



THE REASON WHY.

"EDITORS never send my poems back."

"That's easily explained. No doubt you forget to enclose stamps"

OUR NEW TOBOGGAN SLIDE.

YES, I was there.

"Have a good slide?" did you say.

Well, yes—the slide was all right as long as it lasted. It was the termination of the blooming thing which turned the short-lived joy and exultation of the dizzy whirl into funereal woe and sadness. I lost most of my clothing, got several joints dislocated and my system generally shook up and shattered.

It is a good place to break in a man for a career as book agent, alderman or baseball umpire. If he is tough enough to survive the perils of the toboggan slide he can fearlessly brave the risks of any calling however hazardous—unless it is calling a man of superior muscle a liar.

There are people who say they enjoy tobogganing, but if so, it must be a morbid and acquired taste like the penchant for limburger cheese, or the desire to become a Provincial Legislator. No sane and healthy mind would hanker in that direction. For myself I would sooner anchor to an adjacent stump or something and let the rash and heedless tobog past me to destruction without a sigh.

But to my tale—Our toboggan slide was built on a precipitous hillside by a cold hearted and surly misanthrope, who, having been jilted in his airy youthhood, had soured on his fellow-man and woman. He presented it free to the town and smiled a grim, sardonic smile, when the vote of thanks was presented to him. 'Twas a subtle scheme to glut his embittered soul with the woe and misery of humanity, the sigh of the orphan, the tear of the widow and the low deep chuckle of the undertaker gloating o'er his gains.

I held aloof from the insidious sport at first, but gradually its subtle fascinations wooed me with their syren spell. I dallied coyly awhile with the vice which had entwined others in its thrallsome folds. The mocking laughter and jeers of comrades who had become hardened and blunted toboggists prompted me to cast aside the safeguards of early training and take the headlong plunge.

I yielded to frequent solicitations, and with two companions essayed the desperate venture. One of

them, a stout and portly maiden, occupied the middle as ballast, while I was seated behind.

They told me to gather my legs in a bunch and sit on them, which I endeavoured to do, while a cold perspiration bedewed my brow. Every second seemed an age.

At last we are off—we glide—we fly—zip! zip! zip! ge-whizz!

All the evil actions of my past life rose in retrospect before me.

I wonder if my friends will be able to identify my remains.

Will the obituary notice say that I "had not an enemy in the world," and that my untimely decease "cast a gloom over the community?"

I wonder if my wife will marry again.

Whizz! Whizz! R-r-rip!

Alas, how short is life! If I had it to live over again I would be a better man.

Bang! Thud!

And then everything swam before me, and consciousness became a blank. Owing to the vehicle of destruction having come in contact with a snag I had been jolted off and been whirled into collision with the stumps, rocks and brushwood which lined the track.

After a while I came to—I was glad it was only to—I shouldn't have been surprised if it had been any number. I had shed most of my garments and was a broken-up and demoralized wreck generally.

I was assis'ed home, bandaged up, and left to my reflections. I have utilized my period of enforced retirement in trying to think of mean and scurrilous things to say about the caitiff who invented tobogganing, but imagination reels baffled before the task of doing justice to the miscreant.

Henceforth, I tobog no more. One such experience is enough. It may be the poetry of motion, but plain prose is more my style. I'm not in it. I might be if I could be certain of staying in it, but there's the rub. No longer do I dally with the tempter.

Let whoso will adown yon hill
Upon toboggans glide;
The world may woo, in vain thereto
I pass, and let 'em slide.

—PERCIVAL PEAVICK.

THEIR NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.



DALTON McCARTHY.—To look out for a new party to attach himself to and in default of finding any to suit start one of his own.

LIEUT.-GOVERNOR KIRKPATRICK.—To earn his salary by assiduously attending theatres and social functions.

PREMIER THOMPSON.—To lubricate his Ultramontane policy by plenty of soft snaps for leading Orangemen.

OLIVER MOWAT.—To allow the party to persuade him against his better judgment to accept the lion's share of

the spoils of office.

PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH.—Not to retire from public life oftener than once every three months.