

that article to the Pickwickian, who seemed sadly at a loss what to do.

"All you've got to do is to keep straight on for that point over there," said Mr. Douglas. "That's our course."

It was all very easy for Mr. Douglas to point out the course, but it was quite another thing for the amateur steersman to keep it, and the movements of the yacht shortly became extremely devious and erratic, the vessel at one time falling away dead before the wind and making straight for the shore, and at the next being brought up almost into the wind's eye with every sail shaking like an aspen tree, and her bowsprit pointing directly out across the lake.

"You appear determined to let us see all around us, Mr. Yubbits, without giving us the trouble of turning our bodies," remarked Mr. Douglas, with a smile.

"Hm; if we don't see the bottom of Lake Ontario shortly we shall be lucky," muttered Coddleby, whilst Miss Elsie appeared very much amused. "Why, Bramley, it is perfect madness to let Yubbits steer," said the gentleman who had last spoken. "I don't believe he ever had hold of a spoke in his life before?"

Even as he spoke, Mr. Yubbits had brought the *Elsie* up clean into the wind's eye, and a puff from a quarter, a point or two more, to the westward of the direction in which the breeze had been, till now, steadily blowing, catching her sails at this moment, her head was brought round to the south, at the same moment, the vessel careened over on her port side, and the long boom of the mainsail 'gibing' at this instant, dealt Mr. Yubbit's a tremendous blow on the head, for he was, as the reader is aware, nearly if not quite six-feet in height and was, moreover, wholly unprepared for any such a thing, which sent him spinning overboard with lightening like celerity, and he landed in the water, with an immense splash. Mr. Chambers at once rushed to the wheel and brought the *Elsie* into her proper course, whilst Mr. Douglas threw a life preserver to the unfortunate Yubbits, who was striking out manfully for the yacht, as well as he could, for he was by no means an accomplished swimmer, and he at length contrived to grasp the life preserver, whilst Mr. Douglas shouted, "Keep still now, we'll soon pick you up: don't be uneasy, you're all right." He was by this time quite a considerable distance from the vessel, which, however, under Mr. Chamber's, skilful management was soon brought close up to him, and a rope being thrown over the side, the shivering Pickwickian grasped it firmly and was speedily dragged on board, much to every one's relief, especially that of Coddleby, whose state of mind was bordering on frenzy, as he rushed up and down the deck wringing his hands and yelling, "Save him! save him!" and acting otherwise in a most imbecile and frantic manner. No sooner was Mr. Yubbits safely on board, than Bramley beckoned him to one side, and with indignation plainly visible in every line of his countenance, said in his most impressive tones.

"Yubbits, you have disgraced us: you're a humbug, sir."

Yubbits, with the water dripping from his clothes, his hair hanging in damp masses over his face and his teeth chattering, looked astounded at his leader's words, as that gentleman continued.

"You undertook to steer this ship when you must have been aware of your utter inability to do so. You have placed ten lives in jeopardy, and I am highly displeased."

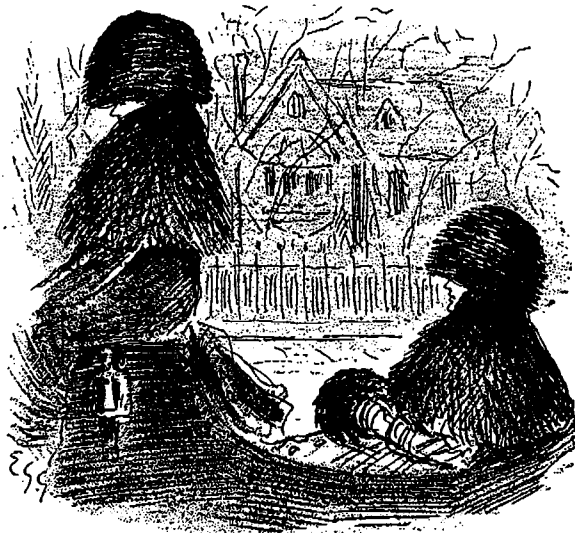
Poor Yubbits was silent for a time and then, seeing Bramley's eye fixed sternly upon him, he stammered out:

"I never tried to steer with a wheel before. I have always been accustomed to a tiller; now in a schooner-rigged corvette—"

"Schooner-rigged fiddlestick," interrupted Bramley. "Yubbits, I am sorry to say that I have lost all faith in you and—"

"Come, come, gentlemen," cried Mr. Douglas, hurrying towards the two, "what's all this about? mistakes will occur on the best regulated yachts; there's no harm done, not the least. Come, my dear sir," turning to Yubbits, "come and get a change of clothing, and something to keep out the cold; now, be lively," and he descended into the cabin closely followed by Yubbits, who was by no means sorry to escape from the presence of his indignant leader.

(To be continued.)



**THE COACHMAN COACHES THE TORONTO BELLE ON THE MATTER OF COSTUME.**

#### TO A CORRESPONDENT.

- (1.) THE subscription rate of GRIP was reduced from \$3 to \$2 on June 1, 1886.
- (2.) The booksellers and subscribers got the benefit of the reduction at once. Every subscriber at the \$3 rate is entitled to a proportionate extension of his term.

#### AN INDUCEMENT.

YOUNG REFORMER (to Heavy English Swell).—Now there's our Reform Club—a splendid thing—why don't you come and join that?

Heavy Swell.—Aw,—I see; politics and all that sawt of thing. Well—aw—any particular inducement to offer a feller?

Young Reformer.—Now I should snicker! Why, you can get a good dinner there for fifteen cents!

THE firm of W. Stahlschmidt & Co., of Preston, Ont., feel justly elated over the honor of an order from Her Majesty the Queen for one of their splendid office desks. The school and office furniture with which their name is connected, enjoyed great distinction at the Colonial Exhibition, and we congratulate our enterprising countrymen on their success abroad.