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VOL. I. No. 6.

VANCOUVER, B.C., January, 1899.

[PUBLISHED MONTHLY.]



The True Knight.

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We do not hold ourselves responsible for opinions expressed by our correspondents.

Correspondents will please take notice that all communications intended for publication must be mailed so as to reach the Editor not later than the 25th of the month, otherwise they will not be published until the following issue.

Subscribers who do not receive the paper regularly are requested to communicate with us, without delay, when the matter will be rectified.

Address all communications to P. O. Box 313.

J. E. EVANS,

Secretary,

Vancouver, B. C.

G. R. MAXWELL,

Editor.

VANCOUVER, JANUARY, 1899.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

This is a time full of wishes. Each man has a good wish for his friend. We do not merely think, but we speak out the contents of our hearts to each other. How this custom at this season of the year came into existence we cannot say—but it is a good custom. It does one good to wish another good things, and it does a man good to know that another desires the best of things for him. Hand-shaking is brotherly. To take a man by the hand, look in his eyes, and say in kindly tones "A happy New Year to you," is to do something which lessens the coldness of the times, and which inspires good will, good cheer, and human happiness. By the time this number reaches our subscribers 1898 will be a thing of the past, 1899 will have come to our earth like a new born child—full of hopes and possibilities. We know the old—the new has always a mystic charm about it,

the charm of mystery. We know what 1898 has done for us—we can only speculate about 1899. We wish, however, the best. 1898 will always be a memorable year in the history of Pythianism in British Columbia, because it gave us the "True Knight." The birth of our journal has brought us into closer touch with our brothers, and brought us a goodly number of helpful and enthusiastic friends. While we have had a great many discouragements in conducting this journal, we have had a great many encouragements. The outlook is optimistic, not pessimistic. To our many correspondents, numerous subscribers, and to our many advertisers, we wish you one and all the compliment of the season, and that 1899 may be the happiest, the richest, and the best year of your lives.

THE MESSAGE OF THE NEW YEAR.

I asked the New Year for some motto sweet,
Some rule of life with which to guide my feet:
I asked and paused; he answered soft and low:
God's will to know.
Will knowledge, then, suffice, New Year? I cried:
And ere the question into silence died
The answer came: Nay, but remember too,
God's will to do.
Once more I asked: Is there no more to tell?
And once again the answer sweetly fell:
Yes: this one thing all others above,
God's will to love.

BENEVOLENCE.

The world is out of joint. All is not well with a large portion of our common humanity. We hear a great deal about stocks and shares, fortunes and millionaires, but side by side with these vast accumulations, and signs of opulence, there exists a pandemonium of misery. We read much these days of the rivalry betwixt man and man, as to who will eclipse the other in gold and luxurious living, but round this island of vice and Sardanapalian splendor, a sea of poverty is surging in and moving against it. We are growing richer, but in some things we are growing poorer. Oft we sit on the mountain top to descry what is beyond—to luxuriate in visions of the future, and to read the portents of the sky as to the good time coming but let us forget what will be, and think of what is. Look with me at what is around us. Forget all about the fools of fashion, the dainties of the rich man's table, the gorgeousness of the rich man's dress, the sumptuousness of the rich man's dwelling, the abundance of the rich man's possessions—forget that Croesus and Cleopatra live; but see our brethren crushed and oppressed, now by social injustice, now by greed and grab, and now by heartless capital. See them struggling under the yokes of intemperance and poverty, the sport and plaything of every move-

ment on "change." See them ever struggling upwards, yet ever falling backwards deeper into the depths of despair. Look at their wretched dwellings, their scant attire, and the paucity of their comforts. Hell! Why these men are living in one every day. Now look at the palaces of nineteenth century culture and taste. See Dives bejewelled with diamond and pearl. How contemptuously He looks down on this struggling, hopeless mass. Think of his follies, and how he wastes and squanders, what an awful gulf there is between Dives and Lazarus to-day. The rich are grand, you say—yes, but it is the grandeur of a rock. They are magnificent—yes, but it is the magnificence of a Pompeii soon to be overthrown. They have pleasures—yes, but their pleasures are the pleasures of Sodom, soon to be burned up with the fire and brimstone of hate and scorn. Now see that form arising out of you manger. Up He comes. Keep your eye on Him. He is the Son of Man. That is the coming of man, and the only man worth being. Whither wanders He? To the side of the sick, the lame and the blind. What gave He? All that He had. Fix well your eyes on Him, for He overshadows all personalities, and influences all life. See how the lip quivers, the eye blazes, and the face reddens as his tongue scorches this monstrous mass of cowardly selfishness, and see how that face again becomes radiant with a marvelous beauty as he turns to the poor, and as Benevolence becomes incarnated in deeds. He came to seek and to save the soul—yes—all that, but more. He came to save men from poverty and all evils. In Him Friendship, Love and Benevolence passed through an apotheosis which rank them for all time as the divinist of gifts, and the noblest of human excellences.

Benevolence teaches us to have a regard and a concern for others. No man was required to come to this earth to tell man to think well of himself. He has been doing that all the time. There was no need, either, for a Christ to come and show us a man in love with himself. The world has always been full of these. So then, when we think of Benevolence, either as revealed by Christ, or by Pythias, it always teaches us to care for others. Yet in spite of the deeds of both, how man clings to and hugs himself. The old sage taught—man, know thyself—but the teaching of the world is man, mind thyself—first and last. Self has grown to be a divinity, and there is no idol more worshiped, or that has more worshippers. For self, man has roamed over the seas and prairies, ploughed and delved, bought and sold, planned and schemed, dared and fought, and bled

and died. No feat, no sacrifice, has been too great for self. Again, this self he has pumpered, fed, idolised, and honored, until all other selves have become dwarfed into insignificance. Man loves it. To him its wants are everything, and to satisfy them he toils ungrudgingly on. So our brother becomes neglected and despised. Now, this benevolent Christ reveals to us a man thinking of others. We cannot point to one instance or incident in his life in which you could say, he thought more of himself than he did of others. He shows us a self completely subordinated to a grand and glorious regard for others. The world to him was full of human beings, and all he could give, he gave freely to them. That horse leach in man that is ever crying give, give, give, was ever opposed by him, and he came as humanity's Thesens, that he might destroy this horrid Menotaur that lay concealed in the labyrinths of man's nature. To be a follower of the meek and the lowly, you must think of others. The benevolence of Christ and of Pythias says to each one—give a portion of your life and your time to others. Burst this narrow shell of selfishness. Go out, and let your selfish self be lost in your anxiety for others. Tear yourselves away from yourselves, and absorb yourselves in being the ministers of benevolence. Benevolence teaches us that deeds best reflect and show our concern for others. Under the inspiration of this power "we live in deeds, not words." Benevolence has a supreme contempt for words unaccompanied by something more tangible. We slight no good word. Words have a mission in life, but the poor and the needy can't live on words. Benevolence always points to deeds, and whether we think of Christ or Pythias, it is their deeds for which we honor them. Think of Christ going to that pool—discarding its sights of a great city—that He might save a poor brother. Think of Him turning aside from His duties, at the earnest request of a father, that He might save a child. Think of Him leaving His place of solitude, even though He had to face the rowdy mob, that He might comfort two bereaved sisters. Think of Him entering the home of fever and touching the fevered one. Think of His anxious care for the hungry, and His matchless miracle to feed them. Think of His own forgetfulness of His own needs, that He might give the bread of life to a poor woman. Deeds, glorious deeds! say one and all. He did not go up and down telling these poor people that it was better to be sick than whole, and that it was better to be poor than rich: that would have been poor comfort; but their needs prompted him to do deeds chival-

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rous and divine. To be Christ-like is to be benevolent, and to be benevolent is to do noble things, not dream them all day long. Along our shores, there is a creature that the only evidence you have of its life consists of a tentacle, which is always moving—that it may catch something with which to feed itself. There are many people like this insignificant animal, but they are not followers of benevolence. Hereby we know if we love the Master—if we do what the Master did. There is no mistake about that. Benevolence draws us to the sick bed, makes us quick to respond to the call of our brothers, makes us charitable to all, urges to assuage all human suffering, makes us take the widow and the orphan under our sheltering wing, and inspires us to do deeds that are heroic.

Now we urge you to perform these deeds, because of their helpfulness to others. We often talk about making others happy—and can you imagine a greater luxury in life than in so doing? Many there are—small souls all of them—who, instead of trying to make others happy, try to make others miserable. They delight to misrepresent—misjudge others, to put into others' lips words they never spoke, and who accuse others of deeds they never did. Christ never did such things, and Benevolence is a stranger to all such things. Our perfect Pattern was always making others happy—at least those who wanted to be happy. Benevolence is a great joy producer, for wherever it goes, happiness springs up like budding flowers. We once heard a man say, who had provided, at considerable expense, a feast for poor children, that he was more than recompensed by seeing how happy he had made them. Isn't that an ambition worthy of the best of us? Have your part in this work. Do not leave it to others: the more the merrier. Go in your weakness and insufficiency. Go with trembling step and faltering tongue, but remember that what you do will cause others to walk on streets of pure gold, and will robe the home and the hospital with a beauty they never saw and never enjoyed before. Again, we urge you to do deeds of benevolence, because they will make the doer happier. How many imagine Christ as sad and disconsolate. We are

told that he never smiled. Frankly, I do not believe a word of such nonsense. The picture outrages all human experience. Do you think it was possible for Christ to make others happy and not be happy himself? Could his deeds cheer everybody but himself? It is monstrous to think so. Benevolence is like Mercy, "twice blessed." He blesses him that gives and him that takes." He never was the poorer, who made others richer. Here is a cure for many evil; prevailing to-day. Many a one asks, "how can I be happy?" Dr. Young declares that it is impious for a good man to be sad, but there are many impious." Here is a good answer to the question, by John Howard: "Set about doing good. Put on your hat, and go and visit the sick and the poor in your neighborhood. Inquire into their wants, and minister to them. I have often tried this method, and have always found it the best medicine. Charles V. declared, I find that kings are happy but in this, that they have the power of doing good. During the mock trial of Louis XVI. he was asked what he had done with a certain sum of money. His voice faltered and the tears came into his eyes as he said: 'I had the pleasure of making other people happy. That is the spirit and fruit of benevolence, and, depend upon it, that the man who makes the greatest number of people happy—will himself be the happiest of men.'

