The Young Barrister.

As soon as I put my shingle out I waited for many a day
To try and rope some client in who'd ask my advice and pay;
But the few who came were ever the same, for with malice and evil intent
They would take the advice and pronounce it wise, but never would pay a cent.

At length I had an "accident" case. An humble client came,
Supporting himself with the aid of a crutch; he was seedy and gaunt and lame;
He said the machinery in a mill had broken his ribs and leg,
And now he was forced to give up work, and was even compelled to beg.

I sued the corporation, and the jury were solid for me;
I recovered a handsome verdict, too—just about paid my fee;
So, in dealing with corporations, if you have a chance to sue 'm,
Be sure and apply unsparingly the maxim—"soc et tuem!"

Latest Scottish News.

Mr. Samson Fox, C. E., founder of the Leeds Forge Company in England, has given a donation of £30,000 to the Royal College of Music.

A marriage has been arranged between a daughter of Mr. Duncan Darroch, of Torriden ,and the Hon. Gilbert Coleridge, youngest son of Lord Coleridge.

It is announced that Sir George Balfour, M. P. for Kincardineshire, will retire at next election, but for the present no other candidate has been chosen in his place.

The late Mr. Herdman, R. S. A., who was in his 59th year, is survived by a widow and four sons. One of his sons, Duddingston, has recently taken a good position as an artist.

Towards the £25 000 needed for the contemplated restoration of Dunblane Cathedral £13,500 has already been guaranteed, of which amount one anonymous member of the congregation has promised £10,000.

The workingmen's memorial to the late Mr. Mackonochie, of London, is to be erected on the spot in Argyllshire where he died, will be a cairn of stones, having a flat stone in front with a cross and an inscription.

Rev. A. Cumming, of Forfar, believes that Sabbath desecration and football matches have something to do with the decrease of the Sustentation Fund. Football as now practiced is, in his opinion, "a murderous and demoralizing game."

Mr. John Rankine, advocate, was on the 23rd ult. elected by the curators of Edinburgh University to the Chair of Scots Law, vacated by the resignation of Professor Macpherson. Mr. Rankine is a native of Ayrshire, being the son of the late Rev. Dr. Rankine, of Sorn, who was Moderator of the General Assembly for 1883.

It having been pointed out to the Town Council of Edinburgh that many of the historic monuments and tombstones in Greyfriars' Churchyard had been allowed to fall into a state of decay, the Council on Monday visited the churchyard to ascertain their exact condition. As a result of their examination they decided that unless some step is taken to preserve them the lettering will in a few years become illegible, and their sculptured beauties will be destroyed. Accordingly, it was resolved, in the first place, to advertise for persons interested in the monuments; and if there is no response, it is understood that the Council itself will take the matter in hand. It is also suggested that a tablet should be erected to mark the graves of the father and sister of Sir Walter Scott.

New Way to Mend Broken Ribs.

A young woman physician who practices in Englewood tells of a queer case in surgery which she heard of a few weeks ago, or rather a case of most unusual surgical treatment for a common injury. A young man had suffered a fall from the cars, and on examination it was found that two of his ribs had been broken. The doctor who was called to the case—a man doctor, by the way—told the patient's mother to make a big bowl of mush and milk, and to coax the wounded man to eat as much of it as he could possibly hold. This was done, and then the doctor told the wondering mother to bring him one of her old corsets, the largest one she had. The good woman blushingly obeyed, and stood by with bulging eyes and watched the doctor put the corset on his patient and draw the strings comfortably tight. "Keep the boy filled with mush and milk all night, if possible," was the doctor's injunction, as he packed up his traps to go away, "and be sure that the corset strings don't get any looser than they are now. I'll come again in the morning." The next day the ingenious medical man declared that the broken ribs would soon be knitted well together again, and that they were growing as nice and straight as you please. "The mush and milk on the inside and the corset on the outside is what did the business," he said. —*Chicago Herald.*

The Pleasure of Imagination.

