



THE CANADA LIFE HERCULES.

THE Contractor inadvertently omitted the legend (as above) in connection with the colossal figure which adorns the front of the handsome new building of the Canada Life on King Street.

TABITHA TWITTERS GOES TO A TOBOGGANING PARTY.

SEEMS if there wudn't be snow enuf to toboggan this season, and I'm glad of it, for last year, speshally when we were makin a tower in the Providence of Qwebec, Hiram wud tobog wether or no, as is not sootable to our time of life, and I can break my skull into vulgar fractions if I have a mind to without goin over a snow bank.

The place we went on one okashun was not an artiffishal slide, but a steep hill with many ups and downs and the snow very deep in the hollows. All the company excep me was dressed up in blankets and fandangoes and mocasins, but I stud steddly on my principles and a pair of number seven shoes, and went in my plaid gownd and a respectable bunnet. Hiram urjed me to put a tooke on my head, a sayin as how when you go to Roam you shud do as the Roamins do; I didn't see the aplikashun, tho I did roamins enuf befour I was thro.

My first misadvenchur happened thro treadin on a lump of ice as I was walking up the hill, an findin I cudn't contain my feet and my ballast I sot; but it was a slippery upper crust, and sittins not permanent, and soon I was participated faster over the glistenin surface than any tobogganist. My hart clove in my throat, and my hair wud have stud on end, only thro bein a wig was not affected by my sensashuns. I mite hav been whirlin on yet, but, as bad luck wud hav it, I come into collidgion with the minister who had been visitin a sheep of his pasturage, and was returnin home deep in medicashun and his eyes fixed on the grownd. He was restored to terror firmer when we collode, the violens of the shock scatterin his senses and his sermons and smashin his

spektakles. As we tried to extirpate ourselves from the snow bank on the side of the road my arm was seized by a young Canadian as cudn't haul me up without assistants, I bein a figger of solidity, and soon he got me into a pretty kittle of fish (no reference bein intended to the fisheries and the Dominion Polly tishuns), for when Mr. Rafferty come to help him and tuk me by the hair of the head, not bein my native air, he suddenly found himself seated on the snow with an iron-gray wig in his hands, and him callin out "Och, murther, I've skalped her!"

But all our troubles was at last digested, and we reached the top of the hill and were reddy for the start. I had no mind to risk my neck, but observin that one young lady, Miss Cynthy Jenkins, had made up her mind to go down with Hiram, sez I to myself, "My dooty is to keep alongside of my pardner." So off we starts, me in the front, a young engineer next, then Miss Cynthy, and finally Hiram steerin, an he had about as much idee of guidin a toboggan as he has of propellin the ship of state. I soon discovered that Miss Cynthy had only been makin a catch paw of Hiram, her objek bein to get on that toboggan with the young engineer, and he the same with her, and neither wantin the other to know. I gathered up the subdooed remarks that fell from them, and piecin them together, made out that there had been a misunderstandin witch had happened thro a slit in Miss Cynthy's tongue. Now, I don't hold with courtin' on a toboggan, witch is awkward for third parties not wantin to listen snub rosier, as the sayin is, and meanin Eve's droppin (and I wonder they didn't lay it to Adam insted of Eve, as was mutch more likely to hav been prowlin round wherc he had no bizness), but I did feel interested in their makin up, feelin kindly to the engineer thro his likeness to my Hiram Augustus.

Just as I was beginnin to rekuver my equaliveryman, witch had been upset thro fear of Hiram's steerin, insted of glidin strait down the hill we diwerged onto a side track, and then to the main road, and, as bad luck wud have it, a horse and sleigh come dashin along. Hiram forgot his steerin and shouted to the driver, the engineer called out that we had the right of way, I screamed, Miss Cynthy yelled and Hiram seized her as was next to him. The horse becomin startled by the uproar was unmanage-



INFORMATION.

NEWSBOY—" 'Scuse me, boss, but you've got a piece of glass in your eye!"