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The True Knight of British Columbia.

"The true Knight does no Man wrong."

Entered at the Vancouver Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter.

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Address all communications to P. O. Box 313.

J. E. EVANS,

Secretary,

Vancouver, B. C.

G. R. MAXWELL,

Editor.

VANCOUVER, APRIL, 1900.

THE WORD OF PEACE.

This is the vision of one seeing things as in a dream, but withal lit inwardly with a glimmer from the lantern of truth.

War swept the world. From its four corners, north, south, east and west, went up the clang of steel on steel, the bersark cry of the blood-thirsty warrior, and the groan of the hater. Since Alexander led the pride of Persia to worlds to conquer; since Napoleon tramped the map of Europe and left its outlines marked with blood, never had so lurid a sacrifice been paid to the cruel war-god. Look where the dreamer would, his shrinking gaze found yet a new nausea in some more fearful picture of man's inhumanity to man; the stronger crushed down the weaker, while over him already loomed the shadow of the strongest, that should engulf the victim. Ever and ever the gloomy scene returned, painted each recurring time in

hues more hideous, its legend spelt in characters akin to hell-flame. The clouds of death rolled rank and horrid upon the horizon of civilization, blotting out the sun-light of Christian love and charity; illumed only with the glitter of hate's lightning, the fearful shimmer of the Day of Wrath and Mourning. The Rock of Faith lay shattered amid the tossing billows of world-warfare; its arms outstretched in a last appeal, as once those of the Man that awful day on Calvary; Hope's anchor, riven with the blasts of tempest and the strain of storm more terrible than even its God-given strength could bear, failed to succor Mankind in its hour of direst stress: Love was no longer love; Hate held its throne. From the heart of the World primeval to the borders of nations great in arts of peace and prosperity, the cyclone of war swept back and forth, roaring exultant down the paths of trade and commerce; uprooting faiths and creeds of ages; uncovering to trembling shame, forgotten feuds and unholy deeds of ruth. And the night hung heavy and God slept.

Anon the scene changed and though darkness still hung heavy the dreamer felt a newer thrill pass over the face of the universe; while alarms still rang above, below and all around, a new note struck across the discord, like a ray of moonlight on ocean's darkest bed. Faint as the "still small voice" it rose lark-like to heaven; then swelled to sublimer volume and trilling a song of peace and love, hovered above the massed arrays of hostile hordes, seeking, it seemed, a resting-place. But the foul and blood-stained sphere afforded nothing akin to its purity, and again it swept to the zenith, pouring from the lift grand harmonies in which grief and love mingled with a sobbing note of wondrous beauty. And below on the battle-field, men found a moment from the awful work of slaughter, ever and anon to raise their eyes to the still gloomy sky, hearing yet not understanding. And still the song was sung, mingling with the harsh clarion notes of battle; harmonising the neigh of tortured steed, the death-rattle of dying foeman to a new rendering. And as the accord grew, men's arms fell faltering to throbbing sides; the battle light died from flashing eye; sword and shield clashed harmless athwart each other and unconsciously truce reigned over the field of battle.

Then the voice ceased and men listened breathless for what was to come again. And still listening, with muscles strained and nerves taut-strung, there came to each heart a knowledge of things greater than Empire and riches; greater than chariots and horses; an understanding of the truth that passeth all understanding of any but whom God wills; and they knew that love is love while ages last, and usurping hate can reign but a day in the aeons of eternity.

So day dawned, and God awaked.

If you do not see a report of the proceedings of your own lodge in this issue make a point of asking why at the next lodge meeting. If no satisfactory reason is forthcoming let every true Knight see that a thoroughly reliable and worthy representative of the lodge is appointed to keep the Order and the world at large posted in the doings of his own particular lodge and its members.

:o:

THE SOUVENIR EDITION.

Only a limited number of the Souvenir Edition will be printed. Each subscriber will receive a copy of the paper. Members who are not subscribers or those wishing extra copies can have same by applying early to the Secretary. The price will be twenty-five cents.

:o:

ENDOWMENT RANK.

At a recent meeting of the Past Chancellors' Association of Hamilton County, Ohio, in connection with the subject of the Endowment Rank, that organisation adopted the following series of resolutions in regard to that important department of the Order and its management:—

Whereas, Recognising the importance and value of the Endowment Rank to Pythian Knighthood, and the necessity that it should be supported, maintained, and encouraged everywhere; therefore be it

Resolved, That the Past Chancellors' Association of Hamilton County, Ohio, heartily commend the Endowment Rank to the support and encouragement of all Pythians, as the strongest, safest, and best conducted system of fraternal insurance in existence; and be it further

Resolved, That to that splendid, stalwart Pythian, John A. Hinsey, President of the Board of Control of the Endowment Rank, this Association tenders its unqualified endorsement of his management of that department of Pythian Knighthood, as well as his long, faithful, unselfish and untiring zeal in the interests of the Order universal; and be it further

Resolved, That this preamble and these resolutions be entered in full upon the records, copies sent to the Pythian press, and to the members and officers of the Supreme Lodge.

:o:

FROM NEW DENVER.

To the Editor of the "True Knight."

Dear Sir and Bro.—New Denver Lodge, No. 22, is unfortunately represented by a new correspondent this month. Troubles never come singly 'tis said and such is our case, because in Brother Smitheringale we lose not only our correspondent, but a most efficient Master of Finance. Bro. Smitheringale goes to Slocan City to embark in the newspaper business on his own account. With the Slocan "Drill" he will prospect for wealth on the journalistic claim, and we all hope he may strike a good lead and uncover such a good ore-chute that his pockets may always be filled with the silver coin that satisfies the needs of this life, not to mention the yellow boys usually described as "the

root of all evil." Our loss is Slocan City's gain, and we hope another lodge will soon be added to the list in this Grand Domain as a result of his removal from our midst.

New Denver Lodge, No. 22, celebrated its third birthday with the usual grand ball, and it was truly a gathering of the clans in earnest. That it was a successful affair may be gathered from what our local paper, "The Ledge," has to say of it as follows:—

"Surely the ball given by the local lodge Knights of Pythias, last Thursday night, was a brilliant success. It surpassed any of the previous functions given by the Order. The Knights have a standing reputation for their entertainments, but the most sanguine of the committee never expected the full measure of success that crowned their efforts on Thursday. And as one of the Sandon visitors remarked, "Why, they dress better in New Denver than they do even in Nelson."

The attendance of outside visitors was large, much larger than is usual with dances given anywhere. From Sandon the brethren turned out in force; Silverton sent a large and enthusiastic delegation; Slocan City was represented by a full quota of youth and beauty; and Nelson also sent several representatives, among whom, attired in their uniforms were Captain J. Malone and First Lieutenant C. A. Prosser, of the Uniform Rank of that city. The townspeople were out en masse, so altogether the ballroom was crowded. Everybody had a thoroughly good time and all were satisfied. In itself the Castle Hall, where the dance was held, was profusely decorated, the flags and bunting used lending additional color to the animated and handsomely attired throng on the floor.

Bro. J. H. Millward and wife, now of Nelson, assisted by Professor Zimmerman, of Silverton, furnished the music, and it was a rare treat, giving entire satisfaction, and contributing so much to the enjoyment of the merry-makers. A programme of 45 numbers was given, taking almost the entire night to dispose of it, but the crowd stayed with it to the end. The supper was given at the Newmarket, 61 couples being accommodated. It is satisfactory to know that the Knights have a substantial cash balance over all expenses, for which the Committee are to be credited."

There is a strong feeling of relief and gratification throughout the country over the fact that the labor trouble in the Slocan has been settled. A number of our mines have already got to work, and more men are being put on the pay-roll right along. We hope to see every mine in the country working full forces before long. Pythianism, having proved a stayer and a good thing, should flourish under the new order of things.

We are looking forward now to the Grand Lodge meeting in May at Rossland, expecting the best of good times there, because, you know, the Rossland boys have a great reputation as entertainers. Now, Mr. Editor, you will think you have had enough of me, so adieu.

Yours fraternally,

C. R. NELSON.

New Denver, B. C., March 10th, 1900.

FROM KAMLOOPS.

To the Editor of the "True Knight."

Dear Sir and Brother,—Owing to business activity, our genial K. or R. and S. found it necessary to resign his position as Lodge Correspondent, and the members of Primrose have honored your humble servant with that function. Consequently, being a neophyte, I commit myself to the gods, hoping I may get my first paper through without being censured by His Royal Nibbs, the C. C. Our new Hall Committee has submitted plans and specifications of that long and much-discussed building. That Primrose is to have the pleasure of meeting in its own Castle Hall ere many moons is evident, judging from the active interest the members are taking in the scheme.

We ranked several of our worthy citizens with the mysteries of Pagehood on the 14th ultimo. The Rev. Bro. Frew (Presbyterian) of Nelson Lodge favored us with a visit, but being indisposed he had to leave the lodge before we had an opportunity to more than extend fraternal greetings. Come again, Bro. Frew.

We welcomed back one of our old chariot-rollers, Bro. Hume, who has been for several months in Montreal under the care of an optician, having injured one of his eyes in a railway wreck. Bro. Hume underwent a successful operation and has come back to us "all same eagle eye."

Our popular Station Agent, P. C. Bro. Goulet, of Vernon Lodge, visits us frequently. The Brother is a practical up-to-date Knight, being well versed in the mysteries of Pythianism. We are always pleased to have Brother Goulet with us.

Bro. D. C. MacKenzie has again been heard from. He has been slightly under the weather, but we were pleased to learn that D. C.'s himself again.

Spring is here, with its gentle, balmy zephyrs and invigorating breezes, and with it miners and prospectors are beginning to hie themselves to the mountain fastnesses in search of the precious metals. And of course Bro. J. L. Brown has started to talk wild cats, magnetic iron, and copper stain.

Yours fraternally,

JOE. MCGEE.