Hard coal is worth $40 a ton in Los Angeles, Cal., and if it were not for the warm and glowing imagination of the men who are laying off suburban lots on the out skirts of the city and supplying the East with facts pertaining to the climate of Southern California many a poor family in that place would suffer from cold.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A case of transfusion is reported from the neighborhood of Alresford, Hampshire England. The wife of a laborer had for a considerable time past been suffering from a disease which had reduced her almost to a skeleton, medicine being of no avail. Her medical attendant, Mr. Marcus Eustace, on being summoned one midnight, found her in a sinking state. As a last resource he extracted four ounces of blood from his own body and injected it into that of his patient. The operation was successful, and the woman is now in a fair way of recovery.

It is not generally known that the reason hair curls when wound on a hot iron is that the moisture on the side next the iron being evaporated by the heat, the cells in that part approach each other more closely, and this shrinking of one side causes the bend or curve.

Congressman Nelson Dingley, of Maine, has been telling the Washington Y.M.C.A. "how we get up a newspaper." But it will strike some young editors that a lecture on the art of keeping a newspaper from "going up" would do more good.

BRIDGING THE CHANNEL.

A Plan to Connect England and France by a Great Iron Pathway.

As a proof of the interest which Frenchmen take in the success of the channel tunnel scheme, every fresh rebuff which it encounters is the signal for the renewal of a chorus of groans and vituperation on this side of the water. The tunnel project, however, is doomed, and, meanwhile, another plan for the comfort of the traveller and the development of trade between the two countries is being studied. It is the reverse side of the medal. If trains are not to speed between England and France via the bowels of the earth, why should they not steam along in mid-air, independent of wind and wave? I need not remind you that this is scarcely a model idea, but it is returning to the front and a company is to try to carry it through if the fates be propitious. The bridge is intended to start from Ambleteuse, on the French coast, running almost due north to Folkestone, a distance of about twenty-two miles. Rising about thirty-five feet from the sea level, and supported on piers each fifty-five yards by thirty yards in breadth, planted at intervals of 600 yards from each other, it would be constructed of solid iron, would be thirty-five yards in width, and would have four railway lines, with paths for vehicles and pedestrians. Ships provided with the highest masts would be able to sail with ease under the bridge, and the risk of vessels coming into collision with the piers would be averted by electric lights, fog-horns, bells, and a host of other apparatus. Admiral Cloue, formerly Minister of Marine, is enthusiastic over the idea, and in a conversation which he has just had with a representative of a Parisian contemporary he has expressed the opinion that the scheme is thoroughly practicable. He meets the objection from the military point of view the bridge might be a source of peril to England by proposing that at each end of the gigantic viaduct a swivel bridge should be provided, which on the first symptom of alarm could be swung open on either side, thus immediately putting a stop to all communication. When all the panic was over the swivel bridge could be swung back into its old position in a trice.—*London Telegraph.*

How It Happened.

A teacher who had just been given a primary school was so seriously annoyed by the numerous accidents arising from the presence in the pupils' desks of bottles of clear water and bottles of soapy water, as well as indescribable sponges and rags of all degrees of humidity and unpleasantness, and the confusion and noise attendant upon the frequent washings of forty slates during school hours, that she felt herself obliged to forbid in most positive terms the washing of any slate by any scholar except at recess time. Happening to glance down the middle aisle the following morning, she spied a child evidently washing her slate quietly but most thoroughly. Quick as a flash the teacher was at her side, and, holding up the slate to the view of the school, said:

"Annie, did I not forbid you all to wash your slates in school hours?"

"Yes, ma'am; but I did not wash my slate. My sponge is in my desk."

"Not wash your slate, Annie? Why, it is dripping wet. Did any one else wash it?"

"No, ma'am; I didn't either."

"If you did not wash it, Annie, what did you do with it?"

"I only rubbed it off with my dry rag."

"How comes it to be so wet, then, if you only rubbed it off with your dry rag?"

"My *dry rag* was wet," was the naive reply.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Selling a Husband.