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,

And thou an angel's happiness shalt know.

The seed that in these few and fleeting hours

Thy hands unspairing and unwearyed sow,
Shall deck thy grave with amarantine flowers,
And yield thee fruit divine in heaven's immortal
bowers.

The test of all organizations is right here. Dr. Guthrie says: "I do not believe in a Christianity that is not Christ-like, and no more believe in a profession of piety which is not associated with pity than in a sun which sheds no light, in a fire which gives no heat, in a rose that breathes no perfume: they are mere paintings, life-like, but dead: clever, but cold. People may talk of such and such a man as being godly, but none are

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godly but the godlike. God is the judge of the widow and the fatherless, and he only is godlike who stands to widows in the room of the dead, and in whom orphans find both a father and a friend." Hence the poet hits the mark in these lines:

For sure in nothing we approach so nigh
The great example of Divinity
As in benevolence.

Brethren, we write these words to bring to your remembrance one of the cardinal principles of our organization. Well we know how largely you have striven to carry out the teachings of our Order, and to follow the example of our long-dead leader. Still, we may forget. The best of us have short memories. Life is a battle, and a battle for daily bread, and there are few of us who have a superabundance of this world's goods. All the same, remember for what we are banded together. We have no room for such men as the following lines portray:

The other day says Ned to Joe,
Near Bedlem's confines groping,
When'er I hear the voice of woe
My hand is always open.
I own, says Joe, that to the poor
(You prove it every minute)
Your hand is open to be sure,
But then there's nothing in it.

If such a man were a part of us, he would dishonor us. Be not uninterested. Do not try how little you can do, but how much, for remember—

Freely give, for while bestowing,
Angel eyes thy bounty mark,
And their seraph forms all glowing,
Shall dispel the gloomy dark;
While the midnight, forth is straying
They shall guard thee in thy rest,
And shall whisper low in praying
That in blessing thou art blest.

Canst thou dry the tear of sorrow?
Canst thou make the sad one sing?
O! the spirit of each morrow
Will a brighter blessing bring;
Tho the purse be all the poorer,
Thou art richer in the breast,
For on earth there's nothing truer
Than in blessing thou art blessed.

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Have I watched the path my brother treade
Along life's rugged road?
Or have I seen the tears he sheds
The while he bears his load?
Have I my brother tried to shield
From misery alway?
Or watched his wanderings far afield
Along the crooked way?

Have I his loved ones tried to save
From fear and grief and pain,
And bidden him be strong and brave
To bear his cross again?
Or have I stretched the helping hand
To break my brother's fall
To urge him on to action grand—
To answer duty's call?

When other lips my brother's name
Would wantonly assail,
Have I, with mingled fear and shame
Beheld the wrong prevail?
Or have I, with the light of love
That troubles never dim
Petitions sent to God above,
And mercy asked from Him?

When my brother's heart was yearning
For the sympathetic voice,
Did mine, with "friendship" burning,
Bid his stricken soul rejoice?
And have I pointed out the star
That's gleaming bright above—
The star of hope, that shines afar,
With fulness of His love?

Oh! When the Judge that rules alone,
The question asks of me,
As humbly I approach His throne:
"Thy brother, where is he?"
Then may I proudly raise my head
And answer full and clear:
"Oh Lord, I have my duty done,
My brother, he is here."

—F. B. KING.

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UNIFORM RANK RITUAL.

Headquarters Uniform Rank Knights of Pythias,
Indianapolis, Ind., December 2, 1898.

General Orders, No. 3.

I. The following official "Proclamation" of Thomas G. Sample, Supreme Chancellor, and Commander-in-Chief of the Uniform Rank, Knights of Pythias, is hereby published for the information and government of the Uniform Rank Knights of Pythias, to-wit:

PROCLAMATION.

The Supreme Lodge, Knights of Pythias,
Office of the Supreme Chancellor,
Allegheny, Pa., December 1, 1898.

To all Members of the Order, Knights of Pythias,
Wherever Established, Greeting:

Whereas, At a regular biennial convention of the Supreme Lodge Knights of Pythias, holden in the City of Indianapolis, State of Indiana, United States of America, holden Aug. 3rd to September A. D. 1898, and upon the sixth day of said convention, to-wit, Monday, August 29th, A. D. 1898, a new ritual for the Uniform Rank was duly and lawfully adopted: and

Whereas, Due notice has been received by me that the said new ritual for the Uniform Rank has been lawfully printed, and the same is now ready for promulgation and distribution:

Now, Therefore, I, Thomas G. Sample, Supreme Chancellor of the Order of the Knights of Pythias, do hereby promulgate the said new ritual, the use thereof by Companies of the Uniform Rank to commence and continue, on and after the first day of January, A. D. 1899, and until the Supreme Lodge Knights of Pythias shall otherwise order: and it is further ordered that the Major-General of the Uniform Rank, James R. Carnahan, shall immediately make publication of the order or promulgation, and to the end that the same may be properly complied with, he shall at once proceed with the issuance of the said new ritual of the Uniform Rank: and it is hereby further ordered that, on and after the first day of January, A. D. 1899, the ritual now in use for the Uniform Rank shall cease, and its further use, after said date,

by Companies, Officers or Members of the Uniform Rank, is forbidden.

Given under my hand and seal, at the City of Allegheny, State of Pennsylvania, United States of America, this first day of December, A. D. 1898, P. P. XXXV.

THOMAS G. SAMPLE,

Supreme Chancellor and Commander-in-Chief.

II. In conformity with the foregoing proclamation of the Supreme Chancellor and Commander-in-Chief, the Major-General announces that he will at once begin the issue and exchange of the new ritual of the Uniform Rank for the old rituals. The Finance Committee of the Uniform Rank have instructed the Major-General to issue the new ritual to each Company of the Uniform Rank in good standing, upon receipt from them of the old rituals now in their possession, without charge for the new rituals, save and except the expressage for the return of the old rituals, and for sending the new.

III. It is therefore ordered that each Company of the Uniform Rank shall immediately forward to the Major-General the old ritual, expressage prepaid, and immediately upon receipt of the same, the new rituals will be forwarded to replace the old ones, without charge for the rituals.

IV. For the information of Companies in shipping the rituals, and as a matter of economy to each Company, comply with the following instructions:

Wrap the ritual in strong paper. Mark the word "Books," on the package, and the express companies will carry the package at one-half cent an ounce, or about eleven cents per package. When the rituals are shipped, write the Major-General of the fact, and enclose eleven cents, in money, or postage, to prepay expressage on the new rituals. This manner of shipment will save fully one-half of the expense. Be prompt in sending in the old rituals.

V. In conformity with the foregoing "Proclamation" of the Supreme Chancellor, the use of any ritual other than the ritual adopted by the

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Supreme Lodge Knights of Pythias, August 29th, A. D., 1898, is hereby prohibited on and after the first day of January, 1899, and the officers and members of the Uniform Rank will govern themselves accordingly.

VI. The Major-General takes great pleasure in publishing the opinion of the Supreme Representatives of Minnesota as expressed in their report to the Grand Lodge of Minnesota, concerning the new ritual. They say:

"Your representatives are pleased to bear to you the information that the Supreme Lodge has now adopted a ritual for the use of the Uniform Rank, and its publication and promulgation will doubtless follow within a few months. The conception of the ritual is noble and patriotic; its action smooth and easy; its time brief; and it is said to be a vast improvement over the one formerly in use."

Secure your new rituals as quickly as possible and memorize them, and go to recruiting for your Companies, and then confer the Rank properly under the ritual and the Rank will grow.

By command of Major-General Carnahan.

GEO. W. POWELL,

Adjutant-General.

PREVIOUS COST AND FUTURE SECURITY.

We are always glad to say a word to encourage the Endowment Rank, because we believe its plan of conducting a life insurance business is a legitimate one—one that will bear the test of time. It is honestly, economically and safely managed.

We know that the growth of the Endowment Rank has been retarded in the years that are past because of the competition of fraternal insurance orders which offered insurance at what seemed to be a much cheaper rate. But as the years run on it is being discovered that this apparent cheapness in the earlier years must be made up by an increased cost in the later years, and when these later years arrive, the cost of the "cheap" insurance will have become so great as

to make the cost of the Endowment Rank very cheap in comparison.

