

Ikey's Legal Advice

By ED. CAHN

Sketches by G. Campbell

THERE'S more money I got to spend. All the time it's something else more. First it's office rent, then light and help, and Minnie's music lessons, and then, again, it's a coal bill. I ain't kicking about none of them things, though, but at lawyer's fees I got to make a holler.

"Gott weiss I got troubles enough without this! Look at that table! Both chicken and fish also for dinner! That's right, Fannie, go ahead; set it a table like a rich trillionaire when there ain't no company nor nothing. Father, he's rich, and mommer, she's got money; but just remember your husband has got to work like a nigger for what he gets."

"But, Ike! Yesterday you said it was a wonder I didn't give you a decent dinner once in a dog's age. That's the trouble with you. If business goes good downtown and you come home feeling rich, then I get hollered at for not having a good enough dinner; but, if business goes bad, then I get called down for extravagance. Please remember I'm only your wife, and not a mind reader, to find out how you feel before you get home. Stop your growling now, and be glad I don't pay attention to your fussings and scold you. What did you mean about a lawyer?"

Thereupon Ike Wolfsohn proceeded to explain to his better half the dilemma he was in, confident that, if any one could think of an economical way out, she could.

"You see," he concluded, "that's the trouble with the brokerage business. If a feller once gets in bad, well, it's hard for him ever to get in good again, and he loses business."

"This here point is so delicate that I don't know whether I can do what I think I can, and be all right; or whether I can't. It's a point for a lawyer feller. But, Fannie, I hate to give up ten bones to a shyster just for a yes or a no."

"All them professional people is robbers. A dentist maybe does a little something for what you got to give him. Maybe a doctor don't do you no good, but, anyhow, he listens to your troubles, and gives you such a perscription written in a expensive langwige to know, and, even if he don't cure you, you got that much for your money. Sometimes a lawyer makes it a paper for you or talks to the judge; but in this here business I goes in, and I says to him: 'Such and such and so and so is the case; can I do what I want to and not get pinched?' and he says: 'Yes, you can,' or 'No, you can't—ten dollars, please.' And I got to dig."

"I think when Sidney grows up, we shall learn him to be a lawyer; it would save me money. Ain't it fierce that in all our big family of relations there ain't one lawyer?"

"Are you all through?" said Fannie, ironically. "You can do more talking and say less than any man I ever heard of. What's the matter with asking that Mr. O'Brien up to dinner some night this week?"

Ike laid down his knife and fork.

"What! Ain't it enough I got to pay lawyers money that you got to feed one at my expense? Everything is the matter with my asking him up. No! Nix! Nothing doing. Let him buy his own dinners."

Fannie sighed impatiently.

"Oh, such a man! Can't you see what I mean? Well, I'll have to draw you a diagram, I see. Now, listen."

"Mr. O'Brien, I have heard you say, is only a little while ago started in being a lawyer—then he ain't over-worked. You often talk to him going up and down town. He knows you have a big business; so he

thinks you must have somebody doing your law work, and he wishes it was him. Now, the next time you see him, you let fall a word about what a disappointment your lawyer is. That will make him think maybe you are going to change around, and he will try to get the business. And you may be sure he will do anything you ask him to in order to get on the good side of you. Then you invite him to dinner, and since he has his meals at that awful boarding house he will be glad to get something decent to eat. He will come and—"

"I see, I see," cried Ike. "O! what a pleasure it is to have a smart wife. Fannie, if it works, I will buy you a new hat."

A few days later Mr. Michael J. O'Brien was dining with the Wolfsohns. The meal was excellent, and he did it full justice.

Wolfsohn was cordiality itself, and Mrs. Wolfsohn charming; but from the very first it was evident that, while theatres, books, or people did not interest them, business certainly did.

They told him of the sad case of a friend of theirs who got into difficulties through not being informed on the law, and they explained in detail.

"Oh, Mr. O'Brien, try this port," said Fannie, signaling Ike not to go it too strong.

Mr. O'Brien tried the port very deliberately, meantime coming to a decision. "Faith," thought he, sipping away like an epicure, "this friend of my host's is himself."

But all he said was: "Very fine old wine indeed."

"Sure it is. I wouldn't have nothing else," said Wolfsohn. "But, say, Mr. O'Brien, what would



"Very fine old wine indeed."

you have advised my friend to do in such a case?"

"I would have advised him to see a good lawyer." For a moment Wolfsohn was baffled, but Fannie came to the rescue. Smilingly and cleverly, if not very grammatically, she put a hypothetical question that would have made many a prosecuting attorney green with envy.

