

what to do, "I thank you from the bottom of my heart for any aid you may have rendered to my little girl," and he shook hands warmly with our friend, who merely bowed and muttered, "Nothing at all, sir—duty—Englishman—rude scoundrel," and such like fragments.

"This is my wife, sir," he continued, leading Yubbits up to the pleasant looking lady, "Mrs. Douglas, who I am sure joins me in thanking you—Mr.—Mr.—why, Elsie, you have not told us the name of your chivalrous knight errant."

"Why, papa," exclaimed his daughter, blushing and laughing, "I don't know what it is, myself." Mr. Yubbits speedily informed them on this point, and Mr. Douglas, ringing the bell, desired the servant who appeared in answer to it, to bring some wine, and begged his daughter, who was really an excessively pretty young lady of eighteen, her beauty showing to still greater advantage now that her hat was removed, to relate the particulars of her adventure, which she did, much to the indignation of her father, who expressed a desire to horsewhip the cowardly rascal who had dared to insult his idolized daughter, for such Elsie Douglas evidently was, and who, together with his amiable wife, was profuse in his thanks and gratitude to the gallant Yubbits. That gentleman, with his characteristic freedom from reserve, gave Mr. Douglas a full account of the Junior Pickwick Club and the objects that had brought himself and his friends to America, and in which recital the elder gentleman appeared greatly interested. "Well, sir," he said, as Mr. Yubbits finished speaking, "anything I can do to further your views, I need not tell you I will do; I insist upon you bringing your friends here to dinner to-morrow, nay, better, to ensure their coming, I will call at the Rossin House to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, and I will take you for a short cruise in my yacht;—you shall come too, Elsie—and we will have a day on the water, after which I shall, personally, conduct you all hither to dine." Mr. Yubbits expressed his gratification at this arrangement, and after spending a very pleasant hour and a half, he bid the amiable family good night, and departed.

As he walked along Elsie's bright, beautiful face would come before his mental vision, but was speedily eclipsed by the laughing countenance and cherry lips of Fanny Dawson, and anyone who might have chanced to be near enough to him as he hurried along, would have heard such utterances as the following: "She's a charming girl, by Jove! and the very thing for Bramley. Yes, she'll suit Bramley to a T: modest and unaffected; the very thing," and it was evident that Mr. Yubbits' mind was contemplating something which was to sadly disturb the peace of that of his friend and leader, Bramley, for he looked neither to the right nor to the left, till he arrived at the Rossin House, where, on enquiring at the office for his friends, he was directed to a private room up-stairs, where he found them enjoying a light supper, and where he was hailed with loud expressions of admiration for the glorious achievement of the evening of which he had been the hero. He soon informed his friends of all that had occurred since he had parted from them, and the intended yachting expedition was hailed with delight from all except Crinkle, who remained firm in his determination to go out to Rosedale and get to work on his poem on the morrow.

(To be continued.)



### THE COMPLETE CURLER.

SCENE—*The Granite Rink. Curling day.*

*New Member*—There, I've got a Kilmarnock, and a volume of Burns' Poems, and a broom! What more do I need?

*Old Member*—Ye'll need naething but parritch and a Scotch brogue, the noo!

### LAMENT OF JAMES L.

G. W. Ross, I do abuse,  
But what's the Hughes!  
O, what's the Hughes!  
With cool contempt he treats my views,  
So what's the Hughes!  
O, what's the Hughes!  
I fire the hearts of Orange True Blues,  
But what's the Hughes—  
No earthly Hughes!  
All others see my little *ruse*,  
So what's the Hughes!  
Yes, what's the Hughes?

Of course, 'tis nice to air my views—  
My vanity it doth amuse;  
But now I tremble in my shoes,  
Lest when the people come to choose  
Trustees—they'll give my friends the noose.  
And with Grit blood the Board infuse,  
And so my billet fat I'll lose,  
Then where's the Hughes.  
O, where's the Hughes?

### THE ABUSE OF VIRTUES AND USE OF VICES.

It is well, in the first place, to beware of that most insidious virtue of modesty, which, consisting, as it does, in the affectation of a belief that your merits are fewer and your defects greater than you know them to be, is no less odious in its nature than lamentable in its effects. Like the brutal athlete of the prize-ring, this virtue first knocks you down and then falls on you, and he who has succumbed to its first attacks, unless by a supreme effort he can shake off the deadly grip, need never more hope to rise. Like the canker-worm, it delights to feed upon the youngest and freshest blossoms, and has stricken down many a youth in the very flower of his promise. Let the violet, despised, contemned, hidden in deep and shaded dells, be a warning; and the sunflower, bright, glorious, and the observed of all observers, an example. Do not hide your light, but set it distinctly before the eyes of your friends, and if they refuse to see it, use a