

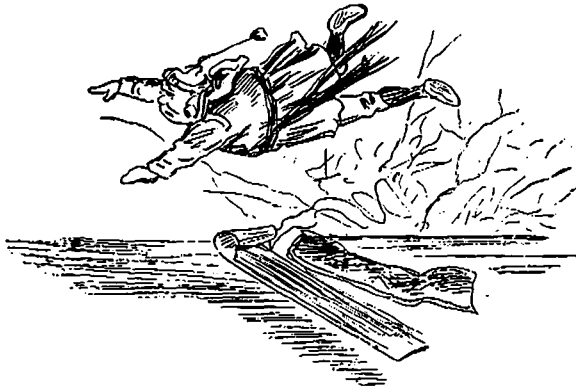
You hand him a cheap cigar, hoping that he will go to the smoking car, but he says he will "smoke it after dinner," and being encouraged by your friendly advances, opens fire again.

"How far is it to Stratford?" "What do you think of coming election?" "Do you wear mits?" "What is the best method of killing rats?" etc., etc.

You feign deafness, but this only makes him shout so loudly that all the passengers can hear, and you become the center of observation.

Then you buy a newspaper and hold it up as a screen between yourself and the cross-examiner, and he becomes quiet. You peep round the paper to see how he is getting along and find that he is reading the other side. You flatter yourself that you have quieted him, when he changes seats and sits next you and asks you "What is ——" but you have succumbed, your brain is wearied and you sleep to dream that the coroner is sitting on you and is cross-examining the conductor as to the ——— Change here for Goderich.

McARONE.



### MR. STUBBS GOES TOBOGGANING.

AND MAKES A DECIDED HIT.

I CANNOT conceive what there is in tobogganing to so fascinate the adult portion of both sexes in our 1886 humanity. When I was hustling through youth on a hand-sled my elders looked on with a benign, ultramundane, pitying gaze, and wondered where I could find amusement in sliding down hill with the certain necessity of tugging a sledge up again. Some of them, notably those who furnished me with clothing, even went so far as to remonstrate with me upon the folly of wearing out shoe-leather and clothing in such an unsatisfactory way. I disagreed with them then. Since I have grown older I have embraced their faith, and have also done considerable exhorting to my youthful "chips" from the same text.

There is a singular leaven at work among the paternity and maternity of our day which must be annihilated by a bold stroke in its infancy. I am the Pharaoh destined to strangle it, nor can I be deterred by any pleading intercessions from delivering that bold stroke now. Tobogganing must go! In arriving at this conclusion I am not actuated by any moral motives, nor even sanitary considerations. These I leave for the Ministerial Association to work up their case on. My grievance lies far deeper than these, and until the practice is entire wiped out of existence my peace of mind will not be assured.

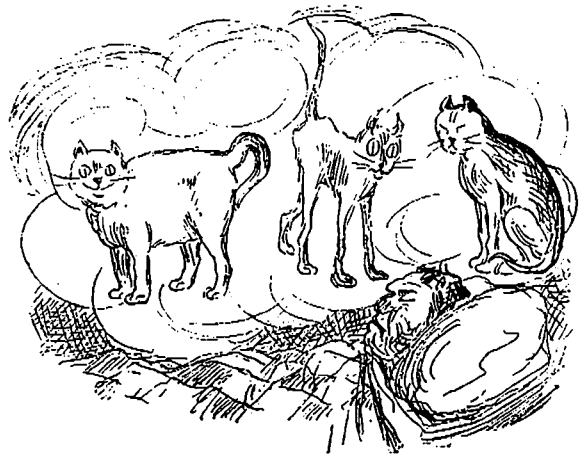
Jack Templeman called at my residence the other evening and announced his intention of escorting me to a toboggan party. Of course I need not have gone, but

I went, trusting to fate to avert the necessity of taking a ride. I found it a mighty fickle thing to trust to, and, when brought face to face with the inevitable, argued the absurdity of a man weighing 250 pounds trusting himself to a "comet" on such a steep grade; but Jack insisted that there was no earthly danger (with a certain degree of truth, for the earth was covered with ice) and followed up his remarks by hinting that possibly I preferred sliding down a Muskoka brush-heap. That settled it. I rolled on to the board instantler, and after a few preliminary preparations we commenced to move. In about two seconds I felt my hair move. My eyes wept, my heart sailed up faster than a balloon, ten million electric needles irritated my body, and then the toboggan struck a snag and raised me bodily two feet in the air. When I came down the toboggan had sheered off on the right tack, and I utilized indiscriminately every inch of cuticular surface during the remainder of the excursion.

I was not obliged to walk home that night—the ambulance was provided. When I came too I tried to believe it was all a dream, but the faith cure wouldn't work while my head was done up in liniment and bandages. Kind and sympathizing friends have promised me solemnly that they will inaugurate an anti-tobogganing movement and crush the sport out before I recover, for if this is not done I fear my evil genius will force me to take another ride, which might prove fatal.

STUBBS.

"YES, pastor," said the chorister, "that is my eldest son. He is but 6 years old. I am going to educate him myself, and I want him to be a minister." "Ah?" said the pastor, with an inquiring accent on the "ah." "I am glad. But why a minister?" "Because," replied Mr. Upperce, "by educating him myself I can produce something hitherto unknown, a preacher with some idea of music." "Better let me take him," said the parson, "and I will make of him something more wonderful than that." "Which is—?" said Mr. Upperce, uncertainly. "A chorister with some sense," said the pastor sweetly. And yet some people wonder why the choir and the parson never get along harmoniously.



### A SECOND DANIEL.

A NASHVILLE drinking man told his family of a dream he had in which he saw three cats, one fat, one lean, and one blind, and he wondered what it meant. "I know," said his son, "the man that sells you whiskey is the fat cat, mother is the lean cat, and you are the blind cat."