

# THE CRAFTSMAN,

AND

## CANADIAN MASONIC RECORD.

---

Bro. J. J. MASON, 18<sup>th</sup>,  
Publisher } 'The Queen and the Craft.' } \$1.50 Per Annum,  
in advance.

---

VOL. V. HAMILTON, ONT., DECEMBER, 1870. No. 3.

---

### MR. NAGPORE'S NIECE.

"YOU'LL *have to go!*" said the doctor.

"But think of those jolly rooms!" said I.

"But think of your jolly good health!" said the doctor.

"Doctor," said I, "a slang expression, however appropriate to me, sounds awful when coming from your lips! Then you think it is positively necessary?"

"I have not the least doubt of it," said the doctor. "If you do not entirely change your course in life, give up late hours, and dancing parties, go early to bed, and sleep in country air, for the next three months, I will not answer for your life."

I was a bachelor in those days, one-and-twenty years of age, and with an iron constitution, which had pulled me through a sharp illness, brought on by indulgence in those very performances against the continuance of which our old family physician, Dr. Hunter, had so gravely warned me. I was in the Tin Tax office in those days, and although the men in the Tin Tax office were not then the great swells they are now, there were very many eligible men among them, and invitations to dance in the Baker Street and Bloomsbury districts were rife. There were theatres to go to then, were something else was to be seen besides neat ankles, and something else was to be heard besides melancholy jokes, and ribald songs, and one had a digestion, or supposed one had, which enabled one to eat chop and steaks, and drink stout and whisky-and-water at abnormal hours at night. So the result with me was, that all this dancing and theatre going, and supper eating, culminated in an attack of gastric fever, and instructions from Dr. Hunter for me to leave the cosy chambers which I inhabited in Raymond Buildings, Gray's Inn, and to look for apartments in the suburbs.

I found them at Hampstead, on the other side of the Heath, in a broad lane leading out of the Hendon Road. My landlord was a market-gardener, a cherry-red-face giant, who went away in the middle of the night with an enormous cart filled with vegetables and fruit to Covent Garden, and whom I used to meet as I went on the top of the omnibus to business, nodding drowsily on the shafts of his home-returning, empty waggon, the butt of such language as only omnibus drivers can