

THE CRAFTSMAN;

AND

CANADIAN MASONIC RECORD.

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MASONS AND MASONS.

FOR THE CRAFTSMAN, BY G. S.

CHAPTER I. AT THE PALACE.

"My dear darling Charley, how delighted I am to see you again! It's been such an age, and I've missed you so much! And looking so well and handsome, too! Are you staying in town, and shall you be long? I've got so much to tell you. There, there! Why, I declare those rude people are all staring. Where's Harry, I wonder? You must know him, you know, and the tiresome boy has lost himself somewhere, just when he's wanted. Let's go and look for him, dear. You know your way, don't you."

The tiresome boy (who is perhaps, earning the title as he writes this story) had, in fact, lost himself—in amazement. He was standing at the other side of the tropical basin, screened by a gigantic aloe, and conversing soberly with a sulphur-crested cuckatoo from South Australia, when his ears caught some such ejaculations as are written above, punctuated by a soft osculatory dropping accompaniment, which seemed to afford the caged ring-doves the liveliest gratification, and to which the cooing murmur made a very telling diapason. It was My Wife—these two words have always capital initials in the honeymoon—who spoke, and it was her perfidious lips which pressed, with effusion, others which were not mine—but Charley's! The almonds dropped from my nerveless fingers, while the cuckatoo, with the philosophic imperturbability of his race, consoled himself in the inalienable pastime of scratching his head. I wasn't shocked, nor horrified, nor pained, nor infuriated—I was simply stunned, dumbfounded as Mr.