It is not every one who insures his life, either in an insurance company or in a fraternity, who takes the trouble to ascertain what it is that makes the actual cost of insurance. Even the fraternal societies which offer life insurance have not considered it—at least not until late years. None of them have intended to deceive their members; none have held out inducements which they believed to be untrue. But the facts presented, although they believed them to be proof of the continuing low cost under their plan, really prove that the cost will in coming years be much higher than it is at present. When these societies begin business, all their membership is grouped in the lower years, and all of them are fresh from the hands of the medical examiner. In consequence of this the death rates are very low. In a society having a proper maximum age of admission this rate ought not to exceed five in a thousand—and may even run as low as four in a thousand. But as the society increases in age, the members will pass beyond the benefits of the medical selection, and will also pass into the higher and more costly years. For these reasons the death rate will go up to 15 or 20 per 1000, or even higher.

The influence of this higher rate is to put a bar on the admission of members at the younger ages, to add to the rate of lapsation in the same years, and thus adding to the death rate per 1000, because of the fact that a greater percentage of the members have passed into the higher years.

There are two ways to meet this inevitable law of nature. The law cannot be abrogated, because nature's laws are immutable. The death ratios will be uniformly the same, in accordance with age, no matter what the plan will be; but the problem is to require each one to pay that proportion of his insurance which will make it equitable as compared to what others pay. One of the plans is to require a member to pay a certain stipulated sum for current cost of insur-



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ance, and to also require him to pay an additional sum for a reserve fund. The other plan requires a member to pay the actual cost for members of his age, the rate advancing as he advances in years.

The best theory is the "level rate" plan, which requires the payment of a certain fixed sum, each year, which sum is to include payment for the reserve, and should not be dependent upon current death losses at all. This is virtually the plan of the old line life insurance, excepting that in fraternal insurance much of the current cost may be limited, because of the fact that a great deal of the cost of management and propagation is avoided.

The Endowment Rank has one of the best—possibly the very best—systems that is known. The reserve is not extravagantly large, but it is large enough for all purposes, and the expenses of the management and extension are cut down to the very lowest notch. The current mortality loss is the same in all societies having the same duration of experience. No plan of insurance can change the rate per thousand of death. But plans have much to do with maintaining a proper distribution of the membership among the several ages and thus keeping the average mortality (which governs the average cost) at a reasonable ratio.

The plan of the Endowment Rank is such as will, according to the lessons of experience, accomplish this end. While the cost may be something in excess of the cost in some other societies, it must be remembered that this is the very reason why the cost will not increase in coming years. Those societies which charge less will find that they will have to make up for present cheapness by added cost in after years, or else go to the wall—and most of them will go to the wall. Security and permanence is as much to be desired as cheapness, and cheapness at the expense of future security is dear in the end.

SPRIG OF MYRTLE.

:o:

DEATH.

DOUGLAS—On Friday, Dec. 16th, 1898, at Vancouver, B.C., Miss Jane, wife of Bro. James Douglas, aged 24 years, 4 months.

We desire to join with the entire membership in expressing our deep sorrow and sympathy towards our Brother James Douglas, of Primrose Lodge, No. 20, Kamloops, in the irreparable loss he has just sustained by the death of his beloved wife. Mrs. Douglas was ill but a short time, her death being caused by blood poisoning. For our sorrowing brother and bereaved family we ask the divine consolation of the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, and may he be their guide and help through all their troubles.

:o:

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

"Well, Jim, to-morrow is Christmas and what are we going to do to celebrate it?"

This remark was made in a shack or cabin a trifle better than that which the average miner usually occupies, situated a few miles along the trail from one of the prosperous mining camps in the Kootenay district of British Columbia.

"Well, I suppose we'll put in the time somehow if the boys come down from the Surenoga.

Why, we'll most likely have a pretty hot time, not the kind of time perhaps our mothers would approve of; and when a fellow comes to think of it, the good old times we used to have when at home, why it even makes a fellow feel a slight feeling of homesickness."

"You, remember, Jim how we used to invite the neighbors and how the old folks used to enjoy seeing us have a good time. You remember Nellie Brown, what a shy little creature she used to be? In my last letter from home they say she was engaged to be married to Jack DeWitt; he used to be a rather wild sort of fellow, you know. I never said anything to Bill about it, as I am rather afraid he would be somewhat broke up over it. He used to think a lot of Nell and I thought at one time it would be a sure match; it's apt to make him reckless if he hears of it."

"I'm afraid it won't do Bill any good to mix with that gang from the Surenough—very good sort of fellows if they would only let whiskey alone; and Bill, he's getting a trifle too fond of it too."

"I suppose he'll bring back a few bottles from town when he comes. He ought to be back in an hour; it's now half past nine; look out, Jim, and see how the weather is. It looked as though we were going to have another snow storm a short time ago, and it will be somewhat tough travelling if he waits too long."

"What say you if we have a game of cards to pass away the time till he comes?"

While this conversation was going on, Bill, who had gone to the nearest camp to fetch what mail there might be, also to bring back a few supplies, as the boys from the Surenough said they would be around, and of course anything in the way of Scotch or rye would be most appreciated by them. He had gone to the post-office first, which, of course, was in the rear of the principle general store of the camp. Around the old box stove were several groups of men in miners' garb.

Splicer's post office and store being the usual place for a round-up, when not at the O. K. hotel, it was also a place where most of the men

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from the shacks about the camp came to pass an hour or so, as on an occasion of this kind there was sure to be a few good yarns, and Kootenay Bill was the best at that, although many of them were told over and over again. Yet they were interesting for all that, and they never seemed to tire of them. A couple of old boxes partly filled with sawdust answered for a spittoon or cuspidore, and although the smoke curled in wreaths and hung like a cloud over the store, between the circles of smoke you would every moment or so see most of those who sat any distance from these boxes making a special target at them, as most miners are tobacco chewers and seem to take great enjoyment in seeing who was the best marksman. Bill, after listening to a yarn or two and having secured what provisions were necessary, and getting the mail, which consisted of four letters and a couple of papers, one of which was addressed to himself in his sister's handwriting. Tying up his provisions, which consisted of two bottles of Scotch and one of rye, a few raisins, some dried prunes, some assorted cakes and other sundries, he strapped them on his back in prospector's fashion and had started out. The clerk, postmaster's assistant, etc., having just entered and coming in stamping the snow off his boots, remarked: "Bill, you're going to have a tough trip up to the shack: its snowing to beat the mischief."

Bill not paying much heed, except saying "is that so?" started out on his journey back to the shack, and being somewhat tall and rather slight of stature, started out with all confidence of making it in a couple of hours. After trudging on for about half an hour, becoming somewhat fatigued, he remarked to himself, "this is tougher than I expected." But not being made of the stuff to give in easily, he kept on, but reaching the turn in the trail where the ascent became steeper, and travelling harder, he was thinking of home, of the cosy parlor, and being so fatigued he decided to rest for a while. Leaning against a tree to rest, the cold becoming more intense, he became quite drowsy, but knowing that was how people often become frozen to death he, with renewed energy, braced himself up and started afresh, but struggling on for some time he became so exhausted that he sank down in a bank of snow on the side of the trail, and would probably have been snowed under and frozen to death had it not been for the manager of the Silverine, who, not wishing to spend Christmas at the mine, was on his way to camp. He was one of those well-built men about 38 years of age, and was astride a bronco of somewhat more than the ordinary size. He wore a heavy prospector's coat of blanket material, and a fur cap pulled well down over his ears; under his outer coat he had donned his best suit of black, a heavy gold chain, attached to which was a charm of triangle shape, engraved on which was a skull and cross-bone, also the letters K. P.

But we might here relate that the principal attraction at the camp was the postmaster's daughter, and he was expected to spend Christmas with the family.

Coming up to the prostrate form of Bill he immediately saw what was wrong. Getting off his bronco he began rubbing Bill's hands and face with snow, and seeing that he had with him the whiskey which he was expecting to entertain the Surenough boys with, he took the bottle out of his pack and poured a small quantity of its con-

tents down Bill's throat, reviving him somewhat. He placed him on the back of his bronco, and turning around, led them to the shack, which was much nearer than the town. Immediately upon their arrival they placed him in his bunk, gave him a drink of the contents of one of the bottles, and wrapping him well up in blankets, the manager, or Mr. Bicombe, as we will call him, after seeing that Bill was out of danger and in good hands, proceeded on his way to camp. Next morning all were up early and were making preparation for the Christmas festivities. Bill was little the worse except being a little weak for his adventure. The boys from the mine came down at the hour promised, and, dear reader, if you have ever seen a gathering of a few young prospectors or miners, at a shack or cabin, you can easily imagine what a time there would be, with eight or ten young fellows meeting to celebrate any occasion. Of course card playing was the starter, then who could tell the biggest yarn, then the feasting, fruit and nuts, and the bottles were attacked, we fear, too often, until those who were more temperate in their habits rolled the others in their bunks, and about the hour of midnight you might have pulled the shack down without disturbing any of them.

The letters which Bill had brought from the camp had all been read except the one for Bill

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himself; the others contained news such as a young man usually receives from home. The other Bill, from his night's adventure and excitement of the following day, had forgotten to open, but on the day following the festivities he carefully open and read it. It was about as usual, except that it mentioned Nell's engagement to Jack DeWitt, but stating just underneath that she thought Nell had been persuaded into it: also saying that Nell had confidentially told her that she did not care for Jack DeWitt, but was going to marry him as her parents wished her to, and as Bill's letters had gradually fallen off she thought that he didn't care much for her, but she loved Bill and wished it was him she was going to marry instead. His sister also advised him, if he wished to win Nell, that she did not think it too late yet, but that he had better come home immediately.