An extraordinary case of bargaining between two women, by which one relinquished in favor of the other, upon a monetary consideration, all claim upon her lawful husband, has taken place at Sheffield. The husband in question, being out of work, a few months ago went out to Australia, and on his way out made the acquaintance of a young woman, who appeared to have formed a strong attachment for him. Finding that he was already in the bonds of matrimony, she suggested, it is said, that possibly the "wife left at home would sell him to her," and he, jokingly, advised her to "write and ask." However, she did write, and the wife, possibly thinking that the value of a husband 10,000 miles away was not incalculable, and being of a frugal mind, not only wrote that she was willing to sell, but named her price, £100. This figure was too high for the fair colonist—for her purse at least, if not for her affections, and she replied by a bid of £20, which was at length accepted. The money was sent, and with it a document drawn up in legal form, setting forth that for the sum named the wife relinquished all future claim to her husband. This was signed by the wife and sent back to Australia. The latest report is that the man and the woman have since been married.—*Liverpool Post.*

Losing Confidence.

Wife (to husband who had heard a sermon)—"Well, dear, what was the text?" Husband—"'The Word is the truth,' or something like that." Wife—"Was it a good sermon?" Husband—"The first half hour was good enough, but clear through the latter half he kept saying: 'One word more, 'another word,' 'one word in conclusion,' 'only a word more,' and so one, until I didn't know which word was the truth, and got so mixed up that I lost confidence in the whole business."—*Washington (D. C.) Critic.*

More Facts and Figures.

Political Economist—What's that you remarked about your father? Ordinary Citizen—I was saying that my father used to saw wood for 50 cents a day. Mighty hard work for very small pay. "Yes." "And now I have nothing to do but superintend a steam-machine for cutting up kindlings and I am paid $20 a week for it." "I see, I see. It's wonderful what a change the tariff on lumber has made."—*Omaha World.*

Don't All Answer at Once!

If a train has to travel 1,000 miles and runs the first day 500 miles, the second day 250 miles, the third day 125, and so on, doing each subsequent day half the number of miles it ran the previous, how long will it take to reach the end of its journey, viz., 1,000 miles.

THE ONLY FEMALE MAYOR.

How She Was Elected and Why She Fail to Please Some People.

"Female mayors are no good," said the ex-City Marshal of Argonia, Kan. "Why, Mrs. Salter has just killed Argonia. I used to have a hotel there and was the City Marshal, but I couldn't stand it, so I just scooted, and I expect I'm to blame for her election, too.

"You know she wasn't nominated in any of the conventions. About 9 o'clock on 'lection day all us boys were feeling gay and agreed to meet at a hall and nominate a candidate to knock out Wilson. Jack Ducker—he is the toughest man in the place and the undertaker—got up in the meetin' and nominated Mrs. Susanna Medora Salter for Mayor, and the nomination was made unanimous. We rushed into the streets and commenced to work for our candidate. At noon her husband came to us and begged us to quit the racket, sayin' it was an insult to his wife. We wouldn't do it, and the voters commenced to come our way in clusters. We got full of whiskey and enthusiasm, and at 4 o'clock every one was votin' for our candidate. Well, you know as how she was elected. We had a jollification, and when she took her seat like a man all our fun was busted.

"I sent up to Kansas City for some crab apple cider just to please the boys. She heard of it and asked me to stop it. You can't fight a woman and she the Mayor. Then I started a little poker room, more for sociability than anything else. Chips were only ten cents. She heard of it and came to me and I had to stop. Then the druggist, before she was elected, used to keep blue grass bitters, lemon rye and extract of malt, and a few other things like that. He don't do it now. The Mayor heard of it. Then the two billiard rooms were running. They're closed up now. The Mayor don't think it is fashionable to push the ivories. That's the way it is with everything. I just couldn't stand the town and so I came up here."

"She's the only woman Mayor on earth, is she not?

"That's just what she is. You ought to see the letters she gets, foreign letters and the like, askin' for her autograph, and askin' her if it is true that she is the Mayor, and all questions like that. When I was marshal I used to act under her, and many's the letter she has shown me from abroad."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Unrewarded Genius.

"Papa," said the little boy, "how long did it take you to write this book?"

"Nearly a year, my boy."

"Did you work very hard at it?"

"Every page has my heart's blood in it."

"Ain't that queer? I don't see any."

"No, you don't see it. Nobody else seemed to, either."

"Did you make any money out of it, papa?"

"Oh, yes (drearily). I made $250."

