



"THE LAW'S DELAYS."

—Shakespeare.

Mr. Klyent, as he was when he put his little matter in the lawyer's hands. | Mr. Klyent, as he was when the little matter was finally disposed of.

aches and sixty sudden deaths! Oh, would that some friendly hand might fall with a crushing weight on me, and make me rather a dynamite bomb than the deadly thing I be!"

On the day when the mercury burst the tube and flew up chimney-high, when the pavements melted, the sidewalks smoked and the reservoirs ran dry, 'twas then I went to the picnic park, to learn if there cream might be, and this, of a truth, was the gruesome song that the freezer sang to me.

WALTER L. SAWYER.

CORRESPONDENT RAFFERTY.

DISCOURSES ON THE BASEBALL FEVER IN CANADA.

GRIP, OULD HIN,—I beg pardin' for a samin' familiarity which might be misconstrued into bowld on-mannerliness. Begor, it's none o' that, all the same—Arrah, howld yerself, Denis, an' don't be shlangy! "All the same," indade! Troth, there's a thrifle av difference betune aisy familiarity an' omadhaun onmannerliness. But the bit av a phrase just illustrates the senselessness av modhern shmall talk they do be indulgin' in these days. Payple are growin' crazy wid their shtuff an' shlang—thryin' to be shmart, whin, bedads, they're shtark, shtarin' mad, divil the ha'porth short av it!

An' that reminds me, darlint, that I had a word or two to whisper on another ashpict av luther-day maniacism—I mane the baseball craze. Av all the silly, senseless, embicile, cracked, murderin' manias that ivir tuk possession av a civilized Province, this baseball lunacy bates. Whin I take me rig'lar official thrip to the city, I hear nothin' but baseball talk. Whin I make me rounds as tax-collecther in the village the whole air is full av it. Out on the farm the min an' byes do be always jabberin' baseball. At the road-work the gangs waste half the day slatherin' about "The Lague." Ould Scratch fly high wid "The Lague," sez I. It's dimoralized the whole community from Dan to lager beer! Faix, it's nothin' but shtrikes, an' innin's, an' base hits, an' the box, an' two-baggers, an' relases, an' signs—an' flies an' shtuff! The devils don't mane to relase sorra wan av us that, like me, are sick unto death av the bastely thrash! Ask a neighbor what he thinks av the prospicts av another Roosian war, an' he'll answer ye be sayin', "Man, wasn't that a clane shwape the Biffaloes made yistherday on the diamond!" Shpake av the crops to a friend on the way past yer dure, an', be japers, the only thing ye'll have out av him is an offer to bet you that the Tarantos 'll get there afore the sayson's over. Don't open yer gob

on politics, or religion, or municipal affairs at the grocery beyant, for ye'd have but a wan-man audience, an' that wan man the shpaker. It's "the International," the "ricord," "the runs," the—the—the divil a bit av anything but baseball, morn, noon an' night. The childher are full av it. The bar-rooms shmell av it. It's on the shtrate corners. It's in the homes, at the schools, around the work-shops. Whether the world kapes, an' aich av us has three square males a day for-ninst us, matthers nivir a button, so long as "the games" are on.

I say it's high time min banged thimselves on the nose an' recovered their brains. Whin baseball becomes the ladin' industry av the Province, thin we want to shtop the play, for one year at laste.

Shport an' pastime is right enough in its place; but for hivin's sake let a few more av us realize that there is something else in life to luk for'ard to than the daily results av the game av bat an' ball!

DENIS RAFFERTY.

THE COLONEL'S NEW SYSTEM.

COL. DENISON has at last perfected his long cherished system of Effective Dealing with the Criminal Classes. For years he has entertained the belief that fines and imprisonment, or imprisonment without the option of a fine, or fines without the option of imprisonment, are all alike impotent to restrain evil-doers. The only really effective thing in his judgment is the cat—an instrument which he believes would cure anything, from a Home Rule agitator to a common vagrant. But unfortunately for the Colonel, the world has grown mawkishly humane, and indiscriminate flogging is not now approved. He has accordingly been obliged to devise some other means of producing physical suffering, and his researches on the subject have led him to adopt the Impromptu Humorism in place of the cat. His new method will be known as Punishment by Pun.

He has for a long time been experimenting with it at the daily sessions of the Police Court, and so well is he satisfied with the result that he will shortly adopt it as the regular code of his Hall of Justice. The report of the future will read something as follows:

James Swipe was charged with being drunk, and pleaded guilty. The Magistrate remarked that he was glad the prisoner had made a *ull* confession.

Maggie Doolittle was up for petty larceny. She denied the charge, but it was fully proved. The Magistrate reproved her severely, and said that her guilt was evident from the *steely* glitter of her eye.

Jerry Jags and Timothy Twister were charged with housebreaking, and elected to be tried summarily. The evidence was strong against them. The Magistrate observed that as they had elected to be tried in a *summary* manner, he thought it would be *seasonable* to send them to the cooler.

Etc., etc.

In all cases the prisoner will be discharged, of course; but the torture of listening to such jokes as Col. Denison is capable of getting up will be enough to deter them from ever appearing in the dock a second time.

ONE of those things a fellow should never be without is a pocket guide to the art of swimming. When you fall overboard and don't know how to swim, all you have to do is to haul out your guide, and there you are.