

managed to propose to her at all; but that having done so, and not choosing to accept his defeat, he should take a manly stand, and act as though he believed that a woman's "no" is not always irrevocable. Why will some men sigh, and fret, and fume in their secret souls over the woman they love, when the exercise of manly dignity and independence is their only chance. I was thoroughly vexed with Fred, for the stupid way in which he brooded over the growing intimacy between Arkwright and Alice. Of course busy tongues were not slow to speak of this intimacy; and I fancy that one or two young ladies, who had an inkling how matters stood with Fred, felt an especial pleasure in dilating upon it in his presence. How those artless creatures, the ladies, do love mischief; and what fun it is to them to see a big fellow blush, as Fred did. Pshaw! I am ashamed of him when I think of it.

The weeks were rolling round—nearly five had passed since the opening of my story—and Philip Arkwright was pressing his siege with earnest vigour. If his success was not all he could wish, still it was sufficient to encourage a man of his stamp. He believed that he would win, and redoubled his exertions. Fred Fleetwood did nothing—Pshaw! again. If he had not been such a really good fellow, I should have said that he deserved to lose.

CHAPTER IV.

Commend me to Toronto Bay, for a noble sheet of water. I have often gazed upon its placid bosom, sleeping under the summer sun, in untroubled calm, peaceful as an infant's slumbers, and clear as molten crystal. And yet its calm is fickle as a woman's smile, and treacherous as a fabled Syren. Nevertheless, the Torontonians are proud of their bay. It is a breathing place for the city, and numerous are the sail and row boats which dot its glassy surface in the cool of quiet summer evenings. Laughter and song float over the waves, as merry boating parties glide swiftly or lazily to and fro, drinking in happiness and health, till the pale moonlight silvers the still waters, and adds additional charms to the scene.

Of course, Philip Arkwright affected aquatic sports. He was a member of the Yacht Club, and contemplated building a yacht that should eclipse everything that sailed upon the lake. His pursuit of Miss Weldon, however, had kept his plans in abeyance, and as yet Philip was yacht-less. Not boat-less, though, for he owned a handsome boat—a fast sailer, in which he occasionally sported on the bay, and sometimes ventured out beyond the "Point." My Cressus was anxious to be esteemed a good sailor; for my part, however, I never thought much of his seamanship, but then I am quite too humble an individual for his worship to care much about my opinions.

Philip Arkwright had frequently intimated to Mrs. Sanborn and Alice that his boat was at their service, and begged the honour of their company for a sail on the Bay. Mrs. S. had, on some trifling pretext, invariably declined, until at length, won over by Philip's entreaties, she consented to accompany him on the following evening. *La belle* Alice was fond of boating, and hailed Mrs. Sanborn's consent with pleasure.

The end of May was at hand, and Mr. Philip had barely a week left in which to prosecute his suit, and bring it to a triumphant close. He began to feel the time sufficiently short; but, nevertheless, it did not comport with his self-love to admit the possibility of failure. Was not Miss Weldon always frank and kind? What more could he wish? His rivals, too, had all vanished from the field, and the prize was his own for the asking. In good sooth, Sir Philip, you and your money-bags are irresistible! So thought Arkwright, and he determined to make the most of the sail on the following evening, and afterwards seize the first favourable opportunity for proposing to Alice which presented itself.

A light and pleasant breeze ruffled the surface of the Bay, as the ladies entered Philip's boat; the sail speedily filled, and Alice was disposed to enjoy herself thoroughly. As for Philip, he was bent upon being agreeable; and as the *Flora* glided through the rippled water she talked of Winder-

mere, of Como, of Venice and its gondoliers—of the wondrous loveliness of Italian landscapes, and the glory of Italian skies. Of course the adventures of Philip Arkwright, Esq. in these old-world scenes, were touched upon and, that not lightly! but on this occasion I must admit that there was nothing nauseating in his egotism—for earnestness covered up vanity!

Pleasantly the *Flora* glided on; they had tacked several times, and stood out twice beyond the Point, and the Queen's wharf. The sun had sunk to rest, in its golden couch, and the softer light of the moon danced upon the Bay. Mrs. Sanborn urged the propriety of landing, but Philip begged for one more sail, and the boat was headed for the island. Now, however, they were about to experience something of the treachery of that beautiful Bay. Fatal treachery! for I question if, on this continent, any sheet of water of like extent, has been the grave of a greater number of brave men and fair women. Who shall count the hearts that have been riven—the tears that have been shed—for these who have looked their last upon earth and sky as they struggled in the pitiless waters of Toronto Bay?

Mrs. Sanborn had noticed, for some time, that clouds were gathering, and soon the face of the moon was obscured. She became alarmed, and at her request the boat was headed for the city. Gradually the breeze freshened into a stiff blow, and the now agitated waves beat roughly against the sprightly *Flora*. Mutterings of distant thunder were heard, and the ladies looked with some anxiety upon the space which separated them from the shore; nor was Arkwright more at his ease, or too confident of his ability to manage the boat, should the storm increase. The *Flora*, however, bounded swiftly through the water and rapidly neared the city; but it became evident to Philip that he could not reach the wharf without a short tack. Unfortunately, at this critical moment, the squall struck the *Flora* with all its fury, and in a moment her precious freight were struggling with the waves. The *Flora* was keel uppermost.

