

and very loud, it failed to carry entire conviction. The Chief Justice, wishing to find if his own half-formed view was corroborated, turned to the judge sitting next him:

"Brother —, do you think Mr. — is sound?"

To which Brother —: "Yes, *all sound*."

A pretty story is told of a certain Judge of the Supreme Court. After delivering a batch of judgments in his court, he dropped into the Rideau Club, where he met several members of the Ontario bar. One of them remarked, in the course of conversation, that the Privy Council had recently allowed several appeals from the Supreme Court, where the judge of whom we speak had dissented from the majority, adopting his opinion in preference to that of the rest of the Bench. "That reminds me of a very curious thing," said Mr. Justice —. "Perhaps you have seen that little mare of mine—nice little beast, and wonderfully intelligent. I drove down to the Court with the judgments you speak of, left the animal where I usually put it up, and went to my room, but, in a few seconds, discovered that the papers were gone—probably had fallen out of my pocket. I hurried back to the stable, and found them lying on the straw beside my mare, and, would you believe it, *that clever little beast had eaten the only one in which I agreed with the rest of the Court.*"

A certain testator left a handsome bequest to the Sisters of Charity of Hamilton, and his will was before the Court for construction. As to the gift, it was argued that there being no such society or incorporation as "The Sisters of Charity of Hamilton," the bequest failed. An ingenious Hamilton counsel contended, notwithstanding, that individuals answering the description of "Sisters of Charity" in Hamilton, might take the benefit of the legacy; to which it was replied—"By common repute, Charity has but two sisters,—

Faith and Hope—and both these ladies ceased to reside in Hamilton many years ago."

An action to recover the balance of an account being before an Appellate Court, one of the judges was seeking truth after the Socratic fashion, and was being supplied with it a little over eagerly, by the counsel whose turn to address the Court had not arrived. The verdict was a long and curious production, and the last line read—"The defendant is to pay for the beer." When this caught the eye of the interrogating Judge, a question flew out, which, as he expected, was snapped at, "And to what does this last item refer?" The advocate hastened to inform him that part of the cause of action was for beer supplied, and that this was a finding in respect of it. With a weary and disappointed air, His Lordship turned away, observing,—"Oh!—Ah!—I thought it was the beer for the jury."

A County Judge was sued for the price of law books supplied to a county library, and there was some difficulty about having the case tried, as other County Judges were interested in similar questions. The Judge, before whom the matter was being discussed, sought to solve the problem with this happy suggestion—"Why not let the trial take place before one of our learned brothers who dispenses with books?"

Another sly hit at that highly ornamental body may be recorded. Recent legislation authorizing County Judges, on occasion, to hold Court outside of their own counties, was under discussion, when the following *dictum* fell from the Bench: "It is surely a grievous hardship to send a County Judge among people *totally unused to his law.*"

And yet one further. A County Judge was in the witness box, and the questions put to him were objected to as being leading. A good deal of friction had developed between the objector and the Bench, on account of