

went to and fro between the brook and the house all day, and got up to go again in the middle of the night. There was a dead man's face there in the morning. He had waded into the brook and lain down, and let the water flow over him. It was his wife that found him there.

You would have supposed Mrs. Forsyth had lost the best husband that ever lived. Hard as she had worked for him alive, she worked harder for him dead, till she had built a monument commemorating more virtues than all his race put together ever possessed. Before that was done she discovered that the place had long since passed out of his hands, together with the small remnant of his dead mother's property. Mrs. Forsyth sold her right of power for a sum just sufficient to pay Mr. Forsyth's long standing and many time presented score at the Corners.

"Now," said Mrs. Forsyth, as if it were something she had never done before, "I am going to work."

Confident in her power to work, Alice did not offer her a home. She hired a couple of rooms and by dint of sewing by day, and watching by night, nursing the sick, and caring for the dead, Mrs. Forsyth all the time encouraging her mother and Louise with visions of what would happen when she came into her fortune, they kept soul and body together. The chief vision she indulged, to be sure, was that of Louise's marriage—the lovely home, the rosy future there—more ashes fell upon the future every year, but she never saw it; and for herself, she no longer thought of travels, of velvet gowns or diamond crosses, but of houses to be built for orphan babies, summer seashore hostels for little city beggars, insane asylums on principles of her own, aqueducts for the town. At length the old mother left them; then Louise went to Alice's and the care of a young crazy woman was given to Mrs. Forsyth.

The first use he made of her salary was to purchase a right in the home for Indigent Women. That done, her rainy day was provided for; she had a home always in reserve and a base of operations. She never meant to come into her fortune by marrying. The rest of her salary she spent. Alice's babies had entered the world faster than there were shoes for the little feet; Mrs. Forsyth cobbled her own and bought them new ones—cobbled them with no self-denial, but with a sense that she should presently be in the habit of paying \$25 for satin boots, and till then it was no matter. Every inconvenience of the present was a mere bridge to the future; it hurts no one to dine on bread and tea to-day, who dines on turtle and turkey to-morrow, and Mrs. Forsyth was never ashamed to give a beggar a single penny, knowing her intention of one day carrying no less than half eagles. By this time Alice felt to the full all her sister's long self-forgetfulness, and suffered with everything she was obliged to receive. "What odds does it make, my darling?" Mrs. Forsyth would cry. "We are just tiding over the time till I come into my fortune."

When things seemed already as bad as they could be, Marcia Forsyth came out of the Asylum. Her distant relatives vouchsafed no reply to Mrs. Forsyth's letter concerning her. She had no where to go but the almshouse. Governor Forsyth's daughter—her husband's sisters—in the almshouse! Mrs. Forsyth surrendered to Marcia the dearly cherished right in the Home for Indigent Women. Marcia indignantly called it genteel pauperism, and feeling it altogether Mrs. Forsyth's fault that she was obliged to go there. But to Mrs. Forsyth it was a mere makeshift; the day she came into her fortune she should put Marcia into a palace.

As if destiny meant some bitter irony, the fortune one morning came to Mrs. Forsyth. The attorney of a dying man called upon her, and ignorant of Marcia's existence, placed in her hands a debt of which Governor Forsyth's estate had been wronged, a sum equal to life-long comfort. But not Mrs. Forsyth's. It belonged to Marcia. A long and bitter pang to think it might have come in her husband's life; then glimpses of Louise's home, of taking Alice's girls to Europe, with poor tired Alice herself—and she sent the man to Marcia.

Before she could follow him, Marcia had bestowed her place in the house on an old family servant, and had vanished with her inheritance from the horizon. Poor Mrs. Forsyth! Not she. She was, as she said, flat on her back, looking up. Anybody else would, in despair, have taken it for granted that no such chance could come a second time. On the contrary, she felt that good luck had just found out the way.

"Lightning never strikes twice in the same place," she asked of herself, her only confidante in this affair. "That is precisely the mistake. It always does. What drew it once, draws it twice. I am in the track of fortunes. Between the Forsyth's estates and grandfather's there should be good remnants, just as where a great planet bursts you may look for aerolites. I shall unearth my grandfather's buried money now!"

So, in the hope of her fortune, she went on forgetting herself and remembering the rest, early in the morning and late in the night, and, whenever the care of her sad patient allowed, busy in stitch and gather, upholstering Alice's furniture, making over her mattresses, tailoring her boys, bonneting her girls, spying odd knick-knacks for that yet not possible home of Louise's, never forgetting such as John McIntire, and abandoning her life to others. Yet it is written that they that lose their life shall find it.

