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THE BROKEN EMBLEM.

The fashionable season was at its height, and all the places of fashionable summer resort were thronged by visitors, seeking health, rest, or to amuse themselves by mingling with the multitudes that flock together from all parts of the fashionable world.

Lake George was not behind other similar resorts in the number and variety of its visitors. Sherill, the pleasant and affable host of the Lake House, was in his glory. No man ever kept a better hotel than Sherill, and no hotel ever had a better landlord than the Lake House.

And no landlord ever kept a hotel in a place more calculated by nature, to attract and please, than the pretty little village of Caldwell, hidden away amid mountains that surrounded the head of that most beautiful of all sheets of water, "not excepting the celebrated Como," Lake George. 'Twas the middle of July, when in the great cities the church doors had been closed for a little season, that the weary servant of God might flee away to the country for a short respite from his labors, and catch a breath of air untainted by the dust and heat of the city.

When the busy bustling merchant had deserted his counting room and left his business cares to his tried and trusted clerks, and he had gone down to the old home amid the hills of the country, from whence he came a few years ago to seek his fortune in the busy whirl of the metropolis; when the judge and the lawyers had left the court rooms in silence, while they sought a holiday in the green woods far away; when, in short, everybody who could, had fled from the heat and bustle of the city, and sought for a time rest and quiet in the country.

At such a time, no matter how many years ago, the crowd of visitors at the lake house were assembled on the upper galleries, that extend around the house, in the evening, amusing themselves in almost every conceivable manner, when the attention of nearly all was attracted to the street front of the house, by the arrival of a carriage from Glen's Falls, bringing two new guests to the Lake House. Sherill was at the door ready in his bustling good humored way, to bid them welcome. The new comers were a gentleman, apparently about thirty years old, and a little girl certainly not more than five.