"Is that all? Why the paper says that John L. Sullivan made ten times that much in one night by knocking another man down a few times. Why didn't you learn to be a fighter? Or why didn't you keep a saloon? The saloon-keeper's boy dresses better'n I do."

The learned author of the work, "The World's Onward March, as Proved by Retrospective Glances and Assured by Infallible Signs," made no reply. He merely emptied another coal scuttle full of the precious volumes into the stove for fuel, went out into the raging storm and walked up and down the lonely streets for an hour, talking earnestly and volubly to himself in Sanskrit.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Thomas A' Becket's Skull.

In Canterbury Cathedral 710 years ago Thomas A' Becket was assassinated. He, like Wolsey and others in later days, had experienced the fickleness of princes' favors. He was a wonderfully gifted man, and there is no more interesting chapter of English history than that which describes his life to triumph and defeat, of victory and death. He was canonized as St. Thomas of Canterbury, and his shrine was a famous resort before Chaucer described it in "Canterbury Tales." It has been said that his remains and shrine were burned by Henry VIII., but recent reports are as follows:

"Thomas A' Becket's bones have at last been found in a rough-hewn stone coffin under Canterbury Cathedral, where heretofore their existence was only legendary. The skull is well perserved, and is said to be magnificent in size and proportions; in fact, one of the finest ever seen. Its crown bears unmistakable marks of a sword cut, which the chroniclers relate took off the top of his scalp."

He Couldn't Understand Women.

There was a little incident on a cable-line car yesterday morning that made all on board laugh. There was such a touch of humor in it and so much of human nature that the mirth was as free and spontaneous as the rippling murmur of a brook. The car had just stopped at the Priests of Pallas Hall and a large, genial faced jovial kind of a man assisted a lady to alight. As the car started again he rather earnestly remarked:

"Now, there goes my wife to hear Sam Jones tell her of her faults." Then, after an impressive pause: "Yet when I try to tell her of them at home there is a terrible racket. I can't understand women."—*Kansas City Times.*

Fun of Other Lands.

Things one would rather have left unsaid.—"Oh, I am so pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. McGrump! I have heard of you and your works for ever so long—the last ten or fifteen years, I am sure!" "You might have heard of me and my works for the last fifty years, madam!"—*Punch.*

On their honeymoon trip.—Young Wife (looking over the bill of fare)—John, what's *Patty de foi grass?* Young Husband—Sh! don't talk so loud, or people will think we are ignorant. It must be French for cauliflower.—*Adelaide Lantern.*

Tentative.—Artful Jimmy (conscious of unprepared lessons, and desirous of staying from school)—Mamma, dear, what sort of illness is there you don't have to take medicine for?—*Fun.*

A Random Shot.

Magistrate—"If I discharge you this time, Uncle Rastus, what will you do?" Uncle Rastus—"Well, yo' Honah, ef yo' discha'ges me, I spect I'll go off."

OLD MAN CAMPBELL.

The Father-in-Law that "Baby Bunting" Narrowly Escaped.

Many a good story is told of John Campbell, the pioneer iron manufacturer of the Hanging Rock iron region, of Ohio, whose daughter, Miss Clara, sued Charles Arbuckle for breach of promise. The old gentleman is a plain man, who does not understand the ways of society, and perfers ordinary jeans trousers to the finest broadcloth. When his daughter, Mrs. William Means, was married, the wedding was a social event of great moment in southern Ohio. It was a fashionable affair, and 9 o'clock in the evening was the time set for the ceremony. The head of the house watched the preparations with misgivings, and was told for some sufficient reason that his daughter was to be married earlier in the day. Accordingly, he was all ready for the event by 2 o'clock, and waited impatiently for the wedding party to appear. When 8 o'clock, which was his usual bedtime, arrived, his patience was exhausted, and he decided to retire, notwithstanding the fact that his house was full of guests. Going to his apartment, which had been given up to the ladies for a toilet room, he pushed aside bonnets, hats, and wraps, and crawled into bed, and was soon sound asleep, regardless of what was going on down stairs. When the time came to give away the bride, her father couldn't be found, and that part of the ceremony was necessarily omitted. It was not until the guests were departing that he was discovered lying amid the bonnets and wraps, many of which he had ruined.

