



### JACK'S EGG HUNT.

IN TWO STRUGGLES.—I.

WHEN Jack is sent under the barn to look for eggs there are usually some unexpected visitors in the house, thus creating a sudden demand for sponge cake and custard pie.

A strict search in the stables and other above-ground repositories having revealed the fact that the hens are on strike, or have layed elsewhere, Jack's sister puts on a far-away look and gently remarks:—

"I guess you'll have to go under the barn, Jack?"

He had expected this and had his lip in good shape to receive the order; so, allowing that organ to flap over on his chin, he howls out, "I know there ain't none there; I was under jist the other day!"

"Oh, Jack! you know it's more than a fortnight."

Jack grumbles, but there is no use; go he must. So with unwilling steps he ambles off to the barn. It is a frame barn, and big, and old. One end is filled with hay, the other with grain, while in the centre is the threshing floor. There are over forty sleepers, all big and ugly and knotty, and under these poor Jack has to skirmish around after the eggs.

There is only one hole that will admit a boy, though there are several large enough for a hen. This "boy-hole" is at the northwest corner, and Jack makes for it. Then he goes down on his knees and gazes through; then raises himself and sends a woe-begone look towards the house.

No use! so pop goes his head and shoulders through the opening. He is lying flat on his stomach now, and rests himself for a moment. Suddenly he hears foot-steps, and, fearing an attack in the rear, with a hasty worm-like movement jerks his legs through, at the same time tearing a great rent in his jacket. Score one for the barn!

Having thus opened the campaign, he casts a mournful glance at the enormous expanse of territory that lies dark and dismal before him, pulls his hat—an old, superannuated felt—tight on his head, and begins his journey. Up and down he goes, squeezing through holes that a hen would look twice at, hitting his head on innumerable knots, till at last the end is reached.

Two eggs only have rewarded his search so far, but now his heart is gladdened by the sight of a baker's dozen, which lie snugly in the very farthest corner.

Off comes the hat and into it go the fifteen eggs; then wriggling his body around Jack begins the home stretch. He lifts the hat gingerly and sets it ahead, worming himself up to it; repeating the performance till one fourth the journey is completed. Here a big knot stares him in the face, and, turning aside to avoid it, he comes plump on an old coyote of a hen, who has been vainly striving for goodness knows how long to hatch out a piece of chalk, two rotten eggs, and a small limestone.

Jack drops the hat and involuntarily raises his hand to save himself. Too late! With a loud squawk the antiquated mass of bones, claws and feathers comes chuck into his face, filling his mouth, eyes, hair and ears with dirt, while the blood begins to trickle down his nose. She doesn't do it again. Oh, no! There is a muttered exclamation, a fierce struggle, a loud squawk or two, and if there is one old hen less on the farm Jack can hardly be blamed for it.

*(The end of this thrilling episode next week.)*

GRIP begins the new year well, with a new dress and a new make-up from cover to cover. But there appears to be no change in its politics. However, GRIP is always welcome.—*Mail, Jan. 18.*

Thanks, brother. No change in our politics? Certainly not! Our motto is *Semper eadem*, which is Latin, and means that we will fight it out on the Independent line until Grits and Tories agree to put country before party.

GRIP appeared last week in a complete change of clothes, and so great is the outward transformation that we scarcely recognized our clever contemporary. A glance at the contents, however, soon brought to our recollection the old-time, kindly, genial and funny raven. GRIP, though thoroughly independent, is a power in Dominion politics, and wields a strong influence for good upon all great moral questions.—*Truth.*

THE first number of the *Indian*, a paper published in the interests of the race whose name it bears, has come to hand. It cannot fail to be a most useful publication, if conducted on a non-partisan basis, but even in this first number the cloven-hoof sticks out. Not a word is said of the grievances of the Six Nations against the Government, to which we alluded last week. Why is this? Surely the *Indian* could ask for no better material for its first number. The grievances are real, pressing, important and of long standing, as Editor Kah-ke-wa-quo-na-by must know.

### KRAL'S RUMINATIONS.

How do we express our ideas? Why, by a train of thoughts, of course.

*Infra dig.*—Shovelling snow.

If a deserving tramp asks for assistance, give him five cents, but if an undeserving tramp demands help, give him a pound.

The uprightness of some men can be explained by only two things, the lightness of their brains and the heaviness of their feet.

They have but little interest in this world who take no note of time.

Why does the alcohol thermometer sink so low these cold days? Because it feels low-spirited.

Why does the thermometer fall in cold weather? Because the climbit is so severe.

Thmoking ith a puffickly weediclouth habit, and a young thmoker ith thpitiful to obtherve—joothee?

Howland's victory was a good example of the power of the widow's might.

Night-birds—Those who go out at night for a lark, then take a swallow or two, and finally go in for a little robbin. No wonder they feel *sore* the next day, and find safety only in flight.