

something about the pleasures of snow-shoeing.

During the summer, when I had occasionally dropped in at the hospitable house of Mr. —, well, I will call him Mr. Smythje—the gentleman whose guest I was on the Christmas Day in question, and who was and is the father of the adorable Fanny, I had vaunted my prowess as a snow-shoer rather loudly, though, be it known, I had never had a pair of the confounded lacrosse-sticks on in my life. No sooner had Sidewhiskers mentioned the word "snow-shoes" than Miss Fanny clapped her hands ecstatically and shrieked out femininely "Oh! the very thing. Papa has a pair, two or three pairs, and Mr. Gaby (mc) is a splendid snow-shoer. I believe he belongs to the Tuque Rouges: oh! what fun!"

All the rest of the party declared that to see me give them an exhibition of artistic snow-shoeing was the one thing of all others that would render their happiness complete. I could not back out. Snow-shoeing looked simple enough and I determined to do or die.

The shoes were produced: the entire party repaired to a large meadow adjacent, and I proceeded to put the atrocious things on my feet. As ill-luck would have it, a pair of moccasins happened to be in Mr. Smythje's house, and these I had donned previously to accompanying the party to the meadow. After trying one of the snow-shoes on sternforemost, at which that brute, Sidewhiskers, roared like the ill-bred ass he is, I managed to get the pair on my feet.

"Now, Mr. Gaby," said one lady, "do, please, let us see your very best manoeuvres. I know the Tuque Rouges are all splendid snow-shoers."

How I cursed my fate! I had intended to propose to Fanny that very day and here I felt I was about to ruin my prospects for ever. However, "faint heart never won fair lady." I made two strides forward.

"How graceful! How rein-deer like!" exclaimed several of the ladies, who, by the way, remained in the road which was pretty well beaten down, as, one of my toes digging about a foot down into the snow, I shot forward and plowed, headforemost into the "beautiful."

"Is that one of the Tuque Rouge manoeuvres, Gaby?" sang out that bathoon, Sidewhiskers, "do it again, my boy!"

I picked myself up and, dusting the snow from my garments, essayed to spring into the air. I didn't spring far. Just far enough to let both snow-shoes get entangled somehow, and I came floundering down backwards, my head burying itself fully eighteen inches in the snow and my snow-shoe-clad feet pointing to the blue vault of the empyrean.

"I declare!" I heard Miss Fanny exclaim, "Mr. Gaby is a perfect acrobat. I had no idea he was so clever." That beast, Sidewhiskers, came and set me on my feet again, for I could no more rise than I could jump over St. James' spire.

"I do wish I could learn to snow-shoe like that," I heard Miss Jenima, Fanny's eldest sister, say, "it seems very easy," and then to me "Mr. Gaby, you really must give us some lessons; you seem to understand the art so perfectly."

I had a congregation of about twenty-five, and every one of them applauded me except Sidewhiskers, who did nothing but hee-haw and roar with laughter and pull his foxy, hideous whiskers—I am bare-faced—"Mr. Gaby will now," he shouted, "give an exhibition of the genuine Tuque Rouge double somersault."

I was determined to do something and I did it. What it was I don't distinctly remember as I was excited, but I fancy I must have taken off one of my snow-shoes and smitten Sidewhiskers therewith, for when I regained consciousness my nose was bleeding and Sidewhiskers was saying in a very angry tone:

"The insolent cub! I'll teach him a les-

son," and, horror! Miss Fanny was sympathizing with him and saying what a horrid, bad-tempered boy I must be, and asking him if his head pained him very much.

Old Mr. Smythje, however, took my part. Said I was "very young" and did not know any better. Told me to shake hands with Sidewhiskers and be friends, and then come home as it was nearly dinner time.

Not I. I felt mortified. To be called a "boy" by Miss Fanny; an "insolent cub" by Sidewhiskers, and "very young" by Smythje were too much. I could eat no turkey and plum-pudding in company with those who had witnessed my degradation, and so, merely saying that I did not feel very well, I took off my hat to the party and slunk off homewards feeling very much like a man (or "boy") who has made a most consummate fool of himself.

Sidewhiskers married Miss Fanny, and I believe that those accursed snow-shoes did it.

SOME RECENT CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER NO. I.

HAMILTON, Dec., 1884.

DEAR SIR,—I consider your conduct of late, As that of an enemy base; The love that I felt for you's turned into hate, As a chief, you're a perfect disgrace. You have acted as would any dastard poltroon, You've behaved in a cowardly way; Allow me to tell you that you're a bathoon, And a craven, permit me to say, Your hand as a friend I will nevermore shake, But I'll shake off your friendship instead; As a snake in the grass, sir, you capture the cake, With the rumors about me you've spread. In conclusion, I'll say that your actions just now, Are those of a sneaking galoot; I remain, as you'll see by my name here below, Yours officially,

ALEX. D. STOOT.