At first Bill was so put about that he hardly knew what course to decide on, but after a little consideration he finally decided to pack up and go home, leaving his two chums to attend to his business while absent. So the next day found him busily packing his large portmanteau and making preparations for the start.

On Christmas day Mr. Biscome had been well entertained, and in the afternoon of that day, holding a tee-a-tee with the postmaster's daughter and trying to invent some kind of conversation by which he could put the question that he so much desired to ask, he finally, by referring to a little cottage that had been built, put the question and was accepted, and a happier man than he it was hard to find that day.

A month or so later the boys received a letter from Bill, and it stated that his Nell had thrown over Jack DeWitt, as they had found out that he gambled and led a fast life. Nell had accepted him and they were to be married within a year. His father had taken him into his business as junior partner, and informed the boys that he did not think he would return, as the outlook was brighter at home. He also added that he had turned over a new leaf, and was then thinking of joining a society called the K. of P.'s.

o:
SUPREME LODGE.

A. T. C.

A recent letter from Bro. Ogden H. Fethers contains very gratifying and encouraging news for the order and our membership here. Regard-

ing this journal, his expressions are the best, and he considers it not only a duty, but a pleasure to help our enterprise. We trust that in future issues of this journal we may be able to furnish our readers with letters on matters of interest from the different Supreme Lodge officers, and those who are permanently connected with the order, believing that much good will result from the perusal of same.

o:
COURAGE.

Among the many essential qualities necessary to the making up of a True Knight there is not any more powerful than courage. 'Tis true that noble deeds come from noble hearts: still those noble deeds need courage to carry them through.

There is more than one kind of courage, for courage changes with time, adapting itself to the age in which it lives. Not so many hundred years ago, what was the height of man's ambition but to be "Le chevalier sans peur et sans reproche"—a truly noble sentiment, and one very high for the days on which it fell: but time in its flight has changed the field of action, leaving, however, that nobility of character which must ever live in lives which are without fear and without reproach.

Man's fate to fight: 'twill ever be, so long as he is only man. Starting in by fighting among themselves, as men's eyes become opened they will change worldly weapons for spiritual ones, change their strife to a warfare noble in very truth: in which man's higher nature and more God-like part shall strive for and win the victory over the evil now living in his heart.

This being true what other conclusion can we come to but this: "That even as our field of action changes, even so must the motive power of courage change also—change from what was but "brute courage" to something of finer sort. I mean "moral courage"—that which will enable one to stand alone, bearing scoff and jeer of erstwhile friends, not for the glory to be gained for standing thus, for there is not any glory therein—'tis but a duty, only another little duty—but for this reason alone: To call a "halt" on our brothers who are hurrying through life chasing but bubbles.

Did it ever strike you, brother, how often you have been a coward? When you had the chance by some little action to do a good deed or prevent an evil action, and you could have done the lat-

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ter by even that little word "No!" and you would not because you were afraid! Had a man struck you, you might have fought him, as animals fight, and you would have been brave, because "men would have said so!" Oh, fool, how blind thou art! Where was thy vaunted courage? Where is thy sterling manhood so long as thou servest thyself and thy pleasure before even helping thine own flesh and blood? Where is thy moral courage when thou speakest behind the back what thou art afraid to speak to the face? Where is moral courage that only dares to think right, but is afraid to speak and act right, being content to sit idle watching men spoil God's work! Could you and I but understand a little more of that which now "passeth understanding," could we see aye but a glimpse of but one "man, perfect in the beauty God would give him," then and only then should we realize at its true worth, "moral courage," which as a sword in noble hand can fight its way to that victory most worth winning.

Yours in F. C. & B.
ROBT. BROOKE.

:o:
FROM TRAIL.

Editor of the "True Knight."

Dear Sir and Bro.—"Hurrah for Trail Lodge, No. 23; a more prosperous one could never be." It may cheer the readers of the True Knight to hear among the general complaints of depression in the Order that there is one lodge at least that has not allowed itself to be affected by the state of business or non-attendance. During the past few weeks Trail Lodge has been getting itself into shape to meet the period of prosperity which the members have been confidentially expecting. They—those who do attend—have employed the time in removing the various obstacles which have hitherto been encountered, and their success confirms them in their opinion that the greater part of these obstacles were of the members own making. In the lodge room they have established unity of sentiment and harmonious action to an extent never seen before, and have cultivated a feeling of attachment to the Order among the members that is entirely different from the temporary enthusiasm which formerly prevailed. They have systematized the workings of the lodge in such a manner that their returns are always prompt, while the ceremonial work in every detail is a new revelation to all who witness it.

Now to prove that our members have taken unlimited amount of interest in the lodge's welfare, and in the special dispensation, is herewith shown by the beauty of the ceremonial work and the gathering of applicants. The result of the dispensation has met and over-met our most sanguine expectations. The first meeting brought forward two applications; second, six; third, fourteen; fourth, one; fifth, nine; sixth, eight; all told so far 39 applications, and as there is one more meeting to receive low rate applications, it is expected that some 12 or 15 names will be presented, swelling our new membership to nearly 50, and together with old members we can boast of a lodge of 100.

The lodge has been exceptionally careful in the selection of the applicants, as it has been shown that the very best material of manhood has been chosen from among the many. Now, as I said sometime ago, that it would be a God-send for other lodges laboring under difficulties to ask like favors—reducing the initiation fee from \$20 to \$10 for a month or so. It has been shown that by a little interest, together with a little hustling, the result will be all that can be desired. It all depends upon the ability and respect the members have for their lodge, and right here they will be given the opportunity of exemplifying their love for their lodge. It requires no time, no trouble, and no expense whatever to brighten the path of him who stands before you: a few words of encouragement spoken to your friend, and he will most surely give his consent to step among you. And in this way your lodge can be made active and prosperous to such an extent that will tend to create the impression that a new world confronts you. What say you, brothers?

Another of the many noble acts of Pythians which go to prove that our boys sometimes extend a helping hand beyond their measure. Last month we penned the sudden affliction which overcame Page J. T. Medhurst, while on a visit to Rossland, at which place he was stricken down by inflammation of the bowels. He was immediately removed to the Sisters' Hospital, where every care and attention of both sisters and Knights was given, but of no avail. Mortification developed so rapidly that he expired on the fifth day in agonizing pains. Although only a Page, it was not expected that brother Knights should take the matter in hand so seriously. But to show their respect for one who was soon to become one of their number, they appointed a com-



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J. F. COSTELLO, MANAGER

mittee to immediately proceed to Rosland and return with the remains, which were given most proper burial. A large number of Pythians, including friends of deceased, followed the once bright soul to the cemetery, where, amid Pythian service, the mortal casket was forever closed.

Again we are confronted by words of sorrow in the death of Bro. Dr. Corsan's eldest son, John. After a lingering illness of typhoid fever, lasting several weeks, he passed peacefully away on the 2nd of this month, in the ninth year of his age. He was a most bright and cheerful little fellow, always ready for a bit of fun with his numerous playmates. We extended our heartfelt sympathy to Bro. Corsan and his family in their hour of trial. The remains were escorted to the cemetery by several brother Knights and friends of the family.

To satisfy several of our brothers of its authenticity (this is confidential) I am obliged to state that our esteemed Brother Worth is about to enter the matrimonial field, and that the happy culmination will occur sometime during the holidays or later. Now I'll catch it (?).

We are more than pleased to pen the good news of Bro. Fred Kummer settling among us once more, having acquired an interest in the Arlington Cafe, where is now catering to the wants of the inner man. Brother Knights sojourning this way and in quest of something palatable will find Bro. Kummer ever ready to serve them in the regular fin-de-siecle style.

Bro. D. H. Chapman, who hails from Washington, has paid us several visits of late and kindly assisted us in degree work. Bro. Chapman, we are pleased to say, has decided to camp among us, having brought his family to Trail. He has been appointed instructor and leader of this city's new brass band, which was recently organized.

Trail's Lodge has added another feature in the form of insurance or Endowment Rank, which so far has been signed by quite a few. Officers have not been elected as yet, owing to the large amount of other work on hand. It is a splendid idea and will tend to keep members from falling into the hands of insurance sharks, thereby saving them time, money and trouble.

Bro. Dr. Hayes was confined to his room several days last week, nursing the—almost—loss of a "spare" rib. While in the act of alighting from a sleigh, in some unaccountable manner he fell and badly fractured it. He has so fully recovered as to be about once more, which is pleasant news for us all.

No. 23 intends to "expose" the whole K. of P. chess sometime during January in the form of a burlesque, and we believe it will meet the approval of all who are fortunate enough to witness it. The idea is to reap a little of the "long green," with which to purchase amplified paraphernalia. It's no use talking, the craniums of our members are swelling to such proportions that we will soon doubt if there is a lodge in the domain that can compete with us.

At a meeting held on Thursday, Dec. 5th, the following officers were elected to serve for the semi-annual term ending June, 1899: C. C., Bro. J. A. Clark; V. C., Bro. J. M. Worth; P., Bro. Geo. Widmer; M. of W., Bro. Thos. E. Abbott; K. of R. and S., Bro. Ralph S. Clark; M. of F., Bro. Noble Binns; M. of E., Bro. Bruce Craddock; M. of A., Bro. Fred Kummer; I. G., Bro.

