



**A MATTER OF TIME.**

[A few days ago, by some misunderstanding, Judge F. was put off a Grand Trunk train by the conductor. He reached home subsequently a very angry man—mad clean through. When a *World* reporter called on him he politely declined to say anything about the incident, and stated that he would decline to hear any explanation from the railway officials, at least until he cooled off.]

THE REPORTER (*retiring*)—"In that case, your lordship. I suppose I might call round in - er—about a week or so?"

**TO EDWARD BLAKE, AS HOME RULER.**

**AN INTERROGATORY ODE.**

**G**REAT Edward! First in Chancery, and eke in Common Law,  
As fine forensic orator as Canada e'er saw,  
Why didn't thou leave us desolate to struggle for Home Rule,  
Giving the Grits a parting kick, like an indignant mule?  
You must have found it rather strange, on Erin's lively shore  
Where shillalehs back up sermons, and influence vastly more.  
Didn't you sometimes sadly think of Osgoode's peaceful hall,  
Where you could prose for hours and hours, and hear no row at all:  
When round the hustings, rival mobs were fighting far and nigh,  
And dead cats, stones, and brickbats, shot through the azure sky:  
Even in caucus meetings, where peace should ever reign,  
When you your Home Rule policy were striving to explain,  
Did you not find it passing strange, and an unsettling thing,  
Just as your thoughts were soaring, as on an eagle's wing,  
To have some patriot arise and with an eye of fire  
State loudly he considered you "a goggle-eyed ould hyre?"  
How did you like the whiskey they drank at civic feasts?  
And what were your sensations when consorting with the priests?  
Did some pretty "colleen" ask you, with her "to take the flure?"  
Did you "discourse" with any such, "behind the kitchen dure?"  
What did you say when she inquired with a bewitching pout,  
"Av ye'd take some hot wid shuger?" or merely "coid widout?"  
How did you like the "ructions" upon election days,  
Did they suit themselves exactly to all your legal ways?  
When the fair sex at such times didn't esteem it shockin'  
"To stretch the Tory villians wid a brick in the heel of a stockin'."  
In such inspiring moments didn't you sometimes sigh  
For Ottawa's fair buildings, with the river gliding by?  
And don't you think, great statesman, when Erin's woes are o'er,  
You could find some work to do upon your native shore?  
We're not exactly perfect yet; and I'm quite sure you'd find  
Something to occupy your time, that is, if you don't mind.

*Reginald Gourlay.*

**NOTE IN ADVANCE.**—Mr. David Christie Murray, whose pen is responsible for a goodly list of very readable novels, is to visit Toronto shortly with the design of lecturing us. To those who do not know the gentleman in a platform capacity we may say that he is highly recommended as a humorist. He quite captivated Boston. What higher achievement is possible to human genius?

THE more friends a business man has, the more things he sells below cost.

**ESSAYS ON THE PERFESSIONS.**

**II. LAWYERS.**

*By Little Tommy.*

**L**AWYERS is men wich goes up town at nite carrin bags full of parsels of tea, butter and things like that but they make bleeve it is books. They have an offis down town and in the day time peeple goes to them for advice about wether they can git dammiges and all that sort of thing and of corse the lawer sez yes you bet if you give me the case an then they have a trile at the corte-house and the feller genrly gets left but he has to pay the lawer jes the same. in the corte the lawers wears cloaks i don't no what good they are for ceptiu for the lawer to keep pullin up on his shoulder and so you can tell wich is the lawer and wich is the prisner at the bar. if you want to be a lawer you got to have a gif of the gab and be good at argyin. lawers is most as menny as docters and my pa sez he don't see how they all mannedge to make ends meat they allus say that lawers tells lies but some of them dont cos they are good men and a few of them preeches on Sunday and teaches in Sunday scole so i gess its jes a joke bout how they tell lies fastern a horse can run. i dont want to be a lawer but Jimmy Brown is goin to be one when he gets big and i gess he will be a good one cos he gobbles all the marbles at schole and is as smart as a steal trap the teacher says. i went for a walk one day and my pa showed me the os good hall that is where the lawers all goes to tend to busness and the studens have a dance once a yere wich is a bang up affare and my sisters gets noo dresses made to go and when they get up next day about seven oclock at nite they say o it was lovely we had a hevenly time and looked to swete for anything. i gess that will do bout lawers so i will sine my name.

**TOMMY.**

A GREAT many people would know more if they thought they knew less.



**IS THIS YOUR CAT?**

Dr. Parkhurst to Tammany after the New York city election.

(With acknowledgments to a well-known print.)