Kamloops, B. C., March 15th, 1900.

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FROM SANDON.

To the Editor of the "True Knight."

Dear Sir and Brother,—With a keen edge on his scythe, the Grim Reaper paid a visit to the City of Sandon, and during his stay, has been dealing out death and destruction, casting sorrow and gloom over the city.

About 4 a. m. on Friday, the 9th instant, while three miners were returning to the bunk-house, after faithfully working out their shift at the Noble Five mine, they were struck by a snow-slide at the mouth of the tunnel.

One of the three men, Mr. Charles McNeill, although seriously injured by the slide, managed to make his way to the bunk-house, and at once informed his comrades of the accident. A rescuing party went out, and after a short while found the bodies of Alex McFarlane and Fred Shepherd cold in death. Both these unfortunate

men were members of the Miners' Union of Sandon, and were buried by them on Saturday, 10th instant. The I. O. F. also attended the funeral, as McFarlane was a member of the Order.

The next sad news comes from Kaslo, announcing that Mr. Richard O. Boetcher was found dead in a tunnel at the Black Fox mine, situated on the South Fork near Kaslo. It appears that he was working alone, and a "cave in" killed him on Wednesday, the 7th instant.

A roar, a crash, and a shock as if an earthquake struck Sandon, and six dwellings were reduced to kindling wood. Four of the six houses were inhabited and were occupied at the time of the disaster.

A land slide occurred about noon on Sunday, the 11th instant, seriously injuring Mrs. Harry Nash, who occupied one of the wrecked houses. She was struck in the face by a log that rolled down the hill, knocking out her teeth and dislocating her hip. Her brother, Mr. Lovatt, who was sitting next to her at the dinner table was also struck in the face by the same log, and was removed to the hospital, but is on the way to recovery. The Rev. Mr. Ferguson, Presbyterian Minister, who occupied another of the houses was dug out from under some boards, but escaped unhurt. Mrs. Fog and her little girl occupied another of the houses and were rescued from under a pile of lumber unhurt, but lost all their worldly goods. The last and saddest of all was the death of William McLeod, who was found by the rescuing party, after six hours' hard digging, pinned to the ground by a stump that went right through the house and was covered over with tons of debris. This unfortunate man, only the day before in the strength of vigorous life, helped his comrades to dig the graves of McFarlane and Shepherd, and was present at their funerals; he was also a member of the Miners' Union and was buried by them on Tuesday, 13th instant.

Although we mourn the sad loss of this worthy comrade, we can also give praise to the Almighty Ruler of the Universe and thank Him for saving the lives of so many others who were living in a row of houses within 50 feet of the slide, and escaped without even the loss of their homes.

It is to be hoped that the "Old Man" with the scythe has taken his departure from here, and that he will not pay us a visit again, at least for a long time, and if he does come to Sandon it will be a very brief visit, as we trust he will not "stay with us" as he has done during the second week in March, 1900.

Mr. S. F. Hambly was initiated in the Rank of Page on Wednesday, 14th instant.

The Prelate of Sandon Lodge, No. 24, Bro. David F. Leitch, has received the sad news of the death of his beloved father at Pembroke, Ontario. Bro. Leitch has the sympathy of his brother Knights and of all the Slocan, as he is held in high esteem by every one who is acquainted with him. A Committee was appointed to draw up a set of resolutions of sympathy to be forwarded to his bereaved mother, a copy of which is to be spread on the minutes of the meeting. I will forward a copy of these resolutions to the "True Knight" in my next letter.

In behalf of Sandon Lodge, No. 24, and the visiting brothers, I am instructed to state that

we are very deeply afflicted to hear of the death of Bro. William B. Gale, of the Supreme Tribunal, and the Grand Domain of Mass., in whom we have lost a true Pythian Knight, and we are sure that his sad loss will be a heavy blow to our noble Order, considering he devoted 21 years of his glorious and manly life to push along the good work. The Lodge Charter was ordered to be draped for 90 days as a token of respect for our beloved brother.

The Nelson Minstrels (Patriotic) paid Sandon a visit on Tuesday, 13th instant, but owing to the gloom that was cast over the city by the sad fate of three of its citizens, they did not have a very large house.

I am happy to inform you of the marriage of our esteemed K. of R. and S., Bro. R. G. Joy, of Nelson Lodge, No. 25, at Nelson, B. C., on Monday, 12th instant. I have not been informed what the young lady's name is (or was), but I sincerely trust he has found a loyal and happy partner, as there is no man in Nelson more worthy than Bro. Joy. Congratulations, Bro. Joy; and long life and happiness.

Yours in F., C. and B.,

LARRY O'NEILL.

Sandon, B. C., March 19th, 1900.

:o:

FROM RATHBONE.

To the Editor of the "True Knight."

Dear Sir and Brother,—With this April number comes the Spring, with its new life and beauties. We bid good-bye to our dreary Winter months, yet not dreary, unless we make them so ourselves, as the many social gatherings and lodge meetings, even if not otherwise entertaining, are more than enough to break the monotony of Winter.

Rathbone Lodge has not been asleep—even if your correspondent did miss his last month's letter—but has been very much awake. Under the ruling of our worthy C. C., Bro. Simpson, everything has gone on serenely.

We are mourning the loss of one of our worthy members, Bro. Waite, a Charter member of Rathbone Lodge. He was called away by the All-Wise and Supreme Chancellor on High, on Monday, March 5th, after a brief illness. The thanks of the lodge are due to Bro. Whiteway for the kindly way he rendered his services to Rathbone Lodge at the funeral of our departed brother.

Bro. Anderson, P. C. and I. G., surpasses many of the younger members in the enthusiasm he has displayed for the Order, and the good work he has done is appreciated by us all—"By their works ye shall know them."

We have been honored by several visiting brothers during the month from Primrose Lodge, No. 20; Far West Lodge, and Crusader. Bro. J. C. Evans, Past G. C., was with us and gave us, in a very fluent and able address, some excellent advice.

We regret to hear of the illness of Bro. J. Eligh. From last reports he was improving, and we hope to see him with us again shortly.

We expect to hear a very favorable report from our Committee on hall rent.

Bro. Robert Brooke our indefatigable M. of F. is thoroughly up-to-date in keeping his eye on members who are inclined to be negligent with

their dues. Dear brother reader, you who are not perhaps a regular attendant or perhaps may not be a member of our Order, if this should catch your eye, should you see the earnestness and zeal which most of the members of the Order carry to their work, you would indeed say, "Surely this a Pythian spirit which leads them on in such Christian-like acts." If you are not a worker, then get into harness and see what pleasure it is being of service to a sick brother or helping on the good work. If you are not a member, then join us, and see for yourself. There are, of course, black sheep who may now and then get into the fold, but do not judge the majority by one. As water will always find its level, so surely will the black one be found out. We want men who are willing to work co-jointly for the benefit and welfare of mankind.

Yours in F., C. and B.,

ARTHUR T. CROOK.

Vancouver, March 26th, 1900.

:o:

FROM NELSON.

To the Editor of the "True Knight."

Dear Sir and Brother,—I am again back in British Columbia and in harness. I arrived in Nelson on the 11th instant, and was agreeably surprised to find the weather so warm and Springlike, for down at Ottawa, the country was snowed up when I left, and it was with great difficulty our train managed to pull through no more than nine hours late. It was also very cold at Winnipeg, and in fact there was no noticeable change in the atmosphere until the Crow's Nest Chinook winds struck us at McLeod, although the severe snowstorms experienced in the East did not appear to have reached any farther than North Bay, Ontario.

Well, I had the pleasure of visiting Nelson Lodge on the 13th inst., and saw three pages put through their paces and elevated to Esquires, and two Esquires advanced to Knighthood. The team work in this Lodge is rather weak, except in the case of Brother Prosser, who, as Pythagorus, would be hard to beat. However, I heard the determination expressed that a good team must and would be soon in evidence, and with the advantages of lantern, etc., at their command, Nelson Lodge are in a position to make their initiation very beautiful and impressive. I met Bro. Gordon Sutherland, of my own Lodge, at Nelson, also visiting brothers from Trail and Rossland.

Bro. Scott, C. C., is a genial, large-hearted, large man, and makes a very imposing Chairman, and all of the members of this Lodge are fine, prosperous looking intelligent men, and, I am glad to say, they are very careful in their selection of candidates.

With all this I would like to impress upon the newer members the fact that levity is not allowed during initiation proceedings. I noticed some who had great difficulty to keep from laughing outright in anticipation of what was to come, and when a candidate sees this, he very naturally "smells a rat," and the proceedings lose their impressiveness, for him at least. School yourselves, my brothers, and you will find how easy it is to control yourselves, even though fear of the goat does make some candidates look woe-begone.

Of Bro. Lillie, P. C., I cannot speak too highly. He has treated me kindly upon several occasions when I have had the pleasure of meeting him, and I appreciate it.

At the rate Nelson Lodge, No. 25, is initiating members I think that banner Lodge on the Coast will have to look to its laurels.

As I am writing under difficulties, in a tent pitched on damp ground, you will please pardon scrawl and incoherence, as, like a good many of the navvies here, I have a touch of grippe, but not sufficiently severe to prevent me making my beat of three miles twice a day.

Yours fraternally,

WALT. J. SPAUL.

Nelson, B.C., March 24th, 1900.

:o:

FROM CRUSADER.

To the Editor of the "True Knight."

Dear Sir and Brother,—March has been a busy month with the officers and members of Crusader Lodge, No. 19, K. of P., many applications having been received and acted upon. The attendance has been much larger than during any time since the Lodge was instituted. Too much credit cannot be given to the officers, who are putting forth every energy to make the Lodge a success, and to Bro. H. J. DeForest, who is a regular attendant, and is always found at the organ, which improves the meetings in the opening and closing of the Lodge.

