

THE CRAFTSMAN

AND

Canadian Masonic Record.

Bro J. J. MASON,
Publisher.

"The Queen and the Craft."

{ \$1.50 per Annum,
in advance.

Vol. VIII.

HAMILTON, ONT., NOV. 1. 1874.

No. II.

THE LITTLE RIFT WITHIN THE LUTE.

By Ella F. Clyde.

THE room was a model of comfort, and the breakfast as perfect as it could be. Mrs. Winter looked very pretty in her tasteful attire and coquettish little breakfast cap. And yet, there was a slight frown upon her brow; while her liege lord steadily read the morning papers between his sips of coffee. This couple had been married but little more than a year.

"It was such a foolish thing to do, George," said the lady, breaking a silence of some duration, "it was not as though time hung heavily on your hands, but that, with your business, and social duties, there was no necessity for your becoming a Mason."

Mr. Winter preserved a diligent silence. Probably he thought the subject already exhaustive.

"And then, you know," she went on, "that I greatly disapprove of it."

"Mary," he said, "I can only repeat what I have already told you; you are giving way to a foolish prejudice. You will think differently some time. Now let me hear no more about it."

The lady drew a long sigh; her face assumed a look of injured innocence, and the breakfast was continued in silence.

George Winter was a kind-hearted, but a thoroughly unyielding man. Once impressed with the idea of right, everything, even his own interests, went down before it. Not so with Mrs. Winter. Wilful and impulsive, if she was slightly selfish, it was the fault of circumstances. She had been spoiled as much as the only child of wealthy parents could be. With no careful, training hand, what wonder if the weeds grew thick among the flowers of her nature?

She sat, this morning, long after her husband had gone, in the cosy sitting-room, looking with wide-open eyes, out upon the street. She was but vaguely conscious of the passers-by, her mind being deeply absorbed. She *could not* understand why she should be crossed, *nor* comprehend her husband's absurd persistency. All day long she was vexed and out of humor, but in the afternoon she dressed herself with unusual care, and received Mr. Winter with her sweetest smiles.

She kept up a graceful flow of conversation all through dinner; but, in the evening, after he had donned his dressing-gown and slippers, and comfortably ensconced himself in the easy chair before the fire, she drew a low stool to his side, and said:

"George?"

"Well, Mary."

"Tell me the secret."

"What secret?"

"The Masonic secret."

He laughed out, and replied:

"You absurd woman."

"No, but George, I'm in earnest."

"Mary, do be reasonable," he said.

"I am reasonable; you should not know anything you cannot tell your wife."

He leaned back, humming a low tune.