Geo. F. Weir; O. G., Bro. Geo. A. Gilmore. The new officers are nearly the same as last term. To give our readers a faint idea of what our new officers are composed of, and what is expected of them also, I will now try to size them up or down, as the case may be, that they may see their true selves in print. For instance, Bro. J. A. Clark, whose re-election was a most excellent step, and at the end of this term we hope to see him without a peer. Bro. Worth, who only served part of last term, will now have the opportunity of proving himself an aspirant for higher honors, and with a little close, but hard study, will soon show his ability. Bro. Widmer—the preacher of course—who in the past has made a most excellent subject for higher distinction, and for some unaccountable "hitch" his promotion was overlooked. Then comes the writer, who had the good fortune to be elected as M. of W.—cleans cuspidors, mops the floor and occasionally has an altercation with the goat. He's lately been accused of acting the color of grass in the lodge room, and unless he throws up something soon, something's going to drop. Bro. Clark, the record-keeper, whose ways and styles of expressing himself are assuming large proportions, and his 2x4 smiles are a picture for any artist to behold. The invincible, Bro. "Noble" Binns, whose given name indicates his make-up exactly, and any argument emanating from his source usually carries a full vote. Bro. Craddock, the Palmer-Cox Brownie, who can work in any capacity, and most surely can fulfill his duties to the Queen's taste. He's a "corker"—Bro. Kummer—whose strength as Master of Arms adds considerable beauty to the ceremonial work of our lodge. Yes, they're entitled to some distinction—Bros. Weir and Gilmore, who occasionally exchange compliments in the form of cigars, gum, candy, etc. They keep our hall clear of imposters and cranks. Bro. Blake—he's a lulu—who causes more merriment than a cage of monkeys; whose words are full of mirth, and whose voice has a tendency to arouse the spiders roosting on the cobwebs among the rafters. Bros. Montell, Reith, Lewis, McLennan and Fluhrer are our dear helpers, who are included in the attendance members, and together make one of the slickest "rag-chewing" combinations that ever graced a Pythian Castle. In the future I intend to give credit to whom credit is due, most particularly to attendance members, who strive to always be among us to assist in anything that naturally helps the lodge and order, and before long we expect to have some interesting subjects from many of our new members, who are equipped with unlimited qualities as workers and speakers.

On Thursday, Dec. 5th, Trail Lodge worked from daylight to daylight, in which time 18 Pages were proven in the rank of Esquire, and it took the entire "wind" of every member to do the work, which was done in an earnest and thorough manner. After the conferring of the Esquire Rank at 3.30 a. m. lunch was served.

Last night we had the pleasure of instructing another load of candidates into the rank of Page, and next week we will prove their ability as rememberers of obligations. They are John G. Robertson, J. P. Fox, John Morrow, J. L. Elsensohn, W. J. Hartman, James Prescott, Evan Williams, S. E. Siddall and Wm. Lewis.

From daylight to daylight was the amount of work our lodge was compelled to handle, during which 18 Pages and four Esquires received their

respective degrees. It required the combined "wind" of the whole lodge to straighten the mistakes of these candidates, though we all appreciated it. A most excellent time we had, particularly with the cigar smoke, the result of which was that several of our members have punkas under construction. The Pages were H. K. Esling, J. Krippner, A. Penhart, J. Pendrick, J. McNamara, F. G. Morin, J. Chase, D. M. Campbell, F. C. Campbell, E. Mills, R. B. Graham, W. T. Stewart, E. D. Murphy, Alex. Hector, A. Reith, Wm. Bug, Leo Chameron, Esquires, James Hutton, J. H. Fox, T. T. Henderson and Allan Campbell.

Last Thursday No. 23 witnessed a genuine "rob-letter" meeting. We had eight applications for the rank of Page: one for Esquire, and fourteen for the rang of Knight. Preparatory to the commencement of the evening's work, a delegation from Rossland, No. 24, composed of members of the amplified team, rushed in upon us, and were gladly received with outstretched hands. After conferring the first and second ranks, the entire lodge was given over to the disposal of the Rossland visitors. Lunch was served, after which they proceeded to arrange the hall and themselves. The Monitou, Pythajoras and Senate was exemplified in a commendable style, it being the first amplified work ever seen in this lodge, and to say that we appreciated it is putting it mildly. Our lodge never had a better time, and all the Knights went away expressing their highest appreciation of the reception they had received. The visitors were J. W. Graham, S. C. Davis, Martin Gillis, C. W. Lurty, T. Shipley, Chas. Lyke, A. G. Creelman, G. H. Hull and E. M. Grace. They are a fine looking set of fellows and every inch as good as they look, and can work the degree with anyone in the order. We are in hopes that they will soon again visit us, for their splendid ceremonial work will ever remain in our memory as the greatest event that has ever been the lodge's good fortune to witness.

Now, as to you, my honored brothers, who have just been initiated into the mysteries of the order, who know and appreciate its objects, it is unnecessary for me to urge upon you their importance. I may be permitted, however, with great humility, to press upon you the necessity of strictly adhering to its principles. This portion of Pythian's vineyard is committed to our keeping, and oh! may we be enabled to give a good account of our stewardship. We are acting not only for ourselves and country, but for the cause of Pythianism. Men, as we are, and fallible as we must be, subject to many temptations, may divine assistance enable us to avoid them all. May we live together in unity and peace, and may the endeared appellation of brother prove to us something more than a name. May all bickerings and contentions be banished forever from our associations, and may brotherly love always prevail in our lodge.

Next month the True Knight may expect a subscription from each of these members, together with an order for an insertion of our lodge card, which we are glad to say will assist this paper to a little extent, and we sincerely hope that our efforts in extending the same will be appreciated.

We hope True Knights will pardon the writer for using his tongue so extensively this time, but we are actually crazy-happy down here, and wish our sister lodges were in the same mood. I will

now bring this lengthy epistle to a close, but before doing so Trail Lodge wishes me to gratuitously extend to the order at large a merry Christmas and a most prosperous New Year.

Yours in F. C. and B.,
THOMAS E. ABBOTT,
Trail, B. C.

—:o:—
A GRAND MISSION.

Editor True Knight.

Owing to my trip through the Kootenay District I was absent from two of our lodge meetings, and have not much to report from our lodge this time that would prove of general interest to the brother Knights of this province. I will try to make up for it by giving you a short account of my trip. As I stated in your December number Major-General Jas. R. Carnahan commissioned me to muster in Sandon Company, No. 5, U. R. K. of P., and being informed by Bro. G. W. Grimmitt that everything was in readiness in Sandon, and that they had set the date of institution for Dec. 5th. I left Vancouver on Wednesday, Dec. 7th, via the C. P. R. Now, as I do not desire to weary your readers with a detailed description of the journey, which has been described time and again by the pen of far more able writers, I will briefly say that after a most pleasant trip I arrived early Thursday morning in Revelstoke, where I had to change trains for Arrowhead: at this place I had to change from the train to the C. P. R. steamer Rossland, from which I landed at Nakusp at 12.30, where I had again to change to the train for Sandon. The train between Nakusp and Sandon is what I would call a go-as-you-please accommodation train, for although it was scheduled to leave at 1.30 it was nearly 2.30 before the train left Nakusp, and while it is only about 40 miles to Sandon it was 5.15 before we arrived at our destination, taking nearly six hours to make the distance of 40 miles. At the depot in Sandon I was welcomed by a large number of brother Knights, who received me with open arms and escorted me to the Hotel Sandon, kept by Bro. Robt. Cuning, and who spared no effort to make me comfortable during my stay in Sandon. After a substantial supper, I was escorted to the Castle Hall, where everything was in readiness for the ceremonies of mustering in the Company. I hereby desire to inform you that Sandon Company, No. 5, was mustered in under the new ritual, and as the same were sent to me by the Major-General as soon as he received them from the printers' hands, this Company was one of the first, if not the first, to be mustered in under the new ritual. The ceremonies concluded, under the command of Capt. Geo. M. Spencer, we were marched to the Hotel Reco, where a banquet was prepared for us fit for a king, the tables being loaded down with all the heart could wish for. After the Knights loyal had done justice to the good things placed before them, our brother Knight loyal, Rev. Sanford, arose and in a very eloquent speech proposed the health of "Our Queen," which was responded to by the whole company rising to their feet and singing "God Save the Queen." Capt. Spencer proposed "Our Guest," to which I responded, thanking the officers and members of Sandon Co., 5, for the honor and the reception accorded me. Knight loyal Culver proposed the "Order of Knights of Pythias," which was ans-

wered in a very able speech by the Recorder of the new Company, Bro. Rev. John A. Clelland. "The Uniform Rank" was proposed by Capt. Geo. M. Spencer, and responded to by Sir Knight Treasurer, George W. Grimmett, in a most enthusiastic speech. The hour being very late, the banquet was brought to a close by all joining in singing "Auld Lang Syne," after which the company fell in line and marched back to the armory, and there changing their uniforms for the clothes of the ordinary mortal, they afterwards went to their respective homes, to sleep the sleep of the just, in the knowledge that they had done their duty.

