



(From Western Figaro.)

LADY OF THE HOUSE.—JOHNNY, WILL YOU HAVE SOME MORE CAKE?

JOHNNY.—NO, I'VE HAD ENOUGH.

MOTHER.—YOU NAUGHTY BOY, TO SPEAK LIKE THAT; YOU NEVER DO SO AT HOME.

JOHNNY.—NO, BECAUSE I NEVER GET ENOUGH AT HOME.

SCOTTY'S OPINION.

MR. GRIP, SIR,—Considerin' the parcel o' lees that the papers are filled wi' aboot yer fine kintra, I think its only richt that ye should publish this letter to let folk ken the richt state o' things. I never saw sic a kintra as this in a' my born days. The farmers here are a parcel o' impident fallows, they'll hae naething but their ain way in every thing, an' when they get haud o' the like o' a gude practical farmer like mysel, that aye been brocht up on a farm, an' kens a' aboot it, they dinna ken how to value him. When I cam oot here I hired first till a French Heilin'man. The fallow would gie me naething but nine dollars a month, an' wanted me till get up at four i' the mornin', an' at nicht it was aucht o'clock afore we got through. I just tell't him plump an' plain it wadna dae, an' then came awa up here to Ontario, and hired wi' a farmer here. I didna like the way he managed his farm ava, he was aye gettin' things broken, an' he had his tools scattered a' ower the place, an' then they were aye to rin and see'. His tools were just as bad as the ither aye's, but I got twa'ree dollars a month mair than afore. Naething wad suit him but I maun bind the wheat his way, instead o' the way I had aye been used to, an' I didna believe in his new faugled notions o' this an' that. Ae day I tuk him aside an' tell't him hoo I thoct he oelt to manage his farm, an' the way the farmers do in the auld kintry. Wad ye believe me, instead o' thankin' me kindly for my advice, he cursed an' swore like a dragon. I never heard sich swearin'

a' my life. Of coorse it was my duty as a member in full communion wi the Established Kirk to speer at him whaur he thoct he wad gang tae when he de'ed, if he swore like that, but he just glowered at me an' said if I didna get oot o' that he wad gie me a rise in the salary. Weel, I tell't him I had nae objection to that ava, that in fact a dollar or twa mair a month wad be very acceptable, an' wi I looted down to bind a sheaf, when afore I kent whaur I was I flew ower the tap o' a' a' stook an' lichter in the heart o' anither aye, the only thing I was sensible o' hein' a most terrible pain in the bottom o' my backbone just exactly whaur I sit doon on. I couldna account for sic an extraordinary circumstance, unless on the supposition that I had been kicked ahint, but I hardly think he would hae done onything like that till a respectable man like me, especially when I was advisin' him for his ain gude. Ohy way I left him, an' I've written hame to ma mither that the climate disna agree wi' my health, an' to send oot the bawbees to tak me hame at wance. He insulted me tae my very face when I left, he said "Of a' the self-conceited fules on top of creation, commend me till a Scotch greenhorn." Aye' that's what he said, and mind ye ho's a Scotel'man himsel, but he's gotten perfectly corrupted in this country; and like Ephraim he is joined till his idols, let him alone. Noo, what I want you tae dee, Mr. Grip, is tae see if ye canna pit a stop to the papers printin' a' the lees about this kintra. They wad make ye believe it's a perfect paradise, when it's a most miserable hole. For instance, noo, I had

to rise an' open the window twa inches last nicht, it was sae hot, an' there was me sleepin' wi the nicht air comin' in on me, a thing I never did at hame. An' its tea in the mornin', tea at denner time, tea at tea time, till I'm clean scannered at tea, an' my mouth's waterin' a' the time for a drap o' gude brose. Ye never ken what it is to get a gude meal, its beef—beef—beef a' the time. I declare when I get hame I'll turn a Hindoo an' eshoo beef a' thegither. The folk here canna bake bannocks, they mak naething but that fashionless white bread, an' thae clarty pies. Sic a meeserable kintra I never kent tae bring a decent man till. An' for the Sabbath they've no respect for it whatever. Its awfu. They sit wi every door and window in the house wide open, an' they play on the organ an' sing, an' they let the bairns play aboot the hoose, instead o' garrin them sit up straight on a chair an' read their Bibles a' day, the way I was brought up forty year syne. I've gone to the expense o' paper, envelope, and a three bawbee stamp to send this to you, so I houp ye'll hae the decency an' justice enough to print it, and let the truth be kent aboot the barbarity o' the place they are wheedlin' decent folk tae.

No more at present, but remains yours truly,

JOCK LITTLEWIT.

A LAMENT FOR THE DEAD "SPECTATOR" (MONTREAL).

Ah! yellow, yellow, yell oh!
What time the grieved *Spectator*,
With five years' ripeness mellow,
Expires from high-toned think;
How paint the readers' woes,
Knowing as well he knows
No wrongs are rectified with printers' ink.

When from the thoughtful's praise
This Montreal journal shrinks,
That journal which was Bray's;
It teaches 'tis not intellect which thrills.
How shall one hymn its throes,
Knowing as well one knows
Men pay not for exposed ills?

Is it, and can it be
This Nation's dire decree,
"Nothing that's 'toney' in this land shall sell"
Or that in all our works
Something chaotic lurks,
Not to be righted if 'tis done too well?
'Tis a conundrum—and—I cannot tell.



This (Friday) evening the Haverly Opera Company conclude their present engagement with a repetition of *Piaflore Patience* enjoyed a capital run during the early portion of the week, the performance being a great artistic success. Mr. Temple's *Bunthorn* was very fair, but would not bear comparison with the "consummate" effort of Mr. Dixie in the same role. It was found impracticable to put on the *Pirates of Penzance* as announced, on account of the non arrival of the costumes, but there is a probability that this excellent company may return shortly and present that opera. Meantime they visit Hamilton, whose citizens may be assured of a great treat.

"Tug" Wilson thus soliloquizes this morning as he handles his \$10,000 in cash: "It is better to have gloved and won, than never to have gloved at all."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.