Origin of Leap Year.

A correspondent writing to the New York *World* of the custom observed every fourth year of permitting the fairer sex to assume the rights and prerogatives appertaining to their brothers during the remaining three, says "that a law enacted by the Parliament of Scotland in 1288 is doubtless the first statutory recognition of its existence." The law is thus quoted: "It is statut and ordaint that during the reine of Her Maist Blessit Magestie, ilk fourth year, known as leap year, ilk maiden ladye of baith high and low estait shall hae liberty to bespeak ye man she likes; albeit, gif he refuses to tak hir to be his wyfe, he shall be mulcted in ye summe of ane dundis or less, and his estait moit be, except and awisgif he can mak it appear that he is betrothit to ane ither woman, that he then shall be free."

A Labor Commissioner Robbed.

Mr. John Armstrong, a member of the Labor Commission, got up in Montreal yesterday a poorer man by $400 than when he went to bed at his hotel Wednesday evening. Although he does not say much about his loss, it is learned that the unfortunate commissioner supposed he had bolted his door on retiring, but his pocketbook had left during the night. The police are on the track of the robber.

A Natural Question.

It was between the acts, and he had just come in from the outside. "I've been out to get some fresh air," he said. "Indeed," she queried, "why didn't you bring some in to use for breath?" He sat down crushed and chewed his cloves in stern silence.

A Great Luxury.

Strawberries are $12 per quart in New York city. This, in conjunction with the high price of fuel used in baking, makes strawberry shortcake a luxury that only the great society actresses can afford to enjoy.

Franklin's Philosophy.

The sound of your hammer at 5 in the morning or at 9 at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer, but if he sees you at a billiard table or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his bill the next day.—*Franklin.*

The European Mill Temporarily Off.

Bismarck, as referee (to audience)—Sorry to disappoint you, gentlemen, but the fight is off, and all bets are drawn. The belt will remain for the present in the hands of my friend here, Mr. Von Moltke.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Between the Kisses.

Miss McCusker (of Cincinnati)—"I'm so glad to see you, dear; and just in time for the party, too." Miss Hinckley (of New York)—"I'm afraid I'm too tired to dissipate much." "This isn't dissipation, chere amie; papa's invited several people you'll like to go over to the factory and see them pack pork to-morrow."—*Tid-Bits.*

In Circulation!

It was so cold down in Main last week that spruce gum froze on the trees. We feared at first that it had frozen in the mouths of the boarding-school girls, but happily that danger was never at hand for the reason that the girls kept the gum in circulation all the time.

A Fearful Threat.

Wife—"Now this is the third time I've caught you in the kitchen talking to the cook."

Husband—"Yes, I—I believe it is."

Wife—"Well, the very next time I catch you talking to the cook I'll discharge her and—do the cooking myself!"

That cured him.

A Great Difference.

Mrs. Cassidy—"Why don't you come down and see me, Mrs. McGinnis?"

Mrs. McGinnis—"And it's you that's talkin', Mrs. Cassidy; and not a sight did I see of ye since last aisther! Sure, if I lived as near to you as you do to me I'd be droppin' in every week!"—*Puck.*

The Globe (Arizona) *Silver Bell* says: "Industrious squaws are still packing hay on their backs to Globe and thereby turning an honest penny. A buck with two wives is comfortably provided; one with more is regarded as a capitalist and if he so elects can devote his entire time to gambling. If he bets his clothes—not an uncommon thing—and loses them his wives replace them by the purchase of others, thus changing him from his pristine loveliness to a man of fashion in whom their affections centre and of whom they are justly proud."

CANON DUMOULIN SHOCKED.

Toronto's Immorality and Crime Strong Denounced.

In his sermon in St. James' Cathedral Toronto, yesterday morning Canon Dumoulin, speaking of the approach of Lent and the time for repentance, said in effect: Read the records in the daily papers—how they startle one, even in our own fair city. The court lists contains every species of crime, even the most degraded—crimes that brought their curse on Sodom and Gomorrah—and yet our city is far-famed for its purity. By the Labor Commission, now in session in a neighboring city, facts were revealed that should shame the perpetrators into oblivion, and the law should pronounce no mild penalty. This state of things, and in a Christian progressing country, would degrade a heathen civilization

Breaking the News.