The officers of the newly mustered in Company are as follows: Captain, Geo. W. Spencer; First Lieutenant, Oscar V. White; Second Lieutenant, Lawrence Doolan; Recorder, Rev. John A. Clelland; Treasurer, Geo. W. Grimmett; Guard, E. Emmeron; Sentinel, Chas. F. Fox.

Upon invitation of First Lieutenant Oscar V. White, manager of the Slocan Star mine and concentrator, I visited, in company with Guard E. Emmeron, the concentrator on Friday afternoon, where we were received by Bro. Chas. Culver, Superintendent of the concentrator, who showed us around, explaining the workings of the concentrator in detail, which proved very interesting, but owing to the short days it was getting too late to visit the mine, so we made our way back to the city. Second Lieutenant Lawrence Doolan, who is Chief of Police, showed us through the city hall, lock-up, etc., while Bro. E. Emmeron, Robt. Cumming, Geo. W. Grimmett, Capt. Spencer, and in fact all the Knights with whom I came in contact, were untiring in their efforts to show me the town and make my stay pleasant, in which they succeeded so well that I stayed in Sandon until Sunday, the 11th Dec., when I left by the narrow-gauge railway for Kaslo. But before going further, I desire to take this opportunity of thanking one and all in Sandon for the many favors and kindnesses shown me while in their city. After leaving Sandon I arrived in Kaslo a few hours later, and going to the Hotel Slocan, I met a brother Knight who told me that he was a member of Nanaimo Lodge, No. 4. I believe his name was Hicks, but I am not sure. I talked lodge business over with him and tried to urge him to organize a lodge at Kaslo, for I believe there is an excellent chance for it, although this brother differed with me, claiming that Kaslo was too quiet at present. However, we arranged to meet again after dinner, but we failed to meet, although I stayed around the hotel for about 1-2 hours. Not meeting our brother any more I went aboard the steamer Moyev and arrived in Nelson at 11.30 a.m. Monday morning, when I stopped at the Queen's Hotel, the manager of same, Bro. J. J. Langridge, making me very comfortable, and after a stroll around town, on returning for lunch, I found several brother Knights in waiting, amongst whom were W. J. Thompson, Chief of the Fire Department; Chas. Hallyer, Bro. Porter and others whose names I have forgotten, but the above named brethren did all they could during my stay in Nelson to entertain me, and as Tuesday evening was their lodge night, they prevailed upon me to stay over and visit their lodge. At this meeting they conferred the Third Rank (short form), the meeting being well attended. The Knights of Nelson complained of not receiving a visit from

the G. C. of B. C., while in Sandon they said that they had written three letters to the G. C. without receiving a reply, but when they wrote to the G. K. or R. & S., that gentleman answered promptly. The brother Knights in Nelson are a very enthusiastic body (as, in fact, I found all Knights throughout the Kootenay wherever I met them). Bros. Thompson, Hilyer and Porter have taken it in hand to organize a U. R. Company, and promise to have about fifty candidates when their company is mustered in, which will be in the near future. In Nelson I met my old friend, Bro. Robt. Riesterer, who, I am happy to say, is prospering, which all of his old friends will be pleased to learn. He is the same old Bob as ever, every inch of him a nobleman and true as steel. I spent several very pleasant hours in his company, and was happy to shake him by the hand. Well, I was forced to leave Nelson on Wednesday morning, and going via Northrope I arrived in Rossland at 11.30, and the first one to hunt me up was my old friend and brother Knight, W. F. McNeill, who is doing well both financially and physically, and who would wonder at it, for Billy is sure to make friends wherever he may be, for he is one of nature's noblemen in every respect. After lunch I hunted up Bros. Graham and Thomas, and they too treated me so royally that I was loath to leave Rossland, which I regretted very much having to do that same evening, on account of my prolonged stays in Sandon and Nelson, and owing to business arrangements I had to be back on Friday, the 16th Dec. This prevented me from visiting New Denver and Trail, which it was my intention to do when I started on my journey. The members of Rossland lodge were to visit Trail lodge in a body on Thursday, the 15th Dec., to confer ranks on 21 candidates. I was very sorry that I could not stay over to visit Trail lodge on that occasion. I may state that while being entertained by Bros. Thomas and Graham at dinner in the Clarendon the time passed so pleasantly and quickly that I came near missing my train, which left Rossland at 6 p.m., and arriving via Trail, where we changed train once more, at Robson about 10 p.m. Here I took the boat again and came via Arrow-

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head and Revelstoke back to Vancouver at 12.30 p.m. on Friday, after a most enjoyable trip. Right here, before I close, I desire to endorse all that has ever been said about the good qualities of our brother Knights in the Kootenay District. I could continue to tell you a great deal more of the good impressions that I received during this trip, but fear that I will weary your readers. However, if they, or any of them, ever take a trip through the Kootenay, they too will join me in singing the praises of our brother Knights up there. While I have written much more than I intended, I fear that I have forgotten to mention many true brother Knights who have shown me great favors and kindnesses during my trip. These I hope will excuse me, for it is my head and not my heart that is at fault, and these I include once more in thanking one and all for favors and kindnesses received, and I wish all brother Knights throughout B. C. a merry Christmas and a very happy and prosperous New Year, and believe me

Sincerely and fraternally yours, in F. C. & B.
C. L. BEHNSEN.

FROM NEW DENVER.

Editor "True Knight."

I hope you will excuse me for intruding on your valuable space, but the thought just entered my mind that you might think we had followed the bear's example and hidden ourselves for the winter, but I assure you such is not the case.

Just here I want to compliment you on the True Knight. I find great leisure in reading it myself, and it is always good reading for a prospective candidate.

Now, as to what we have been doing up here. I expect our Lodge correspondent will object to my trespassing on his ground, but as he appears to be too bashful to write himself, I will just tell the news for him.

We had a great time one night a short time ago. The occasion was our first "At Home." We had invited "all the world" to come and see us that night, and very nearly all of our little world accepted the invitation. Our "bill of fare" consisted of games of all kinds, a short programme, refreshments at 10:15 . m., and then dancing till all were ready to go home in the "we sma" hours. We had over a hundred guests to amuse, and they one and all expressed themselves as well pleased.

The next event was a visit from our worthy Bro. Irvine, of Vancouver, and he not being satisfied with our condition, must needs occupy the local pulpit one Sunday and hold forth most eloquently on our siritual needs. We were delighted to see him, and were only sorry that he could not stay to come to our Lodge meeting.

The organizing of the Uniform Rank in Sandon was the next excitement, and their first act was to have a church parade, and some of us must go to Sandon to be "in on it." Our worthy C. C., Bro. Evans, Bro. Jeffery, of New Westminster, and myself went from here. Our Sandon brothers looked very grand indeed in their nobby new uniforms, and seemed to be very enthusiastic over it. The service was held in Virginia Hall, and was conducted by Re. Bros. Cleland and Sanford, both in their uniforms. To say that their addresses were grand would be speaking mildly. No true knight could listen to them and not feel

the better of it, and one could not help but wish to try to carry out the teachings of our beloved Order more perfectly after listening to their words. We are not quite up with our Sandon brothers now, since they organised the Uniform Rank, but we mean to have one some day.

I am pleased to be able to report a little progress here this winter: a few applications are coming in, and that means initiations, and I do not think we will have any suspensions.

We have had some sickness, and have paid out over \$2 0 for sick benefits and relief, so we feel that we are doing just a little bit after all.

We are economi-ing now, and possibly that is why we don't advertise, but I consider that false economy, and perhaps the rest of the Lodge will soon think so too, in which case you will have to get space ready for us. Wishing you will have had a Merry Xmas, and will enjoy a Happy New Year, I remain

Truly and fraternally yours,
C. F. NELSON.

December 16th, 1898.

FROM KAMLOOPS.

Editor of True Knight.

I was pained to learn this morning of the death of the wife of Bro. James Douglas, of 919 Westminster avenue, Vancouver. Bro. Douglas was one of the charter members of Primrose Lodge, No. 20, and always a true Knight. Every member of the lodge sympathizes with him in his sad bereavement. I understand the Board of Relief have been notified in Vancouver, and therefore we know that Bro. Douglas will be well looked after in his hour of trial.

The following officers have been elected for the next term: C. C., T. D. Guest; V. C., G. T. Malley; Prelate, G. E. Welsh; M. of W., R. Clark; K. of R. and S., D. C. Mackenzie, re-elected; M. of F. R. Mackay, re-elected; M. of E., J. L.



brown, re-elected: M. at A. G. D. Brown; I. G., J. Ladner; O. G., J. N. Moore. It is a long time since such keen interest was taken in the election of officers as was displayed at this election, which, I think, is a step in the right direction.

On Wednesday, Dec. 14th, we had a hot debate on "married life vs. single blessedness." Bro. Ladner captained the single men, whilst Bro. Mallery acted in the same capacity for the married men. I need not tell you the married men won with honors.

Bro. McCrum, wife and family have returned home from Minneapolis, Minn.—Joe looks quite "citified" and parts his hair in the middle now.

I have had a letter from Bro. Davis, Revelstoke, and the brothers there expect to be ready to organize about the first of the New Year.

Wishing the True Knight and all its readers a merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year.

I am yours fraternally.

J. L. BROWN.

FROM RATHBONE.

This is the season of festivities, and we hope Rathbone members will have their share of enjoyments, etc.

We will soon be entering upon another year, and we know not what joys or sorrows will be our lot during its period; yet we hope the joys will be many and the sorrows few.

