



MERCIER TRANSFERRING THE CROWN.

TINPANNING.

I OFTEN wonder why people get so enthusiastic about tobogganing. The idea of trying to enjoy sliding down a manufactured slope on a cushioned thing with a turned-up snout that makes it look as if it despised itself, seems very absurd to me. When I want to get thoroughly exhilarated and want to feel the tingle of health and animal spirits right out to the last stitch of my woolen mits, I go to some steep, rough and natural hill and slide down it on the first thing that comes handy. A piece of board, a slab of wood, a tin pan, in fact, almost anything will do, for I am now such an adept at sticking to things in violent motion that I can maintain my seat on anything from a bucking broncho to a catapult; but before I got so accomplished I used to have some thrilling experiences. I remember the first time I went down a hill on a tin pan. The hill was about as slippery as the place wherein the wicked stand and about as rough and steep as a restaurant bill. Getting myself firmly seated and having a good hold on the rim of my impromptu toboggan, I jerked myself to the edge of the slope, and then with my legs held up stiffly before me I shot out into space. After the first wild spurt the pan and I struck the hill about every fifteen feet for about forty yards, and then we parted company. The rest of the trip was one of the most uncomfortable things I ever experienced, for I continued to strike the hill at regular intervals without the protecting presence of anything excepting my clothes.

I can now coast with a pan with safety and pleasure, and though I like something of this sort as a Winter amusement, yet I wouldn't advise anyone, excepting a person having a strong constitution, to try it. Tobogganing is an effeminate sport compared with tinpanning, and a tinpanner's scorn for a tobogganer is fiercer than I can

express. If you have never tried tinpanning and have a good strong constitution, I advise you to try it the very first time you get a chance; but it will, perhaps, be as well for you not to take too rough a hill to begin with. You must expect a few mishaps, but persevere. The fun you will have and the exhilaration you will feel will repay you fully.

P. Kus.

THE PIBROCH.

I HEARD the fell blast in the calm air of night
And the slumbering echoes awoke in affright,
It filled all the vale with its blood-curdling yell,
As if blown from the heart of the nethermost hell.
And weird were the dreams to the sleepers it brought,
Of the red, gory field where the battle was fought,
Of the carnage-soaked soil of the flat stubble plain
Where waved in its glory so lately the grain,
Of the victors who shouted, the vanquished who fled,
And the eagles' wild screams over dying and dead.
Nor night's peace alone that fierce note of despair
Destroyed, for at morn it again rent the air.
O, those wild shrieks of horror, can nothing allay?
Must the foul fiends of darkness hold revel all day?
Must their pitiless throats still o'erride public weal?
O who will respond to their frantic appeal?
O who will forsake his pork-steaks or fish chowder
To be spitted by bayonets and become food for powder?
—Yet I heeded the summons, it told not of sabres,
But simply the threshers had come to my neighbor's.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

SALT WITHOUT SAVOUR.

BLOGGS—"Anything fresh in *Lippincott's* to-day?"
SROGGS—"Yes, a new story by Edgar Saltus."
BLOGGS—"H'm—Saltus—his writings are more of the pickled order, and pretty unsavory, at that."