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By L. L. MASON, }  
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MAY MASON.

—  
JEAN GOLD.

"George, where had I better send?"

"Eh, what?"

"I do believe you have not heard one word I have said."

"Oh yes my dear, Ginx's baby, to go to the poor-house is the question before the house."

"Ginx's baby indeed! George, if you will be kind enough to put that everlasting old paper down for a moment, I will be greatly obliged, for there is a question before the house in truth."

"Well, well, my dear do not get excited, there is time enough. There, I am all attention. What is it?"

"I suppose I shall have to tell it all over again. Do you remember about a woman with a baby who came to Mrs. Adams' last fall? She gave her name as Martha Gray, and had a marriage certificate bearing the same. If you ever half-way listened to me, you might have known she is dead and was buried yesterday. Of course Mrs. Adams can not keep the child. She would not have taken the woman in had she not come in a storm and begged so piteously. You have probably forgotten Mrs. Adams, but she is a poor woman mother used to help; she has all she can do to take care of her own family, and something must be done with the child. It seems a shame to send it to an orphan asylum and worse to the poor-house."

"Regular little Ginx," chuckled George, "committee must be appointed immediately to look after it."

"A committee of one will do all the work, as usual," she imposingly said, as she arose from the breakfast table, "as you do not seem to look upon it except as a matter for fun."

"Pardon me," said her brother, a good natured old bachelor, who was a little more apt to see the ridiculous side of things than his younger and more energetic sister. "I hope you do not want me to make it serious, for I really cannot; you certainly do not want me to adopt a six months baby?"

"I am not a simpleton quite, besides the child is two years old. But you do not seem to have heard, or remembered at least, what I have told you before, that the mother had papers showing her husband to have been a Mason. Mrs. Gray said her husband, when dying, told her to apply to the Masons for help, for they had neither kith nor kin nor friends in this country, and the child has not a relative nearer than a great-aunt or cousin in England. While her husband could work, they lived well enough, but he had a fever and died leaving her destitute. They lived in Buffalo then, and she received aid from a charitable society; she would not go near the Masons for she had an insane idea that they would take the child from her, and, with a hope of returning to England she clung to her baby, drifting from one place to another, till she came to Mrs. Adams' door, half dead and wholly starved. It was her wish that after she died the child should be given to the Masons, and I asked you at the beginning, where, or to whom, I should send to find out about it."