Much sympathy is felt for Bro. McDermot, who is mourning the loss of his sister. Bro. McDermot is one of our most energetic members, and has his eye always open to the best interests of the Order.

Bro. Noonan, of Far West Lodge, Victoria, is confined to the City Hospital. His brother knights wish for his speedy recovery.

Grand Lodge Representative, Bro. Hoffmeister, is hard at work preparing and arranging for the Grand Lodge session, which will meet at Rossland. We trust the brother will have a pleasant trip, and a profitable one for the Order in general.

Your correspondent had the pleasure of visiting Rathbone Lodge, No. 7, one evening last month, and cannot refrain from commenting upon their efficient K. of R. and Seal, Bro. M. J. Conroy.

Yours in F. C. & B.,

Correspondent.

Vancouver, B. C., April 1st, 1900.

:o:

A HEARTY WELCOME.

Vancouver's Castle Hall is becoming one of the chief centres of patriotic orders in the City. For some time past, in addition to the Pythian Lodges meeting there, the Sons of England have made the hall their headquarters and on Tuesday night, April 3rd, Balaclava Lodge, Sons of St. George, also took up its residence in the Castle Hall and commemorated the occasion by entertaining the members and their friends to a most enjoyable social.

VICTORIA NOTES.

The Victoria members attending the Grand Lodge at Rossland on May 8th will be Grand Officers E. Pferdner, G. K. of R. & S., and G. M. of E., Bro. E. P. Nathan, also delegates J. J. Randolph and W. D. Kinnaird of Victoria Lodge, and T. D. Barnhardt, of Far West Lodge.

On Wednesday, March 28th, Bro. William Goudie laid the remains of his wife in their last resting place. The funeral was largely attended by his brother Knights, who showed much sympathy for the bereft husband. The Rev. Mr. Knox conducted the services, and the pall-bearers were Messrs. E. C. Smith, J. J. Randolph, A. W. Huson, H. Smith, E. Rambose and E. T. Forward.

On Thursday, March 15th, a special convention of Victoria Lodge, No. 17, was called, when two candidates were initiated to the ranks. A social time and dance followed the conclusion of the business meeting.

:o:

LOCALS.

The Portland, Ore., lodges have decided to build and own a Castle Hall of their own.

Bro. A. C. Thompson of Gold Range Lodge, Revelstoke, has been paying the Terminal City a flying visit.

Mrs. Maxwell, mother of our Editor, is very ill indeed. The "True Knight" hopes for her speedy recovery.

There is considerable activity in the Vancouver City Lodges at present. Quite a number of candidates are taking their ranks.

The "True Knight" extends to Bro. McDermott of Crusader Lodge, its deepest sympathy for the loss of his sister, who died recently in the East.

The Committee of the "True Knight" is very much indebted to the members of Primrose Lodge for the increased number of subscribers to the "True Knight."

The "True Knight" extends best wishes for a long and prosperous career to the new lodge at Kelowna, and may Bro. Woltz long be spared to guide in their Pythian work.

We are in receipt of a circular letter from the Minneapolis "Times." We hope to hear further of this when the "Review," referred to therein, shall reach the desk of our Editor.

The Order in this Domain is much indebted to Bro. H. G. Mutter, P. G. R., of Coldstream Lodge, No. 18, for his earnest and faithful work throughout the Okanagan District.

Bro. A. M. Tyson will shortly have the finest fish store in town. We understand that fish will not be the only article to be procured there, as it is said he is going into the packing business as well.

Bro. Pas: Chancellor M. J. Conroy, at present K. of R. and S. of Rathbone Lodge, No. 7, deserves special mention for the energetic manner in which he carries on his duties. He is second to none in the Domain.

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. Elish 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.

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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 opposed 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,

my unjust words, and when at last having exhausted by vocabulary, having ceased his cruel tirades, I fell overcome at his feet, he gently raised me and carried me to his bed and waited beside me until I had somewhat recovered. 'Poor boy! Poor child!' he said. 'I may well pardon your unseemly talk, for it was after all but a proof of how you loved your friend. He was gone where all must go; he is taken with his; let us leave him to God for He is just. He alone knows all and can judge and does judge as man will never do—justly. Poor boy! poor boy! Still you too, my Prince; you must be just.' And then in gentle words he told me, nay, reminded me of the many things that I, in the hot-headed haste of youth, had overlooked, explained to me what I then I had forgotten being told; that the first law of success in these studies was, purity of heart, purity of motive, love of God and of one's fellows. It was then whilst sorrowing over the tragic end of my friend that I learnt that the only true use of wealth, of rank, of station was to do good and, will you believe me, when I say that the beggar, the pariah, the scum of the earth as he may be called, is sometimes and can always be richer and more truly king than the monarch on his earthly throne? Aye, the man who rules his own spirit is mightier than the warrior who takes a city."

Turning to my brother, the Prince said: "Tom, you remember when we first met. You will be surprised to hear that my old teacher, my old master, told me I should meet you and mapped out the course of research we have followed so successfully; he likewise warned me of the danger that would threaten you the same that destroyed the man I have just told you of. You have escaped, and I hope our joint work may every day be more of a help to men."

(To Be Continued.)

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When one comes to realize that at the age of 25, a Pythian who is otherwise eligible may obtain insurance in the Endowment Rank to the amount of \$3,000, for \$36 per annum, there is no excuse for any member of the Order to be without it; or if he does not feel that he can afford to pay that amount, then, upon paying \$2 per month, or \$24 per annum, he can protect his wife and family against want, to the extent of \$2,000.

:o:

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

Preparations in Train for the Triumph at Detroit.—The Carnival.

After weeks of hard work on the part of the Convention Club, the "Convention Carnival," one of a series of entertainments to be given by the club as a means of increasing the entertainment fund for the National Convention, was successfully closed with \$4,000 to the credit of the Club. The Carnival was the biggest thing of the kind ever attempted in Detroit, and made a hit. The scheme of offering coupon tickets for sale as an inducement for an advance guarantee of financial returns, proved a winner and several thousand tickets were disposed of all over the country. The Carnival opened Monday, February 12th, and closed at midnight, February 24th. Every kind of entertainment had been provided for and the 18,000 visitors who passed through the gates failed to find

anything lacking in the way of material for a good time. The grand prize-drawing distributed 920 prizes donated by the business men of Detroit to as many holders of lucky coupons. The capital prize, a \$500 lion, presented by the proprietors of the Wonderland theatre-museum, was won by Hector McDonald, a travelling man, residing in Detroit. Many of the prizes were won by Pythians residing hundreds of miles from Detroit.

Preparations for the entertainment of the hosts who will arrive from every State in the Union next August are still actively making, and those contemplating the trip can rest assured that there will be more in the way of a good time than any convention city has ever offered.

The camp-grounds selected are in one of the most beautiful scenic portions of the city, with plenty of shade, excellent water and the best possible transportation facilities. The fleets of all river lines will be reinforced for the week of the Convention and side trips to St. Clair Flats, the "Venice of America," and a dozen other places equally attractive up and down the river at a trifling expense.

Brigadier-General Loomis, commanding Michigan Division Uniform Rank, states that of the 36 active companies in the State, most of them have begun to prepare for Detroit. Kalamazoo, No. 9, has already entered for the competitive drills and Albion and Traverse City are both getting in shape to do so. Reports from other states indicate a growing interest in the encampment. The First Regiment of Tennessee, one of the finest uniformed bodies in the state, will come intact. A company from St. Augustine, Florida, is getting in shape to make the pilgrimage. The Capital Company, of St. Paul, one of the crack companies of the West, is already entered in the competitive list. Ravenswood, Va., Rutland, Vermont, a number of California companies and loyal knights from every remote corner have announced their intention of being in Detroit. The Grand Lodge of Ontario will be the guests of the Supreme Lodge for the week, and the Uniform Rank of Ontario will have quarters in camp as guests of their American brothers. This visit of the Canadians promises to be a pleasant feature of the encampment.

The big white city which will be erected for the reception of the army of Uniform Rank, Knights of Pythias, in Detroit next August, will be one of the most perfect military camps ever prepared for a body of men. The 1900 Convention Club, which has charge of the arrangements (business) for the Convention and Encampment, has just closed a contract with the Wagner Manufacturing Company, of Cleveland, for 4,000 tents for the encampment. The Wagner Company erected the big camp at Indianapolis, and will take entire charge of the work in Detroit. The Company is now preparing plans for the camp grounds and arrangements of the local Committee with the Company include the most perfect of sanitary arrangements, and water mains connecting all company streets. The camp will be located in one of the most beautiful spots in this city, which is noted for its scenic pictures. There will be a grand parade ground, an artillery park, broad boulevards, etc., and hundreds of electric lights will make the

camp an interesting place at night. Thousands of comfortably made cots and pillows are now being made for the Committee, and will be furnished for a slight fee, which will insure against breakage. Each visitor will furnish his own blankets. It is intended that every man in camp shall enjoy life to the limit.

The Committee in charge of the entertainment arrangements for the D. O. K. P. has quietly planned something in the way of a surprise for the pilgrims, and it is a sure thing that the slaves of His Royal Highness, the Imperial Prince, will return home from Detroit well satisfied. There will be one day set apart by the Municipality of Detroit, when the shrouded votaries will be allowed to run amuck, with license from Mayor Maybury to have nothing but a good time, and to see to it that no one else has the blues. There will be a heavy fine for anyone chancing to appear without his identity properly disguised, and when night comes, those who miss the sights and sounds will miss more than they have ever missed before.

Chairman Cunningham wishes to once more urge all veterans of the Spanish War who wish to have a grand reunion in Detroit during the Convention, to write to him at once. Some interest has been shown, but to make the plan a success it is necessary to have general expression for or against the plan.

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SUSPENSION FOR NON-PAYMENT OF DUES.

Speech made by S. R., John T. Sutphen, at a Recent District Meeting.

