



### POLICE COURT.

BEFORE COL. DENISON, P.M.

(By our own Reporter.)

JOHN JENKINS, 45, salesman, was placed in the dock.

THE P. M.—“Jenkins, you are charged with building a new brick house on Rose Avenue. What have you to say?”

PRISONER.—“I am guilty, your worship, but as this is my first offence—”

THE P. M.—“I can't accept any excuses. This sort of thing is so prevalent in Toronto now-a-days that it won't do to deal leniently with it. What did the house cost you?”

PRISONER.—“\$2,500, your worship.”

THE P. M.—(after figuring a moment) “I will fine you \$36.25 without costs. Call the next case.”

COURT CRIER.—“Thomas Strugglard!”

THE P. M.—“Bring in Thomas Strugglard.”

The prisoner, a respectable looking man, was brought in and given a seat in the dock.

THE P. M.—“Stand up, prisoner. What is your name?”

PRISONER.—“Thomas Strugglard, your worship.”

THE P. M.—“Strugglard, you are charged with building a new verandah, a fence and a summer house on your property on Manning Avenue, and with making sundry improvements upon your dwelling house. What have you to say to the charge?”

PRISONER.—“Your worship, the place really needed fixing up, and I thought I was doing no more than a good citizen ought to do in improving the city.”

THE P. M.—“Oh, you thought so, did you. Well, I'll have to teach you to do less thinking of that kind hereafter. I am informed the improvements cost you \$500. Is that so?”

PRISONER.—“Yes, your worship, something thereabouts.”

THE P. M. (figuring)—“You are fined \$10 or two months in jail. Next case!”

James Sharkey was next brought in.

THE P. M.—“Sharkey, you are charged with building a row of residences on Oak street in this city. Guilty or not guilty?”

PRISONER.—“Not guilty, your worship. I have a vacant lot on that street, but I am not fool enough to build on it. I am holding it for a rise; land is getting in great demand just now, you know.”

THE P. M.—“How much did you pay for the lot?”

SHARKEY.—“I didn't pay anything. Inherited it from my father, who got it in a deed from the Crown.”

THE P. M.—“And who did the Crown get it from?”

PRISONER.—“I don't know, but I suppose the Crown first took it from the original owners.”

THE P. M.—“And who were they?”

PRISONER.—“Why, the people in general, of course.”

THE P. M.—“Well, prisoner, I will have to discharge you, as you are not guilty of the charge in the information. I am here to execute the law, not to make it, which is lucky for you, as otherwise I could send you down for being found in possession of stolen property. That is what your lot is, according to your own account. The law however, does not regard that as an offence; it is only the improving of vacant lots that is punishable by fine in this enlightened community. You are discharged.”

Court then adjourned.

After adjournment your reporter made enquiry respecting these rather novel cases, and learned that they had come before the magistrate in accordance with a recent by-law of the Council transferring the business of the Taxation Department to the Police Court.

### THE HUMORIST AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

“Good morning! This is a *fine* day, as the Police Magistrate said to the prisoner. No, you needn't laugh at that—it's one of the old standbys. It's almost impossible to get off any new jokes on the weather—that is, our ordinary common-place Canadian weather. If we were in a foreign clime I should have a better chance. A friend of mine started for a foreign climb the other day—he is going to make the ascent of Mont Blanc. Tumble? Well, if you don't, perhaps he will.

“Ah, what have we for breakfast? The customary ham and eggs. Do you know what drink they always remind me of?”

“Muddy coffee, probably, the usual accompaniment,” suggested the law student.

“A very practical, matter-of-fact suggestion,” I continued, “but this is a conundrum. Everybody give it up? Egg-nog. Why egg-nog? Well, take two or three minutes to reflect.

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“Aint you onto it yet? Eggs and ham are egg-an'-og, eh? (Groans.)

“Heard good story the other day of an Irishman; possibly it's a chestnut—don't know, but never saw it in print before.”

“And you couldn't see it in print behind unless you had eyes in the back of your head,” said the smart Aleck who thinks himself funny, but only succeeds in being idiotic.

I withered him with a look of scorn and resumed:

“This Irishman had just landed, and the first object on shore which attracted his attention was a huge anchor. He stared at it in open-mouthed astonishment—seemed to *hanker* after it, so to speak. ‘Come an, Patsy, iwnat are ye shtoppin' fur?’ cried one of his comrades. ‘Sorra a fut do I shtir out of this,’ he replied, ‘till I see the man that's goin' to use that pick.’”

“A maist improbable story,” said the Scotch boarder, “I canna conceive o' ony man bein' sae ignorant.”

This Scotchman is a nuisance; he is always throwing cold water upon my *chef d'œuvres*.

“Talking about Irishmen, why would you naturally imagine that the Irish landlords would be more disaffected than any other class?”

“You wouldna imagine onything o' the kind,” said the Scotchman, “an' if ye did ye wad be wrong a' thegither.”

“The rents have been very irregularly paid,” said the law student, “which no doubt occasions some ill-feeling.”