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J. B. TRAYES, P.D.D.G.M.,
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"IN HOC SIGNO VINCES."

One lovely morning in June, several years ago, a lady and two gentlemen, with servants and guide, were riding along the road leading from Athens to Corinth, in Greece. The lady was young and very beautiful, her rich, dark habit adding very much to her slender, graceful form. The elder of the gentlemen was her father, the Earl of Lorne, and the other her betrothed, the young Marquis of Kingsley. They were all from England, and were enjoying their holiday abroad to the utmost. The rest of the party had remained at Magara, a picturesque place a few miles back; some too timid to venture on a road so famous in history as the stronghold of the banditti, and others having no desire to see the city of Corinth.

But not so with the Lady Rose. It was the greatest wish of her heart to visit Corinth, or to express it more plainly, to pass over the banditti territory. Her slightest wish was law to her father, as she was his only child, and her lover was only too eager to accompany her.

"Rose," said the Earl of Lorne, checking his horse, while a look of pain passed over his face, "I am afraid we will have to turn back, much as I dislike disappointing you. I feel one of my nervous headaches coming on, and it would be folly for me to try and reach Corinth."

"Oh, father, I am so sorry!" cried

Rose, riding close to her father's side, "but if you feel badly, we must return immediately."

"I think I can arrange it, Lady Rose, if you will trust yourself in my care," said Harry Kingsley. "Your father can take his servants and ride back; there is surely no danger, and you and I can go on to Corinth. We can reach the city about mid-day, and return in the morning. What do you think of it, Earl?"

"Ah, Harry, my boy, that is the very thing," replied the Earl of Lorne. "I do not think that there is any danger at this time. Very little has been heard of the banditti for several months. And then, Rose, you will not be disappointed."

"Oh, father, that will be grand! Harry will take care of me I know. This will be a rare opportunity to test his devotion, before I give myself up entirely to his keeping. I can almost see just how some of our party will draw down the corners of their dainty mouths, and arch their eyebrows, when you tell them that Harry and I have gone to Corinth alone. How careless I am. I have lost my scarf-pin. Father, let me have the pin on your coat. I know it is your Masonic badge, but I will be more watchful and return it to-morrow."

"All right, my child, it may be of service to you. I have heard that some of the leaders of this banditti