One twilight, her poor charge having gone to

sleep in the other room, she was sitting by the fire with Louise—for Louise liked to run over just as the last orange glow laid a comforting ember in the west, as if it were the light of some great hearth where the lonely and the outcast might be warmed—when Gilbert came in. He looked paler and more dejected than ever, a trifle bent, a trifle weary.

"If I do not get him out of this rut," thought Mrs. Forsyth, "he will surely die—and then what will become of Louise! Oh, why can't I come into my fortune!"

Louise, too, was pale—the bloom was gone from the thin cheek, but the dark eye had softened and deepened, and in the face there seemed to be some reflection from that life to come, where only, she had grown to think, should she and her lover be united.

"I have missed my chance again," said Gilbert. "Louise, I wonder you bear with me, that you do not discard a wretch who has lost his place in the world. When I think that love of me has kept you out of all the happiness of life—that you might have married—that you might—"

And then Louise turned her lovely face upon him—lovely in spite of its forty years. "Has the love of me taken all the happiness out of your life?" she said.

"What chance have you lost?" said Mrs. Forsyth abruptly, in fear of a scene.

"A chance I never had. That of buying out St. Martin's school. The principal has gone south and will sell it for \$10,000. Manser is his agent. It is vacation now, and the place is empty, but the income of the school year would make us happy forever, and the house and grounds—"

"Are simply enchanting!" cried Louise. "Oh, if we had only \$10,000!"

"If I had only come into my fortune!" cried Mrs. Forsyth.

"There is something out of the way about me," sighs Gilbert, his head in his hands. "It makes me superstitious. Were the wrong stars in conjunction; was it an evil meridian overhead? Look at Manser! Luck labours after him, trying to catch up. They say he has found a fortune in old Spanish doubloons in his garden!"

"In his garden?" Mrs. Forsyth sprang to her feet. "Wait a bit, till I come back!" she cried. "His garden was ours once. I have unearthed my grandfather's money! My ship is in the harbour, Gilbert! My ship! My fleet! I am coming into my fortune!" She was gone before any person could gainsay her—and perhaps the poor lovers did not so much mind that, after all.

She had flown straight to Mr. Manser. The clouds and the wind, and the stars seemed all to be flying away. "You have found my grandfather's money," she said. "It is ours, you know, not yours." "Why do you hide it? What have you done with it? Where is it?" And she pursued her attack so swiftly that the bewildered man acknowledged the truth of all she said before he knew what he had done.

"You might as well surrender it," she cried, "as have me go to law and cost you half of it!" And when he seemed obdurate, she sat down and told him the whole story of her life, from first to last.

"It is hard! It is hard!" she cried, at the end. "That is the way I have worked. This is the way I have been served—an old woman—wronged of a home—growing helpless." And for the only time in her life, Mrs. Forsyth was seen to cry—hot tears that scalded her heart and scalded her listener's heart as well.

"It is true," he said; "you could cost me half of it if you went to law. It is true your grandfather buried it, for here is his name inside the box. I can't think how it leaked out. It is true, as you say, I am already rich. But yet I have my rights in it. See, I will give you half of it; will that do?"

Something seemed to break in Mrs. Forsyth's heart at that moment. She caught both the man's hands and kissed them, and kissed them. She ran back breathlessly to summon Alice; and when Mr. Manser brought the gold and poured it out before them—the dirty old mould-covered gold—they gave him his quittance.

Ease for Alice. Joy for Louise. She pushed the half towards one; an hour later, the other half had bought the school. What a night it was! She could not rest. "You have waited long enough," she said. "You shall be married and go to your home to-night. To your home, Louise! By and by I will come and live with you. I dreamed last night—such a strange dream—I shall be as superstitious as Gilbert; I dreamed that I had come into my fortune."

Mrs. Forsyth dropped asleep in her chair—by the falling fire, after Louise, and her husband, and the rest, went home that night. She slept long and heavily and dreamed. Her light went out. The stars came round and looked in at her, shaking all their white flame between the fir-boughs, the planets like great winged spirits, the milky way stretching up like a path of glory into heaven. The poor crazy woman said, in the morning, that she had waked and told her dream—told of seeing the vision of the Apocalypse, of hearing a voice calling to her: "Buy of me gold tried in the fire that thou mayest be rich, and white raiment that thou mayest be clothed," and just as her eyes rested on the great city descending out of heaven from God, another voice cried: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

She was still sitting in her chair, by the gray ashes, when Louise, joyous, and almost rosy, ran round in the morning, the poor crazy woman

cowering on the other side of the hearth, and gazing up at her with awe. White and cold, her face was yet radiant as though the light from the throne still shone upon it through the open gates. She had entered into the joy of the Lord. Yes, Mrs. Forsyth had come into her fortune.

