

flourishing department in the Arts Faculty, that of Mediaeval, Modern, and Contemporary History.

—W. L. GRANT.

Royal Colonial Institute, London,
W. C.

AGAINST THE LAW.

“PADDY” was a western lawyer who delighted in practical jokes, and his “Lordship” was a Supreme Court judge, a kindly philanthropic old man, but a terror to the wrong-doers of his district. The two men met one day on the streets of the western town where they both lived. The judge had a story to tell, and a proposition to make. Buttonholing his Irish friend he started: “Paddy, you remember that poor fellow Phelan, who was killed in the train wreck two weeks ago?”

“Yes.”

“Well, as you have probably heard, his widow is in pretty hard straits. They lived fairly well when Bill was alive, for his salary was good, but they didn’t save anything, and even let his insurance dues fall behind. The poor woman has three little children there, and hardly a dollar to—”

“How much do you want Judge? I know how your story will finish. They all end alike.”

“No you don’t know anything of the kind. I am not begging this time. I am only helping the woman to turn an honest penny. The one thing of value Bill left was his gold watch, and his wife has decided to raffle that. Now won’t you take a couple of tickets?”

Paddy’s face was a study as the judge ended. He thought a moment, and answered, “No, Judge, I have sworn off this sort of thing. I am

quite willing to give Mrs. Phelan the price of any two tickets you have there, but I don’t want the tickets, and I don’t want the watch.”

The judge was surprised. He hadn’t the slightest doubt that his legal friend had been connected with a dozen raffles in the past year, all of them less worthy in their object than this one. Why this sudden change?

“What’s happened anyway, Pat, you didn’t used to be so particular. You might just as well have the tickets if you pay for them?”

But Paddy would give no satisfaction. All he would say was that he didn’t think it was right. The judge exercised his persuasive powers, and brought all the eloquence he could command to bear on his friend. But Paddy was obdurate. The judge might buy tickets if he wanted to, but he wouldn’t. He had become convinced that a raffle was a lottery and contrary to the provisions of the criminal code.

“Why, hang it all man,” exclaimed the judge testily, “I tell you it isn’t a lottery, and has nothing to do with the criminal code. The code was never intended to cover such things.”

Paddy looked his relief. “I’m very glad to hear you say so,” he answered. “You’ve raised a weight off my shoulders. I suppose I’ll have to take a couple of those tickets.” The money changed hands and the judge went away congratulating himself.

But his triumph was short-lived. Court sat a few days later in that western town, and when the docket was read, Judge S—— was amazed to learn that it contained the name of Martha Phelan, who stood charged with running a lottery. Like a flood, the memory of his conversation with