



THE ANSWER OF THE DEFENDANT.

JUDGE—"The next case is that of the Jesuits *vs.* *The Mail*. Are you ready to go on?"

BUNTING—"M'lord, I don't see how we can, as there are no plaintiffs. If you'll just look through this document you'll find that the Jesuit Society has no existence."

principles weigh with the majority of its members. It is a sickening fraud in every respect, and to glaze it over with a mockery of prayer is to make bad worse. The chaplain is accordingly dispensed with as not merely unnecessary, but a positive living contradiction which can no longer be tolerated. We can hardly bring ourselves to approve, however, of the reduction of Black Rod's salary, which the committee has also recommended. This functionary (if we may judge from his personal bearing towards ordinary mortals), is one of the main pillars of our national fabric, and we tremble to think what may be the consequences of cutting down his salary which at present is only a paltry \$1,350.

POLITICAL FABLE.

THERE was a large river running round a piece of land and a certain bend of it went into the land. Now a bear lived on the banks and a certain fish-eagle dwelt near, and would sometimes draw its food from the water. But the bear, not liking this, said: "This is my river." Then the eagle said, "No; the river is free for all, though the land on its banks may be thine, and I shall take all the fish I want." A long time after the bear went away and the eagle built its nest on the same land. Then came along some beavers, who had always swum in the river, to catch fish, as was their custom. The eagle, seeing them, said, "This is my river"; but the beavers said, "You told the bear long ago the river was free for all." Then the eagle said, "I was hungry then for fish." The beavers then replied, "We are now hungry for fish." Then the eagle struck them with his sharp bill and the beavers went away sad and were sore afraid. And the eagle laughed in his wing feathers. But the little beavers went and complained to a sea lion, who came to the bend in the river and took fish when it liked. The eagle was angry and fluttered round, but was afraid of the large teeth of the sea lion. Then the little beavers, seeing the sea lion was not hurt, followed, and always after came every day with him to catch such fish as they wished. And the fish eagle sat on the banks and cried.

Moral—Some things are past Behring.

THE IRISH JAUNTING CAR.

CONNOISSEURS and Sassenach alike allow this to be the most perfect vehicle of energy. So devoted are its worshippers that they refer to it as an *inside* kear, in deference to the fact of the wheels being protected from the inclemency of the weather, and arrogantly oblivious of the mute appeals of the passenger who is forced to brace against the said inclemency *outside*. If the occupant is alone, he is at liberty to turn up the adjacent seat and rest his weary head against the step; if in company, by an almost involuntary movement, he can obtain full possession of the oil-skin—it is invariably wet in Ireland—and leave his co-partner unprotected, or, if the latter resent this treatment, he is perfectly liable with another involuntary movement to be left on the road-side. The car is unexceptionable for bad roads, as it is patently reversible—at the discretion of the horse. It is invaluable for shooting parties into the spongy arms of a neighboring ditch. As a bog-trotter it is in its element, being so constructed as to make use of its floor as a species of toboggan, and its axles to mow down aboriginal forests of bog oak, whilst the horse picks out his way with a light and fantastic toe. The stone walls in Ireland are specially prepared for rapid transition, and are furnished with a bedding of turf on the top, so that the car can keep up with the horse in a migratory and airy manner in whatever direction that volatile Pegasus choose to direct his attention. Indeed it is no uncommon sight to see Nora following the hounds for two or three miles in a style of conveyancing worthy of legal pre-eminence.

AN aerial plant—The Eiffel Tower.



ORGANIZED CHARITY.

FIRST TRAMP—"Ere comes a benevolent lookin' old chap, pard. Let's tackle 'im for the price of a night's lodgin'."

SECOND DITTO (*something of a philosopher*)—"Don't yer think of it, Bill; let's wait for somebody that's half full. Them benevolent-lookin' ducks always wants to organize themselves into a society, elect a board of directors, and 'ire a horfice afore they gives you a cent. T'other sort is the sort to lay for."