

off his hat and bowed respectfully to Miss Douglas. "All ready, I see: Did the hamper arrive all right? I sent it off before eight o'clock."

"All right, sir, it's on board: beautiful day for a sail: fine southerly breeze that looks like lasting, and no appearance of bad weather."

"Ah! that's capital: where's Timbs?"

"Here I am, sir," piped a shrill treble voice, and a boyish countenance peeped round the corner of the boat-house, "Never far off when wanted, sir."

Timbs, be it known, was a lad who took care of the boat-house and who was to be found there at all hours, as he slept in a cosy little room partitioned off at one end, and whose duty it was to look after the boats, of which Mr. Douglas possessed several, and to bring back that one which conveyed the owner of the yacht and his friends, or any other passengers, on board.

"I've got the boat all ready, Mr. Douglas."

"You're the chap," said the gentleman addressed, as the whole party passed through the boat-house and emerged on the platform at the further end. "Now Elsie," he continued, stepping into the boat spoken of by Timbs, "come along: the sooner we start the sooner we shall get there—wherever 'there' is," and he handed his daughter, who looked irresistibly fascinating in her neat straw hat and white muslin dress, in after him. "Now, gentlemen, 'all aboard' as the conductors say: you're sure everything is on board the *Elsie*, Chambers; nothing forgotten, eh?"

"Make yourself easy, sir," replied the sailing master, "everything's there."

"All right then: now Timbs, jump in and shove off; Mr. Yubbits, kindly take that oar, Chambers'll take the other: off we go," and away went the boat, and though Mr. Yubbits experienced some little difficulty in avoiding 'crabs,' the distance was so short between the boat-house and the yacht that no one had time to notice his awkwardness.

"Now, isn't she a beauty?" exclaimed Mr. Douglas, rapturously, as the boat glided alongside the schooner: "Isn't she perfect?"

"She is indeed, sir," replied Bramley, with his eyes fixed on Miss Douglas; "She really is."

"Tut, tut: I mean my daughter's namesake, Mr. Bramley," went on Mr. Douglas, laughing, whilst the young lady blushed in a very charming and becoming manner; "though I really think that both *Elsies* are perfect in their way," he added, stepping on board and assisting his daughter to do the same. "And now, gentlemen, welcome to the *Elsie*," as one after the other of the party stood on deck, where four other young men, all attired in similar costumes to that of Chambers, were assembled, each wishing Mr. and Miss Douglas good morning as they came on board, the greeting being returned in a very cordial manner.

"Now, Timbs," said the proprietor of the vessel, "away you go, and don't be getting into mischief, and look out for us at about five or six o'clock," and away accordingly went Timbs in the direction of the boat-house.

(To be continued.)

AMONG the fashionable follies to be perpetrated by society this season is a novelty in the way of dinners. This will consist of a banquet at which only the flesh of young kids will be served. It is not announced whether they are to be eight button or mousquetaire kids, but something stylish is predicted.—*Boston Herald*.



LATEST FROM HAMILTON.

(A FACT.)

He—Did you enjoy the Judge's party last night? I saw you there.

She (daughter of a citizen in trade)—Er—well, it was rather a mixed company, don't you think? But I suppose the Judge's public position compels his association with professional people, and obliges him to invite those of that class!

SCOTTIE AIRLIE.

THE WAREHOUSE, Dec. 7th, 1886.



DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—The enclosed address I was proposin' to print an' plaister up on a' the fences and kirk doors, but on second thochts I thocht it wad hae a better circulation if published in GRIP. Of coorse, if you have ony notion o' rinnin' for Mayor yoursel', I'll retire at once, but itherwise kindly insert this, an' save me the expense o' printin'. I'll be at your office frae ten tae four a' next week tae answer ony questions the public may see fit tae pit tae yours truly.—H. A.

*To the Free an' Independent
Electors o' the Ceety o' To-
ronto.*

LEDDIES (that's tae say, weedyds an' auld maids) AN' GENTLEMEN:—Gin I was a stranger tae ye noo, it wad behoove me tae tell ye wha I was an' what family I had come o'; I micht even think it necessary tae trace ma pedigree back tae Audam, an' frae Audam back tae the puggies and puddocks that claim tae be the first originators o' man's ancestral line. But bein' nae stranger, but on the contrary, a douce an' well kent ceetizen, I just come forrit an' request yer vote an' influence tae clap me in for Mayor next year, bein' convinced that I could fill that poseetion with honor tae ye an' profit to masel'.