

MANY are the pitfalls that lie in the path of the young lawyer. He may have his LL.B. degree, and may have spent many years in diligently cramming, only to find when he starts in practice that a document that has been the subject of his consideration has involved his trusting client in litigation. This has been the experience of more than one since the decisions of our courts on chattel mortgages that have been tried and found wanting. A story is told of a young lawyer in a town of Nova Scotia, who knew that a chattel mortgage that would stand fire was not such a simple document to draw as some of our learned magistrates would have us believe. He was called upon to write one of these documents for preventing creditors from collecting their debts. It was to be a chattel mortgage of four pigs. He knew that in describing the "chattels" it was necessary to identify them beyond doubt. How could this be done? The honest client seemed unable to help him. The embryo Blackstone asked for further particulars. Eureka! He had it, and the document triumphantly described the sows as "four female pigs, supposed to be *enceinte*."

COUNTRY lawyers have, perhaps, themselves to blame for being looked upon as jacks-of-all-trades. But a letter received by a member of a firm of solicitors not one hundred miles from a county town in western Canada opens up a vista of future business entirely novel, as well as easy and interesting, which will be welcomed in these dull times. The writer says:

"I have heard that you and your partners, in addition to running a law business, have become professional groomsmen for the town and township—your partner performing the duties in the town, while you act in the country. I am about to become married, and would like you to assist me, as I have no one on whom I can depend to stand up with me. Kindly let me know your terms, etc. The date is fixed for February 1st. If that will not suit your convenience, it can be changed."

*Place*—Chatham, Ont.

*Dramatis personæ*—The Police Magistrate and an old offender, "drunk and disorderly," by name Senix B., a coloured gemman.

Upon arraignment, the prisoner, having lengthened his visage, and put on his most piteous and persuasive smile, pleaded guilty. He was thereupon addressed by the Police Magistrate as follows: "Well, Senix, here you are again, drunk as usual; what *am* I to do with you, Senix? *What am I to do?*" Prisoner, meekly: "I dunno, y'oh Wo'ship, I dunno; reckon I'se a pretty hard case; but I hope y'oh Wo'ship won't hold me 'sponsible for y'oh Wo'ship's ignorance." We think it was rather unkind, under the circumstances, to give the usual sentence of one dollar and costs.