

without help, unless he jumped, and he has sense enough to know that, for a man of his inches, a leap from such a dangerous elevation might be fatal. Oh, yes! a high office-stool or the mantel-piece would keep Sir George out of mischief."

DIOGENES had fairly escaped the threatened storm. Mrs. McGroother had become quite amiable, but she promises us a good scold some other time, even insinuating that the "Cuttie Three-leg" is still at our service.

LEGAL QUIDDITIES.

In a report of the cases revised by the Court of Review, and published in the *Gazette* and other papers a week or two ago, DIOGENES was amazed and amused to find, that out of some ten judgments reversed or confirmed, Judge Mondelet is set down as dissentient in seven; and in the other three cases, either Judge Berthelot or Judge Torrance dissented.

In these betting days,—though DIOGENES never gives or takes bets on any thing,—he sometimes likes to calculate the odds of events; and he thinks he has discovered that on every case carried to the Court of Review, by appeal, a very sporting bet might be made. Thus, on every case, three Judges, of course, are supposed to sit, and on the side of the judgment of the Court appealed from, one Judge is sure to be found. We do not pretend to say anything for or against this, only it proves one of two things,—either that the cases are most complex, or that the Judges are most disagreeable to one another in their constant disagreements; but here is a famous opening for the wagering fraternity: Given any possible case in appeal.—Tom Jones vs. Ferdinand Fathom, for instance,—one Judge must, it would appear, be in favor of Tom, and the other two remain to bet upon; and, of course, here just lies an even bet. But sometimes the justice of the suit, on one side or other, may be well-known, in which case odds might be offered, but with just such an amount of uncertainty as to give interest to every event; for when, in every appeal, one Judge is against two, either the two or the one must fail to see the truth. The chances are that the two are right, and the loser ought to be contented to lose with such odds against him. But suitors up to the present time, in spite of long world-experience, do go to law in hope of getting justice, and are not yet reconciled to the idea that, when justice is painted as playing "Blind-man's-buff," the covert meaning is that she is not blind, but blinded, and that, therefore, she will not see the right. The pity is that, in our Courts of Appeal, uncertainty alone sits on the bench, whence, like the banker at *rouge et noir*, she looks down upon the "gulls" before her, and cries, *Messieurs faites votre jeu*. DIOGENES, who, in his search for an honest man, finds so many rogues and fools,—so many "flats" plucked by the "sharps,"—would remind all that in a court of law, none can win. As at the *rouge et noir* table, the odds must, at last, tell in favor of the bank. So in Court, the lawyers are the only sure winners. Our advice, therefore, is,—Never go to learned counsel with your differences; but in serious cases come to us. We shall fill the pipe, listen to the parties, "sky a bob," and decide without Judge M.—*dissentient*. In non-appealable suits, go to "Plooky Peter,"—he will listen patiently over a pint of Dow's No. 1, "sky his copper," and decide—"heads" for Plff., "tails" for Deft., and a treat all round from the winner, who, of course, as the Irishman says, "has a right to pay for his luck."

It will easily be seen that our method of settling disputes is short and cheap; that each party has an equal chance, that lawyers have no toll from the grist, and that the loser is spared the aggravating speech of the Judge, who, compelled by conscience, is, unfortunately, under the necessity of differing "from his learned colleagues" justice. Law? Why look for either, when Judges NEVER agree?

THE FOXY M.P.

A METRICAL ADDRESS TO THE ELECTORS OF NORTH RENFREW.

AIR—"Bonnie Dundee."

To North Renfrew electors 'twas F—cis H—cks wrote,
I shall come to solicit your favor and vote;
Friend Rankin's resigned, and has made room for me,—
So you cannot do less than make me your M.P.

Chorus—Come forward and vote for me, every man,—
To secure my election, do all that you can;
For if *you* don't do it, I plainly can see
I shall have a poor chance to be made an M.P.

You know me of old, so 'tis needless to say,
That scruples won't stand very much in my way;
And every man Jack who will work hard for me,
Shall be handsomely paid when I'm made an M.P.

Chorus—Then step up and vote for me, every man,—
To secure my election, do all that you can;
Mr. Rankin won't lose by his kindness to me,
And you'll benefit, too, if I'm made an M.P.

Macdonald and I have made matters all right,
And buried old enmities quite out of sight;
And, "hand over fist," I'll make money you'll see,—
As I did, years ago, when I *was* your M.P.

Chorus—So, come on, and vote for me, every man,—
To secure my election, do all that you can;
But DIOGENES says, "If such fools they will be,
They'll deserve all they get when he's made an
M.P.!"

PALMAM QUI MERUIT FERAT.

"In a speech before the Reform Convention of North Lanark at Almonte, the Hon. M. Cameron said he had it on indisputable authority that, on their return from England, the Ministers had plotted together to have their salaries raised to \$8,000, and to obtain residences built for them at the public expense."

Well, Mr. Cameron, and why should they not? Are they not worthy? For his own part, DIOGENES firmly believes that if they continue in their present meritorious career, some of these gentlemen *will*, ultimately, inhabit a residence built at the public expense,—that at *Kingston* to wit.

A KNOTTY POINT.

"Some very novel points occasionally come before the law courts, but one raised in an action tried at the Liverpool assizes last week may be considered as unique. The cause had reference to the non-delivery of a cargo of nitrate of soda, and it was pleaded in answer to the claim that the cargo in question had been destroyed by an earthquake, off the Peruvian coast. Then arose the knotty point whether the earthquake was an "accident" or a "circumstance," and this has been left for the judges to decide."—*Full Mall Gazette*.

There, gentlemen of the long robes, there is a nut for you to crack! DIOGENES gives it up. The nonsense is too dull—too deep—too leaden. An "accident" occurs accompanied by "circumstances." Circumstances often produce accidents! Earthquakes, we should think, would produce lots of both. But oh! Judge * * * solve us the knotty point!