

winter came with its deep snows I found my limbs unequal to the task, and lessened my visits to once a week. I also changed my schedule time and occasionally arrived rather late. This led your mother to infer that my ardor was cooling as the frost increased. I could see this thought in her eyes each time she assisted me to remove my buffalo coat, and it caused me terrible anguish and many sleepless nights. At last the cheering thought came to me that a pair of snow-shoes might overcome the difficulty and enable me to make my regular trips. The snow-shoes were procured, and peace bade fair to dawn again upon two loving souls. I say it bade fair to dawn, but it didn't manage to get much above the horizon. I will never forget the night I tried to visit your mother by snow-shoe—never, so long as a grey hair remains in my head.

It had been snowing steadily for two weeks, and a good six feet of snow lay on the ground. This was something remarkable, even for those times. I thought my new purchase would enable me to skim over the soft surface with great ease, but I soon came to the conclusion that it was all a hallucination—a poetical dream. I could scarcely walk, much less skim, but I managed to make three miles out of the four in exactly two hours. Then it got dark, the snow dropped thickly around me, and I could not distinguish landmarks. After plodding wearily along for some time I began to fear that I had missed the house and strayed over into the next county. I was on the point of retracing my steps when the bow end of my snow-shoe struck something and I drove head first into the beautiful. I tried to regain my equilibrium, but the more I floundered the deeper my head sank. At last, after completely exhausting my energies I gave myself up to despair and a lingering death. No efforts to rise sufficiently high to unstrap the fiendish shoes were successful. There they persisted in sticking above the snow, while my head persisted in its endeavor to go to grass.

Suddenly I imagined I could hear a wolf howl! yes, there was no mistake; it was coming nearer, nearer; I could hear them howling and snarling around me now, and yet I was powerless to resist in the least degree. My hour had come. They pounced upon the snow-shoes, they seized me by the feet, and I was dragged slowly forth. The blood froze in my veins, and after that I knew no more.

A couple of hours afterwards I opened my eyes and they encountered the pitying gaze of your mother, who was sitting by my bedside. I had missed the gate and stumbled over a clothes-line in the back yard, when Rover raised such a row that your grandpa came out and delivered me. But as I said before, the snow was rubbed into my head so completely that it changed effectually the color of my hair. No, my son, you can't have the snow-shoes; it isn't safe unless you wear a life-preserver tied around your neck.

SAM STUBBS.

THE JUBILEE HISTORY OF CANADA.

BY P. QUILL.

"Interdum stultus bene loquitur."

PROSPECTUS.

It is proposed to issue the above work in 1887 parts, as a Jubilee Memorial worthy of this great Dominion. One part (more or less) will be given away frequently to every purchaser of GRIP. As this work is considered, by the only three persons who have ever seen it to be unquestionably the most valuable of all modern additions to

Canadian history, it is confidently expected that a large demand for it will arise; only a limited number of each part will therefore be printed. (N.B.—It is only fair to intending subscribers to mention that two of the above persons died whilst reading the first chapter, and that the third is the author himself.—ED.) It is rumoured in literary circles that Professors Selwyn Smythe, Froude Collins, D'Arkturus Dent, and Miss Rath Rafton are already busily reading up their historical primers in order to be in a position to controvert, if possible, every new statement and fact adduced by the renowned and redoubtable writer. Professor Vamberg will defend the history of Turkestan from the critical attacks of the author, whilst the Independence of the German Empire will be preserved by the immediate publication of several unfinished volumes by Mommsen, if necessary. All such labors will be thrown away, however, as our materials are not accessible to any but ourselves.

P.S.—1. Our thanks are due to all previously published histories of Canada and to the Prince of the Peelee Islands, for the use of his magnificent library. Also to Webster, for frequent verbal references.

P.S.—2. No book agents, canvassers, or colored illustrations will be employed, the entire press having been liberally supplied with favorable critiques.

P.S.—3. (Private) Any contributions towards defraying the necessarily enormous expenses of this valuable work will be thankfully received by the author.

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P.S.—7. A prize will be offered to the reader who can pass the best examination in Canadian History after this work is concluded. The prize will be a life-size terracotta representation of the venerable author (Bust).

Herewith we print the

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