They are telling a story on a well known and now wealthy Irishman of this city, which, it is said, happened before he was either so wealthy or so well known, says the Kansas City *Times*. Judge McCarty, so the story goes, had been killed by an accident, and the problem was how to break the news to his wife. The Irishman in question volunteered to break the news so gently that it would not jar on the most sensitive feelings. Putting the body in a waggon, he started for Mrs. McCarty's residence.

"Does the Widow McCarty live here?" he asked significantly.

"She does not," said Mrs. McCarty.

"But indade she does. The Widow McCarty does live here!" he insisted with more significance and greater emphasis on the "widow."

"But she does not," replied Mrs. McCarty.

Disgusted at her lack of perspicuity, the bearer of the bad news asked in despair:

"An' faith, does Judge McCarty live here?"

"He does."

"Well, I'll bet yes tin dollars he does not."

"But he does," insisted Mrs. McCarty.

"But he does not," insisted Pat. "I'll bet yes tin dollars he does not," and then in utter despair he added, "for I've got his corpse in me wagin, an' a foiner wone was nivir seen at a wake."

The "Language of Music."

The idea of any universal language is a fantastic freak that could only find lodgment in the brain of a crank.—*London Advertiser.*

Nonsense! What is written music but a universal language?—the language of the emotions, but still a language.—*Hamilton Spectator.*

All right in a sense, but let us have a test of it. Take a full orchestra and have it play the overture to the "Flying Dutchman" before the Ahkound of Swat, and let him reply by a gang of semi-naked natives beating on gongs, and let us know how far you mutually understand each other.—*London Advertiser.*

To-Day's Church News.

Dr. Patton, who has just been elected to succeed Dr. McCosh as President of Princeton, was born in Bermuda in 1843 and took a classical course in the University of Toronto and a theological course at Knox College.

Rev. Dr. Ryckman has been invited by the quarterly board of Wellington Street Methodist Church, London, to remain as pastor for another year.

A Precocious Plea.

Bertha (who has come in too late for the anecdote)—What are you laughing at mamma? Tell me what Mrs. Frivole said, please!

Mrs. Brown Stone—Impossible, my child. It was not a story for children of your age.

Bertha—Oh, do tell me, mamma! I promise I won't understand a word!

What is an Anarchist?

One of our esteemed contemporaries confesses to some difficulty in describing an anarchist—thus betraying a lack of intelligence which is really deplorable. An anarchist is a person who thinks it is folly for a man to work or wash, and who proves his faith by his example.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Work and Wages.

An unskilled Japanese farm hand, according to a correspondent who writes from Hiogo, receives only from 5c. to 10c. a day for his labor, and out of this small sum he is expected to board himself. Skilled farm labor commands from 10c. to 15c. a day.

Pop not, pop not, ye hapless sons of clay!
Girls' gayest wreathes are made of high-priced flowers—
Things that are made to fade and fall away,
Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours.

Pop not, pop not! The girl you pop will wed,
The rosy lip will gladly smile on you;
The softly melting eye grow strangely red—
Beware, young man, whatever else you do!

Pop not, pop not! Oh, warning, vainly said
In leap year hours as in the years gone by;
Cash flings a halo round the dear one's head,
And "git thar" is the universal cry.

—*Washington Critic.*

At the annual meeting of the British Chamber of Shipping on Saturday some interesting statistics were given by the President in his address. The statistics of last year for the United Kingdom showed that 35 iron steamers were built or in process of construction against 57 in 1886, and 256 of steel against 137; as to sailing vessels there were 12 of iron against 39 and 18 of steel against 11. From these figures he concluded that steel as a material in the construction of vessels was rapidly superseding iron; that sailing vessels, even of the larger type, were found unable to compete with the newest type of steamers, and that composite and wooden sailing vessels for mercantile purposes had ceased to be built. Those results have been brought about within the last few years, and were evidence of the earnestness of the British shipowner, ever ready to avail himself of the most approved modes of construction, even although he thereby depreciated his existing property; for it was true of shipping as of other industries, that to stand still was to go back.