

CANADA has a few remarkable things left. One of them is a thirst for professional honors, which has given at least one of her large cities three times as many lawyers according to population as can be found in Chicago. Another is a state of affairs in the metropolis of the Dominion which permits an advertisement like this to find its way into one of its evening papers: Wanted, a lawyer, who can without prejudice, conduct a law suit on its merits against the O. E. Ry. Co. G. McNeill, 61 Sussex street. Perhaps our Canadian brethren do not lack enterprise: but down here, in the jurisdiction of the American eagle where professional enthusiasm runs so high and competition is so active that it is said a lawyer sometimes beats the doctor to the scene of a street-car accident, we can only gape with wonder at a city where clients must advertise for lawyers!

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YOUNG GIRL (going through jail)—
"Poor, poor man. May I offer you these flowers?"

Convict (from behind the bars)—
—"You've made a mistake, miss. The feller that killed his wife and children is in the next cell. I'm yere for stealing a loaf of bread."

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HE was hiding out "This map of your new railroad is imperfect," said the Judge.

"Imperfect, your honor?"

"Yes, sir. There's your station, there's your tank, and there's your coal chute. Now, where in thunder is your receiver?"

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"WHY do you use such peculiar terms?" asked a lawyer's wife of her husband, who had returned worn out by his day's labours.

"I don't see how you can have been working all day like a horse."

"Well my dear," he replied, "I've been drawing a conveyance all day, and if that isn't working like a horse, what is?"

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IF it is not true, the lawyer who told this story is a good one. Attorney Hogan, it seems, was called some time ago to the county jail by a poor actor who had been arrested for jumping his board bill. He related a pitiful tale of woe crying at the same time.

"Never mind, my boy," said the genial attorney, "if you cry like that before the jury we have a good case."

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A COMPROMISE verdict. In a jury trial in a small town not many miles from civilization, the rural gentlemen, into whose hand the fate of the plaintiff was placed was so stubbornly divided that they were some twenty-odd hours in reaching a verdict. As they left the Court after rendering their verdict, one of them was asked by a friend what the trouble was.

"Waal," he said, "six of 'em wanted to give the plaintiff \$4,000, and six of 'em wanted to give him \$3,000; so we split the difference, and gave him \$500."

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"WELL, that is pretty good," responded another eminent of the bar, "but what do you think of a justice who acted in a dual capacity of judge and jury? It was up in the country somewhere, in a case of horse stealing, I think. The lawyers on both sides agreed to dispense with the "twelve good men" and requested the judge to act as jury. He took the request literally. Mounting the bench he considered for a long time, and finally consented. He then began proceedings.