The suspension of members for non-payment of dues has been the bete-noir of every Chancellor Commander, Deputy and Grand Chancellor of every domain for the past ten years. The malady has received various prescriptions. While carefully made in keeping with the diagnosis, the disease is of doubtful prognosis. Most of us have handled this matter as a financial monstrosity, treating it as a monetary mongrel.

The plans to alleviate this growing thorn in the fraternal body, have been numberless and unfruitful to a large degree. The Master of Finance has come in with both praise and abuse. He has had his salary diminished in proportion to his loss of membership in some lodges. He has received a percentage on collections in others. He has been forced to accept

payment of dues anywhere and everywhere, and then accept unkind words for real, supposed or imaginary clerical errors. Frequently carried to the destruction of harmony and brotherly love.

Other plans with the same self-aggrandizement as the crowning feature have been tried with failure branded upon the effort. All of these have added selfishness in a large ratio to the membership; drifting the Order into a grafting aggregation of "money sharks," ignoring the beautiful teachings of the ritual in every particular in the egotistic effort to line our exchequer or pockets with the lucre of the day.

The suspension of members for non-payment of dues is the natural sewer for our own misapplication of the good to be derived from the Order, by making misrepresentations to persons whom we invite to become members, that are not warranted by the teachings of the ritual. It may well be illustrated by the butcher at the meat-block the next morning following his introduction into the mysteries or the ranks of Knighthood. "Them Knights of Pythias did not do a thing to me last night. Oh, no! but then that is all right. Just think of it: If I get sick five dollars a week and a man to sit up with me; if I die they give me fifty dollars, a funeral procession with a brass band and a drum major with all his high-faluten clothes and all the flub-dubs that goes with it; and it only costs 'steen' dollars and one fifty every three months."

Now what induced him to join the fraternity of Knights of Pythias? What kind of a member will he make? Who is at fault? He was solicited to join the Order of Knights of Pythias by a member whose sole argument was compulsory benefits that the law provides for. He was led into the Order by the allurements of the "Golden Calf" held up as the crowning virtue of a humanitarian Order that is pledged to brotherly love by a member who had failed to comprehend the obligation he had taken, or the beautiful lessons taught by the Order.

Yet we boast of our excellent ritualistic work, magnificent and costly paraphernalia which together convey to the candidate in full and realistic exemplification the beauties of the Pythian fraternity. But on these two at least it was lost. They must, from their actions and words, look upon the Order as a cheap insurance company, and that they must get sick or die soon to beat the game on which they have staked a few dollars, in the hopes of beating their fellow



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members out of the savings accumulated by the "workers" of the lodge. This man was induced to become a member of the Order of Knights of Pythias by the promise of sick and funeral benefits that were to be presented to him, so that he assumed that dollars would be returned from penny investments; and he passes through the ceremony of initiation with only one object before him, which proves to be the "golden kettle" at the end of the rainbow. He remains healthy for a year or more, the anticipated return of his dollars and that of his brothers' is not to be found in his coffers. He has never been awakened to the beautiful teachings of Friendship, Charity and Benevolence.

For a few months he anxiously works to get new members that he may do more to them than was meted out to him, but he soon waxes cold and discontented because he has not been sick to "beat the game," and stays away from lodge, and becomes in arrears for dues. While in this dilemma he is taken sick, finds out that laws have not been complied with, and the gold does not come to his pocket. He is sore, because he says when asked to join, this law was not explained to him. When he gets well he thinks he will do the game yet, so he puts in a few dollars more, but the "god of health" maintains him, and he tires of the continual payment of dues, with none of it coming back. Then selfish mammon whispers in his soul and he passes from membership by the suspension-for-non-payment of dues route. The members with one accord claim he was past redemption.

Now, who is to blame for this condition? We, as members of the Order, are individually and collectively at fault. We seem to worship at the shrine of that impure political god, "What is there in it for me?"

So, in soliciting members, we lead for the baser element of the man, by picturing to him the monetary points with the adhesiveness of a "bunco artist." Cheap fraternities, like any commodity, are unfruitful of the best results. When a man expects something for nothing, he is sure to get scorched by getting the hot end of it.

Brothers, it is time we should "about face" and march to the music "that man is not all selfishness," but by nature he has a better side, nobler thoughts, higher and broader ideas which we can educate to greater deeds if we only solicit his companionship on these lines: Explain that the primary object of the Order of Knights of Pythias is the elevation of humanity, by the spreading of the doctrine of universal brotherhood of man, by eliminating selfishness, elevating the moral standard, making the family mart a charmed circle; that we are not in the strict sense of the word a secret society, but a family of brothers, joined together by ties in which we are obligated to protect and help one another in making each better by the interchanging of opinions as to what is actually meant by friendship, charity, justice and brotherly love.

Make sick and funeral benefits a secondary matter, and not to be considered when inviting a man to become one of us, but rather lead him by the straight, smoother path—the beautiful teaching that was inspired by the noble and upright brothers who prepared the beautiful ritual

we now use. Those ennobling words were not placed therein for idle and listless pronunciation, but to study and carry through all life to come.

When men come into the Order with the proper and pure teaching of the ritual, prepared to be loyal to the law, then, and only then, will the flood-gates branded "Suspension for non-payment of dues" be closed and not before.

Arise, my brothers, do your duty to the Order by being true to yourself and the candidate that is being brought into our fraternal fold.

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A PYTHIAN HOME.

How a Noble Institution Was Started.—The First Dollar.

Everything has to have a beginning, and the great Ohio Pythian Home was not anywise different from everything else. In building and maintaining in Ohio a home for the aged and the needy brothers of the Order of Knights of Pythias a beginning was made quite a number of years ago, and to-day they have the only, the grandest and best home for the wards of the Order in the world. One of the first considerations towards building this Home was money, and the first dollar given for that purpose has a greater value than any other of the thousands paid into the exchequer for that purpose, and that first dollar was paid, not by a Knight of Pythias and one who might expect at some future day to be benefited by it, but by John H. Brisbin, of the Transvaal, South Africa. This dollar is now firmly imbedded in a handsomely etched nickel plate, which will be appropriately framed and hung up in the superintendent's office at the Home, for a perpetual remembrance in years to come of the beginning of the enterprise. All honor to John Brisbin, who may now be engaged in a bloody strife in the Transvaal and may never know that the dollar he gave is to-day a talisman in the Home he gave the dollar to build.

At the beginning of the work of agitating the building of a home for the needy and orphans, the lamented Bro. George E. Hitchcock, whose great heart was full of love for the orphans, and whose daily task it was to urge its construction on every K. P. he met, was discussing the matter in a railroad car, when an interested listener after asking a few questions, handed Bro. H. this dollar, with the remark: "I want to help build this home." His name and residence was given as above stated. The dollar was preserved until after the Home was assured as a talisman for the future good.

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Among the 2,000 odd Canadians at present fighting for the white man's liberty and their Empire in South Africa, there are many Knights of Pythias. Might not a similar move be started in Canada to the one indicated by the following suggestion which has taken a strong hold in Pythian circles across the border?

A plan is now on foot which, it is hoped, will meet the approbation of the entire Pythian membership of America, and by which the fraternal ties of a certain portion of the membership will be materially strengthened. During the Spanish-American war there were more than 9,000 members of the Knights of Pythias wearing the United States blue, marching and undergoing hardships at the front. It is now proposed to organize a Pythian Veteran Association to be made up of the members of the Order who served in the regular or volunteer ranks during this war, and it is suggested that as the biennial encampment and convention will be held in August next, this would be an opportune time for bringing these veterans together for formal organization.

The general committee in Detroit is at work arranging the local plans and expenses so that it will be possible to carry out the project successfully, and if the Pythians interested will join with the committee in suggesting the details of the plan, there can be added to the regular convention a feature which will not only increase the interest in the assembling of Pythians, but will allow the veterans to make their first meeting a big success. The Detroit Military bodies will assist in the entertainment of the military visitors. There can be a big campfire, and if thought best a parade of the veterans, in which all civic and military bodies in Detroit will assist.

It is intended to make the programme of the reunion of veterans such that it will in no way interfere with the regular work of the encampment or convention, but it is believed that no effort should be spared to make this the greatest gathering of loyal Pythians ever seen on any soil.

:o:

HIGH HONOR TO A BROTHER KNIGHT.

Brother the Hon. Ogden H. Fethers, Supreme Vice-Chancellor, has been appointed by Bro. President McKinley, to represent the United States at the Paris Exposition. We congratulate Bro. President McKinley on his happy choice, and have no doubt that Bro. Fethers will efficiently perform his duties. The appointment will not in any way interfere with his presence at the Supreme Lodge Convention to be held this Summer in Detroit.

:o:

In view of the splendid record which the Endowment Rank has made for itself, and the stability of its system, no eligible Pythian should be without life insurance. The Endowment Rank furnishes certificates to the amount of \$500, \$1,000, \$2,000, or \$3,000, thus bringing it within the limit of the income of everyone.

It should be the aim of every K. of P. Lodge to own the building in which it holds its conventions. Yet it should not seek to do so at the cost of justice toward the sick and the needy. Our duty to our brothers should be the first consideration. A lodge owning its own hall is always independent; and in this we do not mean that the ownership should be in name alone, but in fee simple and free from debt. This ownership of the lodge home has occupied the attention of the best minds of the Order from its birth, but no solution has been found other than the accumulation of lodge funds and their appropriation to that purpose. Various plans have been suggested and found insufficient to make a clear and complete transaction, without leaving a burden of debt on the lodge. A lodge may have a part of the sum necessary for the purpose and think itself financially strong to go ahead and carry the burden, but find, too late, when its funds are all involved, that a mortgage must be given to a money shark who would rejoice to close in and become the owner at half the cost of the edifice. We have one such case within gunshot of where we write—the unfortunate being a lodge of a kindred order. The prospects were of the best; the leading members men of influence and experience who were looked up to as having a full knowledge of what they had in hand. Yet reverses came; one by one several of those "leading members" died; sickness came to members; rents sufficient to carry the burden failed, and the result is, that after a "painful struggle" the lodge succumbed and a stranger now owns the building and enjoys the "usufruct."

