

SONNET.

"Your nothing is *your* all."—FAUST.

(Addressed to a select and selected circle, who imagine that words are wisdom, and that knowledge is confined to themselves.)

"CATCH on to them cripples!" thus I heard a bloke—  
 "Rhyimers of rubbish! painters of too-too!  
 Players of banjos, tied with ribbons blue!  
 Aesthetic persons with their purses broke.  
 Give me the chap as grows an artichoke,  
 Or with black visage sweeps a sooty flue,  
 Or works in common clothes like me and you—  
 Them are the coves as earn their beer and toke."  
 I heaved a clinker from my breast and said,  
 "Oh! when will airy nothings get first place  
 Over the vulgar runners in life's race,  
 Who beer prefer to tea, say toke for bread.  
 Does not the beautiful proceed from our small clique  
 Who splutter blots of wisdom in the press each week?"

A. DÜER.

THE WORLD DO MOVE!

PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE BY "GRIP'S" OWN CLAIRVOYANT  
 —THE COUNTRY'S LEGAL PROFESSION.

[From the *Globe* of January 2, 1893.]

WE are wont in this Canada of ours to pride ourselves on the excellence and purity of the Bench. It is a proud boast that in Canada the ermine remains so spotless—that amid all the partizanship, factionism and nepotism characterizing the politics of the country, we preserve, on the whole, an unsullied judiciary. Long may it be so!

But, when we point with such pride to our national Bench, why should we be silent about our national Bar? Take our police-courts for the record of the brilliancy and forensic glory of our leading lawyers.

What a masterly exhibition at once of eloquence and legal acumen was that of Hon. Edward Blake, the other day, before Col. Denison, in his defence of Mr. Paddy Rats on a charge of not cleaning off his snow.

Opposed as he was by the Hon. Oliver Mowat, he nevertheless completely upset all the theories of the prosecution and carried his client to victory!

Let us glance for one brief instant at the striking figure presented yesterday in the same court by Hon. A. S. Hardy, ex-Provincial Secretary, but now, like Mr. Blake and the erstwhile "Little Premier," earning a living at his profession. Where could we find on this continent a more conscientious and painstaking conduct of the prosecution of a large number of liquor cases than Mr. Hardy yesterday displayed?

Look, further, at the grand spectacle of Hon. Mr. Fraser, the whilom autocrat of the late Mowat Ministry, standing beside his trusted and talented law partner, the former Leader of the Legislature Opposition, and the two working might and main to convince the Colonel that that colored man from The Ward was not guilty of chicken-stealing. Messrs. Fraser and Meredith, since they quitted politics, make, as the phrase goes, a "cracking team" on the legal track.

Sir John Macdonald, too, though his years are telling on him, exhibits far more energy and acuteness since he abandoned the poor-paying Premiership for a lucrative practice in the township Division Courts. We can all easily recall what a masterly defence he made in those hay-fork cases out at the York Township Court last week.

But there is no need to multiply instances. In the halls of our Parliaments we miss all these and many more familiar faces. Happily these able men are now earning a good living, and perhaps saving money. When

they shall have acquired a competency—or it may be sooner—when the country can afford to pay them enough to keep them in public service, we shall have them back in politics once more. In the meantime, we are sure, the people of Canada hope they may be abundantly successful in battling with life, and that at the Bar which they so eminently adorn they may amply realize, in a pecuniary way, what was denied to them as Members of Parliament and Ministers of the Crown.

We cannot close this article without one other remark. What an acquisition to the legal fraternity would Sir Charles Tupper have been if, instead of going into medical practice again after quitting the political arena, he had studied and been admitted to the Bar!

TWO INTERESTING LETTERS WHICH EXPLAIN THEMSELVES.

SLEEPY HOLLOW, Nov. 22nd, 1888.

RIGHT HON. LORD SACKVILLE:

SIR,—I am a Canadian paterfamilias and I sadly need counsel in the important matter of bringing up a large and interesting family. Judging from late events that you have a kind and paternal disposition, I write to ask your advice.

Bobby is fifteen and has aspirations for the army. Would you send him to the Royal Military College? And what about Maud? She is a year older. Do you believe in the higher education of women, and would you send her to Girtten or the New St. Hildas, in the provincial capital of Ontario? Johnny is a bright little fellow of ten and has a great tendency to wear out trousers climbing trees and sliding down the bannister. How would you deal with him? Do you think that Canadian tweed wears as well as that of English or American manufacture?

Do you believe in the German teething neck-lace? That's what's the matter with baby.

I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,  
 JOHN SMIRKINGTON.

BRITISH LEGATION.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 28th, 1888.

SIR,—In reply to yours of ———, I am bound to tell you that I have no intention of being caught again by any such trap as you have just set. Once is quite enough, for I can tell you I have my eye-teeth skinned now all right, and when you catch this Ethiopian in the dark again without a lantern you'll get left worse than Grover, you bet—and don't you forget it. A man can't live in these United States, for any length of time, and in the height of a presidential contest, without improving fast. No doubt you notice that even my vocabulary has been some enriched.

I presume to calculate that you think you've got me fixed. No, siree. I see a trap in every line of your communication. Do you suppose I'll answer any questions about the Royal Military College while there is a West Point; or about Girtten, while there is a Vassar; or about English tweed, with the burning question of the tariff still unsettled? No, sir, I've become a diplomat, lately. Your dear little baby may howl his teeth cut, but nothing is known about German neck-laces at this Legation.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,  
 JOHN SMIRKINGTON. SACKVILLE.