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KATE BOYNTON'S MISTAKE.

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BY E. M.
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"But, where's Ned?"

"Oh! he's gone off to the Lodge again, I declare I get quite out of patience with him lately. When we were first married, he never left the house of an evening; but now he's off sometimes two or three nights a week. And he's so aggravating about it, too. He won't tell me a word of what they do, or what they talk of; and if I get out of patience—as what woman of spirit will not, at times?—he won't retort, or answer me back, but just say, in his quiet way, 'Ah! I'm sorry you take it in that way. By-bye, dear; I hope you'll get your eyes open some day, and not look at this matter as though you were a child.' As though I were a child, indeed! If I acted half as much like a child as his treatment would indicate, he might have some excuse for it."

And Kate stopped, quite out of breath, as her visitors' "things" were taken off, and gathered into a huge bundle in her arms, preparatory to being carried into another room.

"So Ned has become a full-fledged Mason, has he?" queried John Aphorp, as Kate returned from the other room.

"Yes," answered she, "I guess 'full-fledged' is a good word to use. That is what they apply to geese when they arrive at maturity, and I warrant it'll grace him as well. They're all a parcel of geese, to spend their time at Lodge meetings, whether they're Masons, Sons of Temperance, Sons of Malta, or whatever they call themselves. Better stay at home with their wives, or take them to some lecture or concert, or the theatre."

Kate did not stop to think that she had little cause for complaint on that score, for she averaged at least two nights a week at some such entertainment, besides frequently attending a matinee. But women who part from their husbands as Kate had from Ned that evening seldom stop to reason, and Kate was no exception to the general rule.

"Well," said John, "Masonry is sometimes a humbug. I wish he