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JANET'S FORTUNE,

OR, A GRANDMOTHER'S WISDOM.

"And when I die I shall leave my fortune to the one who will use it for the best advantage," said Grandma Leeds, smiling from behind her spectacles to the young girls around her.

"Your fortune, grandma? what will it be? That old basket, with its horrid yarn and needles, and the never-ending knitting work? If so, you need not leave it with me. Janet will use it to a far better advantage than I could."

"Yes, Lettie, you are right; and I'm sure I don't want it, either. H'm! what a fortune, to be sure!"

"I'll accept it, grandma, and prize it, if you will only add your sweet contented disposition. It would be a fortune which none of us need despise," said Janet.

Janet Leeds was the youngest of the family, and the plainest. She had a sweet, fresh face, and tender eyes; but these paled into ugliness before Lettie's black orbs and shining curls, and the blonde loveliness of belle Margaret. So she settled back like a modest violet in the chimney corner, and waited on her grandma, or assisted the maid in the housework.

Once in a while she ventured out to a party in the village, but so seldom that people never observed her. That made it unpleasant and she staid at home still closer.

But that morning, while they sat chatting with grandma, she felt a deal of discontentment, for the first time in the month.

Clara Bosworth, her bosom friend, was to give a party that evening, and she could not go. For weeks preparations had been going on in their quiet family. She had given up the money saved for a new winter cloak, that Lettie's green silk might be trimmed for the occasion, and the best dress she had in the world was a plain garnet-colored poplin with black velvet trimmings.

She had faintly suggested that she might wear that, but the dismay of her sisters silenced her.