

only nine tailors to make a man (a statement which, according to Jekyll, is as old as Magna Charta), still any number of tenancies in tail will not make a tenancy in fee."

My friend then pointed out some strange-looking things, which he seemed to consider worthy of minute attention: they were writs, and labelled, "entry sur desseisin in the quibus," "entry sur desseisin in the pur," another "in the per and cui," and yet a fourth "in the post." But I hurried on to where I saw a man, lugubriously sitting, surrounded by a host of shadowy forms; so alike, these shades, that no one who was a stranger could tell them apart; so unlike that it would at all times have been unsafe to summon one to your aid when another should have been employed. The man was clad in a black gown, and bemoaned and wept—like Rachael weeping for her children—because these sham, yet real things, were no more. They lie buried in the dust of ages past. The tombstone on which their names were engraven, though visible to the men of the Ontario statutes of 1877, is not to be seen by those of 1887 (*Vide* R.S.O., 1877, c. 51, s. 75).

Next we entered a room in which were only women, dressed in widows' weeds. "Who be these relicts of matrimonial bliss?" I asked.

"These are doweresses," was the reply, "they have placed their husbands in the ground, and on that ground they claim part of their husbands' grounds."

"They seem to differ considerably in appearance?"

"Yes, and with reason. That one was the last to obtain dower ad ostium ecclesiae; there is one who in her day had dower ex assensu patris; those whose weeds are fading and who sing the doleful refrain of the Laureate, "Too late, too late," have been longer widowed than those others whose mourning is still fresh and new, who look so gladsome and are weaving chaplets."

"How is that? Is it not contrary to the usual way of widows? Do they wreath the crowns for the graves of the dear departed ones?"

"The chaplets are to adorn the massive brows of Ontario's Attorney-General. The mourners are those childless ones whose good men died without wills—before the Dog-days of the year of grace, 1886; and they receive from the hands of the Law but one-third of the husbands' lands and tenements, and that only for their lives; while the happy ones having managed to persuade their husbands to postpone their submundane journeyings until after Dominion Day, 1886, now (thanks to the Government of Ontario) get one-half of all their late partners' property."

I passed on, meditating on the power for weal or woe of politicians.

In another room were preserved various old suits in equity and suits in chancery—far more costly were these than the suits of armor preserved in the ordinary museums. Some of them were hoary with age; others were anything but sweetly savored; some had been dragged on for years and years; others were so foul that no one could get into them with clean hands. Here we saw some visionary and imaginary ones, like Jarndyce and Jarndyce and Peebles and Plainstones, "et per contra," and Hutchinson against Mackitchinson. "Oh, it is a beautiful thing to see how long and how carefully justice is considered in this country," as the man in the Mackitchinson suit anent the backyard said to the