During the month, which has been quite a lively one for Rathbone, we have added another member to our list. We hope the brother will enter into the work and be one of us socially as well.

The joint session for initiation of the candidates, one for the Westminster Boys, the other for our own Lodge, was conducted in good style, and a good time was afterwards indulged in. Quite a number of the brethren came over from New Westminster, and our brotherly friendship was renewed.

Rathbone expects to take the lead in '99, so the other lodges had better look out she doesn't rival them, both in members, finances, etc. Let us all work with a will. A little rivalry is good to stir us up.

ARTHUR F. COOK.

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLANCE.

At the regular meeting of Primrose Lodge, No. 20, K. of P., Kamloops, B. C., held December 21, a resolution of condolence with Bro. James Douglas, of New Westminster, who is a member of Primrose Lodge, in his sad bereavement in the death of his wife, was passed. The following is the resolution:

"Whereas Almighty God, Supreme Chancellor of the Universe, has seen fit, in His all-wise dispensation to remove by the hand of death the beloved wife of Bro. James Douglas, and whereas, by the death of his wife, Bro. Douglas loses a faithful companion and his dear children a most kind and loving mother, therefore be it resolved by Primrose Lodge, No. 20, K. of P., that the heartfelt sympathy of each of the members of this Lodge be extended to Bro. Douglas and his motherless children in this their sad hour of distress, and that we

devoutly commend them to the keeping of Him who looks with pitying eye upon the orphans; and further be it resolved that while we deeply sympathise with those who are bound to the deceased by the nearest and dearest ties, we share with them the hope of a re-union in that better land where partings are unknown; and further be it resolved that a copy of this resolution be spread upon the minutes of Primrose Lodge, and a copy sent to the family of the deceased, a copy sent to the True Knight, Vancouver, and a copy to the "Inland Sentinel," for publication. Fraternally submitted, D. C. Mackenzie, G. T. Mallery, J. L. Brown, Committee.

How dear to the heart is the old yellow pumpkin, when orchards are barren for stuffing for pies; when peaches and apples have both been a failure and berries abundant have greeted the eyes; how fondly we turn to the corn field, and the fruit our children despise—the old yellow pumpkin, the mud-covered pumpkin, the big-bellied pumpkin that made such good pies."

The editor riseth in the morning and knoweth not what the day may bring forth. If he telleth all the news he runneth a great risk of having a tin ear put on him, and if he telleth not the news the people say he is n. g., and there is no joy in it. The crafty man cajoleth him into giving him a 50-cent puff for a 5-cent cigar, and all fond mothers frown on him if he fails to flatter their neckled-face broods. And all his ways are ways of woe, and his days are full of sorrow. The insurance man setteth snares for him, and on the whole he—he has a deuce of a time. Now is the time to subscribe.

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ERNEST FAITHFUL.

'Twas the soul of Ernest Faithful
Loosed from his home of clay—
Its mission on earth completed,
To the judgment passed away.

'Twas the soul of Ernest Faithful
Stood at the bar above,
Where the deeds of men are passed upon
In justice, but in love.

And an angel questioned Faithful
Of the life just passed on earth:
What could he plead of virtue,
What could he count of worth?

And the soul of Ernest Faithful
Trembled in sore dismay;
And from the judgment angel's gaze
Shuddering turned away.

For memory came and whispered
How worldly was that life:
Unfairly plotting sometimes,
In anger and in strife.

For a selfish end essaying
To treasures win or fame,
And the soul of Ernest covered 'neath
The angel's eye of flame.

Then from a book the angel drew
A leaf with name and date,
A record of this Ernest's life
Wove in the looms of fate.

And said: "O Faithful, answer me,
Here is a midnight scroll.
What did'st thou 'neath the stars that night?
Did'st linger o'er the bowl?"

"Filing the night with revelry
With cards and wine and dice,
And adding music's ecstasy,
To give more charms to vice?"

When the soul of Faithful answered,
"By the bedside of a friend
I watched the long hours through: that night
His life drew near its end."

"Here's another date at midnight,
Where was't thou this night, say?"
"I was waiting by the dust of one
Whose soul had passed that day."

"These dollar marks," the angel said:
"What mean they, Ernest, tell?"
"It was a trifle that I gave
To one whom want befell."

"Here's thine own picture, illy dressed;
What means this scant attire?"
"I know not," answered Faithful, "save
That once midst tempest dire,

"I found a fellow-man benumbed,
And those amidst the storm
And so around him wrapped my vest,
His stiffening limbs to warm."

"Here is a woman's face, a girl's.
O, Ernest is this well?
Knowst thou how often women's arms
Have drawn men's souls to hell?"

Then Ernest answered: "This poor girl
An orphan was. I gave
A trifle of my ample store
The child from want to save."

"Next are some words. What mean they here?"
Then Ernest answered low:
"A fellow-man approached me once
Whose life was full of woe,

"When I had naught to give, except
Some words of hope and trust:
I bade him still have faith, for God
Who rules above is just."

Then the grave angel smiled and moved
Ajar the pearly gate
And said: O, soul! we welcome thee
"Enter! Nor sorrow more is thine,

Unto this new estate.
Nor grief: we know thy creed—
Thou who hast soothed thy fellow-men
In hour of sorest need

"Thou who hast watched thy brother's dust,
When the wrung soul had fled:
And to the stranger gave thy cloak,
And to the orphan, bread.

"And when all else was gone, had still
A word of kindly cheer
For one more wretched than thyself,
Thou, soul, art welcome here.

"Put on the robe thou gav'st away
'Tis stainless now and white:
And all thy words and deeds are gems:
Wear them, it is thy right!"

And then from choir and harp awoke
A joyous, welcome strain,
Which other harps and choirs took up,
In jubilant refrain.

Till all the aisles of Summer Land
Grew resonant, as beat
The measures of that mighty song
Of welcome, full and sweet.

—The Western Knight.

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NON-ATTENDANCE AND NON-INTEREST.

ANOTHER CAUSE.

To the Editor of "True Knight":

Having in a recent issue of your valuable journal given my views on the above caption as to the cause producing the effect, mentioning more or less what may be termed ritualistic causes, I now would like to give a short review of what I believe to be another cause why members of the Order are so fast losing interest after being initiated.

Every candidate, before his application can be, or even is considered, promises faithfully to obey all laws governing the Supreme, Grand, and Subordinate Lodge to which he may belong. Now, the question arises: Does he fulfil his promise? A long intimate knowledge of members and lodges, both Subordinate and Grand, leads me to think that he does not. Now, if not, why not? The answer is simple. We are all taught more by observation than by anything else. The new made candidate observes only to quick that other and older members do not live up, either to the law or spirit of the law, and he, in consequence, thinks that he is entitled to the same right. There are many of our laws which are more honored in their breach than their observance. Not that I think it is done intentionally, but through utter carelessness. Ten members take the trouble of studying the laws of the Order, and every member seems to be a law unto himself. One cannot help, in reading the various Pythian journals, to notice how many breaches of the law occur, apparently without any restraining hand. Now, what becomes known is necessarily only a small part of what occurs, and does not become known. A few instances will make clear my meaning. Take the law governing suspension for non-payment of dues. How many Masters of Finance in our lodges know their duty in the premises? How many of them have studied the Supreme Law (Section 262), or the Grand Lodge Law (Section 141, exactly the same reading)? The inclination is to keep a member twelve months in arrears on the books of the Lodge as long as possible, as long as there is hope that he yet may pay. The inclination is a good one, so is the intention, but is it lawful? Certainly not. The sections referred to are peremptory and mandatory, and leave the lodge, or rather the M. of F. no option. I often wondered why it should do so, until it occurred to me, that by not doing according to the strict letter of the law an injustice may be done to many. To make myself clearer, I will suppose a lodge has 101 members, and is entitled by its membership to a certain representation and vote in the Grand Lodge. Suppose those 101 members include, say, but two members who ought to have been suspended for non-payment of dues, but have been kept on the books and the roster of the lodge. Does not that lodge gain an increased representation in the Grand Lodge unlawfully? Of course, supposing always that representation in the Grand Lodge, like ours, is based on one representative for every hundred members or fraction thereof. Now, having this increased representation the lodge may decide close questions in the Grand Lodge through its representatives. Now the lodge knows that it has done wrong, and having gained additional voting power in the higher lodge, does it not follow that the members of such lodge must lose the respect of the laws? If they break one law, why not others? It always reminds me of the legal

maxim, that if in a basket of supposedly fresh eggs you find one bad, you have a perfect right to mistrust the quality of all. It is a well known fact that it is better to repeal or strike a law from the Statute Books than have it broken, thereby bringing into contempt all of the laws, which may be good. Again, look at the laws regarding saloons. I read in many of the Pythian papers, and the secular press as well, that at the late encampment of the U. R. in Indianapolis, the members of that body were very conspicuous with their uniforms in many of the saloons and drinking places of that city. Of course it was hot, but what of it? Better to take off your uniform or slack your thirst with anything else, anywhere else, than break the law. If you can break the law right under the eyes and noses of the Supreme body, can it be wondered at, that new members, take it for granted, that our laws are made to read well, but not to fit well? And so I might go on with many instances, each one showing not an intentional disrespect of our laws, but rather a carelessness, and it don't matter this time evasiveness, that does the work as effectively as it could be desired. As a cure for this, I would propose that each officer in a lodge should familiarize himself with the laws bearing directly on the duties of his office. Having done so, he could, when occasion arises, set the brothers right, when unintentional infractions of the law are contemplated. I think our laws lack one section which I would embody, and that is the duty of every member, not in a ritualistic sense, but concise and compact compendium of his duties as a member of the Order, in a legal sense. This section I would give to every applicant, and make him learn it, so he may know it by memory, and I would not admit him to membership until he does know it, and promises to keep and uphold what he has learned. A new member would then know what is expected of him, and he would know beforehand what the laws of the Order are, and what he obligates himself to perform. This is, in my opinion, another cause for non-attendance and non-interest in lodge work.