On this subject we find in an exchange a proposition by which the entire loss of lodge houses to the Order may be obviated. It is, that when a lodge wants to build a hall, let it raise all the money it can, and then have the Grand Lodge lend to the subordinate, at a low rate of interest, a sum not exceeding fifty per cent. of the value of the completed buildings, receiving therefor, as security, a first mortgage on the same. In some jurisdictions this arrangement would encumber the Grand Lodge records with a large number of applicants. The best plan is for the lodge to raise the money in full for the building, owe no one, and enjoy the luxury of owning its own lodge home.—"The Knight."

:o:

PAY YOUR DUES.

Everyone who enters a lodge by initiation or transfer enters into a solemn compact to obey the laws, and among the laws is that which fixes the sum or sums each shall pay for support of the lodge, and he who neglects or refuses to pay such dues when able to do so, is violating the obligations of honor. Laggards should remember this one point, at least, that they violate their most solemn obligation in thus falling in arrears and dropping from the lodge by the N. P. D. route. If they wish to leave the Order, let them pay up and withdraw or resign membership honorably.—"Knight."

EVERETT KNIGHTS INSTALLED.

On Saturday evening, March 24th, the officers of E. Weldon Young Company, Uniform Rank, Knights of Pythias, Everett, Wash., were installed by officers, Gen. H. A. Bigelow and Col. A. C. Bowman. The following officers were installed: H. D. Cooley, captain; P. W. Barton, first lieutenant; John Rodgers, second lieutenant; F. O. Coe, adjutant; B. J. Rucker, treasurer.

:o:

In Chicago every evening except Sunday is "Lodge night." On Monday one has a chance of twenty-six conventions; on Tuesday, which seems to be the favorite, there are thirty-one conventions; on Wednesday, eighteen; on Thursday, twenty-six; on Friday, twenty-five; and on Saturday only one convention. There are Pythian conventions in the Masonic Temple every evening but Saturday.

The Knight of Pythias who never reads the periodicals published in the interest of the Order is cognizant of very little that is going on among the Lodges of the various Domains—even in his own.

It is asserted and is probably true that a majority of the Governors of the several States are members of the Order of Knights of Pythias. President McKinley is a Pythian, and all his cabinet officers, except two, are said to be members.

:o:

It is a duty we owe to our Order to know the business in which each member is engaged, and whenever possible—all things being equal—patronize those who have taken the same obligations as ourselves, and thus demonstrate that our boasted friendship and fraternity is a practical reality rather than a lodge-room sentiment exclusively.

WHEN TO DIE.

Fraternal Instinct Should Guide all Our Actions.

It is claimed that the Pythians in one Domain passed resolutions to the effect that in the future members of the Order should die on Saturday so that their brothers might be able to turn out to the funeral on Sunday, saving washing up and dressing up on week days. This is, of course, a little too cold blooded, but it brings to mind the fact that the brothers are not as numerous as they should be at the bier of departed ones. Sometimes the prominent member is laid away with hundreds marching escort to all that is mortal of him, while the poorer brother is hardly recognized, and it would be difficult to realize that he was a member of the Order so far as the attendance at his funeral is concerned.

This is not right. The man in rags may have as noble a heart as the man in broadcloth. Perhaps he has been a better Pythian during his life. Perhaps he has been a truer husband and a more loving father. Fraternity recognizes no difference between men as regards their material holdings in this world. It cannot.

Another feature that should be borne in mind is the care of the ill, the unfortunate and the afflicted ones. Let us see that we are at the bedside of the sick and the graveside of the departed brother. It pays for us to do this. Matters of this kind cannot be forgotten or passed over. As a rule the Pythians come nearer to following the tenets of the Order in this direction than many of the other Lodges, but still there is room for improvement.—"Triangle."

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HIS LAST INVENTION.

Ralph Gardon strode moodily up and down his workshop, which was littered with the odds and ends of machinery which represented the ruins of a hundred castles in the air. He was always inventing, was Gardon; always spending days and nights over the manufacture of some wonderful machine or other which was to revolutionize the world and make him famous, only to find after all his labor some irremediable flaw in his plan which rendered the completion of the machine an impossibility, or prevented it working.

He gazed around him on the gaunt skeleton in wood and brass of past hopes, and clenched his hands fiercely.

"A failure! Everything in my life is a miserable failure!" he cried aloud, as he paced the floor.

It was not the breakdown of an ordinary invention, however, that wrung the bitter words from him. He had grown accustomed to waking in the morning with an idea worth millions in his head, and going to bed at night with the knowledge that it was not worth a million match-sticks; and had become quite philosophical over the failure of his plans for money-making. But this time it was a different arrangement that had broken down, an arrangement by which the inventor hoped to make himself a home and children; and the mainspring, in the shape of Deborah Dene, the woman he loved, had failed him. In his clenched hand he held the letter she had sent him, abruptly announcing that she wished to break off their engagement.

There was a revolver lying on the inventor's bench, which had thrice had its bright barrel pointed toward his forehead, but three times the man's purpose had failed him at the decisive moment.

The fact of his cowardice added to the man's irritation against himself.

"I fail in everything that would make life worth living, and cannot even kill myself," he went on, in his despairing soliloquy. "Must everything I try prove a failure?"

He took up the revolver once more with sudden determination, and holding the barrel between his teeth, pulled the trigger. There was a click, but nothing more; he had forgotten, after all, to load the thing.

He had failed once more to kill himself and the nervous shock he had experienced had made it impossible for him to repeat the attempt. He must think of something, he told himself, which would make the last act easier for him. He was determined on suicide, and had committed himself by informing Deborah of his intentions: but when the movement of a finger was in a moment to make all the difference between life and death, his physical courage deserted him, and his finger became powerless. He must prepare some plan for killing himself in which the exact moment of his death would be decided by chance or the action of machinery.

The idea pleased him by suggesting the need of invention, a need which his mind was always ready to meet, and he set himself with a melancholy pleasure to think out the details of a killing-machine which should fulfil all his requirements. Death must be painless and in-

stantaneous, of course, but must act at a different moment from that at which the victim took the decisive action which should make his fate certain and unchangeable. He drew out a plan rapidly, making rough sketches of the mechanical details on the back of Deborah Dene's fatal letter.

Then he went down to his forge, on the floor below, and worked hard at the manufacture of the instrument he had invented. It was finished by midnight, and, in a grim sort of way, Ralph Gardon was proud of his work.

The invention was in the form of a dynamite bomb, which would explode by the slow action of an acid eating through a barrier of cement. One of his past failures had left him with the dynamite in his hands. It was enclosed in a carefully welded iron case, joined strongly, so that once the case was closed it could only be opened by the exercise of considerable force. It was connected as strongly to an iron chain, which the inventor fastened round his waist, joining the two ends with a Yale padlock. When he had locked it he laid the key on his anvil, and, with a stroke of his hammer, beat it out of shape.

To get away from his anvil and tools, with the chance they still offered him of changing his mind and breaking the chain round his waist, as well as to save the empty house from needless injury, the inventor put on his hat and walked out into the country road that stretched in front of his lonely dwelling.

He walked along rapidly, anxious, while his determination remained firm, to place as great a distance as possible between himself and any chance of undoing his handiwork. There was not a soul abroad, of course, at such an hour, and Gardon had no fear of injuring anybody but himself by the explosion that now he was expecting every moment. When the road took him near any habitation he made a wide circuit, to keep it outside the range of the dynamite bomb round his waist. With the same thoughtfulness for others he stopped when, after about half an hour's walk, he caught sight of the figure of a woman approaching him. He was like a man with the plague, whom it was dangerous to approach, and Ralph was about to turn precipitately, and get out of the woman's way, when something in her figure struck him as familiar. The night was a moonlight one, and in the middle of the road where she was walking it was clear as noon-day. A second glance told him that his suspicion was right; it was Deborah Dene hurrying along the road.

In the complete surprise of seeing her in such a spot at such an hour, the thought of his invention went clear out of his head. It was due to go off at any moment now; but Ralph was so astonished that he actually forgot its existence.

He hurried forward.

"Deb," he said, "what are you doing here?"

For answer the girl flung her arms round his neck and burst into tears. She had hurried as fast as the train would bring her to him immediately on receiving his letter with its hint of suicide, and had walked from the nearest station, three miles further, up the road, expecting to find him a corpse. She sobbed for

five minutes on his breast without being able to speak a word in the relief of finding him alive.

The letter which he had received, and which she was supposed to have written, she had never heard of except through his reproaches. It was a forgery, no doubt, concocted by some spiteful acquaintance of his or hers to ruin their happiness. She loved him with her whole heart and soul, she sobbed, and could never dream of giving him up.

It seemed to poor Ralph Gardon, who loved her more than his life, that the gates of Paradise had opened. To find that all the mental agony through which he had passed had been without cause or basis made him feel the happiest man in the world.

It was actually not until he clasped his sweetheart in his arms, with every doubt and suspicion removed, that the consequent pressure of the bomb against his flesh reminded him how in a few more minutes at most it would blow him to atoms.

This story was told me as true by a friend of mine, who knew the interest I take in the subject of suicide. He stopped when he had reached the point in his narrative as if it was concluded.

"And were they both killed?" I asked, with interest.

"Oh, no! they were married shortly afterward. Gardon gave up trying to invent from that night, and became pretty successful when he found his real forte— tale writing."

"But the bomb?" I asked. I was not interested in the man's subsequent career. My friend pretended to look surprised.

"My dear fellow, you don't think a machine could possibly work when Ralph Gardon had invented and made it!"

GOOD OF THE ORDER.

