

STUBBS' SEARCH AFTER MUSCLE.

I was sick. My very dear friend, Alphonso Rushumround, suggested that, judging from the symptoms, it was probably an attack of *cerebro-spinal meningitis*. I didn't feel frightened, although it sounded very bad, and I didn't understand exactly what was meant, but in fifteen minutes afterward I found myself standing before a physician. He informed me that it was only a case of *debilitatus corporis*, and advised me to take plenty of exercise, as that was all that was required. At first I was at a loss to know what kind of exercise to tackle, but I finally determined to acquire the art of roller skating. I even went so far as to purchase a pair of skates. I also put the skates on and tried to skate. It was a very rash experiment, and when I retired from the conflict I considered myself sufficiently mixed for baking; yea, I was even done brown.

I am fond of excitement, but if at any one exercise I receive more than three black eyes, one broken shin and half a dozen scalp wounds, I throw it aside as too tame—I discard it with scorn. I love excitement. But what I want is something that will distribute the excitement equally over the whole frame, in an impartial manner. Therefore I did not learn to skate on rollers.

When I again approached Alphonso in the matter, he said bicycling would be more to my taste. He said it would bring the muscles of my whole physical being into united action. It did. I purchased a bicycle, engaged a cabman to drive me out of the city to some nice, secluded spot, where I could learn to ride the animal without molestation, and astonish the street gamins with some graceful riding on my return home in the evening. Cabby said he would take me to Hamilton, but I objected; I didn't want to go so far into the wilderness. He then drove me out of the city three or four miles, and left me to my fate.

I had my "Guide," and it gave me explicit directions for mounting. I understood the directions quite well, and proceeded to raise myself into the seat, when the blamed vehicle wobbled over on its side, and I dived in among the spokes. I tried once more, and finally succeeded in mastering the thing, as I thought, and started off jubilantly for the city. I saw a very steep incline ahead, and resolved to let her glide down that grade at her own rate of speed. I have since thought that it was the very landlord of sheol who prompted that thought. About half way down we struck a stone. Ah! reader, let me dwell here, (I also felt like dwelling when I struck that boulder—as many a bolder man would,) but I could not even wait for the machine; I proceeded on alone, assuming at the same time, I presume, about the attitude of a flying squirrel. Then the bicycle arrived on time, at full speed, from the rear, and we both struck out for a race to the bottom. I was ahead just half the time, by my watch (which, by the way, stopped a short time before I did). I then took an intermission of one hour, during which time sundry rents were pinned up, and numerous other repairs attended to. A farmer picked me up and brought me home. I will now sell my machine at 95 per cent below cost, to a cash purchaser. All it requires is a new handle, one treadle, ten spokes, and a rubber tire (the small wheel will also require to be renewed). Reason of selling: I wish to purchase five dollars' worth of court plaster.

As a safer experiment I tried boating. Alphonso belonged to the R.C.Y.C. (Rye Cocktail Yacht Club), and I borrowed a single-soull sliding-seat. On entering the boat I felt somewhat timid, especially as I was not acquainted with the movements required. However, I felt that the lesson must be gone through, so I dipped the oars, stiffened my back, and prepared for a graceful push. I

pushed with my feet, but somehow didn't get the right step to the music, and the oars wouldn't work in unison with my pedal extremities. I shot back and forth half a dozen times, but the boat wouldn't move visibly. At last I got mad, and put on full steam, and the way I moved backward and forward in that boat would put to shame the piston-rod of the fastest locomotive that ever travelled. I made about 250 forward and retrograde movements per minute. The perspiration came dangerously near swamping my boat, and after all, when I turned my gaze to see what headway I was making, I found I had only gained about five feet. Alf's silvery warbles reached me from the club-house, ever and anon, and he shouted encouragingly to "keep her going, old fellow." At last it dawned on me that he was laughing at me, and I got hot—boiling over—fighting mad. I rose in the boat and shook my fist at Alf, at the same time emphasizing it with some good, plain Saxon. I was just in the middle of a round, hot sentence, when my footing gave way, as it were, and I went on an exploring expedition to the bottom. (By the way, I had heard that muscles grew in the water.) When I had been fished out and cleansed I was informed that I had not lifted the oars from the water during the whole contest. Alf then got into the concern and gave me an example in rowing, but I excused myself from again attempting the lesson, and said I would continue my course of studios another day. There is no doubt but that rowing is a health-giving exercise, and impartially develops each muscle; but the art of swimming should be first acquired, and after I have learned that I will be happy to take a second round out of a sliding-seat.

