



German Instrument Maker (jubilantly): "It vos finished, dot bass viol!"

—"Gott ach himmell, I haf left mine glue pot inside!"

IT ALL DEPENDS.

A young law student was being examined for admittance to the Ontario bar. The presiding Benchet asked him: "If a man who had committed a murder employed you as his lawyer, what would you do toward getting him acquitted?"

Student.—"Excuse me, but how much money did you say the gentleman had?"

TRIFLING WITH THE COURT.

"You were arrested at midnight working on the safe of the bank with a sledge hammer, and yet you protest that you are innocent," said Judge — to a burglar who had just been convicted by a Toronto jury.

"I am an innocent man, may it please your Honour."

"It would please me very much to think that you were innocent. What was your object in trying to open the safe?" said Judge — blandly.

"I only wanted to open the safe so as to get change for a five dollar bill."

"But you didn't have any five dollar bill."

"I know that, Judge, but I expected to find one as soon as I got the safe open."

"Mr. Sheriff, take this man away. He is trifling with this Court. He hasn't got any more sense than some of the younger members of the bar. Take him away and lock him up."

TACT AND TALENT.

Talent is something. Tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave and respectable. Tact is all that and more too. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, the lively touch. It is the interpreter of all riddles, the explainer of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world. It is useful in society, for it pleases every one. Talent is power. Tact is skill. Talent is might. Tact is momentous. Talent knows what to do. Tact knows how to do it. Talent makes a man respectable. Tact makes him respected. Talent is wealth. Tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes of life, Tact carries it against Talent, ten to one. Talent is fit for employment, but Tact is fittest; for it has a knack of slipping into place with a sweet and silent glibness of movement. It seems to know everything without learning anything. It has served an invisible and extemporaneous apprenticeship. It wants no drilling. It never ranks in the awkward squad. It has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side. It puts on no wondrous wisdom. It has no air of profundity. It has all the air of commonplace, and all the force of power and genius.

An Atlanta man is dying from the bite of a mule. When a mule becomes dangerous at both ends, it is time to propound the political conundrum, "Whither are we drifting?"