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### WHY MRS. HERBERT LOVED MASONRY.

"Ticket, ma'am," said the conductor.

"Yes, sir, in one moment;" and Mrs. Herbert sought in her pocket for her portmonnaie, in which she had deposited the article in question. But it had mysteriously disappeared, and the lady arose hastily, and gave a rapid and searching glance under and about her.

"O, sir, I have lost my ticket; and not only that, but money and my check for my baggage."

The conductor was a young man who had been but a few weeks upon the road in his present capacity, and felt himself greatly elevated in his position. He prided himself in his ability to detect any person in an attempt to avoid the payment of the regular fare, and had earnestly wished that an opportunity might be offered which would enable him to prove his superior powers of penetration, and the ease with which he could detect imposition. Here, then, was a case just suited to his mind; and he watched Mrs. Herbert with a cold, scrutinizing, suspicious eye, while she was searching so eagerly for the missing ticket. With a still extended hand he said: "Must have your fare, madam."

"But, sir, I have no money; I can not pay you."

"How far do you wish to go?" he asked.

"I am on my way to Boston, where I reside. I have been visiting relatives in Wisconsin."

"Well, you can go no farther on this train, unless you can pay your fare."

A bright thought occurred to Mrs. Herbert. "I will place my watch in your keeping," she said: "when I reach Detroit I will pawn it for money to pursue my journey. My husband will send for it and redeem it."

"That will do," said the conductor. "I will take your watch and give you a check to Detroit. I have no authority to do so from the railroad company, but may upon my own responsibility."

But Mrs. Herbert's embarrassment was not to be relieved so readily as she hoped. Searching for her watch, that, also, was not to be found.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she cried, her face growing very pale. "My watch is gone too! I must have been robbed in Chicago."

"You can leave the train at the next station," he said quickly and decidedly; "that's what you can do."

The whistle sounded down brakes, and the conductor stepped on the platform of the car. Mrs. Herbert looked around her. There were a few passengers in the car; some were reading, some looking out of the windows on the town they were just entering. No one seemed to have heard the conversation between the conductor and herself, or, at least, to have become interested in her behalf.

The train stopped, the conductor appeared, and taking the shawl and travelling-basket from the rack above her head, bade her to follow him. In ten minutes more the train had gone, and Mrs. Herbert was alone in the depot, trying to decide upon the course best to pursue. She had no money to defray her expenses at a hotel; she had nothing with which to pay a hackman for taking her to one; but after a few