No lodge is free from the brother who "cannot talk"—who shuts up like a clam when "Good of the Order" is announced; he is much in evidence in every Castle Hall and no amount of prodding seems to convince him that he has a duty to perform.

It is not to be expected that all brothers are gifted in equal degree in the matter of readily and happily expressing their thoughts in public; but no man who is in earnest, impressed with the subject in hand and its vital importance, can fail to drop some words of wisdom and cheer. He may not possess the command of language and eloquence of another brother; he may halt and even stumble; but he will be understood and appreciated. The thrush swings gaily upon the hedge twig, basking in the glorious sunlight of a summer morning, and joyously pours out its soul in a flood of melody entrancing and divine. The bluebird peers from lofty perches and peeps its shrill response. Each expresses its delight in living and its love for Nature, and while one carols gaily and the other can but twitter, the message is the same.

"I have nothing to say." You should have—and say it. Were you engaged in a business deal would you have "nothing to say?" Get equally interested in your lodge work and you'll talk, never fear, when occasion demands. You may not be a thrush, but the bluebird's notes are equally sweet even if not poured forth in torrents of melody, and it never hesitates because of the proximity of songbirds. Each must do his part.—The Pythian "Triangle."

There is talk among the Eastern lodges of seceding from the United States and forming a Canadian Order of Knights of Pythias. Such a proceeding has been carried out successfully by other orders in Canada, and what others have done, we can do. What say you?

Sowing the Seeds!

SEEDS SEEDS SEEDS

For the Front or Back Garden, Field or Farm

LAWN GRASS SEEDS

SWEET PEAS, 50 VARIETIES.

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TRUE PYTHIANISM.

A correspondent of the "Pythian Knight," of Rochester, N. Y., in a letter from Buffalo, tells the following story which is well worth repeating:

A splendid example of Pythianism was witnessed here during the past month. Several years ago Bro. John P. Findler, of Harmony Lodge, No. 110, of Pullman, Ill., came to Buffalo with the Pullman Company. He had been in poor health for some time, and thus never found his way out among the lodges here, and was practically a stranger. He spent all of his hard-earned money with doctors who kept him in ignorance of his true malady, consumption. Last Summer he went to California for his health, where he rapidly grew worse, and was sent home to die. On his way home he visited the brethren at Pullman, Ill., and they sent regular remittances to the afflicted brother. Finally, fearing the worst, he asked to be placed in the care of some lodge here, and Harmony Lodge thereupon placed the brother under the care of Christopher Columbus Lodge, No. 325, the members of which visited him and watched over him. Dr. Frank A. Mendlin, a member of the lodge, gave his services free, and did everything possible for the now dying brother. Bro. Findler died on January 2nd, and Christopher Columbus Lodge buried him, according to Pythian rites at Concordia Cemetery, Walden Avenue, within sight of his former home. Money was advanced the widow who, with her three-year-old child, was now utterly alone. She had but a slight knowledge of the English language, and all her relatives, with the exception of a brother living at Houston, Texas, were in far-off Sweden. Chancellor Commander G. A. Kayser and Past Chancellor J. L. Hornberger took up a donation of \$20 from the lodge, Chancellor Commander Smith and "Incl. Joe" Kalmroth, of Selkirk Lodge, added \$3 more, and this was handed the bereaved widow. Harmony Lodge paid \$50 as a funeral benefit, but upon the appeal of Bro. Hornberger added \$40 more for the widow and orphan. All bills were met and \$77 was left over for the widow to help her along through the Winter. When I called at the home, 712 Walden Avenue, on January 15th, I found her with tears streaming from her eyes, but they were not tears of sorrow. She had received notice from the landlord that thereafter her house rent was reduced \$2 per month, all bills had been paid, fuel had been provided for the Winter, and she had a balance on hand and enough boarders, she thought, so that she could support herself and child. "Oh, it was all the lodge," she cried, as she wrung my hands again and again. I promised to call frequently, and left her in tears of gratitude. This was Pythianism, pure and true, not of the kind that makes long-winded speeches about the beauties of fraternity, and refuses even a dime to the widow and orphan, nor like the man who preaches Fraternity so that he may fatten on the crumbs thereof, as many charlatans do.

Stubb—"Wonder why old man Stokes sleeps in a red nightcap?"

Penn—"Guess it's to flag his train of thoughts."

THE GYMNAS TIC GIRL.

There were foils on the wall
And the rules of basket ball
Done in red!
There were dumbbells on the floor
And a strength-weight closed the door—
Overhead!

There was some blue trophy flag
And there swung a punching bag
Near her seat!
She could box like any man
And his photo formed a fan—
Athlete!

There were books—a heaping stack—
And I read across one back—
"How to Fence!"
And a hundred other rules—
From the athletic schools
"That teach sense!"

Every volume headed "How!"
And she said: "I know them now—
Like a book!"
But she in a passion flew
When I asked her if she knew
How to cook!

TAKING WAYS.

"I," began the man who looked like Dewey,
"have been to Rome and taken everything in."
"And I," said the youth in a red vest, "have
been to Romeo and have been taken in."

FEMININE DIPLOMACY.

She—"Don't you feel a draught over there
by that window?"
He (timidly)—"Yes, I be-believe I do. Shall
I p-pull down the b-blind or c-come over and
s-sit by you?"
She—"Well, I would advise you to pull down
the blind first."

A CHEAP MAN.

"Where have you been, my pretty maid?"
"I've been hunting bargains, sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"I've too many cheap things now," she said.

Dominion Hotel

VICTORIA, B.C.

The Largest, Newest, Best Appointed and Most
Liberal Managed Hotel in the City. Cen-
trally Located, with Moderate Rates.

THE DOMINION recommends itself for the notable character of its guests, its large, sunny rooms, excellent table and reasonable charges. The Hotel being only three stories high—the advantages of having no rooms above the third floor needs no comment.

STEPHEN JONES, Proprietor.

DOMINION HOTEL AGAIN ENLARGING.

Proprietor Steve Jones Decided Upon Completion of Block.—Unsurpassed Accommodation for Guests.

The Victoria "Colonist" of March 9th says: Once again the order has been given to the contractors by Proprietor Stephen Jones of the Dominion—"give me more room," and in the course of the next day or so ground will be broken for still another extension of this big and popular hostelry, not to meet any anticipated "rush," but to accommodate an existent and steadily developing trade. The contract has been signed with Mr. James Baker, and the new wing, which will complete the main building into a perfect square, will according to calculations be finished and furnished prior to the 24th of May, at a total cost of about \$15,000. Mr. E. C. Howell, under whose supervision the stately pile of British Columbia's Parliament buildings rose to completion, is the designer of the new Dominion block, while Architect A. Maxwell Muir is to oversee the work during its progress.

Mr. Jones is (and has a right to be) proud of his success in his chosen calling. It is exceedingly doubtful if any American Benifance has made a greater success of his business, not through "luck," but by intelligent study of the wants of the travelling public, enterprise, and strict attention to his own interests. The Dominion has grown and developed phenomenally, but he has made it do so. In 1876, when the Dominion was originally established by the late Mr. Stephen Jones, Sr., it was a very humble, unpretentious structure with accommodation for perhaps fifteen guests. An addition was put up a few years later, which gave in the neighborhood of 35 rooms all told. When Mr. Jones, the son, took charge of the house in May, 1889, it was a frame building, neither pretentious nor very comfortable, capable of sheltering 35 or 40 guests.

This did not suit his ideas of what a Victoria hotel should be, and in the following August, 1890, he had ground broken for the original brick structure, at that time one of the largest and most complete hotels in the city. But times have changed rapidly, and Mr. Jones is not the man to see his own affairs stand still while the city moves. In the decade following there were three chapters of reconstruction, and after each a growth of solid trade justified the conclusions upon which enlargement had been undertaken. The removal of the old frame annex at the rear and side to make room for the present addition marks the complete disappearance of the original premises, and the perfection of the new Dominion—an all brick, fire-proof structure of four flats, 65 feet in length, with a width of 42 feet, and perfect in the modernity of its equipment and appointments.

When the present reconstruction is complete, there will be, on the ground floor, a handsome central court, 40 feet long and 16 feet in width, cement floored, and finished with a pretty fountain, rustic seats and a profusion of palms, climbing vines and flowering plants—an ideal lounging place on a summer's day—and communicating directly with the roomy and well equipped main office. The kitchen will have a floor area of 22 by 30 feet, with two immense ranges

and plenty of working room for a staff of ten. Attached to this kitchen will be a bakery, provided with an oven of the most up-to-date type; while the enlarged dining hall—reached through the pantry—will offer ideal facilities for large banquets, as well as for ordinary service of guests.

Down on the basement floor, with an area of 600 square feet, will be installed an immense steam-heating plant on the single-tube system; as well as ample storeroom accommodation, with both dry and refrigerating chambers.

Prominent features of the upper, or guests' rooms floors, are to be three large and handsome main stairway landings, and the circular promenade hall, six feet in width, extending completely round the large building. By it—and the alternate staircases—absolute immunity from fire danger is secured; although to make assurance doubly sure, a fire alarm system is installed as well.

The completion of the new section of the house will make the Dominion one perfect block, with a gain of some 35 guest-rooms and the enlargement of others, to give a total of 100 apartments, every one an outside room, well lighted and well ventilated. The present design is not so much to increase the number of rooms as to improve their quality, and make every guest chamber in the house thoroughly suited to the demands of a first-class trade. The majority of the gained rooms—upwards of 20—will be conveniently arranged en suite, provided with private bath rooms and furnished in a fashion unsurpassed in the province.

It is a subject of pride with the owner and proprietor that he will have the only hotel in the North West, and one of the very few in Canada, containing 100 rooms, not one of which are above the third flat. The new Dominion, when Contractor Baker leaves off his work, will be a solid, harmonizing block, thoroughly modern in every detail of construction, equipment and furnishing, and with unsurpassed accommodation for 250 guests. Besides the best and latest return call, lighting, heating and sanitation systems, it will be provided with the Allan-Hussey telephone service, from the office to the several sections of the house and the principal rooms—being indeed the second hotel in all Canada, and the first in the Pacific North West, to adopt this thoroughly up-to-date convenience.

