

THE CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN,

AND

MASONIC RECORD.

J. E. TRAYES, P.D.D.G.M.,
Editor & Proprietor.

"The Queen and the Craft."

{ \$1.60 per annum
in advance.

VOL. XVI.

PORT HOPE, ONT., JULY 15, 1882.

No. 7.

Written for THE CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN.]

THE WORSHIPFUL MASTER.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES, F.R.H.S.,

Author of "Amable Vaughan," "Notes on the United Orders of the Temple and Hospital," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

A CANDIDATE.

"What sort of a fellow is Penhaligon?" said young Rowatt to his friend Wroath, as they strolled home one night together from the lodge.

"Oh! I don't know," his companion answered. "Not half a bad sort."

"Will he get in, do you think?"

"Can't say."

"Why?"

"Well, of course, the ballot is secret."

"Oh, yes, I know that, but one can generally tell beforehand. Do you know anything against him?"

"No."

"Then why should he not get in?"

"Wheels within wheels."

"You are sententious, my friend. Be pleased to be a little more explicit."

"Well, in the first place, he is a young doctor—an M.B. of Dublin."

"I thought he was a Cornishman."

"So he is, by descent. His friends live in Cornwall still."

"Well, I don't see your drift."

"Don't you?" said Wroath, taking his cigar from his mouth, and emitting a long whiff of smoke. "Well, he won't get in, as sure as my name's Diggory."

"Is your name Diggory? I never

knew that before. I thought it was David."

"Ah! there are more things between heaven and earth than are dreamt of in thy philosophy, Horatio! Diggory is my name, and England is my nation, and so on. Perhaps you think it rather *infra diggory*?"

"Funny man, very; good for you that you've got a funny name."

"Don't see it, unless I were to go on the stage and become a low comedian."

"Ah! low, indeed."

"What the deuce do you mean?"

"Nothing, my friend; nothing."

"Well, but about Penhaligon—why should he not get in?"

"Because Dr. Carlyon objects to a new doctor in town."

"Possibly; but he is over seventy, and the oldest P. M. in the lodge, I think he might allow other people to mount the Masonic ladder if they please."

"Well, we shall see."

"Good night, old fellow;"* and young Rowatt, grasping his friend's hand with a friendly reminder of their Masonic brotherhood, left him for a stroll on the Esplanade before turning in, as it was a lovely moon-