

There are numerous other instances which could be brought forward to show how much real yacht-building has learnt from model sailing. In the "Field" for March 18th there appeared the lines of a yacht supposed to illustrate the very latest type of the modern racing cutter. She was seven inches beam, twenty-nine inches long, and twelve inches deep. The ridicule that was cast upon the unlucky individual who had the misfortune to own the boat is fresh even now. "Do you imagine," said a shipbuilder who happened to be present, "that any one would build a vessel deeper than she is wide?" "Why not?" replied the model yachtsman. "Because," answered the shipbuilder, "the thing would be an utter absurdity." There are plenty of real yachts, however, at the present time whose draught of water exceeds the breadth.

At first the press, that powerful organ for good or evil, refused its help to the miniature yachtsman. Reports of club meetings and regattas were regularly forwarded, but, with one or two exceptions, they found their way into the waste-paper basket. At last one of the London daily journals suddenly awoke to the fact that model yacht sailing was an excellent and inviting mode of keeping young England out of mischief, and in a leading article called attention to the great amount of patience and skill necessary, not only to design, but also to sail a model yacht properly. This was some twenty years ago, and since then these papers, which devote a portion of their space to yachting matters, do not disdain to chronicle the sayings and doings of the miniature yacht clubs.

The cut in our present issue represents a model yacht regatta. The boats are divided into two classes. 1st class, 2 feet 6 inches between the perpendiculars (stern and stern-post), with 3½ inches allowed over for counter; 2nd class, 2 feet between perpendiculars, with 2½ inches allowance for counters, or, as it is more frequently called, overhanging stern. A match takes place every month for both classes for club prizes; but there are numerous extra races got up by the members among themselves, the favourite days for sailing being Saturday and Monday. Originally the first-class was confined to vessels with more than one mast in order to exclude cutters, as it was supposed that inasmuch as the "single sticker" will beat to windward much faster than a schooner or yawl, the owners of the latter would not have a fair share of the prizes, and that everybody would adopt the cutter rig eventually, and other rigs would not be experimented with.

This, however, has not been the case. It has been found from experience that the best rig for the water is the lug-balanced yawl, as she is termed. A very fair sample of this type of boat is seen in the foreground of the picture. The rig is a model of simplicity, as the only shift of sails necessary are the jibs, as both lug or mizen can be made to reef. When close-hauled on a long reach these crafts go very fast: care must, however, be taken to have the yard and boom on the lee side of the mast. Of course, with no one to put the helm down when sufficient offing has been obtained to fetch within bounds, some plan must be devised for overcoming this difficulty, and this is done by means of the mizen, or "jigger," as it is familiarly called. A short preventer sheet, called a guy, is attached to the mizen boom, and leads through an eye-bolt on the quarter. When it is required to make a very short tack, the mizen is drawn right over to windward, and the model will almost screw round in her own length.

If it is necessary that an offing, say, of fifty to sixty yards, is wanted, the guy is slacked so that the mizen-boom is only slightly to windward, and the boat will make a long sweeping "fetch" before she come about.

This is termed "guying." A great deal depends upon understanding how to guy properly. A short-keeled boat will require much less "guy" than one with a long, straight keel, and so on. A cutter is "guyed" by tautening in the main-sheet, and a schooner is managed in the same way; but the yawls, of course, have an advantage in this respect, as their most powerful sail is still drawing them ahead, the "jigger" only being "guyed."

We have pleasure in submitting to our youthful aquatics this delightful sport. It is not yet too late to organize for this summer, and the winter will supply time and opportunity to get the dainty little crafts in readiness. Such a sport will form a fresh attraction to our summers, and will not only keep young Canada out of mischief, but should prove one of the manliest pastimes we have.

"Hints to Young Skippers," "Water Polo," etc., will find a fitting companion to-day in "Model Yachting." We quite anticipate that next summer will see more than one of our suggestions adopted by our young sportsmen.

NED DARROW;

OR,

THE YOUNG CASTAWAYS.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ON THE TRAIL.

NED DARROW realized in a very few moments that some beast of prey was in the tree.

His experience with wild animals had heretofore been confined to the trapping of such small game as the woods around the academy afforded, or teasing the pet bear at the inn at Ridgeland.

For a moment or two he was held motionless with a strange feeling of terror. The fascinating glow of those staring eyes revived all he had read of ravenous beasts of prey, and he tried bravely to nerve himself for the encounter he felt sure must ensue.

He had no weapon except the knife he had brought from the camp. As he realized that his weak arm would not wield that with much effect if the animal was a wild cat or animal of still more ferocity, his ingenuity was exercised to devise some means of frightening away this new enemy.

He knew that the fact of the fire being extinguished was a serious circumstance. If he could only ignite it anew! But the leaves were wet with the falling rain.

He slid his hand back of him. The bed of rushes under him was quite dry where he had lain.

"If I could only set it afire!" breathed Ned.

He had brought some matches with him, and, keeping his eyes fixed on the object on the tree, he tremblingly drew the end of the match across his coat.

He could see the animal move, and heard its growlings increase in fierceness. The match spluttered and touched the dry reeds. At that moment, with a snarling cry, the animal sprang towards him.

He dropped the match, and, seizing the knife, raised it. The wild cat, for such it was, grazed his face with its claws, and drove him back flat on the ground.

As it passed over his head he felt the knife meet its furry skin. It uttered a yell of pain and bounded beyond him into the jungle.