



### THE ROYAL ROAD.

EMINENT LAWYER (concluding free advice to newly-fledged professional)—"In short, the surest way to success, I may say the *only* way, is for you to go to work with a will!"

JUNIOR BARRISTER—"Quite so, sir. I believe you. But who's will can I get hold of?"

### A POWERFUL BODY.

SOME people have apparently very exalted ideas of the powers of Parliamentary bodies. The other day when the Westport & Brockville Railway bill was up for consideration before the Railway Committee of the Local House, objection was taken to the proposed route. An alternative was suggested when Mr. Caldwell, M.P., protested. "Do not compel us," said he, "to build an impracticable road." A legislature which can compel people to do impracticable things is evidently possessed of more than despotic powers.

### A HARD-EARNED COMPETENCY.

PUPIL (reading)—"At length by unceasing industry he gained a competency and resolved to retire."

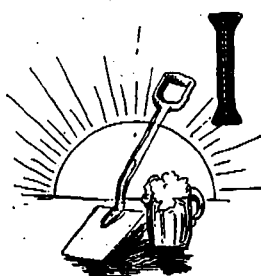
TEACHER—"Do you all understand that, children?"

CLASS—"Yes'm."

TEACHER—"Now, Johnnie, explain what it means in your own language."

PUPIL—"He made so much money competing for prizes given by the papers that he didn't have to do no more work."

### "HE NEVER HAD A CHANCE."



I T was morning, the thermometer Was dozing in the shade, And the carpenter was doing Something funny with a spade. He had often meant to try it, But had somehow felt afraid.

If he could cut his shadow With his implement, in two, It would be, beyond dispute, A mighty clever thing to do, And would greatly raise his status In society, he knew.

But his efforts proved abortive, Tho' he strove with might and main. He cut and dug, and dug and cut Repeatedly, in vain. His shadow, spite of all his pains, Would cut—and come again.

Yet day by day, week in, week out, The carpenter would try With toil and moil, in sandy soil, Or clayey, wet or dry, And after every failure felt Just mad enough to cry.

He would try it in the morning With his face directed west, And towards the pole, at noontide, He would bare his brawny breast; While the even saw him eastward Till the sun had sunk to rest.

And whene'er he paused (as pause he did To slake the constant drouth Which somehow seemed to settle In the region of his mouth), He would mutter, "I could do it If the blessed shade was south."

Or if they'd give him half a show Upon a murky day, Unfettered by the solar rays That round the shadow play, He'd be "in it," but it goes to work And vanishes away.

And then again,—he always felt That fortune was unkind— If he could labor toward the sun He'd have it to his mind, But then the shadow, darn it all, Would slyly sneak behind.

And for years and years that carpenter Instead of earning pelf,

Kept at his tiresome task till he Was laid upon the shelf, And then they found, to cut his shade He had to cut himself.

A. H. HOWARD.



### NOT PARTICULAR.

MR. LETHERRY—"Pair boots, sir? Yes, sir. Will you have 'em laced, or —?"

MR. OXTAIL—"Makes no difference about 'em bein' laced. I can lace 'em when I get 'em on. Number 'levens."