STUBBS.



THE OLD VERSION.

Wife.—I do wish, dear, that you would use the word *sheol*. It sounds less harsh!

Husband.—That may be. But our minister prefers the old version, and I tell you when I have stepped with my bare feet on these carpet tacks, a fellow wants the orthodox version!

A MOTTO FOR THE COUNTRY PRESS.

Life is all too short and job printing too cheap for fighting.—*Paris Star-Transcript*.

Alas! So true it is—oh! why the reason?

That rival editors will not forego

The fun of having, in and out of season,

Exchange of courtesies—what kind, all know.

"Exchange of courtesies," forsooth! 'Twere better

To call a spade a spade and so to fix

The term aright, and in display of letter

Say: "LIVELY JOURNALISTIC INTERCHANGE OF DRUCKS."

How nobler far, as reads the caption motto,

To say: "Well, now, I think I shall let up!

Fighting is fun, but still, I guess I ought to

Lay down the pon and start me to "set up!"

Life's but a span, oh! backwoods scribe pugnacious!
Give o'er the battle, bury all thy hate!
Destroy that stand'rous squib and in words gracious
Inform the world: "Bills printed while you wait!"

Say, would it not be worthier, prurer, higher,
To announce in room of keeping up the brawl:
"Now is the time to subscribe to the *Crier*—
The balance of the year is thrown in free to all?"

Ponder it well, now, belligerent brother—
Think how much calmer would the world's pulse thro',
If you would write, as angry thoughts you smother,
"A gratis notice goes with every horse-bill job!"

'Tis hard, I know, to let the other fellow
Have the last word and rail and at you scoff,
But take a friend's advice—in big type bellow:
"To clergymen and teachers one third off!"

And you, you other chap, eke quit your fooling:
No money's in your scurrying skits;
Wake to the fact that prices low are ruling—
Drop in upon your rival and cry quits.

Let each of you draw near, and o'er the chasin,
A hasty grip exchange, a hug perhaps—
Adopt these sentiments, each sane scribe has 'em:
"Too short is life and jobs too cheap for scrums!"

SETTLED.

A MUSKOKA LOVE STORY.

"How beautiful!" such was the involuntary exclamation that came from the lips of a tall young man who stood leaning on his rifle, and gazed upon the glowing Canadian sunset from the summit of a precipitous rock that cast its reflection upon the placid surface of one of Muskoka's charming lakes. Beautiful, indeed! Is there a country under the sun that can show such gorgeous, glorious, glittering and golden sunsets as Canada? We trow not. Canada may in some things be excelled; but in sunsets she can, in the language of a notorious divo, "lay 'em all out."

"How beautiful!" he repeated.
"Wall, I don't know about that, but I reckon I kin pass in a crowd; still ye needn't git into a conption fit about it if I am good-lookin'." And the young man, casting his eyes down whence the voice proceeded, to his astonishment beheld a rustic maiden, who returned his gaze with laughing eyes in all the artlessness of maiden innocence.

In her hand, browned but shapely, she held a small branch of tamarac on which were strung a number of sunfish; and as he looked upon her in her unstudied attitude, twirling her string of fish, the young man thought that lovely as the sunset was the maiden was still more beautiful.

"I—aw—I weally beg your pawdon—aw—miss; but when I spoke I was referwing to the glowious westwau sunset," replied the young man with hesitating accents.

"Oh," said the girl poutingly, "we do generally have western sunsets out here. I'll be dod derved if I didn't think that you was alludin' to me; who be you, anyhow, and where did you come from?"

Let us answer the question for him. Gerald Jeromiah Courcy O'Branigan, was the eldest son of Sir Blake Bodkin O'Branigan, of Spudd Castle, in the County of Galway and Kingdom of Ireland. The domain attached to Spudd Castle was very extensive, but for some years had not been a very profitable estate, inasmuch as one half the tenants wouldn't pay any rent, and the other half couldn't. Nor was Spudd Castle or its surroundings a very desirable place to reside in, principally on account of the aforesaid tonantry's desire to fill the bodies of the occupants of the castle with buckshot from the mouths of venerable and capacious "blunderbushes." Hence Mr. O'Branigan, after going to London and remaining long enough to catch the English "axint," came out to Canada to shoot, in preference to remaining to be shot in his native bogs.

To descend from the apex of the rock he stood upon to the clam shelly margiu of the lake, was but the work of a moment. True,