In the meantime Ike collected his forces, and then between them they got the information they wanted.

Wolfsohn tendered his finest cigars.

Fannie left them to go to the piano, and sang until her music had almost charmed the savage breast of a beaten Irishman.

Once out of its influence, however, his feeling of chagrin returned.

"That was a mighty good dinner, and Mrs. Wolfsohn surely can sing, but that's no lawyer's fee. Pumped! By jingo! I'm too easy. I let them do me up brown, but I guess I'll let Wolfsohn know that I know it at least." Thereupon he dispatched a bill as follows:

Mr. I. Wolfsohn, Debtor to
M. J. O'Brien.
For legal advice\$10.00

When Wolfsohn received it, he laughed immoderately. "Say, Fannie! O'Brien, he ain't so slow. Look at this here. Next time I see him, I'll tell him the drinks is on him."

Fannie helped herself to a pencil out of his pocket, and calmly tore a leaf out of his memorandum book.

"Don't wait until you see him, Ike, but send him this."

Mr. M. J. O'Brien,
Debtor to
Ike Wolfsohn.
One dinner with wine
.....\$10.00

Wolfsohn clapped it into an envelope, and posted it himself. It reached O'Brien that same day.

"Oh, ho! You would, would you?" said that gentleman, grinning all over. Then he made out a duplicate of his bill, to which he attached another sheet, which read:

MR. IKE WOLFSONH.

DEAR SIR: It is my painful duty to remind you that by selling wine without a license—I refer to the dinner of the other evening—you are liable to prosecution.

Attached find my bill. Please remit.

Yours truly,
M. J. O'BRIEN.

"There, now," he said, grimly, as he banged on a stamp, "I guess that will hold you for a while." And it did.



"Say, Fannie! O'Brien, he ain't so slow."

A Page of History

SIR CHARLES TUPPER writes to the secretary of the Cartier Centenary Committee. The last of the Fathers tells of the foundation of the first government after Confederation. His letter is of historic interest, as it tells of his sacrifices to enable Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir George Etienne Cartier to organize their government.

"I have more than once shown my appreciation of that great statesman, Sir George Etienne Cartier, during his lifetime," writes Sir Charles.

"After meeting the delegates on Confederation at Charlottetown, Halifax, St. John, Quebec and London, I formed the opinion that the combination of John A. Macdonald and George E. Cartier was essential to the best interests of Canada. When Sir John A. Macdonald was called upon to form the first Government of the Confederation, I was invited to assist and to bring Mr. Archibald, the leader of the Opposition to my Government, with me. Mr. Cartier said that he must have two French members with him. Galt was indispensable as the representative of the English in Quebec, and Darcy McGee was the only representative of the Irish Catholics. Messrs. Howland and Macdougall refused to join the Administration unless Ontario had a larger number of Ministers than Quebec, as they would not otherwise carry Ontario. Sir John said that as Nova Scotia and New Brunswick must have two members each, that made the Government too large.

"A deadlock then occurred, and we were invited to meet at the council chamber at 11 o'clock, as he had decided to abandon the task and request Lord Monck to send for Mr. George Brown. In this crisis I told Mr. McGee that if he would stand aside I would do the same, and make way for Hon. E. Kenney to represent the Irish Catholics. When we met on Monday morning Messrs. Howland and Macdougall had their cloaks on their arms to catch a train for Toronto to join George Brown, who had called a meeting to denounce any Government formed by Sir John Macdonald. Sir John said Tupper and McGee have solved the difficulty. The Government was formed, they caught the train and carried the meeting, and afterwards the country.

"I returned to Nova Scotia obliged to confess that the Liberal party had two members in the Government and none for the Conservatives. I also refused the chairmanship of the Intercolonial Railway with a handsome salary in order to secure the support of Mr. Howe and the Nova Scotia Government in support of Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir George Etienne Cartier."

A Conquering Hero

ALL people in this country who take pride in the feats of Canada's sons abroad were rejoiced recently to hear that George Goulding, of Toronto, walked faster than any contestant at the Olympic games at Stockholm. The conquering hero came home last week and Toronto, which has welcomed so many world-beaters from Hanlan to—well Goulding—enthusiased with the same spirit over the pedestrian who is the latest of its champion athletes.

Goulding was escorted to the City Hall amid a throng of people and received by the Council. He was presented with a silver service and several oratorical tributes.



"I'm your wife and not a mind reader."