LETTER NO. II.

DEAR STOOT,—I've received your epistle to me, By what rabid dog you've been bitten I really can't say, but I think you'll agree, It were better if had not been written. I perceive you are angry, but why I don't know; Sit down, my dear Alex, and whistle; Keep cool. I return, as a friend, not a foe, Your very insulting epistle. If you're anxious to quarrel, I cannot help that. Are your kidneys quite right? Try some Warner. You seem to imagine I didn't eat fat, In that little affair about Garner. It doesn't seem wise for officials like us, To set down our quarrels on paper; So, take back the note that thou gavest, dear cuss, Your affectionate friend,

FRANKY DRAPAH.

LETTER NO. III.

HAMILTON, Dec., 1884.

SIR,—Let me return your atrocious note; You're worse than a Turk or a Fenian; I stick to each letter and word that I wrote, What I said was my candid opinion My trusty right hand from my muscular frame, I would willingly, joyfully sever, Ere I took a back seat to a man of your name. And whose friendship I cast off for ever. You've injured me wantonly, basely, in fact, In a style that with me will not suit; I will see in this business the very last act, Yours faithfully,

ALEX. D. STOOT.

LETTER NO. IV.

TORONTO, Dec., 1884.

DEAR ALIC.—I really am grieved at the course You are taking; devoid of all reason. I cannot be angry: I feel all the force Of this heart-moving, sweet, Christmas season. Oh! let us not quarrel, dear Alic, but try To show to the peaceful community That brethren in batons as you, Al. and I, Can dwell both in peace and in unity. Oh! let the dead past be a thing that is gone, Let our wounds be as pussy cats' scratches; Let us once more be seen in affection's sweet bond At our favorite sport—slugging matches. Let this recent unpleasantness drop with a thud, For it doesn't consort with our rank. You may ask and obtain the last drop of heart's blood Of your very affectionate

FRANK.

The Commissioners having hinted that they did not exactly approve of their gallant and undoubtedly plucky chief's first letter, and

that they were of the opinion that his language towards Frank should be withdrawn, Mr. Stoot replied as follows:

I am no hypocrite, no, no, no; Drapah has lied about me, so, so, so. And you must not dictate whether I, upon my plate, Should have hard eggs or soft ones, ho! ho! ho! I'll stick to what I've said, sirs, yes, yes, yes, I'll paint Toronto red, sirs, I guess, guess, guess. For I should courage heck if I took my language back. The Attorney G. shall settle all this mess, mess, mess.

POTPOURRI.

Why should our mayor become the John Kelly of Toronto? Because he could Boss-well.

General Gordon has captured a Krupp gun from the enemy. He should be charged with Krupp practices.

There is a female lawyer in New York whose son will be called to bear a terrible affliction when he marries. He'll have two mothers-in-law.

Hon John Costigan banquetted eighty gentlemen at a Catholic bazaar at Ottawa. He knows now what a feed like that will cost again.

"Wifey, may I go out to-night?"

"Yes, my darling honey;

Take the latch-key with you, dear—

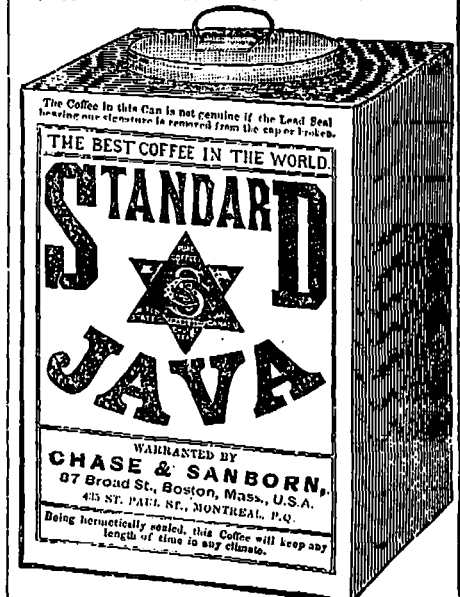
But leave me all the money."

A Hamilton man sent a dollar to a New Yorker who advertised a receipt to change the color of red noses. In a few days he received an envelope containing a piece of paper on which was printed "Paint it white.

Someone advertises in a city paper offering to exchange a \$75 cluster diamond ring for eight tons of coal. This is the time of year when the sensible man prefers black diamonds to white.

"In the time of Henry VIII, the queen's maids of honor had each a chet loaf, a manchet, a gallon of ale, and a chine of beef for their breakfasts." Gracious! What a time their stomachs must have had digesting china beef. Now-a-days porcelain cows are used only for table ornaments.

COFFEE COFFEE
THAT IS
EVERY POUND WARRANTED STRICTLY PURE.



Buy, Drink, Sell, this Original and only Private Plantation Java on the market. Handled by the principal Jobbers & Retailers in the Dominion.