

Marboeuf treated the assembly of debtors and creditors to a very nice little partomime. As was stated in the local paper in question, "What tales the Poodle Dog could bark!" I only understood that sentence because I saw how small some of those snobs were made to feel before people on whom they so looked down.

Last week was not one of much excitement in any department. Monday night was divided between the Minstrels at the Theatre and Frederic Archer at St. John's Church. I don't think Archer has changed a bit since I first met him in England, now nearly fourteen years ago. He is perhaps a little greyer, but he is the same great man who ruled all with a power bordering on musical despotism. He has the reputation of not being oppressively classical in his selections, yet sometimes a caprice will seize him and he will play a whole programme of nothing else but highly classical works. And the public worship him just as blindly as ever. Archer, though, is the soul of affableness and good humor, while his fund of anecdote is simply inexhaustible. A wide traveller, a keen observer of human nature, something of a cynic now and again, a careful but general reader, and endowed with a rich sense of humor, Archer makes capital company. He never talks "shop;" that is, he never inflicts one with a sense of his greatness, although the instrument one forgets Archer the prince of good fellows, and worships only Archer the prince of organists.

Speaking of Archer, I am reminded of an incident which occurred in the church, and which is only too common at the theatre. There were some individuals in a seat behind me who assumed the role of gentlemen. If it is gentlemanly to act in a grossly coarse fashion, showing off an exaggerated Cockney twang, supposed to be English, and sucking the handles of huge walking canes, then those individuals were gentlemen from the soles of their huge, heavy feet to the crowns of their light, empty heads. I often wonder as I see those animals at public places or on the street, how they got loose and where the breed started. The originator, if alive, must be in the insane asylum.

I hear that a certain Wharf Street merchant is looking longingly at the mayor's chair, and that if John Grant could be induced into showing his hand as to whether or not he is going to seek a fifth term, the gentleman in question would break a lance with any other candidate. I have a pretty shrewd idea of Mr. Grant's in-

tentions, but I will not state positively what I know. Go in and win, Mr. ———.
PERE GRINATOR.

THE USE OF SLANG.

Slang ought to be deprecated, and it is. It has not an outspoken defender in the English language, nor ought it to have. Likewise it does not need one. The way it survives and inheres and permeates our thoughts and breaks out in our attempts to express thought reminds one of Josh Billings' observation on rats, which have not had friend since the days of Julius Cæsar, and yet survive and flourish. The English language is abundantly adequate for the correct and eloquent expression of any thought worth expressing. It is equal to any emergency, except when a man is mad or has been caught in an awkward position. But there is something in the human mind—and especially in the American type of the intangible source of thought—which revolts at the unbroken use of conventional forms. Hence the universal use of slang as a protest against monotony—a sort of declaration of independence against the tyranny of grammar. The young are naturally independent. Their bnoyant spirits chafe at fixed rules—an adequate explanation undoubtedly of the fact, sometimes startling in its development, that the youthful mind so readily catches up and incorporates every slang phrase that comes along. How readily it does this is amply illustrated every day and everywhere, but the experience of an Eastern pedagogue, as related in an exchange, is sufficiently striking to warrant more than passing notice. He asked a class of boys to form a sentence containing the word "are." "Ah there," promptly responded one of the class. After getting his breath, the teacher endeavored to explain the inaccuracy of the reply, and, thinking that his explanation was sufficiently clear and lucid, asked the class to try again. His surprise can be imagined when a bright little fellow instantly replied, "you are not in it."
~~Sunday Mercury.~~

Parting is a sweet sorrow. The divorce courts are full of it.

It is easier to give the devil a good character than it is to give one to some people who affect to hate him.

Actors do not work for a living—their's is all play. This does not apply to the Little Lord Fauntleroy company. They were hams.

Sir Edwin Arnold's son Julien is a hard-working member of the London Telegraph staff, and doesn't put on any frills because his father is editor-in-chief.

TRUTH AND FICTION.

"Did you ever know," said an eastern "wine taster," this morning, to a VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL man, "that it is almost an impossibility to get a Chinaman drunk? Well, that is a fact, although hard to account for. I don't know why a celestial isn't as subject to the exhiilirating effect of the grape juice as a white man, but, as I said, it's a fact for which even physicians find it hard to give a satisfactory reason. The average Chinaman can work in wineries for months at a time and not taste a drop of liquor, and then if they do, they partake so sparingly as to keep their heads cool. I suppose, if they drank enough, they would be jolly, too, but the fact of wonder is that Chinese have hardly any desire to drink. It looks like a psychological phenomenon to me, don't it to you?" THE HOME JOURNAL man didn't want to stake his opinion against the learned physicians of America and said so. "Well, then, just as a clincher to my proposition, I'll give you two pen pictures from life and let you judge for yourself. Picture No. 1: Two score of Chinamen, manufacturing 500,000 gallons of wine in one winery, a whole season of six months at work—not a drunk among 'em. Picture No. 2: Same winery, same liquor—six white Americans—same time of work—each man drunk for two days out of each week. This is gospel truth."

Mr. Foster MacGurn was enjoying a quiet evening with his family recently when one of the children, a six-year-old, remarked: "Pa, I know what life insurance is." "Well, my dear," said the beloved parent, "what is life insurance?" "It is where a person pays a small sum of money to-day and in two or three years gets a large sum."

For originality, not to say humor, commend us to the answers in examination papers. Here are two or three which an English bishop vouches for. A child was asked to give some account of Oliver Cromwell, and volunteered the information that the Protector "was very unhappy and dreaded assassination. On his deathbed he cried, 'If I had served my God as I served my king, I should not be thus forsaken in my old age!'" Another, evidently with temperance proclivities, defined syntax as "a dooty on spirits." One smart youth, who was asked by an examiner "Could your father walk around the world?" was equal to the occasion. "No, sir," said he. "Why not?" "Because he is dead."