CRAFTSMAN: THE

AND

CANADIAN MASONIC RECORD.

Bro. J. J. MASON, Publisher

' The Queen and the Cruft.'

\$1.50 Per Annum.

Vol. VII.

HAMILTON, ONT., OCT., 1872.

No. 1.

SAVED BY A HATE.

It was a dark stormy night without, and I drew my chair closer to the fire as I sipped my tea, and regaled myself with the news of the local column of the evening paper. As the storm and sleet rattled furiously against the window, and pedestrians hurried by, anxious to reach a place of shelter, I felt thankful that I was not obliged to leave my comfortable home for the night.

"What's this?" I said, as my eye alighted on a startling paragraph.

"Mysterious Murder!-John Randolp!, one of our old and wealthy citizens, was this morning found dead in his room, having been murdered during the night by some unknown person. Edgar Morton, a clerk in his employ, and who, reports say, was soon to be married to his daughter, has been arrested for the murder, and circumstances are said to be strongly against him."

Now, although I am usually among the first to hear of criminal news. from the nature of my business, this was the first intimation I had received that such a murder had been done. This seemed very strange, as I was on the best of terms with Mr. Randolph and his whole family.

"And so this is the way that Edgar Morton repays the benefactor of his youth and soon-to-be father! Yet no," I cried, "I will stake my

life on that young man's innocence."

As I spoke, there came a gentle tap at the door, followed almost immediately by the entrance of a lady, deeply veiled, who at once threw aside her veil, disclosing to me the features of my deceased friend's daughter, Cecile Randolph.
"Excuse me, Mr. Fergusson, for entering uninvited; but urgent business must be my only excuse."

"Be seated, Miss Randolph," I said, rising and handing her a chair.

"Oh, Mr. Fergusson!" she sobbed forth, burying her face in her hands; "that I should ever be obliged to come to you on such an

I endeavoured to quiet her, and partially succeeded, when I drew

from her what few facts she knew regarding her father's death.

"He retired last night, at his usual hour, apparently in good spirits, and no sound was heard during the night to cause any alarm. In the