



THE LETTER OF THE LAW.

DEAN HARRIS is one of the best known clergymen of the Roman Catholic Church in Canada, and is as remarkable for his literary productions as for his ecclesiastical virtues. In the city of St. Catharines he was so popular with citizens of all denominations that he found it comparatively easy to collect subscriptions from Anglicans, Baptists, Presbyterians and Methodists. But a time came when the last-named brethren were desirous of erecting a new church, and they ventured to call on the Dean in the course of their financial canvass. The latter expressed his deep regret over not being in a position to contribute towards the new tabernacle. He was reminded that members of Protestant churches had assisted him in the church-raising industry.

"I know, I know," replied the genial priest, plaintively. "I'd be glad to help you, but the rules of my church positively forbid the faithful to contribute towards building a Protestant church." The conversation then took a less painful turn, and finally the Dean asked: "And what are you doing with the old church?"

"We're going to pull it down," replied one of the heretic callers.

A great light dawned upon the Dean's countenance. "And will that cost you anything?"

"A matter of several hundred dollars."

"That's a fine situation. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. The Mother Church has nothing to say against pulling down what the Protestants have set up, and it'll be a good deed to destroy the works of the enemy. I'll help you tear it down."

And the Methodist brethren went on their way rejoicing, with a substantial sum towards the levelling of their place of worship. The Dean had made good.

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MARY'S LITTLE WAIST.

Mary had a little waist,
Where waists were meant to grow,
And everywhere the fashions went
Her waist was sure to go.
—New York Sun.

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AN ENGLISH OPINION.

"Young women," says the London "By-stander," in a sweetly cynical way, "are becoming very venturesome nowadays. We trust that Fraulein Wilhelmina Rasmussen, aged twenty, who is about to undertake an Arctic exploration with her brother, in order to find a tribe of Eskimo who are said never to have had communication with the civilised world, will succeed in her quest. The Eskimo will be so interested to hear about Miss Pankhurst and Women's Votes and the House of Lords and Mr. Bernard Shaw."

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A NEW LEGAL STORY.

The list of good legal stories has been increased by one that is creating a good deal of amusement among judges and lawyers. At it goes, Chief Justice Falconbridge, of Ontario, Mr. Justice Britton and Mr. Justice Riddell, a newly appointed judge, were sitting together as a court in Toronto not long since. According to some legalists who were present, the presentation of argument on behalf of one of the clients was rather prolix, and not very much to the point, to put it mildly. Mr. Justice Riddell, who, by the way, was not to the same extent inured against the tediousness of the proceedings as were his colleagues,

was observed to pass one of them a slip of paper, on which, presumably, were written some notes on the case. Immediately the "notes" were read, however, by his colleagues, there was a subdued suggestion of mirth apparent on their part. It turned out that the "notes" read after this fashion:

THE "NOTES."

(With apologies to Mr. Rudyard Kipling.)

"'Oo is it makes that bloomin' noise?"

Asked Files-on-Parade.

"It's counsel's openin' argument,"

The colour-sergeant said.

"'Oo 'as to 'ear the bally stuff?"

Asked Files-on-Parade.

"The chief and his two hired men,"

The colour-sergeant said.

"For he doesn't know his law, he misrepresents the facts;

His logic is so rotten you can see through all the cracks,

And he's pretty sure to get it where the chicken got the axe,

When the Court delivers judgment in the morning."

—Montreal Star.

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When their Wives are Away.

"Thompson, you wash the dishes and I'll wipe them."

"All right; you wipe them first."—Life.

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ANOTHER MARY.

Mary had a little car—
'Twas run by gasoline;
But since it went up in the air,
Our Mary's not ben-zin.

J. G.

* *

A SUMMER RESORT.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand
And a wide veranda
Make hotel bills grand.

J. G.

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SLOW RECOVERY.

Daughter—"She seems to have got over the death of her first husband."
Father—"Yes, but her second husband hasn't."—Pick-Me-Up.

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WAS SHE IRISH?

Mrs. Brown—"Isn't it dreadful the number of street car accidents there have been

lately? I'm almost afraid to have Mr. Brown go down town."

Mrs. Briggs—"Yes, indeed. My husband's so careless, and he's always in such a rush that I wonder he hasn't been killed several times."

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FINAL EVIDENCE.

They were quarrelling, as Adam and Eve probably contended, over the relative folly of man and woman. He said by way of triumphant illustration:

"When I read the page for women in the papers I think they must all be utter idiots."

Her eyes flashed, but she responded sweetly: "And when I read the headings of the baseball page I am sure that most men are maniacs."

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HEARD ON THE CAR.

First Canadian—"I wish the papers would stop this coloured supplement business. It has added a new horror to city life."

Second Canadian—"My dear chap, be thankful that your evening paper isn't running a beauty contest. It is the most painful form of strife I have seen."

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AT THE RAINBOW'S END.

At a recent dinner in Philadelphia, Archbishop Ryan and Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf were seated side by side. In front of them was one of those celebrated Virginia hams which make the mouths of men water.

Turning to his neighbour, the Archbishop inquired graciously:

"My dear Rabbi, when may I help you to some of this delicious ham?"

With ever-ready wit the Rabbi smilingly replied: "At your wedding, Your Grace."

—Saturday Evening Post.

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