



BEFORE THE CURTAIN FOR PUBLIC APPROVAL.

"There is nothing definite except in Buddhism," said Margaret, who grew intense in her utterance as the subject grew upon her.

"Here we are in St. John's Ward," said Guffery. "Whereabouts does Sarah live?"

"I really haven't the remotest idea," said Margaret, "But we have had a pleasant time. We can hunt for her some other day."

HOW TO FIND A NEEDLE IN A BUNDLE OF HAY.



H.

—Pick-me-up.

CHAP. IV.

I wish I was the captain's son,
Heigh! Ho! Knock a man down.
I'd give the sailors plenty of rum,
Give us some time to knock a man down.

—Old Sea Song.

Charley Dusenall's yacht *Ideal* ploughed the stormy waves of Lake Ontario dead before the wind. The men had cast loose the working gaff-topsail and were rigging a spinnaker boom. The wind kept veering and a leaden scud came flying overhead. The main sheet was paid out much to the envy of the crew, whose wages were considerably overdue.

"Let go her backstays and haul the bow line abaft the binnacle. Put her head two points to the sou-sou east," shouted the skipper.

"Ay, ay, sir."

Then the staysail sheets were flattened down on the port side and the yacht's head paid off fast on the port tack. Meanwhile the gay revellers in the cabin were mostly on the champagne and sherry tack.

Rankin was conversing with Margaret. He heard a half sob in her voice. A great compassion for him was welling in her heart. His native quickness was present with him. He leaned forward, inspired by a new thought and said, "kiss me!" And she did.

"For goodness sake," cried Mr. Lemons yawning, "pass the claret."

(To be continued.)

ASPIRATION is a good quality in a young man, but, for practical results, is not so reliable as perspiration.