I propose, Bro. Editor, to contribute more on this same subject from time to time, until I have given all causes which in my opinion tend to diminish interest and consequent falling off and out of the Order.

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"HAIL, KNIGHTS ROYAL."

Vancouver City Company, No. 4, Uniform Rank Knights of Pythias, met as usual at Pythian Hall, with a fair attendance, but could be better, owing to it being the last meeting of the old year. It is to be hoped that the members will take new life and spirit, and come to the front as they did of yore.

As nomination and election of officers for the coming year takes place at our next regular meeting, all should be present. We shall be in possession of our new rituals, the first meeting in the new year. See the opinions of the Supreme Representatives of Minnesota as to what they have to say regarding the new ritual. "The conception of the ritual is noble and patriotic; its action smooth and easy; its time brief; and it is said to be a vast improvement over the one formerly in use?"

On the seventh of this month I had the pleasure of going to the station and bidding bon voyage to our worthy Knight Loyal, Past Capt. C. L. Behnson, as he was off for Sandon on a patriotic mission to institute a company of Uniform Knights of Pythias. I am sure he will be able to give a good account of himself and his trip at our next meeting, so don't forget to come, boys.

Appreciation for moral worth and heroic effort for the Union Rank and the upbuilding of Pythianism in this grand domain has been his platform.

The rank shows to the outside world the progress, virtue and pleasure of the Pythian Brotherhood, and they create an enthusiasm that nothing else will supply. And its teachings lead to a better relationship to the lodge and a higher loyalty and fealty to the Order. We must ever remember that our orders, are the institutions of man, for the betterment of his brothers' conditions; and the cultivation of all those qualities that aid in making honest citizens, good fathers, faithful husbands, and worthy brothers; to nurse the sick, bury the dead, and educate the orphan.

Fraternally yours in F. B. C.

CAPTAIN JOHN CROW,

Vancouver City Co., No. 4, U. R. K. of P.

THE SCOT ABROAD.

A story appeared in a well-known serial a few years since, describing the disappointment of an Englishman who went out to the East as an interpreter, and whose ruling passion was a hatred of everything Scotch. Strolling through the camp one day with a Turkish officer, and abusing the Scotch to his heart's content, to his astonishment Hassen Bey, the Turk, broke out, "I'll tell ye whaat, ma man, gin ye daur lowse ye're tongue upon my country like that, I'll gie ye a clood in the lug that'll mak' it tingle fra this till Hallow'e'en." The thunder-struck Englishman stammered out, "Why, my good man, I thought you were a Turk!" "An' sae I am a Turk the noo, ma braw chiel," said the angry Glasgow Mussulman, "but ma father's old leather breeks ne'er travelled farther than just fre Glasgow to Greenock and back again, but when I gang hame—as I'll dae ere lang, if it be God's will—I'll just be Wully Forbes, son o' old Daddy Forbes o' the Gorbals, or a' that's come and gane!" Presently a splendidly

dre-sed Hungarian came up and said to the Turk, "Wully, man, there's a truce, the noo for twa hoors: just come wi' me and we'll hae a glass o' whisky thegither." It was the same with a Russian officer, until the Englishman exclaimed, "Bless my heart, is everybody on earth a Scotchman? Perhaps I'm one myself without knowing it!" But when the Russian General Tarassoff exclaimed, "Eh, Donald Cawmell, are ye here?" and Ibrahim Pasha burst forth, simultaneously, "What, Sandy Robertson, can this be you?" the Englishman burst forth, "It's all over! Turks, Russians, Hungarians, English—all Scotchmen; it's more than I can bear! I shall go home; there's nothing left for me to do here. I came out as an interpreter, but if all the nations of Europe talk Scotch, what use can I be?"

GROWTH OF THE K. OF P.

The Order of the Knights of Pythias must possess great merit, or it would have been impossible to have had its phenomenal growth within 35 years. From beginning in this humble way, it now has 6,683 lodges, with a membership of 468,269 up to 1897. The following tabulated statement shows the growth of the Order by years:—

Year	Lodges	Membership
1864	3	78
1865	1	72
1866	4	379
1867	41	6487
1868	194	34624
1869	465	54289
1870	643	60022
1871	886	79915
1873	1228	95602
1874	1423	101453
1884	2177	157132
1890	4269	308290
1894	6291	456905
1895	6504	464539
1897	6683	468269

There are four lodges in Mexico and four in the Hawaiian Islands. The uniformed members of the Order, of which Major-General James R. Carnahan is the head, are 1200 companies, with a membership of over 45,000, arranged into regiments, brigades and divisions.

Another feature of this Order is the system of insurance termed the Endowment Rank, with 4108 sections and a membership of 53,767. It is conducted upon the soundest possible financial basis, having 99,389,500 of endowment in force, with about half a million of dollars in cash on hand, and has paid out in death claims \$12,750,000.

IN A FLOURISHING STATE.

In all its departments and branches, the Order of Knights of Pythias can be said to be in a most flourishing condition, with the prospect of a phenomenal future extending beyond the boundaries of the United States—as certainly its lessons are acceptable to mankind—and its coming into existence has been found to be most opportune.

The charm of this Order lies in its true spirit of democracy—men of all conditions and all beliefs find in it the true philosophy of helpful kinship.

It is permeating the body politic with a beneficial influence, aiding to elevate it in tone, vitalizing it with the true spirit of sympathy and benevolence, and stimulating it to higher degrees of honor and truthfulness. All who come within its range are better for its fraternal touch. It embodies elements which assure its success and triumph.

THE IDLE MEMBER.

What can he do? In the first place he can stop criticizing and finding fault with those who are doing their best to make the Order grow. He can attend lodge meetings and assist in carrying on the business. There are sick brothers to visit—he can do that: there are official positions to fill—he can accept an office: there are new members to secure—he can do his best in that direction; there is committee work—he can serve. There is no better way to increase the power and influence of the lodge than by cheerfully performing any work assigned him. One earnest member can influence a whole lodge.—The “Keystone Pythian.”

CHARITY IN JUDGING CHARACTER.

Hasty judgment of the actions of others is dangerous and often unjust. We measure too much by some superficial appearance, and condemn hastily, when, if we knew all and understood the motives and reasons, we would warmly approve. We sometimes say of one, “This pain, sorrow or loss has not deeply affected him.” But we do not know. It is like the death of a few of the soldiers in front of a regiment. The broken ranks close up again into the solid phalanx and the loss is not apparent. There may be no disorganization, no surrender, no craving for pity, no display of despair. It is like the calm, dazzling play of the waves warmed by the morning’s sun after a night of storm and disaster. There is no sign of the wreck: the tide has carried the debris away far out in the ocean: the treacherous water has swallowed all signs and tokens of the night’s awful work. We see only the fairness of the morning, not the suffering of the night. Let us be charitable in our judgment and condemn not when we do not know.

—“Woman’s Home Journal.”

P. S. R. Bro. Jas. Crossan paid Vancouver a flying visit last month.

P. G. C. Bro. J. B. Kennedy, ex-M. P. P., paid a visit to the office of the True Knight during the month.

G. R. Bro. Sample has been on the sick list. We hope that Bro. Sample’s illness will be of short duration.

The office of the True Knight has been favored with handsome callendars from the following business firms: Nelson’s Drug Co., Kurtz & Co., Club & Stewart, W. Ralph. R. Mills, R. Clarke, Union Mutual Life Insurance Company, City Grocery Company.

We very much regret having to record serious loss by fire on the part of Bro. J. Sheasgreen, gent’s furnishings, who lately suffered to the amount of \$4,500. Quite a serious fire was stopped by the prompt action of the fire brigade. With his usual enterprise, the brother has inaugurated a “fire sale,” at which some snaps are to be had.

Yet another proof of Vancouver’s go-a-head policy is the new business just started by C. H. Mouat & Co., which firm has opened up in the Abbott Block, Granville Street. Everybody knows “Charlie Mouat,” and as Charles carries a new and first-class stock the boys will not miss anything by paying this firm a call. The True Knight wishes C. H. Mouat & Co. every success. C. P. R. boys, attention.

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BEAUTIFUL ANSWERS.

A Persian pupil of the Abbe Sicord gave the following extraordinary answers.

“What is gratitude?”

“Gratitude is the memory of the heart.”

“What is hope?”

“Hope is the blossom of happiness.”

“What is the difference between hope and desire?”

“Desire is a tree in leaf: hope is a tree in flower; and enjoyment is a tree in fruit.”

“What is eternity?”

“A day without yesterday or to-morrow; a line that has no end.”

“What is time?”

“A line that has two ends: a path which begins in the cradle and ends in the tomb.”

“What is God?”

“The necessary Being, the Sun of Eternity, the Merchant of Nature, the Eye of Justice.”

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