was saved from the same fate.

After my friend was buried, I hunted up the man who had indirectly been the cause of all the trouble, and upbraided him for revealing to us these paths of knowledge. I called him bitter names, accused him of having destroyed my friend, body, soul and spirit. He heard me out patiently, not seeming to notice my cruel taunts,