ROYAL CANADIAN YACHT CLUB.

ANNUAL REGATTA.

The annual regatta of this Club came off at Toronto, on Saturday, September 7th, over a course intended to be 30 miles long, but which, in all probability, was very close on 40 miles.

Starting opposite the Club House, the yachts had to run out through the narrow western channel to a buoy anchored off Mimico (about 7 miles), leaving this on the port hand to a buoy about a mile south of the lighthouse on Gibraltar Point. This buoy was to be left on the starboard hand, the course then lying for about 7 miles due south, out into the lake, where another buoy was anchored, also to be rounded on the starboard hand. From this point the yachts had to run into the lighthouse buoy, again to be rounded on the starboard hand, thence to a buoy off Scarborough, about 7 miles down the lake, and exactly opposite the celebrated Victoria Park. Rounding this buoy on the port hand, the yachts once more were headed for the lighthouse buoy, and thence northwards past the judges' boat, anchored off the west point of the island, where Hanlan, the champion, resides.

A more favourable day for testing the sailing qualities of a yacht than Saturday last, could not have been desired. The wind was blowing pretty fresh E. & N., while a heavy swell was running outside the island.

When the gun fired, the following yachts left their moorings and took up their positions for crossing the line:

Schooner *Oriole*, Toronto, 95 tons.
Yawl *Alarm*, Toronto, 38 tons, allowed 9m. 30 sec.
Cutter *Rivet* (iron), Toronto, 16 tons, allowed 18m. 42 sec.
Sloop *Coquette*, Hamilton, 13 tons, allowed 21m. 42 sec.

The schooner *Geraldine* (28 tons), and yawl *Madeleine* (6 tons), nicknamed *Evangelical*, started, but with no intention of sailing the race, so that the Prince of Wales' Cup, Commodore Boswell's Cup, and R.C.Y.C. medal for second yacht in the race of the Prince of Wales' Cup lay between the four yachts—*Oriole*, *Coquette*, *Rivet* and *Alarm*. Beside these, the Hodder Cup, for deep draught yachts, lay between the *Rivet* and *Alarm*, and the Hodder Cup for centre-board yachts between the two former.

The yachts crossed the line in the following order:

Alarm, 10 hrs. 23m.
Geraldine, 10 hrs. 25m. 12 sec.
Rivet, 10 hrs. 25m. 33 sec.
Oriole, 10 hrs. 26m. 33 sec.
Coquette, 10 hrs. 26m. 48 sec.
Madeleine, 10 hrs. 27m. 8 sec.

The *Alarm* was carrying mainsail, mizzen, topsail, jib and flying jib; *Rivet*, mainsail, foresail, jib and topsail; *Oriole*, with main, fore, and stay sails, jib and topsails; *Coquette*, mainsail, jib, jib topsail and racing topsail. After crossing the line, all the yachts got up their spinnakers, the little *Coquette* fairly staggering under her press of canvas, while the *Oriole* swept magnificently onward. After passing the Queen's wharf, the *Oriole* picked up and shook off first, the *Rivet* and then the *Alarm*, and went dashing on for the Mimico buoy, closely followed by the *Coquette*, which had already picked up second place.

The Mimico buoy was rounded by the

Oriole, 11 hrs. 11m. 30 sec.
Coquette, 11 hrs. 15m. 17 sec.
Alarm, 11 hrs. 16m. 22 sec.
Rivet, 11 hrs. 18m.

All the yachts having first of all got in their spinnakers, the *Oriole* now replaced her racing-topsail by a gaff-topsail, while the *Alarm*, *Coquette*, and *Rivet* took in topsails altogether, for a six-mile beat to windward was now the order of the day. The yachts all stood out into the lake for about two miles; and then, going about, stood in again towards the old Garrison Common, where the Provincial Exhibition buildings are in course of construction. The rough water now began to tell tremendously in favour of the *Oriole*, and she rapidly drew away from her rivals. The *Rivet*, after going about, got up her gaff-topsail, and very soon began to get away from the *Alarm*. Keeping well into the lee of the island before going about, she was able to weather the lighthouse buoy, sailing all the time in comparatively smooth water, thus gaining considerably on the *Coquette*, who made a grand mistake in not adopting the same tactics as her rival. The buoy was rounded in the following order:

Oriole, 12 hrs. 36m.
Rivet, 1 hr. 2m. 30 sec.
Coquette, 1 hr. 10m. 15 sec.,

while the *Alarm* was by this time thoroughly out of it.

