



THE BRAVE LIEUTENANT.

Major's Wife.—NOW, I'M SURE MY PLAYING WEARIES YOU!
Lieutenant (gallantly)—NOT AT ALL, DEAR MADAM; YOU FORGET THAT I AM A SOLDIER.

THE CRUISE OF THE BUSTLE.

A TALE OF THE DEEP.

"EDWIN," she said, "do not, I beg of you, go out on that dreadful yacht. Every week we hear of some fearful accident on the stormy lake. The fall with its gales is approaching, and my cousin who is now in the Toronto Observatory, and who of course knows all about the weather, told me last evening that the probabilities were 'Light winds and variables, heavy gales and durables,' so Edwin, dear Edwin! don't go."

"Why, shiver my timbers and carry away my main jib!" replied Edwin, (Ed is an assistant bookkeeper in a wholesale millinery and mantle warehouse,) "Bouse my starboard backstays, taut and shove my helm a lee! Why, my lady lass, don't you know that I am one of the best sailors that ever trod a plank on Toronto bay? With the tight little craft I command I fear no gale that ever swept the bosom of briny Ontario. Good bye, my own Morluna, till we meet again;" and young Edwin rolled himself out of the drawing-room like a true British tar, and Morluna fell on the damask spring sofa and wept.

It was nearly eight bells in the first night watch, that is to say it was nearly 8 p.m., when Edwin and his crew of four hardy seamen, juniors in the firm their gallant skipper was employed in, obtained a "dingy" and boarded his yacht *Bustle*. A hardy, not to say ferocious, party they looked in their piratical red toques and striped "gansys." "Heave short!" roared Edwin, as his foot touched the planks of the quarter deck. The crew, hastily putting on their dog-skin gloves, cheerily obeyed the command; seized the chain cable they hauled in hand over hand till the yacht's forefoot was brought immediately over the anchor. "Hove short, sir," said young Stafford Staylace, touching his cap to Edwin most respectfully.

"Make sail!" The sail was made. "Weigh the anchor!" The anchor was weighed, what it weighed doesn't matter, however it wasn't very heavy. The fore-

staysail was set, the helm put hard a-port, and the trim yacht *Bustle* was cleaving the billows in the direction of Hanlan's Hotel.

Suddenly the wind died away. The stars were obscured one by one. "Confound it," muttered Edwin, "here we're out on the bay, and I don't suppose we'll have a breath of wind to-night." He was mistaken. Before he recovered from his fit of abstraction a squall from somewhere around Johnny Duck's in the Humber Bay, took his sails aback, and as providentially his rigging was not properly "set up" his mainmast went by the board to leeward, where it lay all the day with mainsail and jib attachment, while the dismasted vessel drifted helplessly in the direction of the East Gap.

Next day no Edwin filed an appearance, neither did the junior clerks composing his crew. The Esplanade was traversed, but there were no signs of the yacht

Bustle. The news came to the ears of Morluna, who at once fell into violent hysterics, and afterwards insisted on going to the Island in quest of the lost or strayed boat. After traversing the Island from Hanlan's Point to the Wiman's bath they learned at the latter place that a dismasted yacht had been pulled up high and dry at the Gap. They sought the place, and there, plain as a pike-staff, inscribed on the stern of the boat in fancy letters appeared the word *Bustle*. Morluna fainted, and was carried to Bill Ward's hotel, where she remained until nightfall. "Poor Edwin, poor Edwin!" was all she could or would utter. They then commenced their melancholy way to the ferry and home, when from a tent pitched at a short distance from their path, came such loud shouts of drunken laughter and ill-timed song, that the melancholy party halted in dismay.

"What dreadful noise is that?" asked the agitated Morluna.

"Oh, nothing, Miss," replied a native of the Island. It's only a lot of counter jumpers who dismasted a boat last night in a breeze. She got into the rushes, and they all jumped overboard and waded ashore. The fellows in the tent knew them and took them in. They've been full as goats ever since. I think the boat was called the *Bustle*.

Morluna and her friends went to the tent and looked in, and there, as drunk as Cloe, stretched on a tarpaulin lay Edwin Percy Smithers and his gallant crew.

"Come!" was all the disgusted fair one said, and they came.

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Edwin and Morluna are strangers yet, and they never speak as they pass by.

B.

THE COOK'S LAMENT—a form of prayer to be used in wintry weather:

"O that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
 Thaw and resolve itself into a"—beefsteak!