A frightened, yet half smothered shriek, startled a solitary rower, who was making for the shore in hot haste. One glance was sufficient, and with redoubled energy he altered his course, and rowed towards the hapless *Flora*. Would that his nerves were iron—his arms steel! For moments were precious—more precious than he could tell!

So sudden had been the accident that Arkwright found himself struggling with the waves ere he could tell how it happened. Luckily for Cressus, he grasped the boat as he rose, and supported himself until he could gain a more secure position. Nor was Mrs. Sanborn less fortunate; in struggling wildly she had clutched Philip, and maintained her hold until he was able to place her in comparative safety. But what of Allie, my pretty Allie? She had been thrown farther from the boat, and when she rose to the surface no aid was near. Oh! if that money-bags were a man, surely he might save her; but alas! and alas! Mr. Egotist, was too busy in providing for his own safety. Bravely if not wisely, my heroine struggled, supported for a time by the buoyancy of her clothing; but all her efforts were vain, and once more her beautiful head sank beneath the waves. Poor Allie!

By this time Mrs. Sanborn had regained her consciousness; and her first thought was for Alice. "Save her! save her! oh! my darling! my sister! save her!" and in her reckless despair Arkwright, with difficulty, prevented the poor woman from casting herself again into the sullen water.

Oh! it needed not that heartrending cry to nerve the arms of the brave man who was hastening to their assistance. That life was in danger was enough for him, and with herculean efforts he reached the scene of the accident, a few moments after Alice had sunk for the second time.

"Save her! save her! Great God! will no one save my sister?"

Ah! now the heart of that man thrilled with wildest emotion, for he had recognized the voice, and knew who was in danger. Frantic with despair he gazed wildly around: but God was

merciful, for through the dim light he saw, for an instant, something dark appear above the surface of the water. With a joyful cry he sprang from his boat and dived beneath the waves. Each moment now seemed an hour to Mrs. Sanborn; but oh! how fervently did she thank God when the rescuer appeared, bearing in his arms the body of Alice Weldon.

In a short time Fred Fleetwood—for who but he could it be?—had placed Alice in his boat with Mrs. Sanborn and Arkwright, and was rowing with desperate energy for the wharf. Mrs. Sanborn had, in her turn recognized him. But the only expression of her gratitude was a warm, loving, sisterly pressure of his hand.

Fortunately, when they landed, Fred found a carriage near the spot. He bade Arkwright enter with Mrs. Sanborn, and assist her to support Miss Weldon; then ordering the hackman to drive for dear life he himself rushed to Dr. J—'s residence, and hurrying him into a carriage drove rapidly to — street villa, which they reached a few moments after Mrs. Sanborn and Alice.

Long and weary seemed the time that Fred waited there, a prey to wild alternations of hope and fear. But happiness was in store for him; for in about an hour Mrs. Sanborn came down and informed him that Alice was restored to consciousness and out of danger.

"She shall know, Fred, who saved her; and oh! my dear, dear boy! how we shall all love you for what you have done. Now go, for I see you are still in your wet clothes," and—she kissed him.

Where was Philip Arkwright? He drove home immediately after he had assisted to carry Miss Weldon into the villa—of course money-bags could not remain in his wet clothes.

CHAPTER V. AND LAST.

My story has already extended to a much greater length than I intended, and I begin to fear the editor will look askance at it. My concluding chapter must consequently be brief.

Who does not remember that on the first of June, the whole world of Canada was startled by the announcement that a body of Fenians had landed at Fort Erie. On the preceding day the "Queen's Own" had been called out for active service, and I have already intimated that Fred Fleetwood held a captain's commission in this gallant regiment. The conduct of this crack corps at Ridgeway is now a matter of history, and a source of just pride to all loyal men. The incidents of the encounter, however, are so fresh in the minds of my readers that I feel it to be quite unnecessary to go over them again. Let it suffice to state that Captain Fleetwood was conspicuous amongst the bravest there, and that when on that solemn Sunday evening the dead and wounded were brought back to Toronto—amidst mournful stillness, broken only by the solemn tolling of the City bells—he was numbered with the latter. He had received a severe wound from a rifle bullet, and was considered in great danger.

Let me take my readers to one more scene, and my task is ended.

It is at Mrs. Sanborn's villa; but this time we visit a sick chamber. Carefully the shutters are closed, to exclude the glare of the summer sun. Softly and lightly a fair and gentle nurse moves to and fro in the room. The patient is sleeping peacefully, and we scarcely recognise, in his pale and wasted cheeks, the face of our old friend, Fred Fleetwood. Do you not feel, my reader, that his nurse is none other than dear Alice Weldon—*la belle* Alice, my heroine? If you do not I would not give a fig for your feeling.

"Listen! the patient has awakened.

"Allie! dear Allie! do tell it to me again—tell me that you love me."

"How can I help it, darling? Did you not save my life, and is it not all your own? But oh! Fred, my love, my darling, I know you better now, and I know my own heart better. It was always yours, dearest." And the fair head drooped upon the sick man's bosom, and peace and calm and happiness unspeakable reigned in that sick room.