

stuck to Him for a while, but quit when He got in trouble. Only two women and a jail-bird had a kind word for Him when He was dying. He never asked for a collection. He was a carpenter, a teacher, a physician and a Man among men.

WHERE DID HE GET HIS LAW?

Editor, Canadian Courier:

THE story by Mr. Hayward in your issue of December 16th, on "Law and Love," may be all right so far as the "Love" is concerned—on that I offer no opinion—but I am afraid Mr. Hayward is a bit off on his "Law." He represents a Canadian court as entertaining a suit for damages to land out of the jurisdiction. Mr. Bradley's cause of action is thus stated by the novelist-lawyer. "It is agreed that Mr. Bradley owns land in Dakota, that he dammed up the surface water thereon and flooded and flooded the Adams land in Dakota in the same manner." If Mr. Hayward will look at the decision of the House of Lords in *British South Africa, Co. v. Companhia de Mocambique*, in 1893, Appeal Cases 602, he will see that British Courts have no jurisdiction to entertain a suit for damages to land out of the jurisdiction. I wonder where Mr. Hayward got his "Law."

NOVA SCOTIA LAW STUDENT.

The Cat

Just Tomfoolery

By EDWARD CECIL JOSEPH

YOU will notice I do not call it my cat, thy cat, her or its cat; in fact, I do not decline cat at all, though I do decline to have anything to do with the animals as far as possible. The cat that I have in mind is of the species known to everybody—the unclaimed, unowned, unnamed backyard visitor, beloved of would-be humorists, and hated by men who declare that swearing is wicked. It is the original cat of whom the German composer wrote so felinely, "He's known to you all, He's known to you all, We have one hate, one caterwaul, etc." If this little account of my experiences is of any practical help to someone who may be idle enough to read it, it will have accomplished its mission in life. I shall avoid, as far as possible, inserting any funny stories which I have heard more than six times—unless they are true. I detest humorists anyway, so the reader is safe.

I first met the cat at midnight, the next meetings being at one, two and three o'clock a.m. We did not meet face to face, but mouth to ear, so to speak, though a considerable distance separated or rather joined us. I was in bed; the cat wasn't, but should have been. And the voice! It was one of those yellow-and-black voices which rise and fall like an excited stock market, with something to boot. And I booted it. Three of them, followed by two slippers and a jug of water, including the jug. After that I had peace for a little while, and the cat had the pieces.

The next time we met was the following morning. It was springtime, and I had contracted the uncomfortable habit of rising early to work in my garden before breakfast. My garden adjoins the backyards of my neighbours, and some of the latter take quite an interest in it, but no one took a greater interest in the garden than did the cat.

I had no sooner got outside the door than she came along on the run, purring like a mail-order automobile, and rubbing the mud off her back on to my foot as if she had known me since I was so high. I pushed her off, and she paid a visit to the other foot. I kicked her away, and heard the voice of my neighbour's five-year-old hopeful declare that I was a wicked man to kick the poor pussy. As I am an officer of the local S.P.C.A., I was obliged to explain that it was a sudden contraction of the ophthegressic nerve which had caused the uncere-monious upheaval of pussy, and that it should not occur again. Pussy agreed that it should not.

I dug a furrow and pushed her gently along it as I put each seed in place. She continued to be interested as I covered the seeds. Her interest did not cease here, as I discovered the next morning, when I found that she had dug them up to see if they were growing yet. I was quite peeved at this, and as there were no witnesses about, proceeded to throw stones at her. She dodged every one of them and then chased it as if it was a mouse. I turned the hose on her, and that got her for a while. She reached the top of the fence, though, just as Neighbour Jones poked his head over, and they shared the honours. Jones came back when he was dry and told me his opinion of my gardening efforts, and also of myself, my hose, fence, seeds and vari-

ous other things, including MY cat. But this was going too far. To have my garden described as a "withering weedy wilderness" merely indicated envy; to have my garden-hose referred to as a "slimy slush splasher" exhibited alliteration as well as irritation, but to hear that unshaven, rusty-throated caterwallflower attributed to my possession was more than I could stand. I sat down.

From where I sat I could see the cat on a low roof above Jones' head, and I got the hose ready. "If I have performed your monthly ablutions for you before their allotted period, I beg your pardon," I said, "I regret it also if I have sprinkled your justly famous mud-baths, dignified by the name of grass plot, but neither of these crimes, heinous though they may be, justifies you in libelling me as the owner of that sweet, darling (or words to that effect) cat," and I got so excited that I turned on the tap, and hit the hereinbefore-mentioned animal square in the eye. She yelled, and dropped onto Jones' back, and the final claws in my argument was inserted by the cat herself. What Jones said added much to the picturesqueness of the English language, but the editor won't let me tell.

That cat stayed around all summer. Not as regards her figure—it was never round, but remained an attenuated flatoid, knobby in spots, with occasional Gothic arches. My wife actually encouraged the beast—she said it was nice to have an animal about the house while I was away at the office all day, and besides, it would be useful for catching rats. My wife is a sound sleeper—quite as much sound as sleep—and a little thing like a pussycatzenza does not disturb her.

One day I came home and found the thing in the house, all toggled out with a blue baby-ribbon round her wish-bone, and the wheels in her head buzzing like a last year's flivver. The carburettor blocked, however, when she caught her tail in the rat-trap, and all that was left of her threw seven conniption fits, and performed the mad scene from "Pickwick."

(It is up to the reader here to make a vile pun about the tale of the cat ending here. Anyone of average intelligence can do it, or instructions will be sent free upon receipt of a nine-cent stamp to cover cost of packing and mailing.)

Time passed. It is a little habit that time has. Buzz-face adopted us, and to show her gratitude she one day deposited a worn-out mouse on the wife's favourite chair.

