

SHINNY.

BY "TOM A. HAWKE."

SAY, boys! What has become of the good, the true and the beautiful old-time game of shinny? The game which was played by as many or as few as cared to participate; as long as they liked and as often as they liked. The game which was played with wild hurroos and a hurley; the cudgel which has been supplanted by the more genteel, artistic and wieldy hockey stick. The game which did not have to wait until the man with the puck arrived in order to commence; but got right down to work the instant the always handy empty fruit can or block of wood was dropped upon the field of action. Whatever has happened the lively old game there is one sure thing it is not to be found.

The abolition of shinny has dispensed with another time-honored custom among the boys—a custom which was always looked forward to with a keen anticipation. This was "cuttin' hurleys." As soon as the autumn air took on coolness sufficient that one could "smell" the frost, the hurley-cutting season was open for business. Boy would anxiously enquire of boy in school-hours if he "was goin' cuttin' on Saturday?" He generally was and so were others. Then on Saturday morning each armed with a hatchet, a group of lads would hike them forth to the woods on the outskirts of Charlottetown and return late that afternoon very tired, but very happy, carrying a wad of joy in their hearts and a bundle of rough-looking sticks on their shoulders. Ah, me! those were the days! The merry laugh and the more than medium-sized appetite; the wet feet and the dry remark! The sticks when trimmed of their knots and bark were laid away to season for the conflicts to come. I think I see them yet—nice, round and shiny, right-handed