ORIENTAL HOTEL

HARRY EDWARDS, Manager.

The Oldest Established Hotel in the City.
Accommodation for 150 Guests.

THE MOST CENTRAL AND POPULAR RESORT

First-class Table.
Free Bus meets all trains and boats.

Rates \$1.00 per Day and Upwards.

308 Water Street, opposite Hudson's Bay Store.

VANCOUVER, B.C.

A SNAP-SHOT—AND AFTER.

Jack St. Aubyn, attired in a faultless and spotless yachting suit, ran up the steps of the Casino at Newport, and approached a charming-visaged girl and her father, who were seated on the broad piazza watching the people.

"Good morning, Mr. Van Ness," exclaimed the young man, airily, by way of greeting. "Miss Coretta, have you any plans for this morning?"

"Yes, sir!" snapped the old gentleman before his daughter could reply. "My daughter has made plans for the morning. She intends to spend it in a boat, with no other company but her own."

A quick crimson mounted to the young man's face, but turning to the speaker, he composedly replied: "Your daughter surely could find no more delightful company. Pardon my intrusion."

And with a graceful bow and half-amused, half-questioning glance at the young lady, he strolled away.

Coretta watched him go down the smooth walk, with easy, swinging strides, until he was out of sight, and then turned to her father.

"Daddy, why are you always so brusque and disagreeable to Mr. St. Aubyn, when you are kindness itself to anyone else?"

"Because he is an ass," growled Mr. Van Ness, with a scowl of displeasure.

"I'm sure he is nothing of the sort," argued his daughter, flushing and drawing herself up rather stiffly. "He is courteous, well-bred, handsome and has a splendid position for a man of his age; and all through his own exertions, too."

"That's just it," replied her father, testily. "That's what makes me so blamed mad—the prig is so confoundingly proud and independent. Did it all himself, and has nobody to thank. Bah! he makes me sick, he does. All those high and mighty airs, just because he has struck a little luck, when there's many a poor devil, worth his weight in gold, who is grubbing along at starvation wages."

"Well, under the circumstances, I think he has a right to be proud; and if he is, you cannot say he is either vain or haughty."

"Oh! you know all about it, do you? Well I'm off: I'll suffocate if I stay on this veranda another minute. There's not a breath of air. What are you going to do with yourself this morning, dear?"

"You have made my programme, and I shall abide by it," said Coretta, meekly. "I'm going to row on the harbor all the morning."

"All right. Hurry along then, and I'll see you safely start."

Half an hour later Mr. Van Ness' eyes glowed with fatherly pride as he watched the light boat shoot out over the placid waters of the harbor, skilfully propelled by the steady, trained stroke of his daughter's oars, and after waving his handkerchief to her, addressed himself to the enjoyment of his latest and most enthusiastic hobby—snap-shot photography. It was comforting to this old plutocrat to think that Coretta was alone on the water, where that young scrub, St. Aubyn could not get at her.

"—St. Aubyn, anyway," he muttered to him-

self. "Why don't he keep away from Coretta? The Lord knows I've given him hints enough and pretty broad ones, too, but men of his stamp never will take a hint. And you can't make him mad. Why, if I had been in his place I'd have thrashed myself long ago. He's always got some sugar-coated speech ready that makes a man feel like a fool."

On the following night papa Van Ness was in his element. He had arranged a little entertainment in the hotel drawing room for the benefit of the family of a poor man who had been drowned in the surf. All the talent in the hotel was pressed into service. The programme was to include vocal and instrumental music, recitations, legerdemain and what not?

Mr. Van Ness was the moving spirit of the whole affair and his portly form was seen everywhere—now among the audience applauding vigorously, now at the temporized box office near the door of the drawing room—a moment later in the impromptu green-room, overhauling the properties. He not only ran the curtain up and down, but operated it himself and acted as prompter from the wings, in a hoarse whisper, audible throughout the capacious room. Indeed, he exerted himself so unceasingly that before the evening was half gone he was puffing like a fish out of water, while a tiara of perspiration beads stood on his rubicund brow.

The last number on the programme promised to be the most interesting and amusing: for Mr. Van Ness was to show a series of lantern slides, with the aid of an electric stereopticon of instantaneous photographs which he had taken. He called them "unique postures" and all were to be local hits.

The first view showed a well-known villager standing on the seawall, apparently in deep dejection, while his colossal wife was ostensibly chastising him with an umbrella. In the distance, two young girls were laughingly gazing on the spectacle.

The second picture was that of the interior of a typical Newport cottage, evidently taken through a window, and revealed a prominent clergyman in the act of petting his dog. The third represented a New York belle in her bathing suit, being carried out of the surf in an exhausted condition, by two male bathers.

"Here is one," said Mr. Van Ness, as he adjusted the next view, "of a couple of turtle doves I caught spooning in a boat on the harbor yesterday. The distance from shore was so great that the figures came out very small on the plates, but the magnifying lens may help matters."

The picture was focused in the screen, and presently a storm of applause burst from the audience. With a gasp of horror and dismay Mr. Van Ness turned off the electric current and fled from the scene.

* * * * *

"You see," said Jack St. Aubyn to a friend the next day, "the old fellow took that way of announcing my engagement to his daughter Coretta. Rather an odd idea wasn't it?"—Chicago "Daily News."

Hardacre—"Heow did you git Mary Ann to polish them thar brass knobs so bright?"

Crawfoot—"Told her thar was microbes on 'em."

A FRIENDLY SUGGESTION.

"Life is really not worth living,"
Said the pessimist with a shiver;
"Old man," the optimist replied,
"Go take something for your liver."
:o:

HIS MASTERPIECE.

Visitor—"Oh, what a lovely carpet! Was it expensive?"
Mrs. Newrich—"Yes, indeed! It is one of the best Mr. Brussels ever wove."
:o:

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

Clerk—"You can't get these boots on. You should try a size larger."
O'Rafferty—"Niver do yez moind. Oi'll be able to get thim on afther Oi wear thim a toim two."
:o:

AN EXCEPTION TO THE RULE.

She—"Are you superstitious?"
He—"No, I think not. But why do you ask?"
She—"I was going to get you a pocket knife for a birthday present, but some one told me the gift of anything sharp cuts friendship."
He—"Oh, I'll risk it. I'm sure no knife selected by a woman would cut anything."
:o:

A SHERLOCK HOLMES DEDUCTION.

"What do you St. Louis folks think of our mainage canal by this time?" asked a Chicago man of a stranger who sat opposite in a downtown restaurant the other day.
"Why, how did you know I'm from St. Louis?" asked the astonished stranger.
"Huh! That's easy," replied the other. "I knew it the moment you began to tie your apkin around your neck."

HIS POINT OF VIEW.

She—"A married couple should pull together like a team of horses."
He—"Yes, and they probably would if like a team of horses they had but one tongue between them."
:o:

FEMININE CHARITY.

Clara—"They say Nell is going to marry a man old enough to be her grandfather."
Maude—"Is it possible! I didn't suppose there was a man living that old."
:o:

HE OBEYED ORDERS.

Editor—"What's this? Creditors of the police! Who told you to write them up?"
New Reporter—"You did, sir. Don't you remember telling me to find out all I could about the copper trust?"
:o:

ALACK! ALAS!

Man's inhumanity to man
Is known to every human,
And is exceeded only by
Woman's inhumanity to woman.
:o:

SHE DIDN'T MIND IT.

"I hope you don't object to my moustache," remarked the young man, after he had sealed their betrothal with a kiss.
"Oh, no," replied the dear girl. "I did feel a little down in the mouth at first, but I'll soon get accustomed to it."

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"Kurtz's Own"
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"Spanish Blossom" **Cigars**

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Vancouver, B.C.



A BROTHER'S BAD EXPERIENCE.

He Is Unalterably Opposed to Conviction on Circumstantial Evidence.

The "Lodge Secret" has the following in its correspondence column:

To the Editor.—

Sir: Have been thinking that I would "drop you a line" from this portion of the Pythian vineyard since your visit, together with our Grand Chancellor and other distinguished guests on the occasion of our recent street fair, Pythian banquet and entertainment. We can assure you and all other knights who honored us with their presence on that memorable evening that their visit was most highly appreciated by every local knight, and we trust we will have you with us on many similar occasions.

In regard to the little effusion I quoted at the banquet, and of which you requested me to send you a copy, it all grew out of a rather peculiar experience of one of our most prominent knights, who now occupies the exalted position of Vice Chancellor of R. E. Lee Lodge, No. 51, of this city. He is also a good Red Man, a bright Mason, and enthusiastic Odd Fellow, and could be counted upon to be present on any and all occasions to shoulder his part of the duties and responsibilities of the different lodges. I refer to our distinguished Brother, J. D. McPhail, who, on one gloomy, stormy night, the rain falling in torrents, remarked to his good wife that he would be compelled to visit the Masonic Lodge, and the time was up. This good lady suggested that there certainly would not be a quorum on such a night as this, and tried hard to dissuade him from going, but in vain. He donned his rain-coat, overshoes and umbrella, and went forth to battle with the elements.

There was present on that occasion another good brother who was not so fortunate as to have a raincoat, and his good wife diked him out in her gossamer. During the session of the Lodge the dark clouds cleared away and the bright stars shone forth in all their resplendent beauty.

When the Lodge closed, Brother McPhail, in passing through the ante-room, through mistake, took the lady's gossamer, and the other brother took his rain-coat. When Brother Mack reached home he hung the gossamer on the hat rack in the hall, thinking it was his rain-coat. The next morning he arose early, as was his custom, and went forth to his daily business, feeling at peace with the whole world, more especially his better half. But, oh! gentle reader, think of the difference on the return home at noon when he met his better half, who addressed him thusly:

"Mr. Mack, where were you last evening?"