Puss is an outcast again. Once more she makes the welkin ring, and the collection of old boots in my garden and my neighbour's backyards is growing, but there is hope.

The autumn days are here, and the other day Neighbour Simkins went across the fields to the little wood and brought back a bunny as a trophy. I have seen the stub-tailed cat making tracks towards that same wood. Simkins is a bit near-sighted, and there is a chance that same day there may be a cat-as-trophy.

"Lonely Soldier"

A True Story

By GERTRUDE ARNOLD

NORMAN CRAIK, Barrister, 45 years old, life prosperous and monotonous, bitterly rated the unkind Fate that prevented him from entering the Army, in the outbreak of the war.

"Delicate wife, with expensive tastes, two kiddies, and as short-sighted as a bat!" he soliloquized. "Farewell! A long farewell to all my greatness." And he marched off and joined the National Guards.

Deputed to-night to stand guard at Charing Cross Station for the guidance of soldiers on furlough, and not familiar with London, Craik, a romanticist at heart, revelled in the possibilities his position brought him.

A train from Folkestone rumbled into the Station, doors flew open, and happy Tommies, wreathed in smiles, and with the mud of the trenches clinging like a decoration to their sheep-skin coats, and their long boots, tramped down the platform.

"Let's strike the canteen first, Bill!" shouted a Canadian, "I'm as hungry as a horse!"

"Bet yer life!" And the two disappeared into the land of coffee and sandwiches.

"Lor' love ye, Sal! Here ye are! An' ye brought the kiddie to see 'is Dad comin' 'ome! Bless yer!" Loud smacks evidenced the delight of Sal's lord and master.

Craik never tired of these home-coming scenes. They were the essence of life, primitive and unashamed.

"Say, Sir, can ye help a chap?" Craik turned

quickly. From half a dozen boisterous, laughing Highlanders, streaming down the platform, the light of home-coming in their eyes, emerged one, worried and vexed, and even a little white about the lips.

As he went up to Craik, the others tramped on, shouting their parting shots as they went:

"So long, McLean! Ask me to the weddin'!"

"Dinna forget what I telt ye!"

"My love tae the bride!" and so on, and so on.

Craik looked up at the man, for he was big and brawny, as all Kilties should be.

"I'm here to help. What is it? Is she here? Is she here?" he kept repeating, gazing about him in a panic.

"Is who here, man?"

"The widow-woman! I winna marry her! I winna! Ye can just tell her that!"

"What on earth do you mean? Can't you tell me a straight story? What's up with you, man?"

Staring about the platform, and trying to hide his bulky form behind Craik, the story came by fits and starts:

"A lot o' us chaps were gettin' letters written tae 'lonely soldiers,' an' I've had a dizen frae somebody called Mary Malone. She telt me she was a widow-woman, an' sent me socks, an' a paircel at Christmas. I telt her I was comin' hame for a holiday, an' she said she would come down to the train, an' we could arrange it a' there. The ither chaps are sayin' she'll be wantin' to marry me, an' I winna! I winna!"

"Good heavens, man, the other chaps have just been making fun of you. Even if she did want to marry you, you'd have something to say to it, eh?"

"But she has a' my letters, an' she kens my name, an' my regiment."

"And what's in your letters?" Craik asked, scarcely able to refrain from laughing at the terrified Grant.

"Oh—weel—I couldna write a' these letters without somethin' sweet! An' what for no? I didna think I would ever see her! She doesna live in London. She's juist comin' in to meet the train, an' arrange it a'. Losh, sir, an' she a widdy!" finished the desperate man.

It was quite evident that the other men had been "rubbing it in," on the homeward stretch, that there was no hope at all for him. With the Boches, he might have a chance, but in the hands of a wily widow, who had decided they would "arrange it a'," he might as well give up first as last.

Craik straightened the muscles of his face, and was beginning to calm down the excited Kiltie, when suddenly up to them marched a woman of about 40. Determination was in her face, and her gait. Dressed in quite up-to-date fashion, she would have been quite passable-looking, had it not been that one of her eyes had a habit of wandering vaguely round the horizon in an indefinite sweep, while the other did double duty, with a stare warranted to penetrate a stone wall.

Unfamiliar with Craik's uniform, she thought he was one of the returning men.

"Either of you men Angus McLean?" she demanded, briskly.

Now, generally when crisis really appears, funk disappears, and we receive it standing. When danger approaches, can you find a Scotchman not ready to meet it.

For the briefest second McLean wilted like a crumpled thistle, and then, with confident air, placing his hand on Craik's arm, he announced deliberately:

"This is Mr. Angus McLean!" and disappeared in the crowd.

"Angus, dear Angus! At last!" began the lady, in a sentimental voice.

"Woman!" spluttered Craik. "Woman!" But the lady was in no wise put about.

"I have your dear letters, Angus; and I have a taxi all ready waiting for us," playful as a gamboling goat. "I thought we might be extravagant on our wedding day!"

"Wedding day! Good Lord! You're on the wrong track!"

"Now! Now! Angus," soothingly. "I know all about it! Terrible trenches, nerves gone all astray! But I'll take care of you. Never—"

"Madam!" interrupted Craik.

"My hero!" whispered the lady.

"Madam," almost bellowed Craik. "Will you allow me to speak? I'm not McLean. McLean disappeared when you arrived. I'm a respectable married man!"

Something in Craik's manner convinced the lady. She glanced round the station, comparatively empty now.

"Disappeared!" she repeated. "Disappeared, did he! Here, boy, give me an evening paper with a Personal Column in it! Nothing for it but to begin all over again. But next time. Next time, there will be no disappearing!"