From this buoy out into the lake, the yachts had the wind on their port quarter, and this six miles was probably the most exciting in the whole race—for the *Coquette*, hoisting first her gaff-topsail and then her jib-topsail, carrying every inch she could to pass the old *Rivet*; both yachts seemed to be fast overhauling the *Oriole*, who appeared to have come to grief, as

she was wandering about in the most erratic fashion. However, she rounded the buoy ahead of the others, viz.:

Oriole, 1 hr. 17m.
Rivet, 1 hr. 34m.
Coquette, 1 hr. 36m.

The *Oriole* now, all the yachts close, hauled for the lighthouse buoy, forged rapidly ahead, while the *Coquette*, having got in her kites again, regained the second place, sailing all the time about half a point closer to the wind than the old *Rivet*. The lighthouse buoy was rounded by the

Oriole, 1 hr. 57m. 30 sec.
Coquette, 2 hrs. 27m.
Rivet, 2 hrs. 29m. 30 sec.

The *Oriole* was now more than her 21 ms. ahead of the *Coquette*, in the long heavy beat to Scarborough, only increased her lead, rounding the buoy at 4 hrs. 6m. 15 sec., followed by the *Coquette* at 4 hrs. 40m., and the *Rivet* at 5 hrs. 22m. Each yacht, after gibing round the buoy, hoisted her kites for the homeward run, sending down spinnakers again as each neared the lighthouse buoy for the short run up to the Judges' boat. The yachts finished in the following order:

Oriole, 5 hrs. 0m. 59 sec.
Coquette, 5 hrs. 50m. 52 sec.
Rivet, 6 hrs. 30m. (?)

Thus the *Oriole* wins the Prince of Wales' Cup (to be held for one year), the Boswell Cup, and the Hodder Cup, for centre-board yachts. The plucky little *Coquette* wins the medal presented by the Club to the second boat in the race for the Prince of Wales' Cup, and, had she been a little better sailed, would probably have taken even a better position than she did. The *Rivet* wins the Hodder Cup for deep draught yachts.

The *Alarm*, *Geraldine* and *Madeleine* did not sail over the course.

C. C. M.

Toronto, Sept. 10th, 1878.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A RAIN-BEAU—a young man carrying an umbrella over his best girl.

THE girl of the period sits at the window watching for the "coming man."

"Six into four you can't," as the shoemaker mildly suggested to a lady customer.

A MAN is obliged to die before his will amounts to anything, but that of a woman is always in force.

It is well to remember that for 564 bushels of chestnuts in market some boy has fallen from a tree and shortened one leg six or eight inches.

A GREASED boy cannot run so fast as a boy in a cellar who hears his mother say she must go down and see if the rats are after the preserves.

A YOUNG man without money is like a steamboat without fuel; he can't go ahead. Among the ladies he is like the moon of a cloudy night—he can't shine.

If you put two persons in the same bed-room, one of whom has the toothache and the other is in love, you will find that the one who has the toothache will go to sleep first.

A fashionably-dressed woman entered a drug store the other day, and informed the clerk that her husband had overloaded his stomach, and that she desired to get an epidemic to relieve him.

It was a funny but expressive way the five-year-old lad had of describing the decorated military officer he points out to his mother, as "the soldier with those baggage checks on his coat."

BESIDE the grand old ocean she stood in apt devotion, with a look that seemed to clasp some visionary land; then turned about her paces, one of the barefooted graces, and her airy feet made post-holes in the sand.

CHARLES (playfully): "How much really did that hat cost, Jennie?" Jennie: "If you really want to inspect the bill for my dry goods, Charles, there is a way to do it." [And what else could Charles do but propose on the spot?]

THE boy who has crept forty rods on his hands and knees, over rocks and ruts, and through thistles, to discover that "those melons" were picked and taken in at sundown, cannot be blamed if he suddenly loses a large area of faith in human nature.

A FAMOUS Roman ecclesiastic was making his periodical tour of inspection in the Dublin Sunday-schools. "Kate Maloney," said he to an intelligent-looking girl, "explain the meaning of the holy sacrament of matrimony." A pause. "Please yer honour, it is a sad state of existence before entering into purgatory." "Go to the bottom of the class, you ignorant girl," cried out the local clergyman, very much ashamed of his pupil. But the archbishop stopped him. "Not so fast, Father Patrick, not so fast. The lass may be right, after all. What do I or you know about it?"

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