

*Quebec Official Gazette, Oct. 23.*

*Judicial Abandonments.*

Alphonse E. Désilets, district of Three Rivers, Oct. 16.

Joseph Alphonse Lavigne, trader, Trois Pistoles Oct. 15.

*Curators Appointed.*

*Re* James Bailey, Three Rivers.—G. S. Badeaux, Three Rivers, curator, Oct. 20.

*Re* Joseph Boivin, hardware merchant.—E. J. Angers, N. P., Quebec, curator, Oct. 19.

*Re* Aubin Duperrouzel, restaurant keeper, Montreal.—Seath & Daveluy, Montreal, joint curator, Oct. 7.

*Re* N. Friedman, Lachine.—Seath & Daveluy, Montreal, curator, Oct. 12.

*Re* P. J. Robert, drygoods merchant, Montreal, an absentee.—Kent & Turcotte, Montreal, curator, Oct. 19.

*Re* Ludger Trudeau.—C. Desmarteau, Montreal, curator, Oct. 18.

*Minutes of Notaries.*

Petition by Michael Boyce, N. P., Bedford, for transfer of minutes of late Edouard R. Demers, N.P., Bedford.

*Members Elected.*

F. G. Marchand, Saint Jean; Alfred Lapointe, Vaudreuil; Edmond Lareau, Rouville; Nazaire Bernatchez, Montmagny; Victor Gladu, Yamaska; Thomas Brassard, Shefford.

**GENERAL NOTES.**

**FURLOING A JUDGE'S SALARY.**—One of the most remarkable cases of forgery by a boy ever known in Philadelphia has just come to light. James Barber, sixteen years old, who lives on the top floor of the Orphan's Court building, is in prison on the charge of larceny and forgery. Detectives Muller and Sharkey on Saturday arrested him in Mount Moriah Cemetery for stealing a warrant for \$1,750 belonging to Judge William N. Ashman, and forging the name of the judge and that of City Treasurer Bell in an attempt to have it cashed. The warrant represented the judge's salary for three months, and was delivered by a letter-carrier at the court building on May 26, it having been sent by mail from the auditor-general's office at Harrisburg. The lad either took it from the mail-box or from a table in the judge's room. He then wrote a letter to City Treasurer Bell, saying: "Please give me a check for this warrant, and send by bearer. Yours, W. N. Ashman." Young Barber took the warrant and forged note to Mr. Bell. The warrant was not indorsed, and the lad was told to take it to the judge and have him sign his name on the back. The hopeful forger left, but instead of going to Judge Ashman he stopped at a place in the vicinity, and placed the judicial signature on the back of the paper. He again visited the city treasurer, who, upon carefully scanning the warrant, discovered that the amount was written \$1,700 in the body of the warrant, while the figures were \$1,750. The lad was again directed to return with the warrant to Judge Ashman, and a letter written by the city treasurer calling attention to the mistake in the warrant was also sent. When a safe place was reached the redoubtable youngster destroyed

Mr. Bell's note and composed one of his own. It said: "Please send up your bill. Something's wrong in your account." When the note was delivered to Judge Ashman he was puzzled, and said he would call at the city treasury. When he called there the judge and city treasurer soon learned the true state of affairs. The detectives were immediately employed to catch the thief and forger. Later in the day, seeing that he was baffled, he sent the warrant to Judge Ashman, with a letter signed "Jimmy So-so." When arrested he made a confession.

THE Irish bull is sometimes introduced into this country with the most gratifying effect. Baron Dowse, of the Irish Exchequer, let loose some famous specimens when he sat in the House of Commons. Replying to a question relating to some sectarian celebrations in Derry, he is reported to have said: "These celebrations, sir, take place at an anniversary which occurs twice a year in Derry." The other evening we encountered an equally well-developed example of the bull: A member of the English Bar, an Irishman well known in society for his many amiable qualities, was discussing a current topic with considerable animation. He was occasionally interrupted by one of the company, and at length becoming irritated, he addressed his friend with much dignity, and said: "You can interrupt me, surr, when I'm done speaking!" —*Pump Court (Eng).*

PLAUSIBLE. — Magistrate: "Well, Patrick, what have you got to say about stealing the pig?" Patrick: "Well Y'r Honnor-r, ye see, it was jist this; the pig tuk upon him to sleep in my bit of a garden for three noights, y'r Honn'r-r, and I jist sayzed him for the rint!"—*Judy.*

The gallant Lieutenant Henn, of the Galatea, comes of a family from county Clare, Ireland, which has given many distinguished members to the Irish bar. One of the most famous was Jonathan Henn, who won great renown on the Munster Circuit. He was a very lazy man, and loved the sport of fishing. Once he was asked a question of Latin grammar, and he drolly answered that he had studied the Eton grammar, and eaten grammar is soon forgotten. A Galway attorney went to his lodgings early one morning with a brief of which he was sadly in need. His servant roused him from a sound sleep, saying the attorney wanted particularly to see the counsellor, and Henn roared out: "Tell the attorney to take his brief to the devil." This little story of Jonathan is not inappropriate while the newspapers are recording the sailing exploits of his nautical young kinsman. When Jonathan Henn was roused to action he was a mighty fighter. On the trial of John Mitchell for seditious practices the then veteran leader of the Irish bar, Robert Holmes, made a speech in defence of him which for strength, pathos and eloquence stands unrivalled. Mr. Henn replied in a speech which serves as a model for a prosecutor; it must have been captivating, for Sir Colman O'Loughlin, a renowned lawyer himself, and of counsel for Mitchell, unable to conceal his admiration, clapped Jonathan on the back, and exclaimed, "Munster forever." It is in the blood of the Hennis to need stormy weather to bring their best qualities out.—*Albany Law Journal.*