"At the Lodge."

"Were there any ladies there?"

"No. Why, my darling, do you ask such questions?"

"Did you see any ladies after the Lodge was over?"

"No—no."

"Then where did you get this gossamer?"

"I know nothing whatever about it—there is some terrible mistake—I cannot understand."

"I cannot understand, either," responded the good wife. "but I must understand—at once!"

The dear brother left his once happy home with a heavy heart, and as he again meandered to his place of business he soliloquised thusly:

"Man's life is full of sorrows and temptations. He comes into this world without his consent and goes out against his will. The rule of coartriteness is an important feature of the trip. When he is little the grown girls kiss him, when he is grown the little girls kiss him. If he raises a large family he is a hot mustard, if he raises a small cheque he is a thief, a fraud and is shunned like a Chinaman with the seven years' itch. If he does an act of charity it is for policy; if he does not contribute to charity he is a stingy old miser who lives for himself. If he is poor he is a bad manager; if he is rich he is dishonest. If he is in politics it is for pie; if he is out of politics you cannot tell where to place him, and he is no good to his country. If he dies young there was a bright and glorious future before him; if he lives to old age he has mistook his calling and outlived his usefulness. He is introduced into this world by a doctor, and to the next by the same process, and the little niche he has filled in this life is closed, and the world which once knew him knows him no more forever. Verily, verily, the road is rocky, but I must travel it."

In the course of time the rain-coat and gossamer episode was cleared up to the mutual satisfaction of all concerned, and the white-winged messenger of peace and happiness again hovered over our brother's home.

Soon, however, our unfortunate brother was summoned as a juror in an important criminal case, was duly qualified and ordered by the Court to take his seat in the box. All being ready to open the case, the solicitor outlined in his statement to the jury the evidence he would introduce, stating that while it was purely circumstantial, yet it was so strong that he felt satisfied the jury would be authorised to make a verdict of "guilty" without even leaving their seats.

At this juncture our beloved brother arose and addressed the Court: "May it please Your Honor: I cannot serve on this jury. I will not under any circumstance vote to convict any man on circumstantial evidence, no matter how strong." The Court replied that under such a statement he would be compelled to excuse him, but he was afraid it was just a subterfuge of Brother Mack to get out of serving on the jury, and he must insist on his explaining to the Court why he was so prejudiced that he could not under any circumstance vote to convict on circumstantial evidence. The brother very reluctantly told the Court the sad, sad story of the rain-coat and gossamer, and was promptly excused.

With the best wishes for the success of your most excellent paper, I remain,

Yours fraternally,

JOHN H. HENDERSON.

Columbus, Ga., December 13th, 1889.

WILL BE THERE.

Uniform Rank Carnival to Be Held at Spokane in May.

Arrangements have already been commenced for the Knights of Pythias' big military carnival, which will take place in Spokane on Tuesday, May 15th, and the five days following. Western Star Company, No. 7, of Spokane has appointed a Committee consisting of W. H. Plummer, Colonel in Command of the second regiment of the Uniformed Rank; George E. Clark, J. W. McArthur and A. A. Hosford, to plan and begin the work. The Grand Lodge meets in Spokane at the time of the carnival, which is one of the annual adjuncts to the state ceremonies that is of most general and lively interest.

Last year the Grand Lodge met at Seattle and the usual prize for the best drilled Washington company was won by Spokane. This year, however, it is intended to invite the lodges of neighboring states and British Columbia and an effort is to be made to raise a fund to be awarded in open competition in order that all may take part and that the carnival may be made as big an affair as possible. As a number of lodges have already accepted invitations to attend the carnival from Nelson and other parts of British Columbia, Montana, Idaho and Oregon, it is assured that the carnival will not lack for competitors. The Committee wishes to offer three prizes, \$500, \$300 and \$200, and in order to raise this amount they will open subscription lists in that city and prizes will be known as the Spokane citizens' prizes.

Among the entertainments that are promised are excursions to Coeur d'Alene Lake, balls and receptions. Visiting companies will be the guests of the Spokane company and the citizens. The Committee expects to make the affair the greatest of its kind ever given in the North West, and it is counting on an attendance of 10,000 people.

There are fourteen companies of the Uniform Rank in Washington. These are divided into two regiments, the First, west of the Cascades, consisting of but four companies, with J. B. Metcalf, of Seattle, the Colonel Commanding. The Second regiment, of which Colonel W. H. Plummer is commander, consists of 10 companies, with a total membership of about 450. The companies are stationed at Tekoa, Garfield, Oakesdale, Pullman, Colfax, Ritzville, Dayton, Walla Walla and Spokane. The total number of Knights of the Uniform Rank in the state is about 600.—"The Senator."

N. G.

Sandy Pikes—"What's dat?"
 Billy Coalgate—"Dat's a laundry ticket."
 Sandy Pikes—"What does it call fur?"
 Billy Coalgate—"It calls fur a wash."
 Sandy Pikes—"Billy, fur you to be carryin' dat t'ing aroun' is an insult to our lodge."

A SCORCHER.

Bulldog—"Gee! Look at dem Fountleroy curls on dat poodle."
 Watchdog—"Yep! An' he's weak enough to let his mistress burn him wid curlin' irons."

UNAPPRECIATED EFFORTS.

Mr. Stubb—"Maria, what have you been doing to those front steps? Why, I never saw such crooked painting in my life."

Mrs. Stubb—"John, I intended that for fresco painting."

Mr. Stubb—"Fresco? Why, what in the world did you have it so straight for?"

WHERE JACKALS BARK.

Ida—"I wonder why the only Zulu in Chicago decided to return to his native land?"

May—"He longed for wild people, wild ways and a wild place in general."

Ida—"Why didn't he go down to St. Louis?"

MAKING THINGS LIVELY.

Larry—"Phwat wint on at Dempsy's mixed ale parthy?"

Denny—"Th' poianist thumped th' poianny."

Larry—"Awn phwat did th' rest av thim do?"

Denny—"They thumped th' poianist."

PROBABLY NOT.

It was his first night to see "Quo Vadis."

"Maw," he whispered, as his big eyes rested on the stately Roman senators, "who are those men?"

"Senators, Ostend."

Ostend (after a long pause)—"Maw, did a seat in the senate in those days cost as much as paw says it does now?"

Members of the Order, and especially Rathbone Lodge members, might like to know that a splendid life-size portrait, 24 by 36 inches, of Justus Henry Rathbone, founder of the Order of Knights of Pythias, is being given as a premium with the Ohio "Knight," the annual subscription for which is only \$1.35.

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THE OBLIGATION.

What is the object of the obligation administered by every order at its altar? Is it meaningless, is it simply a "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal," or does it represent the true desire or inclinations of an unspoken sentiment? Is it not a pledge of honor, fraternity, of a higher manhood? Is it not a sacred promise to love, honor and respect your neighbor as yourself? It means if we mistake not, the betterment of the obligated, by educating them to control their evil passions, to keep their "tongues from evil lying or slandering" and to "live in love and charity with all mankind." The obligation of a fraternal order, is no less binding than that in a court of equity and law. If at any time a frater so far forgets himself, or herself, as to let that "unruly member," or angry temper to get the better of their sober qualities they should hasten in their calmer moments to correct the wrong done, to heal the wounds created, and to wipe out all animosities engendered. It is "human to err, to forgive is divine." He who forgives will be forgiven. Let us, then, cultivate the purer and better qualities of our nature, and show our fraternal charity by our deeds of generosity and fraternal forbearance.—"Oregon Frater."

HOT FRANKFORTER.

If you go down in Kentucky,
Where they say that she was bred,
You are lucky, mighty,
If you come back with your head.

IN NEWSBOYS' ALLEY.

"You's de inside of a bunghole!" yelled Jimmy.
"You's de centre of a cruller!" retorted Micky.

NO DAMAGE.

"Did our long-range gun do much damage?" inquired the British prisoner.
"No," responded the Boer guard, "we were not hit by a long shot."

BOSTON STYLE.

"When concealed under a bed," said the interviewing reporter, "I suppose the act of coughing offer gave you away?"
"No, I could suppress a coughing," responded the Boston burglar, "but sternutation often sounded the alarm."

ONE MAN'S IDEA.

The Maid—"What, in your estimation, is the first step toward universal peace?"
The Bachelor—"The abolishment of matrimony."

WHERE THE TWIST COMES.

"Faith," mused the janitor philosopher, "it's th' poor devil in unyform that is put on th' colion's tail to fale th' twists. Th' coronet crowd gits safe up near th' hid."
5-K. of P

MERELY A SUGGESTION.

Husband—"What's the matter with the biscuits this morning?"

Wife—"It's the fault of the yeast. It failed to make the rise."

Husband—"Why don't you use an alarm clock?"

HUMAN NATURE.

Some folks take things as they come,
But 'tis a fact you know,
That pickpocke's and shoplifters
Take things as they go.

PROGRESSIVE.

"So this is a one-horse town," said the drummer, who had succeeded in raising the car window.

"Yes, but not so loud," responded the hat drummer. "Those words might lose me a sale. I jolly the natives along by alluding to their village as an automobile town."

INSIDE INFORMATION.

The Goat—"About 10 to-night the girl in the house opposite will elope with the milkman."

The Bulldog—"How do you know all this?"

The Goat—"Well, since I swallowed his note I have inside information."

From 27 to 30 years of age, both inclusive, a member of the Order of Knights of Pythias may secure protection for his wife and children after his death, for the small sum of \$1.70 per month, on a certificate of \$2,000; or \$2.55 per month, for a certificate of \$3,000. But, should his means not permit his obtaining larger amounts, he can secure a certificate of \$1,000, upon payment of 80 cents per month.

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