

self in better hands than those of the genial *Telegram* man.

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THE American humorist was dined at the Club, driven around the city, fired down the toboggan slide, and otherwise well used. He was, of course, introduced to all the local lions, amongst the rest to our worthy Lieut.-Governor. It was a pleasant sight to see the little funny-man shaking hands with the lordly John Beverley. Looked just like the picture of "Dignity and Impudence"—only the figure of John Ross in the background dreamily pondering on previous meetings he had with Mr. Robinson, gave a tinge of tragedy to the scene.

SPEAKING of the Lieut.-Governor, we hear it rumored that Sir John Macdonald doesn't see his way to granting his Honor a second term. This will be regretted by all who have noted Mr. Robinson's demeanor during his incumbency, regardless of their political leanings. The office was never more ably filled; and few of Ontario's governors have been so popular personally. Throughout his term Mr. Robinson has displayed not only a thorough knowledge of his constitutional functions, but a special aptitude for the social duties of the position. We only hope his successor may be as good.

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ONE of our Lower Province exchanges comes to us each week with the motto: "Notre langue, notre religion et nos coutumes." Not knowing a word of French, we carried this to a scholar of our acquaintance who has made a special study of the *Canadiens*. He refused to translate it for us. "You write to the editor of that paper," said he, "and tell him that the sooner he does away with all three the better it will be for his people." "But what does it *mean*?" we asked. "It is," he replied, "a phrase which might be freely translated—*Why we stick in the mud.*"

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WE commend the following facts to the consideration of "A," the author of a rubbishy letter in the last issue of the *Week*. 1st. No sane Christian that we know of proclaims it to be a "sin" to take a glass of wine. 2nd. The object of Prohibition is not to reform men morally, but to defend society. It is not a sin to build a wooden house within the fire limits, but there is a law on our books totally prohibiting this (in itself) innocent act. Perhaps "A" can get this through his tangled wool if he tries hard.

MUTTON.

To the Editor of the Mail.

SIR,—I have now been in Canada about a month, and have dined at several hotels, but have not yet seen any mutton on the table, which I, as an Englishman, think strange. Beef and mutton are English people's chief food, and a farmer without his flock of sheep is going down hill in that country. Yours, etc.,

OLD ENGLAND.

You may think it strange, "Old England," but it's not. You see, we in Canada are high-toned to a degree, and we rather turn up our colonial noses at mutton. We content ourselves in winter with turkey, goose, hashed venison, and oysters, and wait until spring for our lamb with mint sauce. An English "farmer without his flock of sheep is going down hill," is he? Why, farmers in this country often go down hill without their sheep, if the latter are not trained to follow them. But what has that to do with the question, anyhow?



At the Grand Opera House the Variety Company from the Howard Atheneum, of Boston, have furnished fun and laughter all week. This company has a high reputation to maintain, and its patrons may always be sure of the full worth of their money.

Haverly's American-European Minstrels are at the Pavilion Music Hall, where, as a matter of course, they are playing to enormous houses. They remain to the end of the week, with a Saturday matinee, and all who wish to see minstrelsy at the apex of its possibilities (and who can manage to get in) ought to seize this opportunity. The Cragg family (acrobats) are simply marvellous, and every feature is first-class in its way.

JACK'S EGG HUNT.

IN TWO STUGGLES.—II.

BUT the eggs; how have they fared during the affray? Cautiously feeling with both hands, Jack finds that the hat has been overturned and that *eleven* may with safety be taken. The balance lie direct in his path, and from the pungent odor they exhale he concludes that some of them were "old enough to vote."

On he goes again, over the broken eggs, which leave their mark on his jacket as he worms himself along. What about that? It isn't half as bad as the scratched face.

He has passed the threshing floor in safety now, though all the while on the watch for snakes and setting hens. His spirits rise as he sees the glimmering "boy-hole" in the distance, but his woe is not over yet.

Just as he carefully places the old hat and its precious burden beyond a sleeper, and is on his way after it, he thinks he hears a hiss. A thrill of horror shoots through him and up goes his head like a flash. The next moment he sees numberless fireworks, and down he goes on his face, howling in agony. And no wonder if he howls, seeing that his tongue is badly bitten and his unfortunate head almost cracked open! But the snake? Bless your soul! the chances are there wasn't a snake within half a mile.

On once more, but more cautiously, for he is firmly resolved that, hen or no hen, snake or no snake, he won't get hurt again. Presently he comes to a full stop, and, upon investigating, finds that he cannot pass this sleeper; that, in fact, the only passage-way is at the other side of the barn. This encourages him so much that he drops the hat and groans aloud.

He lies there and thinks; thinks of the bright sunlight outside, the old dog behind the kitchen, the birds whose twittering he can faintly hear, and the cattle down in the pasture. He wonders if he will ever see these again, if he will ever get out of this horrible place, and is almost persuaded that he never will.

Suddenly a hollow, far-away voice reaches and rouses him. He can barely distinguish the words, emphatic