

# THE CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN,

AND  
MASONIC RECORD.

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Editor & Proprietor.

"The Queen and the Craft."

{ \$1.50 per annum  
in advance.

VOL. XIV.

PORT HOPE, ONT., JULY 15, 1880.

No.

## TURNING SQUARE AROUND.

No, Tom, I can not write such a letter to Mr. Banks. Since your father's death, two years since, you have squandered what he left, and now, at the age of twenty-two, find yourself destitute of means, with dissolute habits, vulgar associations, and utterly without friends worthy of the name. Dissipation has placed its seal upon you, and a letter of recommendation to a business man like Mr. Banks would be a lie on its face."

"Mr. Lee," said Tom, "you are a Mason, my father was one and Mr. Banks is also one. Is this not sufficient reason why you should not desert me in my extremity?"

"Tom," replied the lawyer, "how many times have I and many other members of the Fraternity approached you, during the past two years, with words of friendly warning, and as often been rudely and insultingly repulsed, with the assurance that you knew your business? Yes, I am a Mason, and that is one strong reason

why I should not recommend an unworthy person to a brother. If you ever win the respect and confidence of the Fraternity of which your father was an honored member you must turn 'Square Around.' Only then can you command my services. But you are very low down, Tom, and the road upward is steep and difficult. You have nothing left, you say. Even your mother's bible and your father's watch that he left you on his dying bed, as sacred relics, have gone to feed a depraved appetite, and with them all manly pride and honor."

"No, Mr. Lee, not all of pride and honor," said Tom, warmly, and with a momentary kindling of the eye; "no, sir. The bible and the watch have been held sacred through it all, and I will starve before either shall find their way to the pawnbroker's or the dram shop. I have been hungry, Mr. Lee, have been without food for twenty-four hours, but these relics are still mine, and with them, believe