

was not aware that you were a judge of music at any rate."

"I know this much, I am a sufficiently good judge to know that what Miss Douglas has just sung was very beautiful," said Yubbits, looking towards the young lady. "Please, Miss Elsie, let us have another."

"Yes, darling," said Mr. Douglas, "cast some oil on these troubled waters," looking slyly at Bramley and Yubbits, "and sing us 'Aileen Aroon'; I will accompany you on my violin."

Miss Douglas immediately complied with her father's request and rendered the song demanded in tones of exquisite sweetness, during the performance of which the crew, having put the hamper and contents on board the yacht, drew near and stood, listening, at a respectful distance.

Mr. Douglas, it could easily be told, was no mean performer on that prince of instruments, the violin, playing with great feeling and delicacy, and drawing forth some very fine melody from his own.

"Oh! if Crinkle were only here with his flute," exclaimed Coddleby, as Miss Douglas ceased singing. "How it would have added to the enjoyment of all."

"That's a matter of opinion," said Yubbits. "The last time I heard him play, by ged! he nearly drove me crazy—"

"And your recovery is very slow, Yubbits," Bramley interrupted, evidently pleased to give his friend a sly dig in return for his jesting at his own expense—though that gentleman paid no attention to the remark, but rattled on:—

"Of all melancholy sounds the tootle, tootle, toot of Crinkle's dismal flute—"

"Poetry, by all that's wonderful," exclaimed Coddleby.

"Miss Douglas, it must be your presence that has worked this extraordinary change in Mr. Yubbits, I don't think I ever heard him say a word of rhyme in my life before."

"I'm sure I'm most happy to hear it," said the lady.

"One more song, Elsie," pleaded Mr. Douglas.

"What shall it be papa?" enquired the obliging and amiable girl. "'The Land o' the Leal?'"

"The very one I was thinking of," said her father, whose manner had suddenly become quite grave for him. "That song, gentlemen, was my mother's favorite and the last one I ever heard her sing. Elsie's voice reminds me very much of hers, but she has long since passed away to that Land of the Leal of which Elsie is about to sing. Now, my dear."

Surely nothing could be more exquisite than the way in which the fair girl sang the beautiful old song.

"And now we must be off," cried the host, all his usual gaiety of manner returning. "I'll give you a few airs as we go home. Now, come along. Be careful, Mr. Bramley, how you get on board, I've no more dry clothes, and if you get those wet we shall have nothing left for you but an old sail to wrap you in."

Chambers, having witnessed the mishap attending the disembarkation, now held the yacht firmly against the wharf until the whole party were on board, and then, casting loose the painter and giving the *Elsie* a powerful shove, he sprang on board as lightly as a kitten, and in a few moments the graceful vessel was bowling steadily along towards Toronto at a speed of fully ten knots an hour, Mr. Douglas' violin giving out some wonderfully inspiring music as she glided along, the plashing and rippling of the waves against her bows and sides being a pleasant accompaniment to the notes of the violin.

(To be continued.)

A DITTY COMPOSED WHILE IN A RECUMBENT POSITION ON THE SIDEWALK.

Oh blessings on the man who makes
The beautiful to fly
From off his sidewalk, and with care
Doth broom and shovel ply.

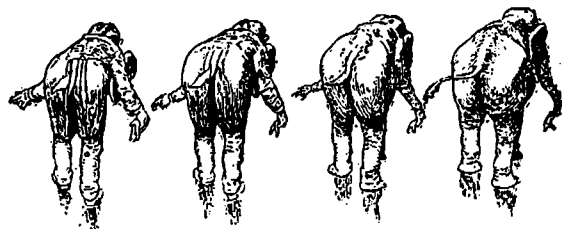
And blessings on the thoughtful soul
Who scatters, far and wide,
The ashes of his household fires—
With such may peace abide.

With foot secure and tread aye firm,
May he his path pursue;
Nor quick sit down against his will,
With heels toss'd to the blue.

Upon his tombstone, when he dies,
This crowning virtue shew:
"Here lies a man who from his door
Aye shoveled off the snow."

But for the wretch who sits inert,
And takes ignoble ease,
While snow upon the sidewalk lies
Till it doth melt and freeze.

May such an one slip, slide, and fall,
And crack his worthless crown;
May chilblains blossom on his toes,
And frost-bites make him frown.



AN EVOLUTION OF POLITENESS.

A DISTURBANCE IN BLACK AND GOLD.

ALPHONSO DE BROWN had not given up all hopes of winning Araminta Van Goldstein. Night after night he had prowled around her residence in the hope of meeting her by moonlight alone, but the faithful bull-pup had frustrated his nocturnal purpose. Day after day he had jumped frantically upon street-cars, in which he had thought he had recognized her miniature race-course hat; but had been bitterly deceived. He had sat behind her pew in church, attended the meetings of the Shakespeare Club and been ejected from the Female Aid Society's rooms; but all to no purpose. Araminta had veiled herself entirely from his sight and could not be found. Once he had summoned up courage and knocked at the door of the Van Goldstein mansion only to be refused admittance. Matters were growing desperate. Alphonso had nearly given up hope, when he happened to read one night. "Woo her with gifts, if she respect not words; Dumb jewels, etc." Like the sudden coming of the electric light, an idea flashed through the deserted corridors of the lover's cranium. "Eureka!" he cried, as he flung the volume of Shakespeare at his tame parrot, who replied, in self-defence, "Take something yourself." The bird had been the gift of a deceased bar-tender. Hastily putting on his green-seal coat and snatching up his red tuque by mistake, he rushed headlong from his lodgings, followed by his landlady, who yell'd loudly "stop thief." Alphonso laugh'd wildly, for he owed her six months'