as to how to proceed, but there is only one way to do anything and that is to threaten to arrest his character if he does not pay. I could have done that and got my money, but as I am a preacher myself I would not do it, and then it is mean ordinarily to push a poor devil of an editor or a preacher, but the Bro. has dodged so many times that I really think that the devil would not get you if you shoved him pretty close.

Respectfully, etc.

A CERTAIN Surrogate Registrar, in a city in Ontario, was at the time of his appointment a baker. He was also, however, as luck would have it, a strong politician with Orpheus C. Kerr proclivities. He was a very good baker, and it seems a pity that his customers should have been deprived of his skill in that line, more especially as there are a few little matters about Surrogate business, the proof of wills and administration proceedings with which no baker can be expected to be familiar. One of our poets impressed with the "eternal fitness of things" which pitch-forked a layman into an office that can only properly be filled with safety to the public by a professional man thus relieves his feelings by an ode on "Joey Shortcake's Court":

Of last wills I have the keeping,
Of testators calmly sleeping,
In Necropolis or other safe retreat,
Executors and guardians petition and entreat
For letters testamentary
In Joey Shortcake's Court.

And sometimes a baker's dozen, Parents, uncle, brother, cousin, Enter caveat and warning, The others' claim each scorning, Praying letters, etc.

Quoting Walkem, Grotius, Storey; Pride of Grit, admired of Tory, Comes our Joey wigged and miling, None resist his sweet beguiling, With his letters, etc.

Who would dare the tax evade, By deed of trust, in cunning made, His corpse to cinders will be burned, In oven by our Joey turned, Signing letters, etc.

Your "last batch baked," of life a'cired, Now laid in dust, or to ash fired, The "Trusts" will come and prove your will; With Joe, like Pooh-Bah, smiling still; Sealing letters, etc.